

Coolio "Gangsters Paradise"

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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 nuttin' left
?Cause I've been blastin? 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 better watch how you talkin? and where you
walkin?
Or you and your homies might be lined in chalk

I really hate to trip but I gotta loc
As they croak I see myself in the pistol smoke, fool
I'm the kinda G the little homies wanna be like
On my knees in the night, sayin? prayers in the street
light

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Look at the situation, they got me facin?
I can't live a normal life, I was raised by the strict
So I gotta be down with the hood team
Too much television watchin? got me chasin? dreams

I'm a educated fool with money on my mind
Got my ten in my hand and a gleam in my eye
I'm a loc'ed out gangsta, set-trippin? banger
And my homies is down, so don't arouse my anger,
fool

Death ain't nuthin but a heartbeat away
I'm livin? life do-or-die-a, what can I say?
I'm twenty-three now, but will I live to see twenty-fo'?
The way things is goin? 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 runnin? but half of them ain't lookin?
It's goin? on in the kitchen but I don't know what's
cookin?

They say I got to 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 outta luck,
fool

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