

Fifty Cent

"Stretch Armstrong Freestyle"

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[50 Cent]

Uh, yeah, 50 Cent

It's Murda Mix Tape Vol. 3

Whoo Kid, Stretch Armstrong nigga

Take that, yo, ayyo

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 Armstrong

Whoo Kid nigga, Whoo Kid nigga, Whoo Kid nigga

What, Whoo Kid nigga, this how it's going down

[echoes]

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