

## Jean Ferrat

### "Keep Livin"

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I'm feeling numb, thinking of changing my name to  
crystal meth  
Playin' this game, holding my mic like a pistol: aiming  
at death.  
But I Love nobody, alone in this world that's how I came  
in it

But shit could flash and reverse the same in a minute.  
I don't even love life no more, my niggaz I just live it.  
And I don't love love, all the hurting is infinite.

I cry myself to sleep sometimes, wept the \_\_ and the  
tears  
From malice, divorce meets to lost peers.

Drowning in a haze of smoke and glasses that never  
run empty  
Bottles of soho, cheap vodka and twenty; twenty.

Spending my penies on thoughts for  
Got none pain like the movie have plenty. Like a  
shotgun  
Double barrel fully loaded ready to blow, I wanna turn  
around  
And aim at myself, been feeling my health I hardly  
even eat no more.  
My lunch is munshies from the corner store: tropical  
fantasy.

Me and my family, me and my niggaz used to be tight  
And now we see eachother on the block with no pound  
Keep it moving you gotta move on. I know I'm doing it  
right  
I'm still livin' hustling life and still here.

For all my niggaz that smoke a pack a day  
For all my niggaz hold the bottle drink the pain away:  
what type of life is this?  
For all my niggaz that getn' the cash, and all my niggaz  
that chill on the av  
Lets keep livin.

For all my niggaz drink the pain away  
For all my niggaz smoke a pack of newports a day:  
what type of life is this?  
For all my niggaz that getn' the cash, and all my niggaz  
that chill on the av  
Lets keep livin.

Grew up as a, child of an alcoholic, sister to  
schizophrenic, already inherited one and they both a  
genetic. When sun falls I gets no sleep, nights are filled  
with party and bullshit, bicardi and full clips just to deal  
with it. I got a full heart, but don't feel with it no more. I  
got fury of a woman scorned.

Just live my life like the x-files and trust no body.  
Forgetting everyone, and now I'm just forgetting the  
money. Funny how shit can change and switch up  
fragile to whip on you.  
Spent too much of my young life just trying to stitch shit  
up.

I'm living day by day now, every step is play by play  
hand to mouth; I'm just trying to make the moments  
count.

Eyes stressing my soul, Chest roll from a heavy  
smoking addict since nine: a nicotine addict devoted at  
it but still, I need some kinda relief. I quit the trees at  
least.

I'm learning niggaz but I'm slow at it.  
Always give my motherfuckers the benefit of the doubt.  
But it seems that everybody is just out for self.

I used to love her, but now I gotta make her work for my  
wealth: I gotta eat!  
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From rappin to nicotine, niggaz will clap and niggaz will  
fiend from some shit I never seen to everything I been  
through. it's like, loosing the love of your life twice in  
the same night. Being deaf for years, gained your  
hearing and loosing your sight.

Tryin to shine, but just getting eclipse. I'm just tryin to  
find the perfect words to fall from my lips.  
Thinking too hard about what shit has fallen, mainly the  
chips hoping by the next time installment that I'm not  
attempting to slit wrists.

Got nothing down, I work my way up from the bottom to  
the top of the ladder, claim what's rightfully mine.  
Working against time, it's been too long and I haven't  
had a chance to leave yall yet: I apologise.

Getting older and wiser. Seen the picture painted. My  
destiny faded for this, and not for easy times. I put my  
heart in these rhymes always. Love it or, leave it or  
ready to die?  
Yea I'm ready.

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