## Pachanga

**Fabolous** 

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

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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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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

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