

Pachanga

Malverde

A thug changes and love changes

And best friends become strangers, pachangas

Pa-pa-pa-pachangas, pa-pa-pa-pachangas Yo, 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 his They 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 is Between 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 toast Fifteen 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 changes A thug changes and love changes

And best friends become strangers, pachangas

Pa-pa-pachangas, pa-pa-pachangas A thug changes and love changes

And best friends become strangers, pachangas

Pa-pa-pachangas, pa-pa-pachangas There'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 Emmalese Had 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 safe I 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 beat And 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 changes A thug changes and love changes

And best friends become strangers, pachangas

Pa-pa-pachangas, pa-pa-pachangas A thug changes and love changes

And best friends become strangers, pachangas

Pa-pa-pachangas, pa-pa-pachangas See 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

And best friends become strangers, pachangas

Pa-pa-pachangas, pa-pa-pachangasA thug changes and love changes

And best friends become strangers, pachangas

Pa-pa-pachangas, pa-pa-pachangas

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlrics.com/>