

Pachanga

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A thug changes and love changes
And best friends become strangers, pachangas
Pa-pa-pa-pachangas, pa-pa-pa-pachangasYo, everything ain't love, love 'cause if it is
My definition of love must differ his
I mean every friendship has its differences
But these Young Bucks remind me of Fif and hisThey hear the good life, wanna see what the difference is
Some just wanna smoke, enjoy the piff-vileges
He unwrap a cigar like it's a gift of his
He a funny lil' nigga like Eddie Griffin isBetween smokin' and chokin' then you got to live
So I gave him a chance and that's a lot to give
We posed to make the most of what you was paid to gross
I gave you bread and butter, you supposed to make the toastFifteen years, fifteen years
And now when we say what's up? The shit seem weird
But there's a question I prepared for you
How could you fuck the only people who ever cared for you?
A thug changesA thug changes and love changes
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Pa-pa-pachangas, pa-pa-pachangasA thug changes and love changes
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Pa-pa-pachangas, pa-pa-pachangasThere's a parallel path 'tween friends and enemies
And whenever you cross it you make frienemies
There's no remedies for these sick memories
My doctor said there's no cure for the EmmaleseHad a crush on you, now we Kim and Cease
We don't even talk no more, it's no biggie
I was so Biggie, you was Faith
I let you slide in my home, you was safeI thought my ability to provide you stability
Was what was really G, okay, silly me
I was Billy D, smooth cappa really street
Really, she attract niggaz like the A Milli beatAnd I happen to rap but somethin' 'bout this beat strange
Soon as I try to flow with it the beat change
Never thought she'd change
But what you thinks a upgrade really just could be a seat change
Love changesA thug changes and love changes
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Pa-pa-pachangas, pa-pa-pachangasA thug changes and love changes
And best friends become strangers, pachangas
Pa-pa-pachangas, pa-pa-pachangasSee when the love is gone then it's just B.S. left
Just niggaz with chains on tryna be S.F.
That's when your ace become ya B.F.F.

Pa-pa-pachange like they was a P.F. chefDa-da-da-danger, it just feels mystikal
I miss the cool nights sittin' in the Coll-O
Now it's like, boo, we sittin' in Apollo
It used to be all good then, shit just went mile lowAnd that's bad, matter fact that's sad
'Cause when you lose a friend it's hard to handle the loss
They do some bitch shit, gotta give ya man a divorce
End up watchin' Friends like Joey, Chandler and Ross, ya seeMost of these niggaz ain't never love 'em
And these bitches just think whatever of 'em
So maybe playin' dumb was kinda clever of 'em
And less friends are your best friends become strangersA thug changes and love changes
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