

My Mind Playin 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 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

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 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 scarer 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
Day by day it's more impossible to co-op 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
Praying 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
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
We'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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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