

## 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)