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## Paroles de chanson

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# Mind Playing Tricks On Me

Par Geto Boys

*Album : Fluxblog 1991 Survey*

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I sit alone in my four cornered room

Staring at candles

Yo that shit is on?

Let me drop some shit like this here

At night I can't sleep

I toss an turn

Candlesticks in the dark

Visions of bodies burned

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Four walls just staring at a nigga  
I'm paranoid sleepin with my finger on the trigger  
My mothers always stressin I ain't livin right  
But I ain't goin out without a fight  
See Everytime my eyes close  
I start sweating  
An blood starts comin out my nose  
Is somebody watchin me act  
But I don't know who it is  
So I'm watchin my back  
I can see em 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 tryna kill me  
I'm poppin in the clip when the wind blows  
Every 20 seconds got me peepin out my window  
Investigating the joint for traps  
Checkin my telephone for taps  
I'm staring at the woman on the corner  
It's fucked up when ya mind is playin tricks on ya

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 suckers 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

Made of flour

Reached under my seat, grabbed a pumper for the suckers

Ain't no used to me lying, I was scared er than a motherfucker

Whipped a left in the Popeyes

An barreled out quick if it's goin down let's get this shit over wit

Here they come, just like I figured

I got my hand on the motherfuckin trigger

What I saw make ya 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

Peeping around corners

**My mind is playin tricks on me**

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  
Prayin for forgiveness  
An tryna find an exit out the business  
I know the Lord is lookin at me  
But yet it's still hard for me to feel happy  
I often drift when I drive  
Having fatal thoughts of suicide  
Bang! And get it over with  
An then I'm worry free!  
But that's bullshit  
I got a little boy to look after  
And if I die then my child will be a bastard  
I had a woman down wit 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 playin tricks on me**

This year Halloween fell on the weekend

Me an Geto boys are trick-r-treatin'

Robbin little kids for bags

Till an old man got behind our ass

So we speeded up the pace

Took a look back

An he was right before our face

He'd be in for a squabble no doubt

So I swung an hit the nigga in his mouth

He was goin down we figured

But this wasn't no ordinary nigga

He stood about six or seven feet

Now that's the nigga I be seein in my sleep

So we triple teamed on em

Droppin them motherfuckin B's on em

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 punchin on the concrete

Goddamn homie

My mind is playing tricks on me

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