**When the Gangsta’s cries**

He’s running after money

He’s running after power

His  heart is made of stone

He’s bad to the bones so you can’t see him cry

nothing is touching him

nothing is hurting him

 the bullets of a machine gun

He won’t be burning in the sun unable to die

 The kisses of a loving woman

The kisses from his loving child

Can make him shiver can make him tremble

Only the loss of his loves can make him cry

Coz the death of his love will turn him human again, will pull the monster out he will cry and cry and cry

when the gangsta will cry  streets will be screaming out, bullets whistling all around , when he’ll cry and cry and cry

When the gangsta will cry, cities will be on fire , rivals hiding underground not to die and die die die

Vincent Normand