

## Kanye West Feat Lupe "Touch The Sky"

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I gotta testify, come up in the spot looking extra fly  
For the day I die, I'ma touch the sky  
Gotta testify, come up in the spot looking extra fly  
For the day I die, I'ma touch the sky

Back when they thought pink polo's 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 Lox  
Now let's go, take 'em back to the plan

Me and my momma hopped in the U-Haul van  
Any pessimists I ain't talked to them  
Plus, I ain't have no phone in my apartment  
Let's take 'em back to the club

Least about an hour I would stand on line  
I just wanted to dance  
I went to Jacob an hour after I got my advance  
I just wanted to shine

Jay's favorite line, "Dog, in due time"  
Now he look at me like, "Damn, dog, you where I am"  
A hip hop legend  
I think I died in an accident 'cause this must be heaven

I gotta testify, come up in the spot looking extra fly  
For the day I die, I'ma touch the sky  
Gotta testify, come up in the spot looking extra fly  
For the day I die, I'ma touch the sky

Now let's take 'em high, la la la la la la la  
(Top of the world, baby, T-Top of the world)  
Now let's take 'em high, la la la la la la la  
(Top of the world, baby, T-Top of the world)

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, "Damn, these niggas that much better than me?"

Baby, I'm going 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  
I couldn't keep it home, I thought I needed a Nia Long  
I'm trying to write my wrongs but it's funny  
These same wrongs helped me write this song, now

I gotta testify, come up in the spot looking extra fly  
For the day you die, you gonna touch the sky  
(You gonna touch the sky baby girl)  
Testify, come up in the spot, looking extra fly  
For the day you die, you gonna touch the sky

Yes, yes, yes, guess who's on third?  
Lupe still like Lupin the Third  
Hear, life here till I'm beer on the curb  
Peach fuzz buzz but bit on the verge

Hold it down like we're on the serve  
Bottle-shaped body like Mrs. Butterworth's  
But before you say another word  
I'm back on the block like a man on the street

I'm trying to stop lying like a Mum-Ra  
But I'm not lying when I'm laying on the beat  
Engarde, Touch Lupe cool as the Unthar  
But I still feel as possessed as a gun charge

I come as correct as a porn star  
In a fresh pair of steps and my best foreign car  
So I represent the first  
Now let me end my verse right where the horns are like

I gotta testify, come up in the spot looking extra fly  
For the day you die, you gonna touch the sky  
(You gonna touch the sky baby girl)  
Testify, come up in the spot, looking extra fly  
For the day you die, you gonna touch the sky

(We back at 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, sky high, I'm, I'm sky high

Yeah!  
(Keep it rollin')  
(Feels good to be home, baby)  
(Feels good to be home!)

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