

Leslie Gore

"Like Mother Like Son"

Visit "[Like Mother Like Son](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Thirstin Howl III talking]

Ay yo

This joint dedicated to my mom right (I love you ma)

She taught me exactly what life taught her

And what the streets taught her

And when she died I felt like I was three years old
again

And we were walkin across the street and she let go of
my hand

Chorus: Thirstin Howl III w/ Victoria Quinn (repeat 2x)

Why it hurts like this

Won't go away, won't go away

The pain won't go away

[Thirstin Howl III]

Concealed stress, realness

No more tears left

When it hurts like this

Streets and crimes taught each respect

God take me instead, take me instead

Same color hair, same color of eyes

Her criminal record longer than mines

Got caught sleepin, peep it

She bought me a twenty-five when I got stuck for the
sheepskin

So, so senseless

When trough the ??? together cold and fenceless

Handled it like a man, I'm grown

I give up my life for one Thanksgiving with my moms
home

Hurt like this, taught me how to be me

Put her mug shot on the back cover of my CD

Not a doubt I was proud

No jail she ever been in when it was not her house

Chorus

[Thirstin Howl III]

Without one thought

No mother's love short

Ten I will rise to visit me up north
When nobody else came, nobody else came
When nobody else came, nobody else came
Love and passion
Couldn't get my baby's moms to send me a package
Don't disregard, the system's hard
The only nigga wearin Gucci sneakers in the yard
It is written in family tradition, prison
Moms snuck me razor blades during visits
Brought my kids and sent me pictures
If you left me lonely told me don't rely on this bitches
Hurt like this, when it hurts like this
I never knew that it could hurt like this, eat my word
right chess
Arrested, aggression lessons
Are diplomas some departments of correction
What the streets taught you
You taught your son with all your love
My uncle's knife when I was old enough
Gun separate from 007
Come of both entrance back yard porch terrorist

Chorus

[Thirstin Howl III]

Light candles, hold rosaries, have moralies
If your spirit came out to talk to me
I got a lot to say, broke a lot of pocket space
Every promise brake my spit probably stains
Yours truly, convicted by jewelry
In your coffin made sure you wore your jewelry
Why did God have to divide
Bought you a Mother's Day card after you died
Like mother like son
Sacred sanctions, heart stainless
Bold statements, ten by eight inch
Hung up her mug shot as inspiration
Hurt like this, it shouldn't hurt like this
My two bullet wounds didn't hurt like this
Why it hurt like this, it hurt like this
Nobody in the world should have to go through this

[Victoria Quinn singing]

I never really left you
You're not by yourself
I'm always right beside you
Even when you runnin rounder and crime
I never really left you
You're not by yourself
You're my baby and I love you
I never leave you I'm just in the sky

Visit [Leslie Gore](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.