

50 Cent "Stretch"

Visit "[Stretch](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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
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

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

Woopy-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
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

It'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 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 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, yeah

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

Visit [50 Cent](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.