

Gangsta's Paradise – Coolio

As I walk through the valley
Of the shadow of death
I take a look at my life
And realize there's nothin' left
'Cause I've been blastin'
And laughin' so long that
Even my momma 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 streetlight

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Livin' in a gangsta's paradise
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Livin' in a gangsta's paradise
Keep spendin' most our lives
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Look at the situation
They got me facing
I can't live a normal life

I was raised by the street
So I gotta be down
With the hood team
Too much television watchin'
got me chasing 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'd out gangsta
Set trippin' banger
And my homies is down
So don't arouse my anger
Fool, death ain't nothin'
But a heart beat away
I'm livin' 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?

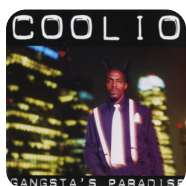
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Power and the money
Money and the power
Minute after minute
Hour after hour

Everybody's runnin'
But half of them ain't lookin'
It's going on in the kitchen
But I don't know what's cookin'
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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Słowa: Artis L Ivey, Douglas B. Rasheed, Larry J. Sanders, Stevie Wonder
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