Touch The Sky

Miraflores

Man, I run this rap shit
Get your hands up high, hands up high, hands up high
Rest in peace to Biggie Smalls
Get your hands up high, hands up high, hands up high
R.I.P. to 2Pac
Get your hands up high, hands up high, hands up high
Nigga, roll that good shit
Get your hands up high, hands up high, hands up high
You wan' dance, let's dance, nigga, I take you to the prom
I'm armed, trey-pound in my palm, I'm calm, nigga
My momma made a baby boy, the hood made a man
My first 14 grams, took that and made a grand
I do this, you knew this, I told you pussy
Your fate, your death day to fuckin?, come if you push me
Have you like E.I. E.I., uh-oh after the four-four blow
I get low, they say I go like a pro
It's a wrap, and I'm ghost in the smoke like a roach
You've been clapped and in fact there's no comin? back from that
I'm the last of my breed, no Henny, no weed
Just my vest and my semi in the back of the Bentley
Enage, a mirage, see I'm there, then I'm gone
?Cause my lawyers are strong and my money is long
So when I'm right I'm right and when I'm wrong I'm right
I hit your ass up right, nigga, it's nighty night
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Aiyyo, I'm higher than a pilot, man, I catch a body, man
Beat the case, I lie on the polygram
These O.G.'s talkin 'bout, back in the days
I have a R.I.P. sign on your MySpace page
I'm in your top 8, nigga, drop 8, nigga
GCT Coupe, it's sour grape, nigga
I'm a ape, nigga, a guerilla in the mist

I hold weight, nigga, my connect got bricks
I went gold, you went platinum, we still got the same cars
Same house and still fuck the same broads
Dreams of fuckin? an R 'n' B bitch
Damn, you look good girl, but get your teeth fixed
I'm the Teflon Don boy, I get busy
Your next two songs, you do them shits with Pretty Ricky
Seven-sixty, drive by light tint
With two hoes in the whip lookin? like flint
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