

# Kottonmouth Kings, My Mind Playin' Tricks On Me

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

At night i can't sleep, i toss and turn  
Chronic sticks in the door  
Visions of bong being burned  
D-loc just call me a stoner  
A paranoid smoker with my finger on my poker  
People puffin stress aint 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 slangin' 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 wont see the motherfuckers  
He got a Caddy like our 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 the rip of my indo  
Every 20 seconds i be smoking another bowl  
Investigating joints for traps  
Checkin my herb for a branch  
I'm staring at my girl on the corner  
It's fucked up when 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 taking all my grow lights  
Is it that dude tryin' to steal all my crops  
Or could it be the one that sold the hydroponic rocks  
Or is it that one claimin' he had the power  
Tryin' to grow herb but it was hemp pure no flower  
Reach under my seat grabbed  
?? ain't no use for me lyin,  
They were scarer than a motherfucker  
Transplant complete and i told them all 65 days and that 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 wringlin  
Three rip criplin 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's playing tricks on me

Day by day its more impossible to cope  
Daddy X movin 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 motherfuckin business  
Cold hearted with no room for forgiveness  
I got ? about 3 in each ? pop 2 15's fuck wit me down in O.C.  
The punk claimed that he knew Johnny Richter  
Something about his x girl that he fucked 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 motherfuckin 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 round big ass titties  
And they the types i be suckin on  
D-loc come and back up my zong  
My motherfucking sacks' getting lonely  
My minds playing tricks on me

I'm feeling high my sacks getting lonely  
Goddamn homie, my minds playing tricks on me

This year 420 fell on a weekend  
Kottonmouth Kings is trick or treating  
Robbin' little kids for sacks  
But the swagman got behind our ass  
Broke the fuck out and said lets  
Skate to my house sucker sittin 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  
Pulled out the triple beam on em  
Dropping them motherfuckin Gs on em  
The more i smoke 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