

Like Father Like Son

Birdman & Lil Wayne

There ain't no looooooove
(Like, Like Father Like Son nigga)
Like the love of a daddy
(Like, Like Father, like Like Father Like Son nigga)
Father, father, father like sonYeah
It's filthy with quarter ki's in the kitchen on 'em
Tha block is hot but we out here gettin it on 'em
And keep a tool everytime we hit the streets
Cause these niggas act a fool and we be quick to put it on 'em
Them tear drops homie we so not
The nigga to fuck with cause we will pop
.40 cal keep it cocked nigga ready to block
Keep a gun a extra clip homie thats how we rock
And like father like son daddy we dont borrow
We stay on the grind homie cause we grind harder
And fuckin with me homie you won't like
You be the next t-shirt, we in ya hood all night
We got birds flyin out and we've allowed the 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 about them pussy niggas back in the eighties, baby
There ain't no looooooove
(Like, Like Father Like Son nigga)
Like the love of a daddy
(Like, Like Father, like Like Father Like Son nigga)
Father, father, father like sonListen
Birdman put me on when I was just eleven
He was my teacher, so I was like fuck the lesson
He was my preacher, so I was like fuck the reverend
My mother Cita, she said that I was with 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
Im out c'here homie pitchin the game
And yes I do the whole thing nigga give me my change
Yes we do the same thing out the brand new Range
Little nigga like his father homie doin his thing
We keep the gun for paper homie aimed and cocked
Every nigga in my circle homie ready to pop
We be ridin drop tops thats just how we rock

And ill be ridin in the Phantom through my up town blocks
NiggaThere ain't no looooooove
(Like, Like Father Like Son nigga)
Like the love of a daddy
(Like, Like Father, like Like Father Like Son nigga)
Father, father, father like sonAlright money on my mind
Look I-I-I I hear you niggas wisperin
I say wisperin cause you niggas ain't hollerin bout shit
Po' pussy ass niggas gangster and me
Look Birdman jr fuck the world pops
And we gon keep it movin even if the world stops
Stay strapped and laced like girl socks
Stay dapped and drapped like a birthday cake
Birthdays was the worst days
Now we sippin' on Louis when we thirsty
Ya know, I do believe the moneys cursed me
So I pray to God that the devil dont murk me, uh
Little Wizzle but you bitches call me first place
And papa taught me paper chase never skirt chase
I put you niggas in the closet in the shirt space
You niggas yellow like Sesame street Bert's face
Worst case scenario, burial
Two tone Carara like Mascara, uh
The G4 take your boy where ever
Like father, like son the era, niggaThere ain't no looooooove
(Like, Like Father Like Son nigga)
Like the love of a daddy
(Like, Like Father, like Like Father Like Son nigga)
Father, father, father like son

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>