

Stretch

Fredo Bang

Ain't that DJ Chose over there?
He look like DJ Chose

I remember when I first learned
Everything ain't what it seems
Butterflies sting
Thirteen, first girlfriend, I remember gettin' a letter
Eight grade, some people thought we'd make that shit last forever

Times change, now I'm grown
I get texts to my phone like, 'Hey, big head'
Bitch, you know my head ain't big
You just know my bread got big
You just know my shit been lit
You just know my show this month, want tickets
And a couple pics

Tell your friends that we locked in
Ain't nothin' changin', and we forever
I know your bro be with the opps
Wanna line me up and y'all gotta do it lil' better

Fuck you thought this was?
I been, I been into this shit for a lil minute you heard?
Ayy, ayy, ayy
Too advanced for these mothafuckas, you heard me, ah

Say you love me, but I know that shit a reach
Can't see my feet, I guess I'm in this shit too deep
Count a lot of money, put some more off to the side
I was gon' look out for you, bitch, you ain't have to lie

I know this shit ain't love when you say that it's a stretch
Know this shit ain't love, so I keep this bitch on me
Niggas say they thug, but I know they ain't no threat
That youngin ain't got no mind, I can get you touched for free

Ten grand, I can make 'em touch a man
Twenty grand, I can add another man
My windows smokey like Chris Tucker from the tint
Rush-hour traffic, he a pull a Jackie Chan

He got pills, he got P's, he got dawg
Play with me, bitch, please, bodies fall
Ayy, it's hard to find a real bitch to give your all
If I was set, I wouldn't let Cardi leave at all

Ayy, ayy, takin' perkys like it's normal
Deshae, tell lil Brooklyn that she adorable
Taboo then to booby trap i throw money if you like me
Shoutout to the strippers that keep up with they hygiene

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