Touch the Sky

Kanye West

I gotta testify
Come up in the spot lookin' extra fly
Fore the day I die, I'mma touch the sky
Gotta testify
come up in the spot lookin' extra fly
'Fore the day I die, I'mma touch the skyBack 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 apart-a-ment
Let's take 'em back to the club
Least about an 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 where I am!"
A hip-hop legend, I think I died
In that accident, cause this must be heavenI gotta testify
Come up in the spot lookin' extra fly
Fore the day I die, I'mma touch the sky
Gotta testify
come up in the spot lookin' extra fly
'Fore the day I die, I'mma touch the skyNow let's take them high (Top of the world baby)
(Top top of the world)
La la la (Top of the world baby)
(On top of the world)Now let's take them high (Top of the world baby)
(Top top of the world)
La la la (Top of the world baby)
(On top of the world)Back when Gucci was the shit to rock
Back when Slick Rick had 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 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
Couldn't keep it at home, thought I needed a Nia Long
I'm trying to right my wrongs
But it's funny them same wrongs helped me write this songI 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 skyYes, yes, yes, guess who's on third?
Lupe steal like Lupin the 3rd
Here like ear 'til I'm beer on the curb
Peachfuzz 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 I'm laying on the street
I'm trying to stop "lion" like I'm Mumm-Ra
But I'm not lyin' when I'm laying on the beat
En garde, or touchÃ©, Lupe cool as the unthawed
But I still feel possessed as a gun charge
Come as correct as a porn star
In a fresh pair steps in my best foreign car
So, I represent the first
Now let me end my verse right where the horns areI 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 skyWe back at home, baby!
Sky high, I'm, I'm sky high!
Yeah, feels good to be home, baby!

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