

# Like Father, Like Son (Papa's Song)

## Gym Class Heroes

Papa was a rolling stone  
But I wanna be the cover of a rolling stone  
Only I know that I can do it alone  
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August 6th, 1981 I took my first breath.  
They said I smiled and cried until it was none left.  
I guess I knew what I was in for before hand.  
Miniture grown man ha.  
Third of three sons. Big bird and squirt guns.  
Aunt Tammy dressed up like a clown when I turned one.  
Scared the shit out of me but thanks for trying.  
Sitting in my highchair throwing cake and crying.  
I remember everything, every single detail,  
Clinging on daddy's leg like don't leave I'll be good.  
I promise.  
I'll do anything Dad honest.  
But he had to go to work and bust his ass for them  
dollars.  
Now it all makes sense, back then I wasn't havin it,  
Obsessed with He-Man so young and so adimit.  
More concerned with Castle Greyskull than baseball  
And I learned that if I worked a little that I could  
have it all.  
All of my friend's had allowances, I had a paper route.  
And when no one was looking I threw the papers out.  
I got caught made dad was furious  
And if your gonna do something do it right, thats what  
earnest is.

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Papa was a rolling stone  
Working hard while I'm at home alone  
On some Macaulay Culkin shit so bit.  
Little man had a plan and had to follow through with it  
But moms was so inconsiderate.  
Illiterate? Nope. I read the dictionary daily.  
Give the gap the rap and set sailing  
Step moms get the poop end of the stick nothing new to  
me.  
Don't act like my momma because my dad bought you some  
jewlery.  
Oh the tom foolery  
I sat back and watched pops play with women like chess,  
check mate.  
Six sibilings, three different moms. Can you imagine  
Simply seeing your paycheck broken down into fractions.  
Papa was a pimp, married four times,  
Indicisive, trynna strike a gold mine.  
Siftin through the sand something like a fortyniner  
Up to the point where my chest becomes a coal mine.  
But when they come and go,  
I'll be here at the bitter end Pop I'mm just letting

you know.

I never understood temptation

But I guess we both got a little David Rufus in us.

Everybody sing it with us now.

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