

Kottonmouth Kings, My Minds Playin' Tricks On M

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 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 wont see the motherfuckers
?? 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 and flower
Reach under my seat grabbed
?? ain't no use to me ??
They were ? 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 wrigglin
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 smokin off 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 ? prop 215 fuckin 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 brown big ass titties
And they the types i be suckin on
D-loc come and pack 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
??? got behind our ass
Broke the fuck out and said late
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