

## Jim Johnston

### "Bend N Stretch"

Visit "[Bend N Stretch](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Blackout Music

[Chorus: Jim Jones]

Bend, Eastside could you stretch then bend  
Westside could you stretch then bend  
Southside could you stretch then bend  
Midwest could you stretch then bend  
N.Y.C. could you stretch then bend  
M-I-A could you stretch then bend  
A-T-L won't you stretch then bend  
St. Louis won't you stretch then bend

[Jim Jones]

I guess you hear that I'm a live wire (say what)  
Loose nigga and a 5 rider  
Run with the city's biggest drug dealers (DipSet)  
For you sissy rap fuck niggaz (fuck 'em)  
Yeah we pistol packin, bust niggaz (bang bang)  
Never worry 'bout the spotlight (nuh-uh)  
This star nigga keep the glock tight (that's right)  
That's for the jackers at the spotlight (watch 'em)  
To live and die in the streets of New York  
We gettin by, pumpin diesel and snort  
I'm gettin high in the seats of my Porsche  
Federales love to see me in court  
And tell the Lord I hope you keep me in thought (pray  
for me)  
But I'm a G, who gives a fuck what you think  
And fuck the D's, roll my weed and fill my cup full of  
drink  
You got some beef, then we gotta do it  
You got some ki's, show you how to move it (uh-huh)  
And four birds'll get a extra pigeon (what else)  
And that's a bird with an extra clip in  
We on the curb where my niggaz dealin  
That's how my niggaz livin

[Chorus]

[Jim Jones]

So now we ballin in the major leagues

Yellow bottles and some hazy weed (Cristal)  
Got some models with that Maybeline (so pretty)  
Fancy rides, pushin major speeds (Westside)  
Westside when we race the Beems (Eastside)  
Break laws 'til the day I leave (no doubt)  
Hardcore and a brazy G (Eastside)  
Yo pull the bar when we makin cheese (Harlem)  
"Harlem World," so "Double Up" (oh)  
And all my girls still love a thug  
A heartthrob and a wild rebel  
I park cars through the foul ghetto (so what)  
A rolling stone but I hold my own (then what)  
These golden stones have you niggaz on press  
I hold the chrome so you niggaz don't step (watch it)  
You better party, do your bend and your stretch  
And it's a promise, I ain't sendin no threats (I promise  
you)  
Sheeit, DipSet, the new mob niggaz  
No need to ask cause you know we on our job nigga

[Chorus]

[Jim Jones]

To all my bitches wearin thick incense (hey girl)  
You know it tickles when you kiss my neck (stop that)  
Them icicles on my wrist and neck (blingin)  
Your wife wit you well don't disrespect (sup nigga)  
Could be an issue, keep yo' bitch in check (fuck that  
bitch)  
My thug aura make a bitch loose (uh-uh)  
It ain't a party 'til the Dips do it (bird game)  
Smokin reefer, screamin Eastside (purple)  
Loaded heaters, that's how we ride (we ride)  
All the time was my reply, I'm from the G-side (G-side)  
Checkin for hotties that's sexy in {?}  
Seven jeans and Giuseppes and Noti's, we ask at the  
party  
You tryin to slide let me know somethin  
Hop in the ride we can blow somethin (that purple)  
Baby no lie I give you no stuntin (no frontin)  
Duckin pictures from the paparazzi (watch the  
cameras)  
Tuck your fifth up in my Maseratti (we loaded)  
Shit, I park the whip in front of the project lobby  
I keep it gully and the car all foggy, muh'fuckers just

[Chorus]

