

TOUCH THE SKY

Moderately ♩ = 104

Words and Music by
CURTIS MAYFIELD and KANYE WEST

Chorus:

F#m7



Em7



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

mf

F#m7



Bm



F#m7



Em7



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

F#m7



Bm



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



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.



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



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."

F#7



Em7



F#m7



Bm



N.C.

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 heaven.

Chorus:

F#m7



Em7



F#m7



Bm



1. I got-ta tes - ti - fy; _ come up in the spot, look-in' ex - tra fly. _ 'Fore the day I die, _
 2.3. I got-ta tes - ti - fy; _ come up in the spot, look-in' ex - tra fly. _ 'Fore the day you die, _

I'm - a touch the sky. _

You gon-na touch the sky. _ You gon-na touch the sky, _ ba - by girl.

I got - ta tes - ti - fy; _

Tes - ti - fy; _

F#m7



Bm



come up in the spot, look-in' ex - tra fly. _
 come up in the spot, look-in' ex - tra fly. _

'Fore the day I die, _
 'Fore the day you die, _

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!

 The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The vocal line starts with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are "I'm-a touch the sky. _ Now, let's take 'em high. _____ La la la la". Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

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,

 The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line with the lyrics "la la la. _____ Now, let's take 'em high. _____". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

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!

 The third system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line with the lyrics "_____ La la la la la la la. _____". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

2.

3.

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

 The fourth system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The vocal line starts with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note, and then a series of eighth notes. The lyrics are "you gon - na touch the sky. _ you gon - na touch the sky. _". Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs. The piano part consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.






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.






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:)