Gangster's Paradise—Coolio

As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I take a look at my life and realize there's nothin' left 'Cause I've been blasting and laughing 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 talking and where you're 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 kinda G the little homies wanna be like On my knees in the night saying prayers in the streetlight

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Look at the situation they got me facin'
I can't live a normal life, I was raised by the streets
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 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 nothing but a heartbeat away,
I'm living life, do or die, what can I say
I'm 23 now, but will I live to see 24
The way things are 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 looking
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

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