### SUB ingles

### 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 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 other ****              |  |  |
| Cause I'm not writing anymore                       |  |  |
| They not making hits                                |  |  |
| I'm far from perfect                                |  |  |
| There's so (1) lessons I done learned               |  |  |
| If money is evil look at all the evil I done earned |  |  |
| I'm doing (2) I'm supposed to                       |  |  |
| I'm a writer, I'm a fighter                         |  |  |
| Entrepeneur, fresh out the sewer                    |  |  |
| Watch me manuever                                   |  |  |

# SUB inglés

| 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 (3) 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 (4) 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 (5) ready                           |
| To wolf down this spaghetti                          |
| Or should I say this spaghett-even?                  |
| I think 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. ************************************ |



#### Fill in the gaps

|            | UB<br>inglés |
|------------|--------------|
| One of (6) | 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 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 (7)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 might just blow my lid \*\*\*\*, I almost wish that

I would have never made Recovery, kid

'Cause I'm running in circles with

Makes me wanna run away

My life, my life

## SUB inglés

| Uinglés                                               |
|-------------------------------------------------------|
| 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                              |
| I haven't been this ****** confused since I was a kid |
| Sold like 40 million records                          |
| People forgot what I did                              |
| Maybe (8) is for me, maybe                            |
| Maybe I'm supposed to go crazy                        |
| Maybe I'll do it 3 AM in the morning (9) Shad         |
| Psycho killer, Michael Myers                          |
| I'm on fire like a lighter                            |
| Tryna say the same classic                            |
| Get your *** kicked mad quick                         |
| Wrap (10) 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 full 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

•••



### 1. many

- 2. what
- 3. place
- 4. sipping
- 5. buds
- 6. your
- 7. heart
- 8. this
- 9. like
- 10. your