

Kottonmouth Kings

"My Mind Playin' Tricks On Me"

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Hey, hit this motherfucker
Hit that shit, hit that bitch
It's 4:20 ya'll
We got love...
Is this motherfucker on?

At night I can't sleep, I toss and turn
Chronic sticks in the door
Visions of bongz being burned
D-loc just call me a stoner
A paranoid smoker with my finger on my poker
People puffin stress ain't living right
But I aint going out without my pipe
See every time I pull a load
I start sweatin, smoke starts coming out my nose
There's somebody slaggin some sacks
But I don't know who it is, so I'm watching my back
It's a cop and he's deep undercover
When I toke I won't see the motherfuckers
He owns a caddy like I own
A sack of fruit and a bong like my own
Some might say, take a chill D
But fuck that shit, there's a pig trying to diss me
I popped in a rip of my indo
Every 20 seconds I be smoking another bowl
Investigating the joint for traps
Checking my herbs for a branch
I'm staring at my girl on the corner
It's fucked up when my mind's playing tricks on her
My mind's playing tricks on her

I got a big afro
I drive old cars
Ain't nobody roll like me
It's like I'm a movie star
But late at night something ain't right
Somebody's coming in and they're taking all my grow
lights
Is it that dude trying to steal all my crops
Or could it be the one I sold the hydroponic rocks
Or is it the one claiming he had the power
Tried to grow herb but it was hemp, pure male flower

Reach under my seat, grabbed a?pop gun? for these suckers
Ain't no use to me lying
They were scareder than a motherfucker
Transplant complete, and I told them all 65 days and the shit will be done with
Ounce nugs, just like I figured
Cannabis cup, kings blend is the winner
And what I saw make your head start giggling
Three rip crippin stoney senior citizens
I live by the bud
I take my clones everywhere I go, because I'm paranoid
I keep looking over my shoulder, peeping around corners
My mind is playing tricks on me
My mind is playing tricks on me

Day by day it's more impossible to cope
Daddy X smoking up pounds of dope
Can't keep a steady hand because I'm nervous
Slanging buds, got a door to door service
Knee deep in the motherfucking business
Cold hearted with no room for forgiveness
I got buds about 3 and half g's
Prop 215 fucking me down in O.C.
See the punk claimed that he knew Johnny Richter
Something about his ex-girl, that he dicked her
I got phat sounds in my ride
Way too many friends that have died
I got a baby girl to look after
I play the role like a motherfucking actor
Big daddy plant seeds in my wife
Plan on being down for life
Got the baddest bitch in the whole city
With 2 fat big brown big ass titties
And they the types I be suckin on
D-loc come and pack up my zong
My motherfucking sack's getting lonely
My mind's playing tricks on me

I'm feeling high, my sack's getting lonely
Goddamn homie, my mind's playing tricks on me
I'm feeling high, my sack's getting lonely
Goddamn homie, my mind's playing tricks on me

This year 420 fell on a weekend
Kottonmouth Kings is trick or treating
Robbin' little kids for sacks
Till the?sharpman? got behind our ass
Broke the fuck out and said late
Skate to my house, sucker sitting down by my gate

We were in for a session no doubt
Reached in my pocket, you know what I pulled out?
The G13, then the zong was delivered
But this battle just called for something bigger
A bong about six or seven feet
A specialty piece I envisioned in my sleep
Broke out the triple beam on 'em
Dropping them motherfucking Gs on 'em
The more I smoked the more high I grew
Then he disappeared, and my boys disappeared too
Then I felt just like fiend
The shit was brown, man it wasn't even green
I was high as fuck in the street
And to top it all off, I broke my zong on the concrete
Goddamn homie, my mind is playing tricks on me

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