

# Like Father, Like Son

## Birdman

There ain't no love  
(Like, like, like, like, like, like, like, like, like father like son n\*\*\*\*\*)  
Like the love of a daddy  
(Like, like, like, like, like, like father, like, like father like son n\*\*\*\*\*)  
Father, father, father like son  
There ain't no love  
(Like, like, like, like, like, like, like, like, like father like son n\*\*\*\*\*)  
Like the love of a daddy  
(Like, like, like, like, like, like father, like, like father like son)  
Father, father, father like son  
Yeah, I'll filthy rich wit quarter keys in the kitchen on 'em  
The block is hot, but we still out here gettin' it on 'em  
And keep a tool every time we hit these streets  
'Cause these n\*\*\*\*\* act a fool and we'll be quick to put it on 'em  
Them tear drops homey we so not  
The n\*\*\*\*\* the f\*\*\*\* wit 'cause we will pop  
Forty cal keep it cocked n\*\*\*\* ready to block  
Keep the gun, the extra clip homey that's how we rock  
And like father like son daddy we don't borrow  
We stay on the grind homey 'cause we grind harder  
And f\*\*\*\*\* wit me homey you won't like  
You'll be the next T-shirt, we ya hood all night  
We got them birds flying out and we allowed them pipes  
We do this state to state thing and cheat the price  
And Rufus came home and I told him to shave  
But he was tellin' me 'bout these p\*\*\*\*\* n\*\*\*\*\* back in the 80's, baby  
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Listen, Birdman put me on when I was just eleven  
He was my teacher so I was like f\*\*\*\* the lesson  
He was my preacher so I was like f\*\*\*\* the reverend

My mother Cita she said that I was wit the devil  
My mother Cita now say that he was sent from Heaven  
So I take heed to every single word that he tell me  
And I remember what my poppa told me  
Remember what my poppa told me, young stunna

Yeah, I'm out here homey pitchin' the game  
And yes I do the whole thang, n\*\*\*\* give me my change  
Yes, we do them old thangs out the brand new range  
Lil' n\*\*\*\* like his father homey doing his thang  
We keep the gun for paper, homey aimed and cocked  
Every n\*\*\*\*\* I'm my circle homey ready to pop  
We be ridin' drops tops that's just how we rock  
And I'll be rollin' in the Phantom through my uptown blocks, \*\*\*  
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Look, Birdman Jr. \*\*\* the world pops  
And we goin' keep it movin' even if the world stops  
Stay strapped and laced like girls socks  
Stay dapped and drapped like a birthday cake  
Birthdays was the worst days  
Now we sippin' on wooey when we thirsty  
Ya know, I do believe the money's cursed me  
So I pray to God that the devil don't murk me, huh  
Lil' Wizzle but you b\*\*\*\*\* call me first place  
And poppa taught me paper chase never skirt chase  
I put you n\*\*\*\*\* in the closet, in the shirt space  
You n\*\*\*\*\* is yellow like Sesame Street's Bert's face  
Worst case senario, burial  
Two tone Carera like mascara, uh  
That G-4 take ya boi where ever  
Like father, like son the era, n\*\*\*\*\*  
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