

# Touch the Sky

Mathew Jonson

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 nighty night  
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Aiiyo, 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  
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