

Game

"Like Father, Like Son"

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June 30th, 11:07 I got that call
She 8 centimeters, my li'l man 'bout to fall
Scuffing my Air Forces, running through the hospital
hall
Deja vu, like I been here before
I'm feeling reborn, like a Bed-Stuy brethren, my first
born
Dre, I'm about to have a bad boy, family in the lobby
See my nigga Church, what Up
Shit, I left the camcorder in the truck

Runnin' through the maternity ward, out of breath,
sweatin'
I swear to God every minute's starting to feel like a
second
I seen Hell starin' down the barrel of a Smith and
Wesson
My son's ultrasound the closest I ever been to Heaven
Lord forgive me for my sins, I know it's last minute
Put the chronic in the air, a little hash in it
Spread my wings, If only I could fly
Why fight to live, homie, If we only livin' to die

I hope you grow up to become that everythin' you can
be
That's all I wanted for you, young'n, like father, like son
But in the end I hope you only turn out better than me
I hope you know I love you, young'n, like father, like son
My little man, your day is comin', comin', your day is
comin'
I tell you, and when it comes, just keep it runnin',
runnin'
Just keep it runnin', I tell you

They say every time somebody die a child is born
So I thank the nigga who gave his life for the birth of
my son
11:32, she screamin' at the top of her lungs
I'm panicking, nurse yellin' for the doctor to come
All I could remember was lamaze class, breathe baby
One, two, three, four

I see the head, Doc bustin' through the door, he
between the legs
He see the head, it's my baby boy
11:46, the head out, she screamin', making crazy
noise
Pain is love, my stomach foldin' like a lazy boy
I'm feelin' like Mariah Carey, all these butterfly's
Voices singin' to me, sound like Teena Marie
I'm callin' niggas on tour, Jayo, tell Spiz I just cut the
umbilical cord
11:57, a soldier is born, and he's flesh of my flesh,
young Harlem Karan

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I wanna thank Dr. Af and Nurse Theresa
For bringin' my baby boy to life, you birthed a Caesar
And my baby's mama, Aliska
For pushin' out a 10-pound, 4-ounce mini me, I still
can't believe it
Nose, ears, eyes, chin, just like your Daddy
I die before you grow up and be just like your Daddy
Or your Grandfather, call Uncle Zip
Tell him I got a son and I ain't even in Harlem

I'm popping Cris with your Godfathers
Baron Davis and 'D-Mack', Darius Rogers, drop the top
on the '71
With my face in the clouds, Lord, spare my son
And watch over Aaron Wright, Tian and Li'l Pun
Lowridin', bangin', ready to die, track number 1
If I bust 5 times and they never see the sun
My life is a black hole, like the barrel of a gun, one

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