

Minds Playing Tricks

50 Cent

Mmm, yeah, uhh
Mind playing tricks on me man

It's a, regular day and a regular routine
'Til I hear this tragic news from about two fiends
Your man 50, just got popped 9 times
And I heard through the grapevines it's all cause he rhymes
In front of his grandma, I'm standin on the lawn
Wearin no Teflon, I wonder if he gone
I know in my heart I wanna cry
Havin thoughts in my mind is my man gon' die?
As I frantically run toward's 50 spot
I panicky peep like fifty cops
It was blue & whites, DT's and homicide
With yellow tape locked off on both sides
With four-fifth shells on the floor
And DT's ringin doorbells, goin door to door
Yo I'm stressed out, smokin bogie after bogie
Duckin the sarge cause the sarge fuckin know me
I jumped in Jeep truck and got a mac to spit
And we did about a buck cause Mary Mack I lit
At the time, I started thinkin back some shit
How we used to sling crack and stack our chips
With Kev, P-Low, Big Jewel the Kid
And my man 50 used to smack a bitch
And the good and the bad on the 1-3-4
And them hoes that we had on the Cash Money tour
Now I'm at the hospital, stop daydreamin
All I see is 5-5-1 and there's beefin
Baby moms is screamin, whole family grievin
But the word is, that my man's still breathin
I dropped to my knees and I thanked the Lord
And got a long shitlist all across the board
Motherf... [*ends*]