SUB inglés

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 (1) change |
| So I can never trust a ***** |
| I tried to help niggas get on |
| 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 (2) **** |
| '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 (3) I done earned |
| I'm doing what I'm supposed to |
| I'm a writer, I'm a fighter |
| Entrepeneur, (4) out the sewer |
| Watch me manuever |

Fill in the gaps

| SUB inglês | |
|---|-------------------------|
| 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 (5) 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 think you ****** (6) | 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



One of your eyesockets

| 'Cause I thought you might finally ****** see | | |
|---|--|--|
| That'll teach you to go voicing | | |
| Your cocksuckin' (7) to me | | |
| I done put my blood | | |
| My sweat and my tears in this **** | | |
| **** letting up you're gonna end up | | |
| Regretting you ever 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 this 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 myself right 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 (8) just blow my lid | | |
| ****, I almost 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



| U inglés |
|--|
| There's no place to go |
| No place to go |
| All the confusion |
| It's an illusion (9) a movie |
| Got nowhere 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 frown on your face |
| And your heart (10) of hate |
| Accept it, respect it |
| This a gift, God-given |
| Like the air in the lungs |
| Of every ****** thing livin' |
| 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

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- 1. emotions
- 2. other
- 3. evil
- 4. fresh
- 5. place
- 6. meatballs
- 7. opinion
- 8. might
- 9. like
- 10. full