

Pachanga

Fabulous

(Hook)

A thug changes and love changes
And best friends become strangers, Pachangas
Pa-Pa-Pachangas, Pa-Pa-Pachangas Yo everything ain't love, Love cuz 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 alot 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

(Hook)

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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 friend-emies
There's no remedies for these sick memories
My doctor said there's no cure for the? Emmales?
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

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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. (Street Fam)
That's when your ace become ya B.F.F.
Pa-Pa-Pa-Pachange ya like they was a P.F. chef
Da-Da-Da-Danger, it just feels 'Mystikal'
I miss the cool nights sittin in the Coll-O
Now it's like boooo we sittin' in Apollo
It used to be all good then shit just went mile low
And that's bad, matter fact that's sad
Cuz 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 see
Most 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 strangers(Hook)
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And best friends become strangers, Pachangas
Pa-Pa-Pachangas, Pa-Pa-Pachangas

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