Stretch

50 Cent

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I take grams of coke,
Mix it with lactose, that's what I do!
Stretch
I make a ounce a 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!
YeahYour favorite bad guy's gone, The Joker's dead
So for now 'til 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 an office
Michael pimped me? I was in the passenger seat
We was comfortable with me 'round, cause I blast my heat
94' I was trying to catch Mason for bricks raw
Charlie fucked up the jux, they took no orders little boy, stretch
The cocaine, I go hard when the drought come
When the straps come out, son, niggas know the outcome
Lay low, stay low, you may see Jesus
You hit with a stray, yo, for no fucking reason
You praying for a Benz, it's a blessing you breathing
It's a miracle that God gave me this TEC, now I'm eating
Cop it, chop it, profit, it's all for sale
Cocaine, candy rain, I'm so for real, yeahI take grams of coke,
Mix it with lactose, that's what I do!
Stretch
I make a ounce a 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!
YeahI'm the dope-man, coke-man, smoke-man, whatever-man
The X-man, TEC-man, you better respect, man
Get the green, triple beam, inf' beam, murder scheme
Fiend, morphine, dream, codeine, more 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 put a body on my TEC
Call me crazy, I die for what I stand for
I have ammo flying out the Lambo
Like Commando, nah, like Rambo
I keep my cool as long as the fucking grams go
Wooptee-woo, I'm a Chef like Rae
It's hot in here, I'm by the stove cooking crack all day, stretch
We gon' bag up all night
We ain't goin' nowhere 'til the count bag right, yeahI take grams of coke,
Mix it with lactose, that's what I do
Stretch
I make a ounce a dope
With like a eighth of dope, befo' I'm through
Product stretch
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Fantastic man,
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YeahIt's a bird, it's a plane, no, it's pure cocaine
Trying to blow selling blow, I'm who you fuck with, man
I got Spiderman high, I made Batman fly
Your favorite hero took a hit, now here you try
I 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 Manson
Yeah, me falling 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 crackhouse, dirty and dingy, yeahI take grams of coke,
Mix it with lactose, that's what I do
Stretch

I make a ounce a dope
With like a eighth of dope, befo' I'm through
Product stretch
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