

# How Come (DJ Sir-Vere)

## D12

So I changed huh?  
You got a phone  
Pick it up  
Call me[Chorus]  
How come, we don't even talk no more  
And you don't even call no more  
We don't barely keep in touch at all  
And I don't even feel the same love when we hug no more  
And I heard it through the grapevine  
We been beefin now  
After all the year we been down  
Ain't no way no how  
This bullshit can't be true  
We family  
Ain't a damn thing changed  
Unless its you!We were so young  
So full of life and vibrance  
Side by side, wherever you was riding, I went  
So close, almost on some Bonnie and Clyde shit  
When Ronnie died you was right by my side  
With a shoulder to cry on and tissue to wipe my eyes  
And a bucket to catch ever tear I cried inside it.  
You even had the same type of childhood I did  
Sometimes I just wanna know why is it that you succumb to yours  
And mine I survived it. You ran the streets, I 9 to 5ed it  
We grew up, grew apart as time went by us  
And I blew up to both yours and mines surprises.  
Now I feel a vibe I just can't describe it  
Much as your pride tries to hide it. your cold  
Your touch is just like ice.  
And your eyes is a look of resentment.  
.I can sense it and I don't like it.[Chorus]It was my dream at first to be off spitting a verse  
On my own album with a deal but shit got worse  
Fore I came out I would of killed a nigga first  
For I let him disrespect me, or check me over some  
Worthless bitch that I wasn't with  
I would of hit it and quit  
But you were fitting to talk with her and tell her she was the shit  
I told you don't get involved with her

You would smoke in the car with her  
Coming outta the bar with her  
Stumbling half drunk  
Like you were husband and wife or something  
But me catching her fucking other niggas must of hurt your pride or something  
Cause you were opening your mouth to people like you wanted with me.  
When all I tried to do was show that your bitch was shift.  
And every sister, fares and all the shit that I produced  
You acting like I ain't your man and lying like she can't be loose.  
But I am really your friend, I'm just trying to tell ya the truth.  
Don't hate the game or the player  
The one that's changing is you.[Chorus]Its gets lonely at the top cause my homie had to stop  
Now we acting like I gotta live only for the block.  
And homies in the hood only see me on the tube  
So they gossip on the porch  
Get ta speaking all rude. fools I used to rap wit all expect magic  
Like my finger get to snapping  
And poof it just happen.  
But proof is just acting out the part he was thrown,  
Shady made it so my babies ain't starving at home.  
See the devil in your glance,  
Since the ghetto we been friends, forever real intelligence,  
That's forever till the end.  
I peep the hatred in your eyes, and the Satan in your lies,  
Ain't wasting my time with these snakes in disguise.  
(How come) When you talk it's with bitter and spite?  
(And how come) It's my fault for what you did with your life?  
And every time I go to hear you play, you look away,  
We barely embrace, you can't even look me in my face.[Chorus]

Songwriters

Porter, Denaun M / Holton, De Shaun Dupree / Johnson, Bryan / Moore, Dewitt / Mathers, Marshall B

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