

Jennifer Lopez F/ LL Cool J

"Places to Go"

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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 do not tempt me

I'll run up and squeeze it, put a hole in ya, (hole in ya)

{*repeat 2X*}

[Verse 1]

You mistakin' me for somebody that you should be
testin'

You should be stressin' I'm fiendin' to fuckin' 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', ... (?)

It's kept in my Benz, hot beginning to end

Watch the 22s spin, My hoes they perfect ten

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

Motherfuckers that 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 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 measures get drastic

Crocks made out of plastic

Cock it, aim it, blast it!

Run nigga, now stash it!

[Chorus]

I got places to go, got people to see
The penitentiary ain't the place for me
I'm warning you do not tempt me
I'll run up and squeeze it, put a hole in ya (hole in ya)
{*repeat 2X*}

If there's a genie in a bottle of that Dom Perignon
Imma drink til I get to that bitch
Em and Dre gonna introduce me to the burbs, they
gonna listen to my words
In the hood they feel my shit - 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 a sack
Picture me coming up
Picture me rich from rap
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 a 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 much Henny, 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 do not tempt me
I'll run up and squeeze it, put a hole in ya, hole in ya
{*repeat 2X*}

[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 down 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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