

# Touch the sky (Dustycloud Remix)

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 sky Back 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 heaven 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 sky 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) 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 song I 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 sky Yes, 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 are I 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 sky We back at home, baby!  
Sky high, I'm, I'm sky high!  
Yeah, feels good to be home, baby!

Songwriters

WASALU MUHAMMAD JACO, CURTIS L MAYFIELD, JUSTIN GREGORY SMITH, KANYE WEST,  
KANYE OMARI WEST Published by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>