

# Mind Playing Tricks on Me

## Geto Boys

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

    Oh that shit is on? Heh

    Let me drop some shit like this here, real smooth

    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 nigga

    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 motherfucker

    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 fuck that shit! There's a nigga 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 fucked up when your mind is playin' tricks on ya

    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 nigga 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 scaredder than a motherfucker

    Hooked a left into Popeye's and bailed out quick

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

Here they come, just like I figured  
I got my hand on the motherfuckin' trigger  
What I saw'll make your ass 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

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 shit  
But to me she was just another bitch  
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

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 ass  
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 nigga in his mouth  
He was goin' down, we figured  
But this was no ordinary nigga  
He stood about six or seven feet  
Now, that's the nigga I'd be seein in my sleep  
So we triple-teamed on him

Droppin' them motherfuckin' 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 fuck 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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