

# Get Em High (Ratatat Remix)

Kanye West

i'm tryin to catch the beat, uh  
i'm tryin to catch the beat  
i'm tryin to catch the beat, uh uh, uh  
i'm tryin to catch the beat  
n-now, th-th-through 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 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 alchooooool-ics  
my freshman year i was goin through hell, a problem  
still i, built up the nerve to drop my ass up outta colllllll-ege  
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 follllllllll-ow  
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 bashfull but this  
bastard's flow will bash a skull  
and i will, cut your girl like pastor troy  
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'  
n-now, th-th-through 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 than smoke again  
keep em high  
n-n-n-n-n-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 headed from kansas, right now she just lampin, chillin on  
campus

sent me a picture with a 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  
yeah

i can't believe this nigga use my name for pickin up dolls but  
nevermind, i need some tracks you tryin to pull tracks out  
and my rhymes as fittin to blow you tryin to blow back south  
well ok, you twisted my arm, i'll asist with the charm, aiyyo  
i though you meet that chickit that got friends with yo moms  
and she's the bomb, boy she got the bouji behavior  
always got somethin to say like a bookee playa hater  
anyway, i don't usualy fuck a interneter

draws stuck to they arm like nicorette  
you really fuckin that much, you tryin to get off cigarettes  
and she think it's fly, she ain't met a real nigga yet  
i appoligize if i come off a little inconsiderate

i got the bubble cushion a sister could get ahead 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 remonte, control rap is not a  
used soup it still got life, that's why i abuse you who are not thugs  
rock clubs, it's like tiger, woods in the hood, to have my own reality show  
called soul survivor, i stole all liver, niggaz 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, mosh 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 pro-ducers is populer  
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, illeaterate 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 dansin for money like honey, i did this my way  
so when the industry crash, i survive like kanye  
spittin through wires and fires, emcees retirin  
got yo hands up, get them motherfuckers higher then  
n-now, th-th-through 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 than smoke again  
keep em high  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>