

# Geto Boys, Mind Playin Tricks On Me

[Intro: Scarface]

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

[Verse One: Scarface]

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 poppin' in a 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

[Verse Two: 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 scareder 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

[Verse Three: 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  
Playing 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

[Verse Four: 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 squable 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