

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