

# Touch the Sky

Kanye West

I gotta testify, come up in the spot looking extra fly  
For the day I die, I'mma touch the sky  
Gotta testify, come up in the spot looking extra fly  
For the day I die, I'mma touch the sky

Back when they thought pink polo's 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 Lox (locks).  
Now let's go.  
Take 'em back to the plan...  
Me and my momma hopped in the U-Haul van.  
Any pessimists I ain't talked to them,  
Plus, I ain't have no phone in my apartment.  
Let's take 'em back to the club.  
Least about an hour I would 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's favorite line: "Dog, in due time"  
Now he look at me, like "Damn, dog, you where I am"  
A hip hop legend.  
I think I died in an accident, cause this must be heaven.

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Now let's take 'em high-igh-igh-igh-igh-igh la la la la la la la la  
(Top of the world, baby. T-Top of the world)  
Now let's take 'em high-igh-igh-igh-igh-igh la la la la la la la la  
(Top of the world, baby. T-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 "Damn, 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.  
I couldn't keep it home, I thought I needed a Nia Long.  
I'm trying to write my wrongs,  
But it's funny these same wrongs helped me write this song.  
Now,

I gotta testify, come up in the spot looking extra fly  
For the day you die, You gonna touch the sky  
(You gonna touch the sky babygirl!) Testify, come up in the spot  
Looking extra fly  
For the day you die, You gonna touch the sky

Yes, yes, yes guess who's on third?  
Lupe still like Lupin the Third.  
Hear life here till I'm beer on the curb  
Peach fuzz buzz but beard on the verge  
Slow it down like we're on the serve  
Bottle-shaped body like Mrs. Butterworth's.  
But, before you say another word,  
I'm back on the block like a man on the street.  
I'm trying to stop lying like a Mum-Ra,  
But I'm not lying when I'm laying on the beat.  
Engarde, Touch@ Lupe cool as the Unthar,  
But I still feel as possessed as a gun charge.  
I come as correct as a porn star,  
In a fresh pair of steps and my best foreign car.  
So, I represent the first.  
Now, let me end my verse right where the horns are like

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For the day you die, You gonna touch the sky  
(You gonna touch the sky babygirl!) Testify, come up in the spot  
Looking extra fly  
For the day you die, You gonna touch the sky

(We back at 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, Sky high  
I'm, I'm sky high  
Yeah! (Keep it rollin)  
(Feels good to be home, baby! Feels good to be home!)