

TOUCH THE SKY

Moderately ♩ = 104

Words and Music by
CURTIS MAYFIELD and KANYE WEST

Chorus:



(Rap:) I got-ta tes - ti - fy; _ _ _ _ _ come up in the spot, look-in' ex - tra fly. _ _

mf



'Fore the day I die, _ _ I'm-a touch the sky. _ _ I got-ta tes - ti - fy; _ _



come up in the spot, look-in' ex-tra fly. _ _ 'Fore the day I die, _ _ I'm-a touch the sky. _ _

Verse:



1. Back when they thought pink polos would hurt the R.O.C., before Cam got the... to pop, the doors is closed, I felt like bad Boy's

2.3. See additional lyrics

F#m7

Em7

Street Team, I couldn't work the L.O.X. Now, let's go, take 'em back to the plan, Me and my momma hopped in that U-Haul van.

F#m7

Bm

F#m7

Em7

Any pessimist, 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 an hour I stand

F#m7

Bm

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, "Dawg, in due time."

1.

F#m7 Em7

I'm-a touch the sky. _ Now, let's take 'em high. _____ La la la la
Top of the world, baby, on top of the world!

F#m7 Bm

F#m7 Em7

la la la. _____ Now, let's take 'em high. _____
Top of the world, baby, on top of the world! Top of the world, baby,

F#m7 Bm

_____ La la la la la la la. _____
on top of the world! Top of the world, baby, on top of the world!

2.

3.

you gon-na touch the sky. _ *you gon-na touch the sky. _*

F#m7 Em7 F#m7 Bm

I'm, I'm sky-high. I'm, I'm sky-high. I'm, I'm sky-high.

1. 2.

I'm, I'm sky-high. I'm, I'm sky-high.

F#m7 Em7 F#m7 Bm

Repeat ad lib. and fade

(Play cue notes every other time)

Verse 2:

Back when Gucci was the... to rock,
 Back when Slick Rick got the... to pop,
 I'd do anything to say I got it.
 Damn, those new loafers hurt my pocket.
 Before anybody wanted K. West beats,
 Me and my girl split the buffet at KFC.
 Dawg, I was having nervous breakdowns,
 Like, man these... that much better than me?
 Baby, I'm going on a 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 help me write this song.
 (To Chorus 2:)

Verse 3:

Yes! Yes! Yes! Guess who's on third?
 Lupe still like lupin' the third.
 Here like year, till I'm beer on the curb,
 Peach fuzz buzz but bit 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 layin' on the street.
 I'm trying to stop lying like I'm Mum Ra,
 But I'm not lying when I'm laying on the beat.
 En garde, touché, Lupe cool as the unthawed.
 But I still feel possessed as a gun charge,
 I come as correct as a porn star,
 In a fresh pair of steps in my best foreign car.
 So, I represent the first,
 Now, let me end my verse right where the horns are like...
 (To Chorus 3:)