

# Stretch Armstrong Freestyle

## 50 Cent

Uh, yeah, 50 Cent  
It's Murda Mix Tape Vol. 3  
Whoo Kid, Stretch Armstrong nigga  
Take that, yo, aiiyo  
Niggas don't wanna see 50 on a track  
I got these cats that rap scared of me like I'm Ace and Jack  
Fuck that, if I was you, I be scared of me too  
Yo Stretch, roll the weed, while I tell 'em what I need  
I need cream by the stacks, shells for the mac  
Rims for the 'Ac, and a bitch to blow her back  
I need the coke to come back, mad time on a jack  
I got the Fendi sweaters, all I need is the hats  
I need the police to chill, stay the fuck off my back  
See a nigga in a Benz, sway peddling crack  
I need a stash box son, so I could stash the gat  
I need a stadium light, to leave 'em blind as a bat  
Flipping from under my plate, while I'm running from Jake  
I'm making mistakes, look I need extra pace  
My man up north, need the new Stretch Mix Tape  
I'm physically fit, nah for real son I'm in shape  
I need that Beyonce bitch, to take me out on a date  
Niggas follow my footsteps, 'cause everything I say, slick  
But I need y'all niggas, to get off my dick  
My description in three words, real witty cat  
I'm in the club in ATL, I'm where the titties at  
What, what, 50 Cent nigga, 2000 shit, Stretch Arm-Strong  
Whoo Kid nigga, Whoo Kid nigga, Whoo Kid nigga  
What, Whoo Kid nigga, this how it's going down  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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