

Hate Bein' Sober (feat. 50 Cent & Wiz Khalifa)

Chief Keef

"Young Chop on the beat"[Intro: Cheif Keef]

I can spell sober...

I'm a smoker...

Fredo a drinker, Tadoe off molly water

Sober, my bitches stay sober

Sober

Damn I hate being sober

I hate being sober[Hook: Chief Keef]

Damn I hate being sober, I'm a smoker

Fredo was drinking, ain't said I want molly water

But we can't spell sober

Ballout roll up, when we roll up bitches be on us

All the hoes they love smoking, and love drinking

Anti-sober, for no reason

Cause we can't spell sober

Ya know us, we smoke strong boy, watch me roll up

Cause I can't spell sober

[Verse 1: Chief Keef]

On my tour bus we get dumb high you's a floor, boy

Fredo got a hangover he toting a Cobra

Last night he was shooting shit up like O-Dog

Reesy rolling, Tadoe got hoes on mollies

Chief Sosa, Ballout, we high riding 'Raris

My bitches love drinking, some love smoking

Let my alcoholic bitch hit the dutch, she start choking

Call up D-Money, now we throw money

All these bitches off the shits they walk around like some zombies

Call up D-Money, now we throw money

All these bitches off the shits walk around like some zombies[Hook: Chief Keef]

[Verse 2: 50 Cent]

We got 100 pounds of this shit, my stash house with them bricks

My pockets filled with them stacks, my bitch be gone off a flat

She a hot tamale when she pop a molly, it's time to party, we party hard
Drink and smoke it, drink and smoke it, drink and smoke it, we high for sure

I came in back of that Rolls

Nigga I ain't stunting them hoes

I trick a bitch to suck dick

Trick, what you spend on her, we spend on clothes

Too young for me she want Sosa, shooters in the Range Rover

That's GBE, when them two-two-threes get to flyin' bitch it's over

See my ring chain and my Rolex when I'm flexin'

Bitch I got to get mine, nigga get outta line, I check 'em

See this gangster's shit done stuntin' to perfection
Nigga better believe me, I make it look easy[Hook: Chief Keef][Verse 3: Wiz Khalifa]
My weed so strong, my cheese so long
Roll so many joints soon I might need a lung
Spend so many grands that I might need some bands
That's your bitch why she acting like she need a man?
I'm faded, talking mills cause I made it
Talking pounds cause I smoke it
Talking game cause I played it
I'm wasted, Rozzay that's my favorite
OG kush you could taste it
Buying Cris' by the cases
I hate being sober
Don't smell no one smoking
Me and my niggas come roll up
Believe they gon' fire on you
You think you could roll up
You smoke by the ounce
Well bitch, I smoke by the pound 'cause[Hook: Chief Keef]

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