

Phat Chance "I Don't Know"

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I started working on an album in like 06,
Now you're listening to the outcome of that
grown kid;
See I made a few mistakes, wasted most my days;
nearly never made it to this closed disc;

I didn't know if I even had it in me,
I still don't know if there's anybody listening;
But when I write to a track, I get shivers down my back,
And I feel like giving up would kill me;

Yeah I've got self doubt, but a sense of
pride;
And I'll never sell out, what I'm meant to write;
Cause if they buy your soul and you sell your mind;
Then you'll always miss out on what you left
behind;

If my music does not stand the test of time;
If I'm destined to walk I still dreamt
I'd fly;
If it's all false hope and the deck runs dry;
Then I'll play my ace and I'll bet
my life;

Cause I don't know, I don't know,
I don't know, if they'll like it,
I don't know, I don't know,
I don't know, if I'll find myself;
Or if I'll ever really make it,
Hell does anybody make it,
I don't know but I'm done with
this fake shit,
Hold up my hand and I'll ball it in a raised
fist;
Don't get it twisted I live for rap;
But I wish I hadn't lived to see the label
collapse;
Lived to watch half the competition get ahead of me,

And see half those friends turn to enemies;

Cause while everybody says IÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ ve got a gift
for rhyme;

When I wrote this track I was still unsigned;

So some days I wake up out of my mind,
And IÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ ve thought of giving up like a
thousand times;

IÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ m the type who tends to fall into
depressed ruts;

And then spend half my life feeling messed up,
So the constant delays and strain of this album,
Not getting made has me feeling like the town drunk,

If I could just get the verses done,

If I could just force the words to come;

If I could just march up to radio IÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ d stare
them in the eyes,

and tell them why I live my life;

Cause I donÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ t know, I donÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ t
know,

I donÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ t know, if theyÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ ll like it,

I donÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ t know, I donÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ t know,

I donÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ t know, if IÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ ll find myself;

Or if IÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ ll ever really make it,

Hell does anybody make it,

I donÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ t know but IÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ m done with
the fake shit,

Hold up my hand and IÃfÃçâ, -Ã™ ll ball it in a raised
fist;

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