## JUB Singles

## 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                                  |
| t'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 (1) to filthy rich            |
| Man, the emotions change                           |
| So I can never trust a *****                       |
| tried to (2) niggas get on                         |
| They turned around and spit                        |
| Right in my face, so Game and Buck                 |
| Both can suck a dick                               |
| Now when you (3) 'em                               |
| t may sound like it's some other ****              |
| Cause I'm not (4) anymore                          |
| They not making hits                               |
| 'm far from perfect                                |
| There's so (5) lessons I done learned              |
| f money is evil look at all the evil I done earned |
| 'm doing what I'm supposed to                      |
| 'm a writer, I'm a fighter                         |
| Entrepeneur, fresh out the sewer                   |
|  |

Watch me manuever



It's (6)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (7) buzz heavy                               |
| 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 ****** 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 (8) 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' opinion to me                      |
| I done put my blood                                 |
| My (9) and my tears in this ****                    |
| **** (10) up you're (11) 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                         |
| ********** (12) that's up in this *****, but 50!    |
| 'Cause this is all I know, (13) is why so hard I go |
| I (14) to God I put my (15) and soul                |
| Into this (16) 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 (17) 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 (18) made Recovery, kid                |
| 'Cause I'm running in circles with                  |
| My life, my life                                    |
| Makes me (19) run away                              |



## Fill in the gaps

| No place to go   |
|--|
| All the confusion                                      |
| It's an illusion (20) 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 (21) Shady        |
| Psycho killer, Michael Myers                           |
| I'm on fire (22) a lighter                             |
| Tryna say the (23) classic                             |
| Get your *** kicked mad quick                          |
| Wrap your head up in plastic, *****                    |
| Now pick the casket                                    |
| Dirt nap (24) 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 (25)\_

| No (26) to go                 |
|-------------------------------|
| All the confusion             |
| It's an illusion like a movie |
| Got (27) to go                |
| Nowhere to run and hide       |
|                               |

# SUB inglés

#### Answ 1. filthy

- 2. help
- 3. hear
- 4. writing
- 5. many
- 6. better
- 7. your
- 8. \*\*\*\*\*\*
- 9. sweat
- 10. letting
- 11. gonna
- 12. everybody
- 13. this
- 14. swear
- 15. heart
- 16. more
- 17. guess
- 18. never
- 19. wanna
- 20. like
- 21. like 22. like
- 23. same
- 24. with
- 25. place
- 26. place
- 27. nowhere