Places To Go

Don Cisko

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
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 youYou mistaken me for somebody that you should be testing
Your should be stressin I'm gonna fuckin teach you a lesson
MAC 101's in session and lace the track that I'm blessin
Smith and western's, the weapon, in case you just guessing, these straight busters kept-in, kept-in
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 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 it, 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 itI got places to go, I got people to see
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And put a hole in you, hole in youThere is a genie in that bottle of that don-pari'on
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 shitPicture a perfect picture, picture me in the paper
Picture me starting shit, picture me busting my gat
Picture police man Dan 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, crew are back
50 Cent, too much spent?, man I'm bent, I'm outta hereI got places to go, I got people to see
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And put a hole in you, hole in youHa-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 Farrari'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

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