

# Mind Playing Tricks On Me

Ghostface Killah

Evil emotions, it seems like my mind's playing tricks for me  
I have vision of grave niggas doing mix for me  
Sinister, I drive niggas off to the dark side  
I set Ichabod Crane on his horse ride  
Gave Kruger his clothes, killed the corpse, companion  
You got no clue in the mystery, I'm the last one standing  
Ghostface the hockey mask, hiding the features  
Fuck the black lagoon, watch me enable her creatures  
The bleach is chemistry, teachers cooking meth  
I got a method, I'm Johnny, blazing to death  
I'm no Heff I like bitches hardcore in the deuces  
Went through red lights bitch, fuck your period juices  
I've been watching too many, I almost got away with it  
These snap bitches is cray, almost got to play with it  
View natural born killers on the daily basis  
Murder cases, best advice is watch how my felony faces

Dangerous, lethal vocals enter the cranium  
I got skeleton bones of titanium  
Aanghardt, black souls, I live for vengeance  
It's the emotional details I leave in every sentence

Step back, click clack, my stacks of cash may walk  
The white look like, I got the pure vocab, dark specialist  
Starky be the A1 chemist  
The pure have your face all numb just like a dentist  
Street clientèle I flip  
Buy and sell half the chains leaving a mark on my neck  
That ain't frail, solid goes the charm like a new born baby  
10 pounds of 6 ounces, the shits looking crazy  
Retarded, leaving niggas daily departed  
Tried to sit but it started, it ain't for the weak hearted  
Heavily guarded, my clan keep prisoners of war  
Torch you niggas with the morphine drips of the raw  
Peruvian white blowing dust in 'em  
Feeding 'em seroquel  
Fucking their minds and blowing off the pedestal  
My verbal technique I speak I don't sweep  
Make a bitch stash a nut in the cheek, or her ass