Get Em High (feat. Talib Kweli & Common)

Kanye West

I'm trying to catch the beat, uh
I'm trying to catch the beat
I'm trying to catch the beat, uh uh, uh
I'm trying to catch the beatNow, thr-thr-throw your motherfucking hands (Get 'em high!)
All the girls pass the weed to your motherfucking man (Get 'em high!)
Now I ain't never tell you to put down your hands (Keep 'em high!)
And if ya losing yo' high than smoke again (Keep 'em high!)N-n-n-now, my flow
Is in the pocket like wallets, I got the bounce like hydrolics
I can't call it, I got the swerve like alcoholics
My freshman year I was going through hell, a problems
Still I, built up the nerve to drop my ass up outta college
My teacher said I's a loser, I told her why don't you kill me
I give a fuck if you feel me, I'm gonna follow
My heart, and if you follow the charts, or 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 asking fo'
Why you think, me and Dame cool, we assholes
That's why we here your music in fast fo'
Cause we don't want to here that weak shit no mo'Now, thr-thr-throw your motherfucking hands (Get 'em high!)
All the girls pass the weed to your motherfucking man (Get 'em high!)
Now I ain't never tell you to put down your hands (Keep 'em high!)
And if ya losing yo' high than smoke again (Keep 'em high!)Now now now now now who the hell is this
E-mailing me at 11:26, tellin' me that she 36-26,
Plus double D you know how girls on black planet be when they get bubble E
At NYU but she hail from Kansas,
Right now she just lamping, chilling on campus
Sent me a picture with a feeling on Candice
Who said her favorite rapper was the late great Francis
W-H-I-T, it's getting 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 lying)
Yo Kwe', she don't believe me, please pickup the line
She goin' think that I'm lying, just spit a couple of lines

Then maybe I'll be able to give her dick all the time, and get her highYeah, I can't believe this nigga use my name for picking up dimes but
Get 'em high, I need some tracks you trying to pull tracks out
And my rhymes as fitting to blow you trying to blow backs out
Well OK, you twisted my arm, I'll assist with the charm, hey yo
Ain't you meet that chick that got friends with yo moms
And she's the bomb, boy she got the bougie behavior
Always got something to say like a okay playa hater
Anyways, I don't usually fuck with the internet
Or chicks with birth control stuck to they arm like Nicorette
You really fucking that much, you trying to get off cigarettes
And 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 kush and a sister could get ahead of itGet 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
With real nigga quotes
Real rappers is hard to find, like a remote, control rap is out of
Used to but still got love, 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, niggas in you
You'se 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, mug is to 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 copping her
Album, how come, you the hot garbager
The years clear your image and looped up
Label got you suped up, telling 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 then Denver, I ain't a Madd Rapper just a emcee with a temper
You dancing for money like honey, I did this my way
So when the industry crash, I survive like Kanye
Spitting through wires and fires, emcees retiring
Got yo hands up, get them motherfuckers higher thenNow, thr-thr-throw your motherfucking hands (Get 'em high!)
All the girls pass the weed to your motherfucking man (Get 'em high!)
Now I ain't never tell you to put down your hands (Keep 'em high!)

And if ya losing yo' high than smoke again (Keep 'em high!)

Songwriters
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