

James Morrison - Gangsta's Paradise

Tom: Eb
Intro: Ab Fm G Cm7

(Ab Fm G Cm7)
As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I take a look at my life and realize there's nothing left
'Coz 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 you're talkin', and where you're walkin'
Or you and your homies might be lined in chalk
I really hate to trip but I gotta, loc
As I grow 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 streetlight

Refrão:

(Ab Fm G Cm7)
Been spendin' most their lives, livin' in the gangsta's
paradise (2X)
Been spendin' most their lives, livin' in the gangsta's
paradise (2X)

(Ab Fm G Cm7)
They got the situation, they got me facin'
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 watchin' got me chasin' 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 nothin' but a heartbeat away
I'm livin' life, do or die, what can I say?
I'm twenty-three, will I live to ever see twenty-four
The way things are going I don't know

Refrão 2:

(Ab Fm G Cm7)
Tell me why are we, so blind to see
That the one's we hurt, are you and me

(Refrão)

(Refrão 2)

(Ab Fm G Cm7)
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 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

(Refrão)

Acordes

