50 Cent, Eminem, G-Unit
"Places To Go"

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Yeah, Shady, aftermath
G-U G-Unit, Unit

I got places to go, I got people to see
The penitentiary, ain't the place for me
I'm warnin' you, do not tempt me
I'll run up and squeeze
And put a hole in you, hole in you

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You mistaken me for somebody that you should be
testing
Your should be stressin', I'm gonna fuckin' teach you a
lesson
MAC 101's in session and lace the track that I'm
blessin'
Smith and western's, the weapon, in case you just
guessing
(Goddamn)

These straight busters kept-in, kept-in my Benz, hop-in
the end's
Watch the twenty-two spin, my hoe's a perfect ten
I got shot up but I got up and I'm back at it again
Motherfuckers they thought I wouldn't win, pretend to
be friends

At first you fail, try, try, try, try again
I'm the best don't you get it, forget it, when I spit it, its
crazy
You love it, admit it, you like it, I live it, its shady
Aftermath in your ass bitch, if it's not a classic

When it's dumped, trash it, so I got it mastered
Stop and get your ass kicked, bastard, your misses get
drastic
Glock made out of plastic, cock-it and get blasted

Run nigga and stash it

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The penitentiary, ain't the place for me
I'm warnin' you, do not tempt me
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And put a hole in you, hole in you

There is a genie in that bottle of that Don-Pari'on
I'm a drink till I get to that bitch in the morn
Introduce me to the booth they gonna listen to my words
In the hood they feel my shit
(Break it down)

Picture a perfect picture, picture me in the paper
Picture me starting shit, picture me busting my gat
Picture police man Dan gotta picture of that
Picture me being broke, picture me smokin' a sack

Picture me comin' up, picture me rich from rap
Picture me blowin' up, now picture me going back
To my momma basement to live, shit, picture that
Where I'm from its a fact, you gotta watch your back

You wear a vest without a deck, use a target jack
Hastle hard, money stack, sell that dope, sell that crack
Sell that pack, sell that gat, sell that pussy, crew are back
50 Cent, too much spent?, Man I'm bent, I'm out'ta here

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I'm warnin' you, do not tempt me
I'll run up and squeeze
And put a hole in you, hole in you

Ha ha, man I ain't going to jail
Not even to visit a nigga
You want to holla at me you wright me
Matter a fact, you gotta send it to Sunset Boulevard

In Montreal, ha ha
Riding around in one of Dre's Ferrari's nigga
Or matter a fact I might be in Detroit
Riding down 8 Mile road
You know for one of them en-joints and shit

Ha, ha, ya heard, I got place to go man
You know, shady aftermath
We finished our print money

Puttin' our faces on this motherfuckin' bill thug shit

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ain't seem to be doing much