

# Mind Playin' Tricks on Me

## Geto Boys

Intro: Scarface

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 being burned

Four walls just staring at a nigga

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

My mother's always stressing I ain't living 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, b"

But fuck that shit, there's a nigga trying to kill me

I'm pumping in the clip when the wind blows

Every twenty seconds got me peeping out my window

Investigating the joint for traps

Checking my telephone for taps

I'm staring at the woman on the corner

It's fucked up when your mind is playing tricks on you

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 be lying, I was scareder than a motherfucker

But they're laughing at pow pies and buried that quick

If it's going down let's get this shit over with  
Here they come, just like I figured  
I got my hand on the motherfucking trigger  
What I saw'll make your ass start giggling  
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 looking over my shoulder and peeping around corners  
My mind is playing 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 morning I'm in service  
Playing for forgiveness  
And trying to find an exit out of the business  
I know the lord is looking 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 feeling lonely  
My mind is playing tricks on me  
Verse four: Bushwick Bill  
This year halloween fell on a weekend  
Me and geto boyz are trick-or-treating  
Robbing 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 squab' no doubt  
So I swung and hit the nigga in his mouth  
He was going down, we figured  
But this was no ordinary nigga  
He stood about six or seven feet  
Now, that's the nigga I'd been seeing in my sleep  
So we triple-teamed on him

Dropping them motherfuckin b'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 punching on the concrete  
God damn, homie  
My mind is playing tricks on me

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