

Coolio, Gangsta's Paradise

As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I take a look at my life
And realize there's nothing left
'Cause 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 ya talking
And where ya walking
Or you and your homies might be lined in chalk
I really hate to trip but I gotta loc'
As they croak, I see myself in the pistol smoke, fool
I'm the kind of g' that little homie's wanna be like
On my knees in the night
Sayin' prayers in the street light

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Look at the situation they got me facing
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 watching got me chasing 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'd out gangsta, set trippin' banger
And my homies is down, so don't arouse my anger, fool
Death ain't nothing but a heartbeat away
I'm living my life do-or-die, uh, what can I say?
I'm twenty-three now, but will I live to see twenty-four?
The way things is going 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 running, but half of them ain't lookin'
What's going on in the kitchen?
But I don't know what's cooking.
They say I gotta learn
But nobody's here to teach me
If they can't understand, 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!

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