

Mind Playing Tricks on Me

Geto Boys

[Intro: Scarface]

I sit alone in my four-cornered room staring at candles
Oh that shit is on?
Let me drop some shit like this here, real smooth

[Verse 1: Scarface]

At night I can't sleep, I toss and turn
Candlesticks 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 stressin' I ain't living right
But I ain't goin' out without a fight
See, every time my eyes close
I start sweating and blood starts coming out my nose
It's somebody watching the Ak'
But I don't know who it is so I'm watching 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 popping 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's playing tricks on ya

[Verse 2: 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 something ain't right
I feel I'm being tailed by the same sucker's headlights
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 lying
I was scarer than a motherfucker
Hooked a left into Popeye's and bailed out 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 blind, 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 3: 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
Praying for forgiveness
And trying 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
Having 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 4: Bushwick Bill]

This year Halloween fell on a weekend
Me and Geto Boys are trick-or-treating
Robbing little kids for bags
Till a 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 going down we figured
But this wasn't no ordinary nigga
He stood about six or seven feet
Now that's the nigga I'd be seeing in my sleep
So we triple-teamed on him
Dropping them motherfucking 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 homey
My mind is playing tricks on me