Fill in the gaps



My Life by 50 Cent & Eminem & Adam Levine

My life, my life
Makes me wanna run away
There's no place to go
No place to go
All the confusion
It's an illusion like a movie
Got nowhere to go
Nowhere to run and hide
No matter how hard I try
Yeah
03, I went from back filthy to filthy rich
Man, the emotions change
So I can never trust a *****
I tried to help (1) get on
I tried to help (1) get on They turned around and spit
They turned around and spit
They turned around and spit Right in my face, so Game and Buck
They turned around and spit Right in my face, so Game and Buck Both can suck a dick
They turned around and spit Right in my face, so Game and Buck Both can suck a dick Now when you hear 'em
They turned around and spit Right in my face, so Game and Buck Both can suck a dick Now when you hear 'em It may sound like it's some other ****
They turned around and spit Right in my face, so Game and Buck Both can suck a dick Now when you hear 'em It may sound like it's some other **** 'Cause I'm not writing anymore
They turned around and spit Right in my face, so Game and Buck Both can suck a dick Now when you hear 'em It may sound like it's some other **** 'Cause I'm not writing anymore They not making hits
They turned around and spit Right in my face, so Game and Buck Both can suck a dick Now when you hear 'em It may sound like it's some other **** 'Cause I'm not writing anymore They not making hits I'm far from perfect
They turned around and spit Right in my face, so Game and Buck Both can suck a dick Now when you hear 'em It may sound like it's some other **** 'Cause I'm not writing anymore They not making hits I'm far from perfect There's so many lessons I done learned
They turned around and spit Right in my face, so Game and Buck Both can suck a dick Now when you hear 'em It may sound like it's some other **** 'Cause I'm not writing anymore They not making hits I'm far from perfect There's so many lessons I done learned If money is evil look at all the evil I done earned

Watch me manuever

Fill in the gaps

SUB inglès
What's it to ya? The track I lace it It's better than basic
This is my recovery, my comeback, kid
My life, my life
Makes me wanna run away
There's no place to go
No place to go
All the confusion
It's an illusion like a movie
Got nowhere to go
Nowhere to run and hide
No matter how hard I try
While you were sipping your own kool-aid
Getting your buzz heavy
I was in the ****** sheds
Sharpening my machete
Sipping some of of that revenge juice
Getting my taste buds ready
To wolf down this spaghetti
Or should I say this spaghett-even?
I (2) you ****** meatballs keep on just forgetting
Thought he was finished, **********
It's only the beginning
He's buggin' again, he's straight thuggin'
**** who he's offending
He'll rip your vocal chords out
And have them ****** plugged in the
******* wall with 3000 volts of electricity
Now take the other end, dump them

Then plug them, ********** in each

SUB ingles

One of your eyesockets
'Cause I thought you might finally ****** see
That'll teach you to go voicing
Your cocksuckin' opinion to me
I done put my blood
My sweat and my tears in this ****
**** letting up you're gonna end up
Regretting you (3) betted against me
Feels like I'mma snap any minute
Yeah, it's happening again
I'm thinking about the same
****** everybody that's up in this *****, but 50!
'Cause (4) is all I know, this is why so hard I go
I swear to God I put my heart and soul
Into this more than anybody knows
I'm trapped, so all I do is rap
But everytime I rap I'm more trapped
And I rap (5) into this bubble
(Oh oh) I guess it's bubble wrap
This is like a vicious cycle
My life's in a crisis
Christ, how was I supposed to know
**** would turn up like it did?
Feels like I'm going psycho again
And I might (7) blow my lid
****, I (8) wish that
I would have never made Recovery, kid
'Cause I'm running in circles with
My life, my life
Makes me wanna run away



JUB inglés
There's no place to go
No place to go
All the confusion
It's an illusion like a movie
Got (9) to go
Nowhere to run and hide
No matter how hard I try
I haven't been this ******* confused since I was a kid
Sold like 40 million records
People forgot what I did
Maybe this is for me, maybe
Maybe I'm supposed to go crazy
Maybe I'll do it 3 AM in the morning like Shady
Psycho killer, Michael Myers
I'm on fire like a lighter
Tryna say the same classic
Get your *** kicked mad quick
Wrap your head up in plastic, *****
Now pick the casket
Dirt nap with the maggots
It's tragic, it's sad it's
Never gonna end, now we number one again
With that (10) on your face
And your heart full of hate
Accept it, respect it
This a gift, God-given
Like the air in the lungs
Of every ****** thing livin'

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Makes me wanna run away



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It's an illusion like a movie

Got nowhere to go

Nowhere to run and hide

No matter how hard I try

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- 1. niggas
- 2. think
- 3. ever
- 4. this
- 5. myself
- 6. right
- 7. just
- 8. almost
- 9. nowhere
- 10. frown