

# My Mind Playin' Tricks On Me

## Kottonmouth Kings

Hey, hit this motherfucker  
God, hit that shit, hit that bitch  
It's 4:20, y'all, we got love  
Is this motherfucker on? At night I can't sleep, I toss and turn  
Chronic sticks in the door  
Visions of bongs being burned  
D-Loc, just call me a stoner  
A paranoid smoker with my finger on my poker People puffin' stress ain't living right  
But I ain't going out without my pipe  
See, every time I pull a load, I start sweatin'  
Smoke starts coming out my nose There's somebody slaggin' some sacks  
But I don't know who it is so I'm watching my back  
It's a cop and he's deep undercover  
When I toke, I won't see the motherfuckers [Incomprehensible] Caddy like our own  
A sack of fruit and a bong like my own  
Some might say, take a chill, D  
But fuck that shit, there's a pig trying to diss me I popped in the rip of my indo  
Every twenty seconds I be smoking another bowl  
Investigating joints for traps, checkin' my herbs for a branch  
I'm staring at my girl on the corner  
It's fucked up when my mind's playing tricks on her  
My mind's playing tricks on her I got a big Afro, I drive old cars  
Ain't nobody roll like me, it's like I'm a movie star  
But late at night something ain't right  
Somebody's coming in and they taking all my grow lights Is it that dude tryin' to steal all my crops?  
Or could it be the one that sold the hydroponic rocks?  
Or is it that one claimin' he had the power  
Tryin' to grow herb but it was h'emp pure and flower? Reach under my seat  
Grabbed [Incomprehensible]  
Ain't no use to me to lie  
They would scare us than a motherfucker Transplant complete and I told them all sixty-five days  
And that shit will be done with, ounce nugs just like I figured  
Cannabis cup, Kings Blend is the winner  
And what I saw, make your head start wrigglin'  
Three rip cripplin' stoney senior citizens I live by the bud, I take my clones everywhere I go  
Because I'm paranoid  
I keep looking over my shoulder, peeping around corners  
My mind's playing tricks on me  
My mind is playing tricks on me Day by day, it's more impossible to cope

Daddy-X smokin' off pounds of dope  
Can't keep a steady hand because I'm nervous  
Slanging buds, got a door to door service  
Knee deep in the motherfuckin' business  
Cold hearted with no room for forgiveness  
I got birth about three and a half [Incomprehensible]  
215 fuckin' me down in OC  
The punk claimed that he knew Johnny Richter  
Something about his X girl that he fucked her  
I got phat sounds in my ride  
Way too many friends that have died  
I got a baby girl to look after  
I play the role like a motherfuckin' actor  
Big daddy plant seeds in my wife  
Plan on being down for life  
Got the baddest bitch in the whole city  
With two fat big brown, big ass titties  
And they're the types I be suckin' on  
D-Loc, come and pack up my zong  
My motherfucking sacks' getting lonely  
My mind's playing tricks on me  
I'm feeling high, my sacks getting lonely  
Goddamn, homie, my mind's playing tricks on me  
I'm feeling high, my sacks getting lonely  
Goddamn, homie, my mind's playing tricks on me  
This year 420 fell on a weekend  
Kottonmouth Kings is trick or treating  
Robbin' little kids for sacks  
[Incomprehensible] got behind our ass  
Broke the fuck out and said late  
Skate to my house sucker sittin' down by my gate  
We were in for a session no doubt  
Reached in my pocket, you know what I pulled out  
The G13 then the zong was delivered  
But this battle just called for something bigger  
A bong about six or seven feet  
A specialty piece, I envisioned in my sleep  
Pulled out the triple beam on 'em  
Dropping them motherfuckin' G's on 'em  
The more I smoke ,the more high I grew  
Then he disappeared and my boys disappeared too  
Then I felt just like a fiend  
The shit was brown, man, it wasn't even green  
I was high as fuck in the street  
And to top it all off I broke my zong on the concrete  
Goddamn, homie, my mind is playing tricks on me  
My mind's playing tricks on me  
My mind's playing tricks on me  
I'm feeling high, my sacks getting lonely  
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