

T.I., Live In The Sky

What's happenin', man

It's T.I.P., you know

I'd like to dedicate this song to anyone who done ever lost somebody

To the grave, to the streets, or to the jail cell

I done been in situations when I had to cope with all three, you know what I'm sayin'?

I feel like the only thing I ain't done yet is die, you know

But it ain't how I live while I'm here

It's how I live when I leave, you dig?

[Jamie Foxx]

Life's ups and downs, they come and go

[T.I.]

But when I die, I hope I live in the sky

All my folk who ain't alive, I hope they live in the sky

Pray to God when I die that I live in the sky

[Jamie Foxx]

It's true, what goes around comes back, you know

[T.I.]

So when I die, I hope I live in the sky

All my folk who ain't survive, may they live in the sky

Tell God I wanna fly, let me live in the sky

My cousin Toot ain't have to die, right in front of his son

And his wife, he lost his life strugglin' over a gun

Give a damn what he done, it's my motherfuckin' fault

And I loved that nigga to death, no motherfuckin' joke

I can fell my eyes fillin', the Lord is my witness

If I catch 'im, I'ma kill 'im, I made it my business

Back in the day, you stayed in my business

Taught me I ain't have to incorporate yay in my business

Coincidentally, that's why today you're not with me

My cousin died over some yay and I miss him

Plus he had his family out, let's say she the eyewitness

But her boyfriend did the shootin', judge gave a light sentence

I heard that, now I'm dressed up in all black

Shot up the whole 'partments, and still ain't brought back

The best friend I had in Tremell, I lost that

Guess your death was a lesson in life, it taught me that

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You ain't never seen a nigga ago to jail and sleep 'til day 2?

Well, that's how sick I was when J-Rue

Found out the hard way that was powder that they were tootin'

Overdosed on herion, died at 22

If ya ain't heard about your daughter, she smiles just like you

So cute, even resorts to violence like you

You know your baby mama loose, but ha, what can you do?

And I got for myself, yep, it's been a few

Now everything I do is for King, Messiah, Deyjah, Domani

Tell the Lord, they all I got, so please don't take them from me

From me standin' in the trap with Curran and Sir Cap

Laughin' at the niggas who serve with no strap

Tell 'em niggas, man, y'all trippin' with no maps
Get robbed and that's the part where my pistol ain't no help
Me, you, the crew just fell out over dough and a li'l crack
Never could apologize 'cause you died, that's why they say that

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I bet you niggas think I'm livin' it up
'Til you see polices laughin' as they pickin' me up
Went from seein' how many bitches I could fit in the truck
To three hots and a cot, is you kiddin' or what?
Fuck how many millions I got, nigga, so what if I'm hot
When I got prices on my head, feds rushin' my spot?
A million haters want me dead, forced to carry a gat
But you is a seven time felon, what you doin' with that?
It's a catch-22, either you lose or you lose
That's the way the game's structured, for real niggas to suffer
And I ain't never been a buster, always stood on my feet
Like a man, prepared to take whatever comin' for me
A pussy nigga or polices with a warrant for me
I'm a G prepared to die for what's important to me
Look anybody in the eye who say he want it from me
Put up the house and bet the odds if it's coming from me
O.G.'s say I need to learn to be patient
You tellin' me with these seven years of probation?
Pistol charges and a host of other open cases
If niggas only knew the kind of time I was facin'
I try to keep it to myself, but sometimes I couldn't it
Got four kids, the smiles on they faces
Mean more to me than my crown and my bracelet
Take that away from me and my life is butt naked

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Ay, man, I'd like to dedicate this song to my cousin Toot
Alejandro Tremell Morgan, man, I miss the shit out you, my nigga
I'd also like to dedicate this to my homeboy J-Rue
Jamal Hendrix, what's happenin'
Also my partner Bankhead, (??), what it is, nigga
P\$C for life and death
And my li'l homeboy Poncho, and my li'l homeboy Rico
I shed tears writin' this song, homeboy, that was real talk, man

Ay, I wanna live in the sky
Hey, let me live in the sky
Pray to God that I live in the sky