

Eminem

"Places To Go"

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Yeah
Shady
Aftermath
G 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
testin'
Your should be stressin' up, I'm gonna fuckin' teach
you a lesson
Mac 101's in session and lace the track that I'm blessin'
Smith and Wesson's, the weapon, in case you just
guessing
(God damn)
These straight busters kept-in, kept-in my Benz, hop-in
the end's
Watch the 22 spin , my hoe's they perfect 10
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, it's
crazy
You love it, admit it, you like that I live it, it's Shady
Aftermath in your ass bitch, if it's not a classic
When it's dumped we trash it, so I got it mastered
Stop and get your ass kicked, bastered, when
measures get drastic
Glock made out of plastic, cock-it aim it blast it, run
nigga I'll stash it

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There is a Genie in that bottle of that Dom Perignon
I'm a drink till I get to that bitch 'em and dre
Introduce me to the burbs 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 startin' shit, picture me bustin' my gat
Picture police man they ain't gotta picture of that
Picture me bein' broke, picture me smokin' a sack
Picture me comin' up, picture me rich from rap
Picture me blowin' up, now picture me goin' back

To my momma basement to live, shit, picture that
Where I'm from it's a fact, you gotta watch your back
You wear a vest without a gatt, you're a target Jack
Hustle 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 outta here

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Ha-ha
Man I ain't goin' 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-ha
Ridin' 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 shit you can do 'bout it

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