

Conny Froebess**"C'est La Vie"**

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(Gonzoe)

Que sera, sera! (haha!)
C'est La Vie!
Have a toast on me.
Yeah! State to state, we do it like this.
Live like us. Feel like us.
That's life baby.
Sheeit.
(Where ever you are, where ever you at!)

Verse 1 *(Gonzoe)*

Yeah.
Here I go again, drinkin' an drivin
in the latest model car riskin it wit no license
goin fast, late night
finna crash, hella cash
thinkin bout, nothin but the past an I know that's it
but fuck it
I'm finna love it, tryin to feed my stomach
finna have somethin, til my fuckin casket covered
live for the minute
lovin that ya'll know that we winnin
me an Phats nigga
nobody move til we finished
here's the plataue
Regime Family I'm the copo
in a Vet we race down Florence non-stop though
the world movin in slow motion
held by the ocean
X pills keep my fantsay open
an I'm lovin it
nuttin above
but a pussy when you rub it nigga it's all covered
cuz yours got caught
and mine doubled
niggas juss drink wit me
have a toast on me
nigga C'est La Vie!
Do what you want to.

(Chorus) x1

Have heart, have money. (yeah!)
Don't live the moment.
Have a toast on me, if you're smart
This is for my homies. (yeahah!)
Uh!
Do what you want to can I be free?
Everybody have a toast on me, please drink wit me
Uh!
Do what you want to can I be free?
Have a toast on me
world C'est La Vie!
(nigga what?!)

Verse 2 *(Phats Bossalini)*

I got it planned out
day by day clutchin my fifth
confident
realizin I've sinned
that's why I'm bent
cash spent
I make a mill I know that it's meant
captured
a bubble Benz and the saga begins
cuz it was evident
that I was made for this
stay awake at night crave
now I'm paid for this
still we ain't shit
a hundred thousand ain't rich
I take a chip
flip a grip and multiply it by six
it's fabulous
to all the thugs that smashed for us
celebrate
live it up
and have a blast for us
losin focus
back to the dream to face the soldiers
cuz they know what nobody knows, I got composure
but I'm still drunk
beggin for funk
I know the Town will bust
live it up, keepin my trust
juss check the scriptures
it's me and Ritzy
live, direct on your T.V.
smoke wit me

nigga C'est La Vie.
What!?

(Chorus) x1

Verse 3 *(Gonzoe)*

I'm still glocked up
in a under bucket wit my seat belt on
9 zones locked up
Uh!
Take the rap money, buy the soft turn the heart home
first they little niggas
now they servin out the front yard
wit the look out
like we roamin
cuz they enemy got took out
told the accountant to bring the book out
gun man rockin the roof, wit the gages
I still got cases
Ritzy goin out blazin
spit it
my nigga did it, still got acquitted cuz we willin
drunk as fuck, tryin to pivot
uh
I got the anthology, I never ever give it
if a liquor store opens
y'all niggas done did it
cuz I stay drunk
grabbin my nuts
like what
first nigga jump
first mutha fuckin gettin touched
by us
Los Angeles
Atlanta
hoods us
we skanless
imposters to exit us
all I got is tattoos and guts
Big nuts mutha fucka, so what?
Huh?
So what?
Huh?
So what?
Nigga C'est La Vie
Come fuck wit me!
Uh!

Chorus *(til end)*

Have heart, have money. (please be smart!)
Don't live the moment.
Have a toast on me, if you're smart.
This is for my homies.

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