

# Get Em High

Kanye West

I'm tryin' to catch the beat  
I'm tryin' to catch the beat  
I'm tryin' to catch the beat  
I'm tryin' to catch the beat  
Now, throw ya motherfuckin' hands  
Get em high  
All the girls pass the weed to ya motherfuckin' man  
Get em high  
Now, I ain't never tell you to put down ya hands  
Keep em high  
And if ya losin' yo high then smoke again  
Keep em high  
Now, my flow is in the pocket like Wallace  
I got the bounce like hydraulics  
I can't call it, I got the swerve like alcoholics  
My freshman year I was goin' through hella problems  
'Til I built up the nerve to drop my ass up outta college  
My teacher said I'se a loser, I told her, "Why don't you kill me?"  
I give a fuck if you fail me, I'm gonna follow  
My heart and if you follow the charts to the plaques or the stacks"  
You ain't gotta guess who's back, you see?  
I'm so shy that you thought it was bashful  
But this bastard's flow will bash a skull  
And I will cut your girl like Pastor Tro  
And I don't usually smoke but pass the dro  
And I won't give you that money that you askin' fo'  
Why you think me and dame cool? We assholes  
That's why we here your music in fast fo'  
'Cuz we don't wanna here that weak shit no mo'  
Now, throw ya motherfuckin' hands  
Get em high  
All the girls pass the weed to ya motherfuckin' man  
Get em high  
Now, I ain't never tell you to put down ya hands  
Keep em high  
And if ya losin' yo high then smoke again  
Keep em high  
Now who the hell is this?  
E-mailin' me at 11:26, tellin' me

That she 36-26, plus double-d  
You know how girls on Black Planet be  
When they get bubblee  
At NYU but she hailed from Kansas  
Right now she just lampin', chillin' on campus  
Sent me a picture with her feelin' on Candice  
Who said her favorite rapper was the late great Francis  
W-H-I-T, it's gettin' late mami  
Your screen saver say tweet so you got to call me  
And bring a friend for my friend his name Kweli  
You mean Talib, lyric sticks to your rib  
I mean that's my favorite CD that I play at my crib  
I mean you don't really know him, why is you lyin'?  
Yo Kwe, she don't believe me, please pickup the line  
She gon' think that I'm lyin', just spit a couple of lines  
Then maybe I'll be able to give her dick all the time and get her high  
I can't believe this nigga use my name for pickin' up dimes  
But never mind I need some tracks you tryin' to pull tracks out  
And my rhymes as fittin' to blow you, tryin' to blow backs out  
Well okay you twisted my arm, I'll assist with the charm, aiyo  
Ain't you meet that chick at that conference with yo moms?  
And she's the bomb, boy, she got the bougey behavior  
Always got somethin' to say like a okayplaya hater  
Anyway, I don't usually fuck with the interner  
Chicks with birth control stuck to they arm like Nicolette  
You really fuckin' that much, you tryin' to get off cigarettes  
If she think it's fly, she ain't met a real nigga yet  
I apologize if I come off a little inconsiderate  
I got the bubble cushion, a sister could get a hit of it  
Get em high like noon or the moon  
Or room filled with smoke, a high filled with dope  
Y'all assumed I was doomed out of tune  
But I still feel the notes the real nigga quotes  
Real rappers is hard to find like a remote control, rap is not a  
Used soup it still got life, that's why I abuse you who are not thugs  
Rock clubs like Tiger Woods  
In the hood to have my own reality show  
Called Soul Survivor, I stole all liver, niggaz in you  
You're a bitch, I got ones that are thicker than you  
How could I ever let your words affect me?  
They say Hip-Hop is dead, I'm here to resurrect me  
Mosh is too sexy to even make songs like these  
That's why the raw don't know your name, like Alicia Keys  
To many featured emcees and producers is popular  
Twelve thousand spins, nobody got to coppin' her

Album, how come, you the hot garbager  
The years clear your image and snooped up  
Label got you souped up, tellin' you, you sick  
Man you a dick with a loose nut  
Video hard to watch like Medusa  
Even your club record need a booster  
Chimped up, with a pimp cup, illiterate nigga  
Read the infa, red across your head I'm bread king like Simba  
Bolder than Denver I ain't a mad rapper  
Just a emcee with a temper  
You dancin' for money like honey, I did this my way  
So when the industry crash, I survived like Kanye  
Spittin' through wires and fires, emcees retirin'  
Got yo hands up, get them motherfuckers higher then  
Now, throw ya motherfuckin' hands  
Get em high  
All the girls pass the weed to ya motherfuckin' man  
Get em high  
Now, I ain't never tell you to put down ya hands  
Keep em high  
And if ya losin' yo high then smoke again  
Keep em high

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