

Eve F/ Alicia Keys

"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 mamma 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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