

Lil' Wayne & Birdman "Like Father, Like Son"

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[Chorus 2X]

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

[Verse 1 - Birdman]

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 fool 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

[Chorus 2X]

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(Like [5x], Like Father, like Like Father Like Son nigga)
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[Verse 2 - Lil Wayne]

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

[Birdman]

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

[Chorus 2X]

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[Lil' Wayne Speaking Thru chorus]

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

[Verse 3 - Lil Wayne]

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

[Chorus 2X]

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