

# Mama I'm in Love Wit a Gangsta

Coolio

Hey baby, how you doin' What's goin on?  
I'm sittin in my motherfuckin cell, it's the same song  
Tell my kids that I love em but don't tell em that I'm thru  
Keep cryin and tell em I'll be home soon  
Oh baby I'm goin crazy  
cos I keep seein shit that amaze me  
Still I had to kill a motherfucker last week  
He thought I was a punk and tried to creep up on me in my sleep  
I just think that I could hold or squeeze or touch or buck ya  
but I can't, so fuck it  
I'ma behind these bars and it's burnin like nitro  
I might go psycho, the man on the tower got a rifle  
Aw shit, there the lights go....

(Hello)

Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta (damn)  
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta (y'know)  
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta and I know he's a killer  
but I love dat nigga

Hey ba-by  
What's happenin honey?  
How you doin?  
I miss you

The kids keep askin where's their papa?  
I had to tell em daddy got caught by the coppers  
It's time for me to raise em up proper by myself  
It's a goddamn struggle when a bitch ain't got no help  
Now everybody tellin me that you ain't shit black  
and when you get out, you'll jack and probably go right the fuck back  
Damn, the pressure's gettin hot and heavy  
and yeah, I'm gettin sweated by your homey in the blue and white Chevy  
But now he's got a condo and a brand new Lexus  
Wants me to take a trip with him down to Texas  
The ends don't justify the means  
and in another life he might've been the man of my dreams  
But you know I got your back to the motherfuckin end  
but a bitch can't even trip like she doesn't have a friend

Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta (damn)  
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta (y'know)  
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta and I know he's a killer  
but I love dat nigga

(Hello, you have a collect call from...)  
Coolio!  
(If you choose to accept this call please press 5 now)  
[number dialed]

What the fuck you mean you need a friend?  
I can't be havin no niggas round my kids  
Don't you make me break up outta this motherfucker  
and start killin motherfuckers, SHIT!  
I know it's rough, I know it's tough  
but when you fumble in the game sometimes you get locked up

You better stay away punk ass bitch, he ain't shit  
I don't wanna have to kill him  
Cos think about the times that we used to have  
Don't make me reach out and touch that ass  
You put yourself in danger when you fuck with a buster  
Like shootin dice without a pistol in a circle of murderers  
You got more class than the average-type hooker bitch  
Don't switch, he gotta grip but he ain't rich  
Now I gotta check but if you've got the cheque  
Give a nigga a look and put somethin on my books  
Peace

Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta (damn)  
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta (y'know)  
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta and I know he's a killer  
but I love dat nigga

Aiyo remember the homey with the Lexus, he took the trip to Texas  
now he's wearin the fuckin Lexus like a necklace  
So tell me, what's the drill, baby pa? What's a bitch to do?  
My nigga's stretched in the pen since '92  
Them visits ain't doin the trick, drop fucks make me sick  
cos this po' puddy-tat needs a cat nip  
And that motherfucker representin you, I think he resents you  
He got evidence he never presents to  
the people in court, I heard witnesses abortin  
What's he doin about gettin you out to hold the fort?  
I got some ends, I'ma send you a dime and two doves  
Mama hates you but damn I got love for a gangsta

Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta (damn)  
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta (y'know)  
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta and I know he's a killer  
but I love dat nigga