

# 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/>