Like This N Like That

Chingo Bling

It's like this and like that, the hood got my back
Yeah I'm makin paper stacks, slangin masa like crack
Yeah I'm makin paper stacks

They said you've never been caught, boy you must be lucky
But don't go parkin by my tires, you better hush puppy
They never catch us all, it'll never stop
Any time, any corner, baby I'm a set'up chop
As long as that trunk go pop, as long as that trunk open
I'm a steady be served and boy my hustle bone aint broken
Flip it, flip it, flip it more that burger king
We use this distribution, we be servin thangs
The work is smuggled in my big belt buckle
The border got the feds, but we the underground tunnels
We pack the back, two trucks on the road
So if they stop the first one, we lose half the load
Systema, got ostrich seats in my beama
I'm reppin for my people, you can put that on selena
And right now they got us cleanin up katrina
Yo kanye!, bush don't like mexicans eitha.

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Stacks, rubberband them, tamales I still sell them
So next year, I can pull up in a brown phantom
Them boys can't stand him, cause he too too flashy
Went from ashy to classy, to down right nasty

(There he go, man he fittin' to get Jacked)

Boyy, I wish you would
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Monte Carlo pimpin wood, same color as pussy blood
Slabs on driveway, that make em say ay wey
Catch you on the highway, pendejas from the myspace

Mouth wide open, tounge hangin like a pervert
When they see the wrist, Skittles chain lookin like some churbert
I sold the masa just to see how the paper feel
David Copperfield, couldn't have copped a better record deal.

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Lately, I've been havin rich people problems
I made another couple million, hopin that will solve'em
Promise, lookin to reject your favorite rap star
Willy's chain, Paul's grillz, puffs house to Slim's car
They lookin at me like where the fuck they found them
Whoever the fuck signed them, I bet that they gon fire'em
But it's official, big chile slash asylum
You know the three digits, bitch you better dial'em.

It's like this and like that, the hood got my back
Yeah I'm makin paper stacks, slangin masa like crack
Yeah I'm makin paper stacks

Chingo Bling! The ghetto vaquero
Por favor, believe it
Tamale king pin, king pin, king pin.

Lyrics submitted by eric.

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