

# Kanye West, Get Em High (feat. Talib Kweli, Com)

[Intro: Kanye West]

Uh-uh, I'm tryna catch the beat  
Uh, I'm tryna catch the beat  
I'm tryna catch the beat, uh-uh, uh-uh  
I'm tryna catch the beat

[Chorus: Kanye West]

N-now, th-th-throw your motherfuckin' hands  
Get 'em high  
All the girls pass the weed to your motherfuckin' man  
Get 'em high  
Now I ain't never tell you to put down your hands  
Keep 'em high  
And if you're losin' your high, then smoke again  
Keep 'em high (Now, now, now, now)

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

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 hella problems  
'Til I built up the nerve to drop my ass up out of college  
My teacher said I's 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  
Or the plaques or the stacks, you ain't gotta guess who's back, you see?  
I'm so Chi that you thought I was bashful  
But this bastard's flow will bash your 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' for  
Why you think me and Dame cool? We assholes  
That's why we hear your music and fast forward  
'Cause we don't wanna hear that weak shit no mo'

[Chorus: Kanye West]

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Get 'em high  
All the girls pass the weed to your motherfuckin' man  
Get 'em high  
Now I ain't never tell you to put down your hands  
Keep 'em high  
And if you're losin' your high, then smoke again  
Keep 'em high (Now, now, now, now, now, You've got mail)  
You might also like  
Workout Plan  
Kanye West  
Never Let Me Down  
Kanye West  
Mercy  
Kanye West

[Verse 2: Kanye West, Sumeke Rainey & Talib Kweli]

Now who the hell is this  
Emailing me at 11:26  
Telling me that she thirty-six, twenty-six plus double-d?  
You know how girls on Black Planet be when they get bubbly  
At NYU but she hail 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 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? Lyrics stick 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 pick up 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), ow

[Verse 3: Talib Kweli & Common]

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 is finna blow, you trying to blow backs out  
Well, okay, you twisted my arm, I'll assist with the charm  
Ayo, ain't you meet that chick at that conference with your moms?  
Her sister the bomb, but she got the bougie behavior  
Always got something to say like a OkayPlayer-hater  
Anyways, I don't usually fuck with the Internet  
Or chicks with birth control stuck to they arm like Nicorette  
You really fuckin' that much or tryna get off cigarettes? (Keep 'em high)  
If she think it's fly, she ain't met a real nigga yet (No)  
I apologize if I come off a little inconsiderate  
I got the Bubba Kush and her sister could get a hit of it, yeah (Yo, yo)

[Verse 4: Common]

Get 'em high like noon or the moon  
Or a room filled with smoke, a hype filled with dope  
Y'all assumed I was doomed, out of tune  
But I still filled 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  
Should have my own reality show called "Soul Survivor"  
I stole on live-er niggas than you  
You's 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  
Marsha's too sexy to even make songs like these  
That's why the raw don't know your name, like Alicia Keys  
Too many featured MCs, and producers is popular  
Twelve thousand spins, nobody got to coppin' a  
Album, how come you the hot garbage of  
The year? It's clear your image is looped up  
Label got you souped up, tellin' you you sick  
When 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 infra-  
Red across your head, I'm bred king like Simba  
Bolder than Denver, I ain't a mad rapper  
Just a MC with a temper  
You dancin' for money like Honey, I did this my way  
So when the industry crash, I survive like Kanye  
Spittin' through wires and fires, MCs retirin'  
Got your hands up, get them motherfuckers higher, then

[Chorus: Kanye West & Common]

N-now, th-th-throw your motherfuckin' hands  
Get 'em high (Yeah)  
All the girls pass the weed to your motherfuckin' man  
Get 'em high (Mm-mm, uh-uh, uh)  
Now I ain't never tell you to put down your hands  
Keep 'em high (Keep 'em high, keep 'em high, uh-uh)  
And if you're losin' your high, then smoke again  
Keep 'em high