

My Mind Playin Tricks on Me

Geto Boys

Intro: Scarface I sit alone in my four-cornered room staring at candles

Oh that ***** is on? Heh

Let me drop some ***** like this here, real smooth Verse One: Scarface At night I can't sleep, I toss and turn

Candle sticks in the dark, visions of bodies bein burned

Four walls just starin at a *****

I'm paranoid, sleepin with my finger on the trigger

My mother's always stressin I ain't livin right

But I ain't going out without a fight

See, everytime my eyes close

I start sweatin, and blood starts comin out my nose

It's somebody watchin the Ak'

But I don't know who it is, so I'm watchin my back

I can see him when I'm deep in the covers

When I awake I don't see the *****

He owns a black hat like I own

A black suit and a cane like my own

Some might say, "Take a chill, be "

But ***** that *****! There's a ***** trying to kill me

I'm poppin in the clip when the wind blows

Every twenty seconds got me peepin out my window

Investigatin the joint for traps

Checkin my telephone for taps

I'm starin at the woman on the corner

It's *****ed up when your mind is playin tricks on ya Verse Two: Willie DI make big money, I drive big cars

Everybody know me, it's like I'm a movie star

But late at night, somethin ain't right

I feel I'm being tailed by the same sucker's head lights

Is it that fool that I ran off the block?

Or is it that ***** last week that I shot?

Or is it the one I beat for five thousand dollars

Thought he had 'caine but it was Gold Medal Flour

Reach under my seat, grabbed my popper for the suckers

Ain't no use to me lyin, I was scareder than a *****

Hooked a left into Popeye's and bailed out quick

If it's goin down let's get this ***** over with

Here they come, just like I figured

I got my hand on the *****in trigger

What I saw'll make your *** start gigglin

Three black, crippled and crazy senior citizens

I live by the sword
I take my boys everywhere I go, because I'm paranoid
I keep lookin over my shoulder and peepin around corners
My mind is playin tricks on me

Verse Three: Scarface
Day by day it's more impossible to cope
I feel like I'm the one that's doing dope
Can't keep a steady hand because I'm nervous
Every Sunday mornin I'm in service
Prayin for forgiveness
And tryin to find an exit out the business
I know the Lord is lookin at me
But yet and still it's hard for me to feel happy
I often drift while I drive
Havin fatal thoughts of suicide
BANG and get it over with
And then I'm worry-free, but that's bullshit
I got a little boy to look after
And if I died then my child would be a bastard
I had a woman down with me
But to me it seemed like she was down to get me
She helped me out in this *****
But to me she was just another *****
Now she's back with her mother
Now I'm realizing that I love her
Now I'm feelin lonely

My mind is playin tricks on me

Verse Four: Bushwick Bill
This year Halloween fell on a weekend
Me and Geto Boys are trick-or-treatin
Robbin little kids for bags
Till an old man got behind our ***
So we speeded up the pace
Took a look back, and he was right before our face
He'd be in for a squabble no doubt
So I swung and hit the ***** in his mouth
He was goin down, we figured
But this was no ordinary *****
He stood about six or seven feet
Now, that's the ***** I'd be seein in my sleep
So we triple-teamed on him
Droppin them *****in be 's on him
The more I swung the more blood flew
Then he disappeared and my boys disappeared, too
Then I felt just like a fiend
It wasn't even close to Halloween
It was dark as ***** on the streets
My hands were all bloody, from punchin on the concrete
God damn, homie

My mind is playin tricks on me

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