

# 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 selenia  
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.

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

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Lyrics submitted by eric.

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