The Game, Life Father. Like Son (F. Busta Rhym

Game - Like Father, Like Son Lyrics

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(Verse 1: The Game)

June 30th, 11:07 I got that call
She 8 centimeters, my lil' man about to fall
Scuffing my Air Forces, running through the hospital hall
Deja vu, like I been here before
I'm feeling reborn, like a Bed-Stuy brethren, my first born
Dre, I'm about to have a bad boy, family in the lobby
See my nigga Church, "What Up," shit I left the camcorder in the truck
Running through the maternity ward, out of breath, sweating
I swear to God every minute's starting to feel like a second
I seen Hell staring down the barrel of a Smith & 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 little hash in it
Spread my wings, If only I could fly
Why fight to live homie?, If we only living to die

(Chorus: Busta Rhymes)

I hope you grow up to become that everything you can be
That's all I wanted for you young'n, like Father, like Son

But in the end I hope you 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 coming, coming, your day is coming, I tell you
And when it comes, just keep it running, running, just keep it running, I tell you

(Verse 2: The Game)

They say every time somebody die a child is born
So I thank the nigga who gave his life for the birth of my son
11:32, she screaming at the top of her lungs
I'm panicking, nurse yelling for the doctor to come
All I could remember was lamaze class, breathe baby
"One (one), two (two), three (three), four (four)," I see the head
Doc busting through the door, he between the legs
He see the head, it's my baby boy
11:46, the head out, she screaming, making crazy noise
Pain is love, my stomach folding like a La-Z-Boy
I'm feeling like Mariah Carey, all these butterfly's
Voices singing to me, sound like Teena Marie
I'm calling niggas on tour, "Jayo tell ? I just cut the umbilical cord"
11:57, a soldier is born, and he's flesh of my flesh, young Harlem Qua'ran

(Chorus: Busta Rhymes)

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(Verse 3: The Game)

I wanna thank Dr. Avework and Nurse Theresa,
for bringing my baby boy to life, You birthed a Caesar,
And my baby Mama, Aliska
For pushing out a 10-pound, 4-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 Zic, tell him I got a son and I ain't even in Harlem
I'm popping Cris with your Godfathers, Baron Davis and "D-Mack" Darius Rogers
Drop the top on the '71, with my face in the clouds, Lord spare my son
And watch over Aaron Wright, T'Yan and Lil' Pun
Lowriding, banging "Ready to Die," track number 1
If I bust 5 times and they never see the sun
My life is a black hole, like the barrel of a gun, one

(Chorus: Busta Rhymes)

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