

## Mandy Moore

### "Like Father, Like Son"

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[The Game]

June 30th, 11:07 I got that call  
She eight centimeters, my lil' man 'bout to fall  
Scuffin my Air Forces, runnin through the hospital hall  
Deja vu, like I been here before  
I'm feelin reborn, like a Bed-Stuy breddern  
My first born, Dre I'm bout to have a +Bad Boy+  
Family in the lobby, see my nigga Church, whattup  
Shit, I left the camcorder in the truck  
Runnin through the maternity ward, out of breath,  
sweatin  
I swear to God every minute's startin to feel like a  
second  
I see 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 lil' hash in it  
Spread my wings, if only I could fly  
Why fight to live homey if we livin to die?

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes]

I hope you grow up to become that everything you can  
be  
That's all I wanted for young'n, like father, like son  
For in the end I hope you'll 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 co-minnnnn  
Co-minnnnn, your day is co-minnnnn  
I tell ya, and when it comes just keep it ru-ninnnnn  
Ru-ninnnnn, just keep it ru-ninnnnn, I tell you

[The Game]

They say everytime 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 can remember was Lemans class, breathe baby  
One (one) two (two) three (three) four (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 makin crazy noise  
Pain is love, my stomach foldin like a La-Z-Boy  
I'm feelin like Mariah Carey, all these butterflies  
Voices singin to me sound like Teena Marie  
I'm callin niggaz on tour  
Jayo tell Spinz I just cut the umbilical cord  
11:57, a soldier is born  
And he's flesh of my flesh, young Harlem Qu'ran

[Chorus]

[The Game]

I wanna thank Dr. Aswork and Nurse Teresa  
For bringin my baby boy to life, you birthed a Caesar  
And my baby momma Alyska, for pushin out a ten  
pound  
four ounce Mini-Me, I still can't believe it  
Nose ears eyes chin, just like your daddy  
I'd die before you grow up and be just like your daddy  
Or your grandfather; call Uncle Zeb  
Tell him I got a son and I ain't even in Harlem  
I'm poppin Crist' wit'cha godfathers  
Barron Davis and D. Mack, Darius Rodgers  
Drop the top on the '71  
With my face in the clouds, Lord spare my son  
And watch over Erin Wright, T'yanna, and Lil' Pun  
Lowridin, bangin, "Ready to Die," track #1  
If I bust five times, and they never see the sun  
My life is a black hole, like the barrel of a gun  
One

[Chorus] - 2X

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