

# 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!  
Yeah Your 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, yeah 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!  
Yeah I'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, yeah 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  
Yeah It'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, yeah 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  
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