

# 50 Cent, Places To Go

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 testing,  
your should be stressin I'm gonna fuckin teach you a lesson,  
RAP 101's in session Em lace the track that I'm blessin,  
smith and wesson's, the weapon, in case you just guessing, (God Damhn)  
these straight busters kept-in, kept-in my benz, hop-in the end's,  
watch the 22 spin , my hoe's a perfect 10  
I got shot up but I got up and i'm back at it again,  
motherfuckers they thought I wouldnt 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 its not a classic,  
When it's dumped, trash it, so I got it mastered,  
stop and get your ass kicked, bastered, your misses get drastic,  
glock made out of plastic, cock-it and get blasted,  
run nigga and stash it...

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There is a genie in that bottle of that Don Perignon  
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 pimp hat  
Picture me starting shit, picture me busting my gat,  
picture police mad they aint 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 gat, use a target jack,  
hastle 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

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Ha-ha  
Man I aint 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-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...