

## Phat Chance "C'est La Vie"

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I walk the streets of this ghost town city,  
So shitty with my luck and how I broke down,  
Aint it funny how it f---s always coming  
unstuck,  
Clinging to my dumb luck swimming while my hope  
drowns,

I must be negatively charged cause I f--- m  
positive,  
That every time I get close, they catch the next boat,  
I f--- m gonna get to the bottom of it,  
If I have to drag myself to the bottom of it,

[Break]

I love to stick them on a pedestal,  
Lift them to a crowded peak, so their always looking  
down on me,  
I f--- m sick of being so dependable, but  
isn't it commendable,  
Just how effectively I keep f---em out of  
reach,

I see my women like they live on the clouds,  
In some beautiful and innocent shroud,  
But now every time my lips on her mouth,  
I can't help but feel like I f--- m  
bringing her down,

And I f--- m a rational man, so passion be  
damned,  
Fuck walking on egg shells, acting like I meant well,  
I f--- m I take one wrong two step, and manage to  
dance,  
And aint afraid to take the pain f--- because I  
mend well,

I treat love like a sick joke,  
I treat their touch like a wisp of smoke, from out the  
pistols nose,  
Standing barefoot, in the winter snows,  
Clutching the blood stain waiting for the wind to blow

[Break]

IãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ ve got a mountain of need, my rivers run  
From the clicking tongues, of children and their  
innocent fun, but  
ItãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ s all games till someone loses an I,  
And I lost myself plenty of times, to that one, though

WeãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ ve, all been through some of this shit,  
And the whole trips greater than the sum of its bits,  
But IãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ ve folded when I shouldãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ ve  
been in,  
And had the courage to bust when I  
shouldnãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ tve hit,

If I look a little bit like a lost lamb,  
Living for each minute, but dangling from the second  
hand,  
ItãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ s cause IãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ ve taken my time, to  
find peace,  
And the time piece reminds me of my griefs,  
So hereãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ s a late bloomer, forgetting all  
those years,  
I struggled to grow, from all those fears, and  
doesnãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ t it bode well,  
For my off spring, until my dust sets flight,  
To touch the sky, such is life,  
[Break]

Still walking the streets of this city alone,  
But I donãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ t need your pity or vogue, I got,  
All I want from the women IãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ ve known,  
And wonãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ t choke in the mirrors and smoke,

If I have to tread water, then IãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ m willing to  
float,  
If I have to bend orders then IãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ m willing  
them broke,  
I stay focused on my mission to grow,  
And IãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ ve loved at least one now, by letting  
her go, so it goes,

CãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ est la vie say CãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ est la vie  
CãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ est la vie, say, CãfÂçâ, ñÂ™ est la vie

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