

Rita Wilson

"How Come"

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So, I changed huh, you got a phone
Pick up and call me

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 ain't even
beefin' now
After all the years we've been down, ain't no way no
how
This bullshit cant 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 succaim
to yours

And mine I survived it, you ran the streets, I 9 to 5'ed 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 cant 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

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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 woulda killed a nigga first
For I let him disrespect me, or check me over some

Worst some bitch that I wasn't with I woulda hit it and
quit
But you were p'aing 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 y'all was husband and wife or somethin'
But me catching her fuckin' other niggas musta hurt
your pride or something
'Cause you were offin' your mouth to people like you
wanted with me
When all I tried to do was show that your bitch was
shifty

And every sister, fares and all the shit that I produced
You acting like I ain't your man and lying like she cant
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 thats
changing is you

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It's get's 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 speakin' all rude fools I used to rap wit all expect
magic
Like my finger get to snappin' and poof it just happen
But proof is just acting out the part he was thrown
Shady made it so my babies ain't starvin' at home
See the devil in your glance

Since the ghetto we been friends, forever real
intelligence
Thats 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 cant even look me in my face

How come, we don't even talk no more
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