

# Sober Up

## Joe Budden

[Joe Budden - Verse 1:] I broke down a while ago

    finally picking up the pieces

    Memoirs of how the undefeated

    Can feel depleted

    I dont talk to God as a matter of fact I plead with

    At times I hate my reflection and others I?m conceited

    half the time I?m arrogant other times I?m vengeful

    at times it?s to convince me, at times it?s to convince you

    done a lot of wrong but I aint never felt resentful

    its been so many times I?ve lost track of who to repent to

    half the time I?m in the cut

    dont want you to notice me

    roll with me and you?ll see that I?m only awkward socially

    half the time I?m spiteful, double barrell rifle

    I owe so many payback I feel like I got the right too

    so if you need a case in point you can refer to Budden

    and it will prove that painkillers never murdered nothing

    all it did was make me succumb put ice in me

    put ice in me, make me numb

    when I revisit the places it takes me from

    I?m strong...

[Chorus:] Strong enough to catch contact right

    smell it as soon as you get in my ride

    see with me, rules never apply

    dont tell me how I should live my life

    put your seat back, got it if you need that

    you should really fuck with me

    tell me if you wanna ride or die, la la la la la la la la

[Joe Budden - Verse 2:] Listen up as the center reports

    my inner thoughts are like a inner war

    headaches act as a trembling force on my mental ward

    mentals distraught

    every word fromt his sentence the boss

    it?s brought to you like the people your ministers Porsche

    tight roping on dental floss

    before the haters begin to get lost

    coke and weed got my temperment off

    but why would my temper get lost

    when as soon as the temperature frost

I?m probably having intercourse in a resort  
criminal report, pricey condo?s at a minimal cost  
my train of thought aint as simple as yours  
so if our paths happen to incidentally cross  
I pray that you can overlook all my miniature flaws

until then lets let the bass kick  
take the shots straight I dont see a need to chase it  
trying to fight the urge til there?s something to replace it  
I welcome ya?ll to be my co-pilots on this spaceship  
[Chorus][Joe Budden - Verse 3:]Yo, me and the game would get so blunted  
we?d order take out from the chinese stores  
they make sure you bring change for a hundred  
rob em, safety on the metal?s off  
figured if we beat the breaks off em  
then how the fuck was he gon pedal off  
some live and die by the high, I was born by it  
since Pac gave my mom the needle like go on try it  
got me feeling like aint a nigga can harm me  
so I go and scoop a mommy that wanna come join the army  
she was so militant, disciplined, intelligent  
so I whispered to her, bet you wouldnt mind shilling it  
I got to know her on my sofa

I gave her my honourable discharge and she took like a soldier  
since she the type you gotta watch when she come around  
really she only get high so she can come down

lost her when I said she aint gotta settle

once you start to handle life you?ll be on the same level

[Chorus][Crooked I - Verse 4:]When I was five this what my father said  
I should have pulled you out and left you on your momma?s waterbed  
you asked me, my poppa?s dead

alcoholic jeans from him since a toddler bottle fed

put me on your stainless, I?m brainless, I?m a hollow head

my life was the crazyiest

surprised I?m even walking, can you blame me if I?m atheist

but I aint Stephen Hawkings

I know God is in my radius

I can see him walking in the face of an innocent baby but not when preacher?s talking  
my people sleep in coffins I miss em I?m breaking down in the face of a bad bitch that I?m supposed to be  
taking down

baby ride while I?m crying, I?m dying inside

cause my pain is beside a giant lethiathon and I?m hiding from the World

they hit me with everything but the kitchen sink

how ironic? same place I vomit when I lick a drink

apparently I need to get a shrink

how can therapy take care of me when I don?t give a fuck what niggas think!

[Chorus]

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