

# 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

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  
'Cause if Chi-Town show love, I'm a show love  
Outside, no gloves in the wintertime  
'Cause 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, Chi  
But 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  
'Cause 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  
'Cause I'm the one that supplies

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 yeah 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)