

# Touch The Sky

Kanye West

I gotta testify, come up in the spot lookin' extra fly  
'Fore the day I die, I'ma touch the sky  
Gotta testify, come up in the spot lookin' extra fly  
'Fore the day I die, I'ma 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 apartment Let's take 'em back to the club  
Least about a 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 what I am  
A hip-hop legend, I think I died  
In an accident, 'cause this must be heaven I gotta testify, come up in the spot lookin' extra fly  
'Fore the day I die, I'ma touch the sky  
Gotta testify, come up in the spot lookin' extra fly  
'Fore the day I die, I'ma touch the sky Now let's take 'em high  
(Top of the world baby, on top of the world)  
(Top of the world baby, on top of the world)  
Now let's take 'em high  
(Top of the world baby, on top of the world)  
(Top of the world baby, on top of the world Back when Gucci was the shit to rock  
Back when Slick Rick got 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 niggaz that much better than me? Baby, I'm goin' 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 tryin' to write my wrongs  
But it's funny them same wrongs helped me write this song, now 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 still like Lupin the Third  
Here life here 'til I'm beer on the curb  
Peach fuzz 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 a man on the street I'm tryin' to stop lyin' like I'm Mum-Ra  
But I'm not lyin' when I'm layin' on the beat  
En garde, or touche', Lupe cool as the Unthar  
But I still feel possessed as a gun charge To come as correct as a porn star  
And a fresh pair steps in my best foreign car  
Self, I represent the first  
Now let me end my verse right where the horns are like, uh 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 take it home baby  
Sky high, I'm, I'm sky high  
I'm, I'm sky high, I'm, I'm sky high  
I'm, I'm sky high, I'm, I'm sky high  
Sky, uh, sky high, I'm, I'm sky high Yeah, keep it rollin', yeah  
Feels good to be home baby, feels good to be home

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