

## Mario Bush

### "Father Like Son"

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Yes.

Yes.

My lil shortys gonna be a thug.

Father like son, like son like dad.

My family all into makin this cash.

Shorty's gonna be a thug.

Like father, like son, like son, like dad.

My family's all into makin this cash.

My lil, shortys gonna be a thug.

Like father, like son, like son, like dad.

My family's all into makin this cash.

#### Chorus

Look in yo eyes

an I see, the reflection of me

my little guy

thank the Lord for blessin me wit a seed

before he died

my father taught these lessons to me

an before I die, I share the same lessons that he was  
stressin to me

nigga it's in yo blood, you gone be a thug

no matter the cause

niggas born to floss, an be the boss

that's how he was taught

I raised you in the North

away from the hood where, times are hard

but as soon as the, grind get hard

you put yo time in God.

#### Verse 1

It's in our blood

thuggin

til the days of my death

my last breath taken by the ATF like, David Koresh

my steps of life

my last testimony, God bless my wife

my lil son gone be set for life, always dressed up nice

and smokin Kryponite

might grow up an rip the mic  
or slang some chickens like his great grandpappy  
whatever makes the man happy  
grands snappy  
but Lord forbid, he try to do the same shit that his  
pappy did  
nigga, end up in some khaki shit  
handcuffed, in back of the bus wit a gang of other  
niggas fucked up  
then shipped up, shit greed  
shit get deep  
niggas bleed  
information juss to get free  
that's why you never see no busta niggas hangin wit  
me  
be a loner  
if you ain't got that fuckin Dragon tattoo on ya  
knock a nigga on his ass, so fast the class makes have  
to use amonia  
to wake him up  
nurse, pick him up  
an take him up  
hit the dice game in the alley way  
yo nigga break 'em up.

Chorus \*(Yukmouth)\*

Look in yo eyes  
an I see, a reflection of me  
my little guy  
thank the Lord for blessin me wit a seed  
before he died  
my father taught these lessons to me  
an before I die, I share the same lessons that he was  
stressin to me  
it's in yo blood, you gone be a thug  
no matter the cost  
born to floss, an to be the boss  
that's how he was taught  
I raised you in the North  
away from the hood where, times are hard  
but as soon as the, grind get hard  
you put yo time in God  
it's in our blood.

Verse 2

And send a letter to my killa  
whoever it my be  
I know that death is callin, I can hear it pagin me  
chasin me

(ch-ch... haha)  
like Jason be  
but ain't no breakin me  
or takin the safe from me  
not even a fuckin 8 from me  
be ready to catch a thirty-eight to the chest straight  
from me  
even if they wasted me  
my son will be replacin me  
on the street makin g's  
like his poppy was  
smokin chronic budded  
sellin drugs like his poppy does  
see his poppy was a, mutha fuckin soldier  
hittin figure eights up in Nova  
always smokin doja  
wit a pocket full of quarters  
went from bein a small timer, to highroller  
to the block controller  
set up shop, an got it locked wit all the rocks an  
powdered cola  
now the cowards know the time  
taught you to grind before your time  
I taught you how to hold a 9  
taught you how to stay sharper than a poker prime  
nigga focus yo mind, on the money  
fuck a big behind  
an keep a click of down ass niggas, an then you'll be  
fine  
these are the rules  
nigga choose to utilize or loose  
pay yo dues  
if I die juss get my face tattooed  
up on yo shoulder, or right over your heart  
cuz, when it get dark  
that's when this shit starts, an daddy didn't raise no  
marks!

\*(Chorus)\* 3x

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