

Gangstas Paradise

In Fear and Faith

As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I take a look at my life
And realize there's nothing left.
'Cause I've been blasting and laughing so long
That even my momma thinks that my mind has 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 betta watch how ya talking
And where ya walking
Or you and your homies might be lined in chalk.
I really hate to trip but I gotta lob,
As they croak, I see myself in the pistol smoke.
Fool, I'm the kinda g that little homie's wanna be like,
On my knees in the night
Saying prayers in the street light.

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We keep spending most our lives
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Look at the situation, they got me facing,
I can't live a normal life, I was raised by the state.
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 ten in my hand and a gleam in my eye.
I'm a locked out gangsta, set tripping banger
And my homies are down so don't arouse my anger.
Fool, death ain't nothing but a heart beat away,
I'm living life do or die, what can I say?
I'm twenty-three now, will I ever live to see twenty-four,
The way things is 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 in the money, money in the power,
Minute after minute, hour after hour,
Everybody's running, but half of them ain't looking
It's going on in the kitchen
But I don't know what's cooking.
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, foo!

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