

# 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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thank the Lord for blessin me wit a seed

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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