

# Touch The Sky

## Brave OST

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 nghty night  
        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  
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  
        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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>