Stretch Armstrong Freestyle

50 Cent

Uh, yeah, 50 Cent
It's Murda Mix Tape Vol. 3
Whoo Kid, Stretch Armstrong nigga
Take that, yo, aiyyo
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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