

Touch the Sky

Cam'ron

Killa

Niggas try to show me and make history Arab
You try to shit on me and make history
You history! You got to love the guy
In God I trust, he trusts in I
When I get high it feel like I (touch the sky)
And yeah I dress to kill
I make it so you dressed to die, bless the guy
If he try and take the stand and (testify)
Yeah buddy boy turn him into Buddy Lee
With four dirty niggas in some ugly tee's (na-na-na)
And despite figures, you can't fight triggas
Drunk off light liquor light niggas (na da da da)
In the wintertime but I got the drop warm
Snowin' out showin' out, the top gone (na-na-na)
I do what I have to do
They say "you little bastard you"
"Look man they all gonna laugh at you" (ha ha ha)
You wifed it in public, fuck it, you like it, I love it
Butt disgustin', I'm disgusted, don't wanna discuss it
Look me eye-to-eye, we could go eye-for-eye
But pardon, I'm puffin' on (la-la-la) Reach out and (touch the sky)
Look up and (touch the sky)
Smoke a blunt and (touch the sky)
Can anybody (testify)
We just doin' what we usually do
Nah Cam, I can tell they ain't used to you Pounds on the floor, guns on the wall
If there's money to make then I'm makin' a call
Blood on my chain, weed in the jar
Weed in the air, 2 pits in the yard
Handlin' biz, cameras all over the crib
You broke and can't stand it
To count this much money you need enough stamina
Some went to Stanford, I grew up on Cam and them
Makin' this money and makin' it fast
Rollin' a joint and I'm makin' it last
Reppin' my Gang, ain't no fakin' it
Drivin' my car like it ain't got no brakes in it
Now both my cribs got a safe in it

Had my own swag, you start takin' it
Rollin' one up and I'm facin' it
Got so much juice you could taste the shit
Shout out to Juicy J
He rock them Louis shades
We all get stupid paid
I ball, let's hoop today
Got one, need two of them rings
Look at me, see I'm doin' my thing
I'm just tryna up my sushi game
Old school shit, you's a lame
Reach out and (touch the sky)
Look up and (touch the sky)
Smoke a blunt and (touch the sky)
Can anybody (testify)
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Can anybody (testify)
We just doin' what we usually do
Nah Cam, I can tell they ain't used to you
Shit, I'm extra high
You bug it, where's the pesticides
Dibble out the bag, put the rest aside
Fonzarelli flow, the cool'll never die
Ask me if I'm stoned, when am I ever not?
Rollin' up, you tryna hit this L' or nah?
Uh, coped another Rollie, I was pressed for time
TNT pullin' up, but we don't talk to swine
Send the corner pies, hustler since ?
Breakin' nights, blowin' blunts on Morningside
While you was in the nosebleeds at the Drake & Wayne tour
I was Hitler with the pounds, got like 8 off
Eatin', clean the plate off, They only hate 'cause they lost
First class nigga, make a flight before the takeoff
Uh, fuck a label, 'less it's Black Label
Indie nigga but I'm that major
It's still fuck the other side
never lettin' nothin' ride
Roofless shit, roof the bitch
see if she can (touch the sky)
Reach out and (touch the sky)
Look up and (touch the sky)
Smoke a blunt and (touch the sky)
Can anybody (testify)
Uh we just doin' what we usually do
Nah Cam, I can tell they ain't used to you
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Songwriters

Pompey, Sean / Thomaz, Cameron Jibril / Giles, Cameron EzikePublished by

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