

# Stretch (Prod. by Rick Rock)

## 50 Cent

I take grams of coke, mix it with lactose  
That's what I do, stretch  
I make a ounce of dope with like a eighth of dope  
Befo' I'm through, product stretch I got it mastered man  
In the hood I'm like plastic man, stretch  
Fantastic man  
I make the money come faster man, yeah Your favorite bad guy's gone, the Joker's dead  
So from now until forever you're stuck with the kid  
I ain't supposed to be a boss, I'm supposed to be an enforcer  
I'm supposed to hold a gun, not be stuck in the office Michael pimped me? I was in the passenger seat  
He was comfortable with me 'round 'cause I blast my heat  
'9-4 I was tryin' to catch Mason for bricks of raw  
Charlie fucked up the jux, they took Nana's little boy, stretch  
The cocaine, I go hard when the drought come  
When the straps come out son niggaz know the outcome  
Lay low, stay low, you may see Jesus  
Get hit with a stray yo for no fuckin' reason You prayin' for a Benz, it's a blessin' you breathin'  
It's a miracle that God gave me this Tec, now I'm eatin'  
Cop it, chop it, profit is all for sale  
Cocaine, 'Candy Rain', 'I'm Soul For Real', yeah I take grams of coke, mix it with lactose  
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I make the money come faster man, yeah  
I'm the dope man, coke man, smoke man, whatever man  
The X man, Tec man, you better respect man  
Get the cream, triple beam, inf' beam, murder scheme  
Fiend, morphine, dream, codeine, mo' lean Gun pop, one shot, body drop, it wasn't me  
Tell the cops it wasn't me, you saw me right? It wasn't me  
It's not my M.O., see me I make it stretch  
Get in the way I'll put a body on my Tec Call me crazy, I'll die for what I stand for  
I'll have ammo flyin' out the Lambo  
Like 'Commando', nah, like 'Rambo'  
I keep my cool as long as the fuckin' grams go Wopty-woo, I'm a Chef like Rae  
It's hot in here, I'm by the stove cookin' crack all day  
Stretch, we gon' bag up all night  
We ain't goin' nowhere 'til the count back right, yeah I take grams of coke, mix it with lactose

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I make the money come faster man, yeahIt's a bird, it's a plane, no, it's pure cocaine  
Tryna blow sellin' blow I'm who you fuck with mayne  
I got Spider-Man high, I made Batman fly  
Your favorite hero took a hit, now here you tryI don't care if it's a sin, I don't care if you're ten  
Look around kid, it's a cold world we're in  
If you ask me my offer is extremely handsome  
A little Charlie, Marley, a little bit of MansonYeah, me fallin' off is really far fetched  
I turn a little to a lot, I make it stretch  
In come the Franklin's, then come the Benji's  
Fiends by the crack house, dirty and dingy, yeahI take grams of coke, mix it with lactose  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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