

Coolio

"Gangsta's paradise - by coolio"

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As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I take a look at my life and realize there's none left
'Cause I've been brassin' and laughin' so long that
Even my mama thinks that my mind is gone
But I ain't never crossed a man that didn't deserve it
Me be treated like a punk, you know that's unheard of
You betta watch how ya talking and where ya walking
Or you and your homies might be lined in chalk

I really hate to trip but I gotta lope
As they croak, I see myself in the pistol smoke...fool
I'm the kinda G ya little homie's wanna be like
On my knees in the night saying prayers in the street
light

We've been spending most our lives living in a
gangsta's paradise
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We keep spending most our lives living in a gangsta's
paradise
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paradise

They got the situation, they got me facing
I can't live a normal life, I was raised by the strip
So I gotta be down with the hood team
Too much television watching got me chasing dreams
I'm a educated fool with money on my mind
Got my tin in my hand and a gleam in my eye
I'm a loped out gangsta, set trippin banger
And my homies is down so I'm gonna rouse my
anger...fool
death ain't nothing but a heart beat away
I'm living life do or die, what can I say?
I'm twenty-three now, but will I live to see twenty-four?
The way things is going I don't know.

Tell me why are we so blind to see
That the ones we hurt are you and me?

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Power and the money, money and the power
Minute after minute, hour after hour
Everybody's running, but half of them ain't looking
What's going on in the kitchen, but I don't know what's
cooking.
They say I gotta learn but nobody's here to teach me
If they can't understand it , how can they reach me?
I guess they can't
I guess they won't
I guess they front
That's why I know my life is out of luck...fool

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