

Eminem

"Places To Go - (50 Cent)"

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[Intro]

Yeah

Shady...

Aftermath....

G-UNIT!!

[Chorus]

I got places to go, got people to see

The penitentiary ain't the place for me

I'm warning you to, not tempt me

I'll run up and squeeze it, put a whole in ya, whole in ya

(x2)

[Verse 1]

You mistaken me for somebody that you should be
testin'

You should be stressin' up in the fucking teach you a
lesson

Rap 101's in session, Em laced the track that I'm
blessin

Smith and Wesson's the weapon in case you was
guessin', escape lesson

Caps in my benze, I'm beginning to end

Watch the 22 spin, My hoes a perfect ten

I got shot but I got up and I'm back at it again

Motherfuckers that thought I wouldn't win but tend 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 that I live it, its shady

Aftermath in your ass bitch!

If it's not a classic, when it's done we trash it

Flow I got it mastered

Stunt and get yo' ass kicked, bastard

When messes get drastic

Crock's made out of plastic

Cock and aim it blast it!

Run nigga, now stash shit!

[Chorus]

I got places to go, got people to see

The penitentiary ain't the place for me
I'm warning you to, not tempt me
I'll run up and squeeze it, put a whole in ya (whole in ya) (x2)

If there's a genie in a bottle of that Dom Perignon
Imma drink til I get to that bitch
Introduce me to the burbs, they gonna listen to my words
In the hood they feel my shit Â– Break it down!

[Verse 2]

Picture a perfect picture
Picture me in a pimp hat
Picture me starting shit
Picture me busting my gat
Picture police mad dey ain't got a picture of that
Picture me being broke
Picture me smoking them stacks
Picture me coming up
Picture me bitch from rags
Picture me blowing up
Now picture me going back
To my momma basement to live, shit
Picture that!
Where I'm from it's a fact, you gotta watch yo' back
You wear a vest without gat, you's a target jack
Hustle hard, money stack, sell that dope, sell that crack
Sell that pack, sell that gat, sell that pussy, holla back!
50 cent, too legit, man I'm bent, I'm outta here!

[Chorus]

I got places to go, got people to see
The penitentiary ain't the place for me
I'm warning you to, not tempt me
I'll run up and squeeze it, put a whole in ya, whole in ya (x2)

[Outro]

Ha ha, man I aint' going to jail, not even to visit a nigga
You wanna holla at me, you write me
Matta fact, you gotta send it to Sunset Blvd up in the Mondreal
Riding around in one of Dre's Ferrari's nigga
Oh matter fact, I might be in Detroit, riding around 8 mile road
You know, in one of Em's joints and shit, ya heard
I got places to go man, ya know
Shady aftermath, we fittin' start printin' money, ha ha ha
Putting our faces on these motherfuckin' bills, shit, ha

ha ha ha
Ain't shit you can do about it...

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