

Kanye West Feat. Lupe Fiasco "Touch The Sky"

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

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

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 apartment

Let's take 'em back to the club
Least about a hour I 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 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

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'Fore the day I die, I'ma touch the sky
Gotta testify, come up in the spot lookin' extra fly
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Now let's take 'em high
(Top of the world baby, on top of the world)
(Top of the world baby, on top of the world)
Now let's take 'em high
(Top of the world baby, on top of the world)
(Top of the world baby, on 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 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
Couldn't keep it at home, thought I needed a Nia Long
I'm tryin' to write my wrongs
But it's funny them same wrongs helped me write this
song, now

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

Yes, yes, yes, guess who's on third?
Lupe still like Lupin the Third
Here life here 'til I'm beer on the curb
Peach fuzz buzz but beard 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 a man on the street

I'm tryin' to stop 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 Unthar
But I still feel possessed as a gun charge

To come 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
like, uh

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

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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