

Father Like Son

[Yukmouth](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yes, yes
My lil shorty's gonna be a thug
Father like son, like son, like dad
My family all into makin' this cash
Shorty's gonna be a thug
Like father, like son, like son, like dad
My family's all into makin' this cash
My lil' shorty's gonna be a thug
Like father, like son, like son, like dad
My family's all into makin' this cashLook in yo eyes an' I see the reflection of me, my little guy
Thank the Lord for blessin' me wit' a seed before he died
My father taught these lessons to me
An' before I die, I share the same lessons
That he was stressin' to meNigga, it's in yo blood, you gone be a thug no matter the cause
Niggas born to floss, an' be the boss that's how he was taught
I raised you in the North away from the hood
Where times are hard but as soon as the grind get hard
You put yo time in GodIt's in our blood thuggin' til the days of my death
My last breath taken by the ATF like, David Koresh
My steps of life, my last testimony, God bless my wife
My lil' son gone be set for life, always dressed up nice
And smokin' Kryponite might grow up an' rip the mic
Or slang some chickens like his great grandpappy
Whatever makes the man happy, grands snappyBut Lord forbid, he try to do the same shit that his pappy did
Nigga, end up in some khaki shit
Handcuffed in back of the bus
Wit a gang of other niggas fucked up, then shipped up
Shit greed, shit get deep, niggas bleed
Information jus' to get free
That's why you never see no busta niggas hangin' wit meBe a loner if you ain't got that fuckin' Dragon tattoo
on ya
Knock a nigga on his ass

So fast the class makes have to use ammonia
To wake him up, nurse, pick him up an' take him up
Hit the dice game in the alley way
Yo nigga break 'em upLook in yo eyes an' I see a reflection of me, my little guy
Thank the Lord for blessin' me wit a seed before he died
My father taught these lessons to me
An' before I die I share the same lessons
That he was stressin' to meIt's in yo blood, you gone be a thug no matter the cost
Born to floss, an' to be the boss, that's how he was taught
I raised you in the North away from the hood
Where times are hard but as soon as the grind get hard
You put yo time in God, it's in our bloodAnd send a letter to my killa, whoever it my be
I know that death is callin', I can hear it pagin' me, chasin' me
(Haha)
Like Jason be but ain't no breakin' me
Or takin' the safe from me
Not even a fuckin' 8 from me
Be ready to catch a thirty-eight to the chest straight from me
Even if they wasted me, my son will be replacin' me
On the street makin G's like his poppy was
Smokin' chronic budded, sellin' drugs like his poppy doesSee his poppy was a, mutha fuckin' soldier
Hittin' figure eights up in Nova, always smokin' doja
Wit a pocket full of quarters
Went from bein' a small timer, to highroller to the block controller
Set up shop an' got it locked wit all the rocks an powdered cola
Now the cowards know the time
Taught you to grind before your time
I taught you how to hold a 9
Taught you how to stay sharper than a poker primeNigga focus yo mind, on the money, fuck a big behind
An' keep a click of down ass niggas, an' then you'll be fine
These are the rules, nigga choose to utilize or lose
Pay yo dues, if I die jus' get my face tattooed
Up on yo shoulder, or right over your heart
'Cuz when it get dark that's when this shit starts
An' daddy didn't raise no marksLook in yo eyes an' I see a reflection of me, my little guy
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