

Gangsta's Paradise James Morrison

This is a cover by James Morrison of the song Gangsta's Paradise performed by Coolio (inspired by Stevie Wonder's song Pastime Paradise).

You can find the performance of this cover here:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NoavvAjTfbw>

Tuning: Standard

Chords:

Ab 4 6 6 5 4 4

Fm 1 3 3 1 1 1

G 3 5 5 4 3 3 (Morrison plays 3 2 0 0 0 1 but I prefer the bar chord)

Cm 3 3 5 5 4 3

The chords are repeated non-stop throughout the entire song in the same rhythm:

Ab | Fm | G | Cm

The hard part is timing the rap, the guitar part is a piece of cake.

(Ooooh, ooooh, oooh, ooooh)

Ab	Fm
As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death	
G	Cm
I take a look at my life and realize there's not much left	
Ab	Fm
Cause I've been blastin' and laughin' so long that	
G	Cm
Even my ma ma 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 grew 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

Been spending most their lives living in the Gangsta's Paradise
Been spending most their lives living in the Gangsta's Paradise
Keep spending most our lives living in the Gangsta's Paradise

Keep spending most our lives living in the Gangsta s Paradise

They got the situation, they got me facin
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 watchin got me chasin dreams
I m an 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 heart beat 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-fow ?
The way things are 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
What s goin on in the kitchen, but I dont know what s cookin
They say I got ta learn, but nobody s here to teach me,
If they cant 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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