

# 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 beat 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!) N-n-n-now, my flow  
Is in the pocket like wallets, I got the bounce like hydraulics  
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 high  
Yeah, 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 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  
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'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, 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 then  
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!)

Songwriters

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