

## **T.i.**

# **"Live In The Sky"**

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What's happenin' man? This TIP, you know?  
I'd like to dedicate this song to  
Anybody who done ever lost somebody  
To the grave, to the streets, to the jail cell

I done been in situations where I had  
To cope with all three, you know what I'm sayin'?  
I feel like the only thing I ain't done yet is died, you  
know?  
But it ain't how I live while I'm here  
It's how I live when I leave, ya dig?

Life's ups and downs they come and go  
But when I die, I hope I live in the sky  
All my folks who ain't alive, I hope they live in the sky  
Pray to God when I die, that I live in the sky

It's true what goes around, comes back you know  
So when I die I hope I live in the sky  
All my folks who ain't survive, may they live in the sky  
Tell God, I wanna fly, let me live in the sky

My cousin Toot ain't have to die, right in front of his son  
and his wife  
He lost his life struggling over a gun  
Give a damn what he done, that's my motherfuckin'  
folk  
And I love that nigga to death, no motherfuckin' joke

I can feel my eyes fillin', the Lord is my witness  
If I catch 'em, I'ma kill 'em, I made it my business  
Back in the day, you stayed in my business  
Taught me I ain't have to incorporate yay in my  
business

Coincidentally, that's why today you not wit me  
My cousin died over some yag, and I miss him  
Plus he had his family out, let's say she the eye witness  
But her boyfriend did the shootin', judge gave her life  
sentence

I heard that, now I'm dressed up in all black

Shot up the whole apartment's, he still ain't brought  
back  
The best friend I had in Jamel, I lost that  
Guess ya death was a lesson in life, it taught me that

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Never seen a nigga go to jail and sleep til day two  
Well that's how sick I was when Jayrue  
Found out the hard way that was powder they were  
tootin'  
Over-dosed on heroin, died at 22

If you ain't heard about your daughter, she smile just  
like you  
So cute, even resorts to violence like you  
You know your baby momma loose, but ha, what can  
you do  
And I got for myself, yuh, it's been a few

Now everything I do is for King, Messiah, Dazasha,  
Demonte  
Tell the Lord they all I've got, so please don't take them  
from me  
From me standin' in the trap wit qerin and sir kap  
Laughin' at the niggaz who serve with no strap

Tell them niggaz, man, y'all trippin' with no maps  
Get robbed, and that's the part of my pistol ain't no  
help

Me, you and the crew just fell out over dough and a lil'  
crack  
Never could apologize 'cause you died, that's why they  
say that

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I bet you niggaz think I'm livin' it up  
'Til you see polices laughin' as they pickin' me up  
Went from seeing how many bitches I can fit in the  
truck  
To three hots and a cot, is you kiddin' or what?

Fuck how many millions I got, nigga, so what if I'm hot  
When I got prices on my head, Feds rushin' my spot  
A million haters want me dead, forced to carry a gat  
But you's a seven-time felon, what you doin' wit that?

It's a Catch-22, either you lose or you lose  
That's the way the game structured, for real, niggaz to  
suffer  
And I ain't neva been a buster, always stood on my feet  
Like a man prepared to take whatever coming for me

A pussy nigga or polices with a warrant for me  
I'm a G, prepared to die for what's important to me  
Look anybody in the eye who say he want it wit me  
Put up the house and bet the odds if it's comin' from  
me

OG's say I need to learn to be patient  
You telling me with these seven years of probation  
Pistol charges and a host of other open cases  
If niggaz only knew the kind of time I was facin'

I tried to keep it to myself, but sometimes I couldn't  
take it  
Got four kids, the smiles on they faces  
Mean more to me than my crown and my bracelet  
Take that away from me, and my life is butt naked

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Aye man, I'd like to dedicate this song to my cousin  
Toot  
Alahondro Jamera Morgan man, I miss the shit out of  
you my nigga

Also I'd like to dedicate this to my homeboy Jayrue  
Jamar Hendrix what's happenin'?  
Also my partna Bankhead, [Incomprehensible]  
What it is nigga, PSC for life and death  
And my lil' homeboy Poncho, and my lil' homeboy Rico  
I shed tears writin' this song homeboy, that's real talk  
man

Ayee I wanna live in the sky, sky, sky  
Hey let me live in the sky, sky  
Pray to God that I live in the sky, sky, sky

I want to live in the sky  
I want to live in the sky  
I want to live in the sky  
Why can't we live in the sky, the sky?

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