

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 scareder 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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