

# Like Father, Like Son

Lil' Wayne

There ain't no looooooove  
(Like (8x), Like Father Like Son nigga)  
Like the love of a daddy  
(Like (5x), Like Father, like Like Father Like Son nigga)  
Father, father, father like son  
(2x)

I't filthy rich wit quater keys in the kitchen on 'em  
The Block is hot, but we still here gettin it on 'em  
And keep a tool every time wit hit these streets cause these niggas act a fo  
ol and we'll be quick to put  
it on 'em  
Them tear drops homey we so not  
The nigga to fuck wit cause we will pop  
.40 cal keep cocked nigga ready to block  
Keep a gun, extra clip homey  
that's how we rock  
Like father like son daddy we don't borrow  
We stay on the grind homey cause we grind harder  
And fuckin 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  
pussy niggas 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 fuck the lesson  
He was my preacher so i was like fuck 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  
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 nigga give me my change  
Yes we do them old thangs out the brand new Range  
Lil nigga like his father homey doing his thang  
We keep the gun for paper homey aimed and cocked  
Every nigga im 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 thru my uptown blocks  
Nigga

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Alright, Money on my mind  
Look, I..I..I..I hear you niggas whisperin'  
I..I say whisperin' cause you niggas ain't hollering about shit  
Ho, Puss Ass Niggas

Look,  
Birdman Jr. Fuck the world pops  
And we goin' keep it movin' even if the world stops  
Stay strapped and lace like girls' socks  
Stay dapped and Drapped like a birthday cake  
Birthdays was the worst days  
Now we sippin on wooley 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 bitches call me first place  
Poppa taught me paper chase never skirt chase  
I put you niggas in the closet in the shirt space  
You niggas 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  
Nigga

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