

Gangstas Paradise

James Morrison

INTRO: Ab Fm G Cm7

(Ab Fm G Cm7)

As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I take a look at my life and realize there s nothing left
Coz 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 re talkin , and where you re walkin
Or you and your homies might be lined in chalk
I really hate to trip but I gotta, loc
As I grow 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

Refrão:

(Ab Fm G Cm7)

Been spendin most their lives, livin in the gangsta s paradise (2X)
Been spendin most their lives, livin in the gangsta s paradise (2x)

(Ab Fm G Cm7)

They got the situation, they got me facin
I can t live a normal life, I was raised by the stripes
So I gotta be down with the hood team
Too much television watchin got me chasin dreams
I m an educated fool with money on my mind
Got my 10 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 heartbeat away
I m livin life, do or die, what can I say?
I m twenty-three, will I live to ever see twenty-four
The way things are going I don t know

Refrão 2:

(Ab Fm G Cm7)

Tell me why are we, so blind to see
That the one s we hurt, are you and me

(Refrão)

(Refrão 2)

(Ab Fm G Cm7)

Power and the money, money and the power
Minute after minute, hour after hour
Everybody s runnin , but half of them ain t lookin
What 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

(Refrão)