

# Sporty Thievez, Like Father, Like Son / C.E.O Free

[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, 'cuz 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 fuck 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 assainants 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]