

Gangstas 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:

F# 4 6 6 5 4 4

Ebm 1 3 3 1 1 1

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

Bbm 3 3 5 5 4 3

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

F# | **Ebm** | **F** | **Bbm**

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

(Ooooh, ooooh, oooh, ooooh)

F#

Ebm

As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death

F

Bbm

I take a look at my life and realize there s not much left

F#

Ebm

Cause I ve been blastin and laughin so long that

F

Bbm

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

Been spending most their lives living in the Gangsta s Paradise
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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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Tell me why are we, so blind to see
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