

## **Fabulous "Pachanga"**

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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 it's 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, a  
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

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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 Emily's  
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 cat but 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

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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.  
Can 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 calo  
Now it's like boooo we sittin' in Apollo  
It used to be all good then shit just went malo  
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

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