

Yukmouth, Father Like Son

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)*

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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