

## 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:

**G** 4 6 6 5 4 4

**Em** 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)

**Bm** 3 3 5 5 4 3

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

**G** | **Em** | **F#** | **Bm**

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

(Ooooh, ooooh, oooh, ooooh)

**G** **Em**  
As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death  
**F#** **Bm**  
I take a look at my life and realize there s not much left  
**G** **Em**  
Cause I ve been blastin and laughin so long that  
**F#** **Bm**  
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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