

Live In the Sky (Featuring Jamie Foxx)

T.I.

What's happenin', man
This T.I.P., 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 done had to cope with all three
You know what I'm saying?
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?[Chorus]
Life's up 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 folk who ain't survive, may they live in the sky
Tell God I wanna fly, and 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 motherfucking folk
And I love that nigga to death, no motherfucking joke
I can feel my eyes feelin' the lord is my witness
If I catch 'em, I'm a 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 yay, and I miss him
Plus he had his family out, let's say she the eye witness
But her boyfriend did the shooting judge gave a life sentence
I heard that, now I'm dressed up in all black
Shot up the whole apartments and still ain't brought back
The best friend I had in Jamel, I lost that
I guess your death was a lesson in life; it taught me that[Chorus]
Never seen a nigga go to jail and sleep till day
two
Well, that's how sick I was when Jayrue
Found out the hard way that wasn't powder that they were tootin'
Overdosed on heroin, died at twenty-two
If you ain't heard about your daughter, she smile just like you

So cute, even resorts to violence like you
You know ya baby mama loose, but, ha, what can you do?
And I got four myself
Yeah, it's been a few
Now everything I do is for king, messiah, Dazasha, Demonte
Tell them lord they all I got, so please don't take 'em from me
From me standin' in the trap wit' Qerin and Sir Kap
Laughin' at the niggas who serve with no strap
Tell them niggas, man, y'all trippin' wit' no maps
Get robbed and that's the part where my pistol ain't no help
Me, you, and the crew just fell out over dough and a little crack
Never could apologize 'cause you died; that's why they say that[Chorus]I bet you niggas think I'm living it up
Till you see polices laughing 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 kidding or what?
Fuck how many millions I got, nigga, so what if I'm hot
When I got prices on my head, Feds rushing my spot
A million haters want me dead, forced to carry a gat
But you's a seven time felon, what you doing with that?
It's a Catch 22, either you lose or lose
That's the way the game structured for real niggas to suffer
And I ain't never been a busta, always stood on my feet
Like a man prepared to take whatever coming for me
A pussy nigga or polices wit' 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 coming from me
OG's say I need to learn to be patient
You telling me wit' these seven years of probation
Pistol charges, and a host of other open cases
If niggas only knew the kind of time I was facing
I tried to keep 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[Chorus]

Songwriters

Mc Masters, Keith / Harris, Clifford JosephPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>