

# We Get High

## Logic

We get higher and higher  
Crazy blue  
Like St. Elmo's fire  
Love's so sharp  
And flat  
That it's hard to know just where you're at  
We get higher and higher  
Crazy blue  
Like St. Elmo's fire  
Love's so sharp  
And flat  
That it's hard to know just where you're at  
From the back to the front door  
Dealers on the Southside sellin on their front door  
Little bit of weed, little bit of crack, whatever you need  
While I'm sellin' out shows in the ice cold  
Shout out to the homies in the front row with the blunt rolled  
That waited for hours in the snow just to see me flow  
So you know I gotta stay after the show  
'Cuz if Chi-Town show love, I'mma show love  
Outside, no gloves in the wintertime  
'Cuz I'm hungry like dinnertime  
Stayin' for every single one of my fans  
Autographs 'til I couldn't feel my hands  
Just a man with a plan, but you wouldn't understand  
I get high by the notes, you get high by the gram  
While you smoke to this  
Reminisce when I wrote to this  
Up-and-comers take note to this  
We get it done on tour, waking up before the sundown  
Lake Shore Drive shooting videos  
On the block getting spotted by them city hoes (Hey!)  
I know I never had to wonder if it's love or not  
Shout-out to the homies up at Juggernaut  
For keeping a motherfucker fresh, hell yes  
No contest when it comes to gear in the city they be the best  
Love my girls outgoing in my City, ChiBut it's MD 'til the day I die  
We get high  
Oh so high  
That my mind is in the sky  
Shorties love it when I rub it'Cuz I never leave them dry

We get high  
Oh so high  
That's what they say in the Chi  
I get high  
You get high  
'Cuz I'm the one that supplies We get high  
Oh so high  
That my mind is in the sky  
Shorties love it when I rub it  
'Cuz I never leave them dry  
We get high  
Oh so high That's what they say in the Chi  
I get high  
You get high  
'Cuz I'm the one that supplies We get higher and higher  
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Love's so sharp  
And flat  
That it's hard to know just where you're at Shout-out to the Bobby Soxer girls that just love the flow  
Chillin' out late night with the weed lit blunt split and the paper rolled  
RattPack smoking loudpack yeah they 'bout that  
Haters talking shit, I never doubt that  
With the GPS flow we re-route that  
Road to riches we be 'bout that  
Getting money like Oprah  
Fryin' motherfuckers like Okra  
Put your L up if you're a smoker  
Full-time toker  
Everything I got that's what I'm given no division 'til it's over  
Sleeping on the Young Sinatra like a sedative  
Now they on a brother's dick, so repetitive  
And they wonder why (and they wonder why) We get high  
Oh so high  
That my mind is in the sky  
Shorties love it when I rub it  
'Cuz I never leave them dry  
We get high  
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That's what they say in the Chi  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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