

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