

# Joe Budden "Sober Up"

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## "Sober Up"

(feat. Crooked I)

*[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

*[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 from 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 craziest  
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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