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 through
Keep cryin' an' 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
An' 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'm behind these bars an' 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
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta
An' I know he's a killer but I love dat nigga
Hey baby, 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
An' when you get out, you'll jack
An' probably go right the fuck back
Damn, the pressure's gettin' hot an' heavy
An' yeah, I'm gettin' sweated by your homey
In the blue an' white Chevy
But now he's got a condo an' a brand new Lexus
Wants me to take a trip with him down to Texas
The ends don't justify the means
An' 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 need a friend
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta

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An' 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}
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
An' 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 from that 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 an' 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 check
Give a nigga a look an' put somethin' on my books, peace
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta
An' 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
An' 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 an' two doves
Mama hates you but damn, I got love for a gangsta
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta
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Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta
An' I know he's a killer but I love dat nigga
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta
Mama, I'm in love wit a gangsta

An' I know he's a killer

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