

## How come - 1/2

**Interprété par D-12.**

[Eminem - Chorus]

How come we dont even talk no more,  
and you dont even call no more.  
We dont barely keep in touch at all,  
and I dont even feel the same love when we hug no more.  
And I heard it through the grape vine we even beefin now.  
After all the years we been down,  
aint no way no how, this bullshit can't be true.  
We family and aint a damn thing changed, unless it's you

[Eminem]

So young, so full of life in vibrant,  
side by side wherever you was ridin'; I went.  
So close, almost on some Bonnie & Clyde shit.  
When Ronnie died you was right by my side with a shoulder to cry on,  
tissue to wipe my eyes, and a bucket to catch every tear I cried inside it.  
You even had the same type of childhood I did.  
Sometimes I just want to know why is it that you surcame to yours  
and mine I survived it. You ran the streets, I 9 to 5'd it.  
We grew up, grew apart, as time went by us,  
then I blew up to both yours and mine surprises.  
Now I feel a vibe I just cant describe it,  
as much as your pride tries to hide it.  
Your cold, your touch it's just like ice  
in your eyes is the look of resenment  
I can sense it, and I dont like it.

[Chorus]

[Kon Artis]

It was my dream at first to be on spittin'; a verse  
on my own album with a deal but shit got worse.  
So I came out, I woulda killed a nigga first  
before I let him disrespect me and check me over some worst.  
Some bitch that I wasn't with, I would hit her then quit.  
But you would pull a talk with her and tell her she was the shit.  
I told you dont get involved in it, you was smokin the chron with her  
comin'; out of the bar with her stumblin half drunk  
like y'all was husband and wife or somethin';.  
But me catchin'; you fuckin'; other niggers musta hurt your pride or somethin';  
cause you won't fuck at the mouth with people like you wanted with me,  
when all I tried to do was show you that your bitch was shifty.  
And ever since the fans and all the shit that I produced,  
you actin'; like I ain't your man and lyin'; like she can't be loose.

## How come - 2/2

But I am really your friend, I'm just tryin' to tell you the truth,  
but dont hate the game or the player  
cause the one that's changing is you.

[Chorus]

[Proof]

You're only at the top cause my homie had to stop,  
now we actin' like I gotta live only for the block.  
And homies in the hood, only she be on the tube,  
only gossip on the porch, get to speakin' on who.  
Fools I used to rap with all expect magic  
like my finger get to snappin' and \*poof\* it just happen.  
But Proof is just actin out the party was stoned,  
Shady made it so my babys ain't starvin' at home.  
See the devil in you grin, since the ghetto we been friends,  
whenever real intelligence thats forever till the end.  
I be the hatred in your eyes and the satan in your lives  
and wastin' my times 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 everytime I go to hear you and play you look away.  
We barely embrace, you can't even look me in my face.

[Chorus]