

Sporty Thievez, Like Father Like Son

(Chorus)

Passed from old to young wise to dumb
Somethin' wonder where I got my smarts from where I got my heart from
Live by the gun then die by one your time gon' come
Learned from my pops like father like son

(Verse 1)

The Fedz can't bug him 'cause to fear him is to love him
'Till death hugs him leavin' the stugs above him
You could try to drug him through his food while he's grubbin'
Half-dead paramedics got to fibulate his rubbin'
Cousin was stubbin, chrome couple in the duffle
.357 long-nose potatoe muffle
Nigga stayed in trouble 'till guns sprayed the bubble
Ran out of the car, blood spots layed in puddles
At the funeral mourn niggas poured the henny on him
He was walking on threads, the Fedz had plenty on him
Died with the semi on him, now life goes on
Reading the will he said bury me with nice clothes on
And let my wife glow on, leftover ki's while I'm waiting
The cash, combination stashed behind the painting
Give my son everything he's taking, what he wants he can flaunt
The car keys with the red Dupont

(Chorus)

"Yo Tone, If your father was alive you wouldn't be out here
running around wilding, drinking, smoking and shit,
yo ass would be trying to stay alive and striving for better things in life
You know what I'm sayin? Yo f**k that I give up."

(Verse 2)

Naw, that can't be Tone, who's father got blown alone
In the tropical six, peep seats fancy chrome
Cell phone slow jammin', Ice on his throat hanging
Dangling, doin' ninety on sharp roads handling
Can't be him, naw, then he jumped out
Pulled a blunt out, dumb skunk out, then puffed his lungs out
Stuck his tounge out, chick that passed him grabbed him
She all laughing, rubbed his moustache, said he was dazzling
Said call her Jasmine and passed him the pen
Said beep him at ten, wrote his number on her skin
Got back in the six, relaxed a bit, flashed and kissed

Some chick snapped the tints, asked him for flicks
He posed holding tits and chips like he was rich
The way he flossed loot was like he hit a law suit
Should've saw Dubez, bubling like crisco oil
Ice reflected like foil to a disco ball

(Chorus)

Yo, ten o'clock sharp, honey hit him on the hip
Tone comes through the strip, ear to the flip
Spittin' image of his pops with a 4 pail on him
Niggas in the street went and bust around on him
Honey shotgun trying to clown on him
Tone went, "Whatchu good for?" and the bitch went down on him
Now it's on, Tone went straight to the estate
Heavily secluded with a guard at the gate
But wait, Tone knows hoe's goes with crime
Crime goes with niggas tailing the whole time
That's why he brought em' to the sticks, he was on to them dicks

>From a lad he knew those were the niggas who killed daddy
Told her, "Bitch, got a surprise, close your eyes, don't wrestle"
Put it to her head and said, "God bless you"
Ran into the crib and went straight for the guns
Peeping the assassins through high-tech surveillance
Like father like son done, but who the last man standing?
Tone ain't goin' out like Bruce and Brandon
Bombs in the canon, AK's and bazooks
Cocked all of them shits back, said "this is for pop Dukes"

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Of course gotta admit he was smarter than I thought
Buried bodies under the porch and never got caught
Lesson taught: to the smartest, there's always smarter
and first you gotta learn to be a man before you can learn to be a father

(Chorus fades)