

Chino XL

"How It Goes (Feat. Saafir)"

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F/ Saafir

* send corrections to the typist

[Verse 1 - Chino XL]

A pretty smile can cover up a character
Dirtier than Janet Jackson's clothes
When she played Penny on "Good Times" (right)
A chick in the hood shines
But blind to trick nigga
That has not been exposed to this mentality of mines...
(I find the one I want) If she step up
I get her open like every piece of my mail when I was
locked up
Laced up stupid after I drop 'em
Then fuck every model in Q-tip videos with the same
condom
(I never met a bitch) That faded me
Cus mentally and physically God was showing off when
he created me
(Be afraid of me)
But stop hating me cus women are loving me, I'm sorry
That you was a virgin until your record release party
(right)
Hoes won't admit this, but that's groupie's style (yeah)
I call 'em Cleopatras, they the queens of +The
Nile/denial+
And these trick niggas dead on 'em
Bithces looking like Barbie doll bodies with a G.I. Joe
head on 'em
It's pathetic how quickly are to get naked
Probably infected, shieet! Give me the ones with good
credit
Or Dead it, Admittedly I have a fetish you could be on
I like an ass so fat she can turn a boxer shorts to
thongs
(Is you hot from all my songs?)
She diggin' me, Got women fingering themselves
Thinking of women fingering themselves that are
thinking of me
You know what sickening me? (Yo dog express your
feelings)

If Eric Bennet can get Halle Berry I deserve Vannesa Williams

It's how it goes (*3X*)
Tell 'em how it goes yo...

(Chorus)
Saafir + [Chino XL]

This is how it goes
Down in the town of West Oakland keepin' hoes soaked
in

[This game will never change]
[In Jersey freaks touch concrete eight inches on cheese
baby]

It'll never be
Another me, sauce see squeeze up on a hoe like
"Oh shit you got to pay me!"

[Saafir Talking]
That's real talk,
And you know what's that fat white man name
Ben Franklin
The bald head nigga with the glasses... feel me

[Verse 2 - Saafir]
I dead tricks in the game (what)
Baptise they eyes with the reply that I ain't fly
Trick, bitch, I'm an astronaut
With so much hot acid cock on the concrete
You gotta wear sunblock (know)
Sending these hoes like meteors (whoosh)
By 2004 you'll see me in a space suit
Paper chasin' with hoes in pursuit of my boots
Touch down on that pimp planet, floor
(Gimmie some more)
Up goes the flag made out of wigs and galore
(Take that back)
Panties are vision for male tricks on a mission to hold
hoes down
Like gravity, (ha ha), Imagine me (trick)
Cus the way from ya'll I'm like years with the fly gear
And better than credit that's limitless
For breaking a bitch I'm in the mothafucking book of
Guinnesses
(Breakin' records) Under H.O.T.
Short for: Hoold Oooooon,... Trick!
Let me switch your ?cre-day to mayday
Time to show up, hoe up or blow up (blow up!)

But you know what? (what)
I gotta keep tellin' my other half
Nigga they don't know us, thou shall not hold trust
I'll pass the ass on mine, playalistically divine
No Nickelodeon shit
Hoe take out your clothes and get into this here ?
feronien? slick

(Chorus)

[Chino XL]
See I don't' chase these hoes,
These hoes chase me, why chase the doe, yo

[Chino XL signing]
Your purse comes first your ass comes last
And I don't know how long we gon' last
But what you do with all your money baby
You bring it all home to Chi...

[Verse 3 - Saafir]
To a true P.I., the thick ?? less layer
A playa,-listic
Gangsta pulling your age and funny style ass foul
(yeah, but now)
That's it I'm a shake that trick and I'm puttin nothing
else on it
I won't arrest the chest and thighs
Recognize the weapon size
When I shoot this game at your ass
Or get shot with hot shit into ya lip
Blister bitch, miss a nigga if you a plain ass coward
With a colorful name that hate players and not the
game

[Chino XL]
Woop!(Latin lover lover)
Famous in art
I'm dangersous and smart
Guaranteed victory dating your wifey on the Change Of
Heart
No bitches run me, I told you from the start
So many tears she'd over me, don't make a scene,
make an Ark
(Straight talk)
Women turnin' their beepers, cutting their phones off
I make love to their minds 'til their clothes just fall off!
I fuck Tamia as a side bed
I make chicks consider themselves widows
Whose husbands ain't even died yet (damn)
To best explain it:

Catch me in your living room gettin my hair braided
By your girl, buttnaked
Look at what having the best lines done for me
Your wifey will trade six of you for one of me
(And that's real)

(Chorus)

...Tell em how it goes down (*5X*)

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