

Kanye West f/ Lupe Fiasco

"Touch the Sky"

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[Intro/Chorus One: Kanye West]

I gotta testify
I'm up in the spot lookin extra fly
'Fore the day I die, I'ma touch the sky
Gotta testify
I'm up in the spot lookin extra fly
'Fore the day I die, I'ma touch the sky

[Kanye West]

Back when they thought pink Polos would hurt the Roc
Before Cam got the shit to pop
The doors was closed, I felt like Bad Boy's street team
I couldn't work the locks/The LOX
Now let's go, take 'em back to the plan
Me and my momma hopped in that U-Haul van
Any pessimists I ain't talk to them
Plus I ain't have no phone in my apart-a-ment
... Let's take 'em back to the club
Least about an hour I stand on line
I just wanted to dance, I went to Jaboc an hour
after I got my advance, I just wanted to shine
Jay favorite line, dawg in due time
Now he look at me like damn dawg, you what I am
A hip-hop legend, I think I died
in an accident, cause this must be heaven

[Chorus One]

[Chorus Two 2X: Kanye]

Now let's take them hi-ah-igh-igh-igh-ighhhh (Top of
the world baby)
(Top top of the world)
A-la-la-la-lah-la-lahhhhh (Top of the world baby)
(On top of the world)

[Kanye West]

Back when Gucci was the shit to rock
Back when Slick Rick got the shit to pop
I'd do anything to say I got it
Damn, them new loafers hurt my pocket
Before anybody wanted K-West beats

Me and my girl split the buffet at KFC
Dog, I was having nervous breakdowns
Like "Man - these niggaz that much better than me?"
Baby, I'm goin on an airplane
And I don't know if I'll be back again
Sure enough, I sent the plane tickets
But when she came to kick it, things became different
Any girl I cheated on, sheets I skeeted on
Culdn't keep it home, thought I needed a Nia Long
I'm tryin to right my wrongs
But it's funny them same wrongs helped me write this
song, now

[Chorus Three]

I gotta testify
Come up in the spot lookin extra fly
'Fore the day you die, you gon' touch the sky
You gon' touch the sky baby girl, testify
Come up in the spot lookin extra fly
'Fore the day you die, you gon' touch the sky

[Lupe Fiasco]

Yes, yes, yes, guess who's on third
Lupe steal like Lupin the 3rd
Here like air 'til I'm beer on the curb
Peachfuzz buzz but bid on the verge
Let's slow it down like we're on the syrup
Bottle shaped body like Mrs. Butterworth
But, before you say another word
I'm back on the block like I'm layin on the street
I'm tryin to stop lion/lyin like I'm Mum-Ra
But I'm not lyin when I'm layin on the beat
En garde, or touche', Lupe cool as the under
But I still feel posessed as a gun charge
to come/cum as correct as a porn star
And a fresh pair steps in my best foreign car
Self, I represent the first
Now let me end my verse right where the horns are

[Chorus Three]

We take it home baby
Sky high, I'm, I'm sky high
I'm, I'm sky high
I'm, I'm sky high
I'm, I'm sky high
I'm, I'm sky high
Sky, uh, sky high
I'm, I'm sky high
Yeah, keep it rollin, yeah
Feels good to be home baby, feels good to be home

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