## SUB inglés

Acting as if you understand me In reality, you just don't know me at all

## Fill in the gaps

## Sumthin' Wicked This Way Comes by TLC ft. Andre 3000

| Remember back in the time                          |                                     | Sometimes I can't help but wonder                 |
|--|-------------------------------------|---|
| When the only (1)                                  | we had was pickets?                 | If this was how it's meant to be                  |
| But now in '94, it be this way                     |                                     | But if you search deep enough in your soul        |
| Something come wicked                              |                                     | You'll always find a slight reminder of me        |
| Gangs killing others fo' colors                    |                                     | Won't somebody tell me                            |
| Thangs that we wear fo' fashion                    |                                     | I just don't understand                           |
| Other brothers take it fo' what reason?            |                                     | The ways of the world today                       |
| To be blasting                                     |                                     | Sometimes I feel like                             |
| What da kcuf is going on?                          |                                     | There's nothing to live for                       |
| Not soft like buttercups but                       |                                     | So I'm longing for the days of yesterday          |
| Had enough of singin' that same song               |                                     | A-yo, if we could all agree                       |
| See, I (2)   | across the street from the projects | To letting our souls become free                  |
| Took out yo' momma (3)_                            | and groceries                       | Of that sweet bitterness                          |
| To her trunk                                       |                                     | Then who's chest would have the most seeds?       |
| To keep my pockets fat, like cellulite             |                                     | I keep misfocusing my needs                       |
| Only been to jail one week fo' some shull-bit      |                                     | And distress on my back (9) them cats             |
| And I pray to God I won't repeat                   |                                     | They be blasting into my knapsack                 |
| I (4) pulled it when I had the                     |                                     | Ain't no accidental deathtraps                    |
| (5) to   |                                     | My mishap is the fact that I'm destined to snap   |
| No, I shouldn't a did that, cuz if I did that?     |                                     | It's when I feel as though my body's able to go   |
| Y'all (6) not hear that phat shit                  |                                     | My mind is ready to flow, didn't you know?        |
| That keeps you on yo' tippy-toes                   |                                     | First you catch and then I throw                  |
| Like that fella, not calling no names              |                                     | It's my own sense of time                         |
| But really "who's bad?"                            |                                     | If I'm late, it's 'cuz I'm ending my day          |
| I go through obstacles like a whole box of condoms |                                     | Just when the sun shines                          |
| You can't forget what you come from                |                                     | And still gently advising the arising of the moon |
| Take a good (7) in the mirror                      |                                     | As it rolls (10) into my soundproof dimension     |
| And tell me, do you like what you see              |                                     | I just don't understand                           |
| Masters of deception, corruption and evil          |                                     | The ways of the world today                       |
| But you're always quick to point the finger at me  |                                     | Sometimes I feel like                             |
| Won't somebody tell me                             |                                     | There's nothing to live for                       |
| I just don't understand                            |                                     | So I'm longing for the days of yesterday          |
| The ways of the world today                        |                                     | I just don't understand                           |
| Sometimes I feel like                              |                                     | The ways of the world today                       |
| There's nothing to live for                        |                                     | Sometimes I feel like                             |
| So I'm (8)   | for the days of yesterday           | There's nothing to live for                       |
| What gave you the right to misjudge me             |                                     | So I'm longing for the days of yesterday          |
| And write me off on the wall                       |                                     |   |



- 1. sign
- 2. stayed
- 3. trash
- 4. shoulda
- 5. chance
- 6. would
- 7. look
- 8. longing
- 9. with
- 10. around

## Fill in the gaps