

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
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You better watch how you're talking
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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

[Hook & Intro] (D# Cm D Gm x2)

((Been/Keep) spending most (their/our) lives

Living in the gangsta's paradise x2~2)

Gangsta's
Paradise

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 a 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

Coolio

I'm living life, do or die, what can I say

I'm 23 now but will I live to see 24

[Coda]

The way things is going, I don't know Tell me why are we
So blind to see

Power and the money, [Hook] That the ones we hurt
money and the power Are you and me

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/won't/front) (x3), that's [Hook]

why I know my life is out of luck, fool [Coda] (x2)

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[Hook & Intro] (Bb Gm A Dm x2)

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