

# Like Father, Like Son

## The Game

[Verse 1: The Game]

June 30th, 11:07 I got that call  
She 8 centimeters, my lil' man about to fall  
Scuffing my Air Forces, running through the hospital hall  
Deja vu, like I been here before  
I'm feeling reborn, like a Bed-Stuy brethren, my first born  
Dre, I'm about to have a bad boy, family in the lobby  
See my nigga Church, "What Up," shit I left the camcorder in the truck  
Running through the maternity ward, out of breath, sweating  
I swear to God every minute's starting to feel like a second  
I seen Hell staring down the barrel of a Smith & Wesson  
My son's ultrasound the closest I ever been to Heaven  
Lord forgive me for my sins, I know it's last minute  
Put the chronic in the air, a little hash in it  
Spread my wings, If only I could fly  
Why fight to live homie?, If we only living to die

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

I hope you grow up to become that everything you can be  
That's all I wanted for you young'n, like Father, like Son

But in the end I hope you only turn out better than me  
I hope you know I love you young'n, like Father, like Son

My little man, your day is coming, coming, your day is coming, I tell you  
And when it comes, just keep it running, running, just keep it running, I tell you

[Verse 2: The Game]

They say every time somebody die a child is born  
So I thank the nigga who gave his life for the birth of my son  
11:32, she screaming at the top of her lungs  
I'm panicking, nurse yelling for the doctor to come  
All I could remember was lamaze class, breathe baby  
"One (one), two (two), three (three), four (four)," I see the head  
Doc busting through the door, he between the legs  
He see the head, it's my baby boy  
11:46, the head out, she screaming, making crazy noise

Pain is love, my stomach folding like a La-Z-Boy  
I'm feeling like Mariah Carey, all these butterfly's  
Voices singing to me, sound like Teena Marie  
I'm calling niggas on tour, "Jayo tell Spiz I just cut the umbilical cord"  
11:57, a soldier is born, and he's flesh of my flesh, young Harlem Caron

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

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[Verse 3: The Game]

I wanna thank Dr. Af and Nurse Theresa, for bringing my baby boy to life  
You birthed a Caesar, And my baby Mama, Aliska  
For pushing out a 10-pound, 4-ounce Mini-Me, I still can't believe it  
Nose, ears, eyes, chin, just like your Daddy  
I die before you grow up and be just like your Daddy, or your Grandfather  
Call Uncle Zip, tell him I got a son and I ain't even in Harlem  
I'm popping Cris with your Godfathers, Baron Davis and "D-Mack" Darius Rogers  
Drop the top on the '71, with my face in the clouds, Lord spare my son  
And watch over Aaron Wright, T'Yan and Lil' Pun  
Lowriding, banging "Ready to Die," track number 1  
If I bust 5 times and they never see the sun  
My life is a black hole, like the barrel of a gun, one

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

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