There ain't no loooooove (Like (8x), Like Father Like Son nigga) Like the love of a daddy (Like (5x), Like Father, like Like Father Like Son nigga) Father, father, father like son (2x) I't filthy rich wit quater keys in the kitchen on 'em The Block is hot, but we still here gettin it on 'em And keep a tool every time wit hit these streets cause these niggas act a fo ol and we'll be quick to put it on 'em Them tear drops homey we so not The nigga to fuck wit cause we will pop .40 cal keep cocked nigga ready to block Keep a gun, extra clip homey that's how we rock Like father like son daddy we don't borrow We stay on the grind homey cause we grind harder And fuckin wit me homey you won't like You'll be the next t-shirt we ya hood all night We got them birds flying out and we allowed them pipes We do this state to state thing and cheat the price And Rufus came home and I told him to shave but he was tellin me 'bout these pussy niggas back in the 80's Baby There ain't no loooooove (Like (8x), Like Father Like Son nigga) Like the love of a daddy (Like (5x), Like Father, like Like Father Like Son nigga) Father, father, father like son (2x) Listen Birdman put me on when i was just eleven He was my teacher so i was like fuck the lesson He was my preacher so i was like fuck the reverend My mother Cita she said that I was wit the devil My mother Cita now say that he was sent from heaven So I take heed to every single word that he tell me I remember what my poppa told me Remember what my poppa told me Young Stunna Yeah I'm out here homey pitchin the game And yes i do the whole thang nigga give me my change Yes we do them old thangs out the brand new Range Lil nigga like his father homey doing his thang We keep the gun for paper homey aimed and cocked Every nigga im my circle homey ready to pop We be ridin drops tops that's just how we rock

And I'll be rollin in the phantom thru my uptown blocks

Nigga

There ain't no loooooove (Like (8x), Like Father Like Son nigga)
Like the love of a daddy (Like (5x), Like Father, like Like Father Like Son nigga)
Father, father, father like son (2x)

Alright, Money on my mind Look, I..I..I hear you niggas whisperin' I..I say whisperin' cause you niggas ain't hollering about shit Ho, Puss Ass Niggas

Look,

Birdman Jr. Fuck the world pops And we goin' keep it movin' even if the world stops Stay strapped and lace like girls' socks Stay dapped and Drapped like a birthday cake Birthdays was the worst days Now we sippin on wooey when we thirsty Ya know I do believe the money's cursed me So I pray to GOD that the devil don't murk me Huh Lil' Wizzle but you bitches call me first place Poppa taught me paper chase never skirt chase I put you niggas in the closet in the shirt space You niggas is yellow like Sesame Street's Bert's face Worst case senario, burial Two tone Carera like mascara

Like Father, Like Son The Era
Nigga

There ain't no loooooove
(Like (8x), Like Father Like Son nigga)

That G-4 take ya boi where ever

Like (8x), Like Father Like Son nigga)
Like the love of a daddy
(Like (5x), Like Father, like Like Father Like Son nigga)
Father, father, father like son
(2x)