

Chingo Bling

"Like This N Like That"

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[Carnival Beats]
{*scratching*}
"Like this and like that"
"Like this and like that"

Chorus: Carnival Beats
"It's like this and like that
The hood got my back
Yeah, I'm making paper stacks, slangin' muscle like
crack"
"Yeah, I'm making paper stacks"
"Yeah, I'm making paper stacks"
"Yeah, I'm making paper stacks, slangin' muscle like
crack"

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 1: Chingo Bling]
They say you never been caught
Boy, you must be lucky...
But don't go barking by my ties, you better hush, puppy
They never catch us all (Nope)
It'll never stop (Nope)
Anytime, any corner, baby, I'm a set up shop
As long as the trunk go pop
As long as the trunk open
I'm a steady be servin' them, boy, my hustler boat ain't
broken
Flip it
Flip it
Flip it more than Burger King
We Houston's distribution
We be servin' thangs
The work is smuggled in my big belt buckle
The border got a fence, but we dug underground
tunnels
We packed a pack two trucks on a road
So if they stop the first one, we lose half a load (Zim-
zimme)
Got ostrich seats in my beamer
I'm a rep it for my people, you can put that on

Salina/Selena
And right now
They got us cleaning up Katrina
Yo, Kanye, Bush don't like Mexicans either

Repeat Chorus Twice

(Verse 2)

[Chingo Bling] Stacks, rubberband' em, tamales, I
Soundscan them
So next year
I could pull up in a brown phantom
They boys can't stand him cause he too, too, flashy
Went from
Ashy to classy, to downright nasty
[Male Jacker] There he go
Oh, he [{*fuckin'*}] jacked
[Chingo Bling] Boy, I wish you would
Monte Carlo grippin' wood, same color as ese blood
Slabs on driveway to make 'em say "Ay guey!"
Pass ya on the highway, from viejas, from to MySpace
Mouth wide open, tongue hangin' like a pervert
When they see the rich Skittles, chain lookin' like some
sherbert
I sold the maza just to see how the paper feel
David Copperfield couldn't cop a better record deal

Repeat Chorus Twice

[Verse 3: Chingo Bling]

Lately
I been havin' rich people problems
I made another couple million, hopin' that will solve 'em
Promise
Lookin' like I jacked your favorite rap star
Willie's chain, Paul's grills, Puff's house and Slim's car
They lookin' at me like
"Where in the [{*fuck*}] they found him?"
"Whoever the [{*fuck*}] signed him
I bet that they gon' fire him"
But it's official, Big Chile/Asylum
You know the three digits {*Carnival Beats
scratching*}
You better dial him

Repeat Chorus Twice

[Carnival Beats]
{*scratching*}
"Chingo Bling, culero"
"The Ghetto Vaquero"

"Por favor, believe it"

"Tamale Kingpin" --> Chingo Bling

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