

Like This N Like That

Chingo Bling

[Chorus: x2]

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 (3x), slangin masa like crack

[Verse 1:]

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'em chopped
As long as that trunk go pop, as long as that trunk open
I'm a steady be served and board my hustle, before they broken
Flip it, flip it, flip it more that burger king
We use this distribution, we be servin thangs
Don't perk your smuggle, 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 rappin 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.

[Chorus: x2]

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 (3x), slangin masa like crack

[Verse 2:]

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
[Voice:] (ey mijito, your gonna get jacked)-
Boyy, I wish you would
Monte Carlo pimpin wood, same color as? 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, it'll sing lookin like some churbert
I sold the masa just to see how the paper feel
Either cop a field, cause I caught the better record deal.

[Chorus: x2]

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 (3x), slangin masa like crack

[Verse 3]

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, balls, grillz, puffs house to sims car
They lookin at me like where the f**k they found them
Whoever the f**k 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.

[Chorus: x2]

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 (3x), slangin masa like
crack

[Outro:]

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