

# 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 D

I 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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