

Chief Keef "Hate Bien' Sober"

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[Hook: Chief Keef]

Damn I hate being sober, I'm a smoker
Fredo a drinker, Tadoe off molly water
We can't spell sober
But I roll up, when we roll up bitches be on us
So the lot smoking and I'm drinking
It takes over for no reason
Cause we can't spell sober
Ya know us, we smoke strong bruh,
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
Reese roll up, Tadoe got hoes on mollies
Chief Sosa ball out we high riding ~Rari's
My bitches love drinking, Sosa loves smoking
Let my alcoholic bitch hit the dope, she start choking
Call up D-Money, now we throw money
All these bitches off the shits 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 going
for 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 out for sure
I came in back of that Rolls, nigga I ain't stuntin'
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, shootas in the Range
Rover
That's GBE, when them two-two-threes get to flyin'
bitch its 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 gangsta shit, stuntin' to perfection
Nigga better believe me, I make it look easy

[Verse 3: Wiz Khalifa]

My weed so strong, my cheese so long
Roll so many joints soon I might need a loan
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, Rose that's my favorite
OG kush the good tastin',
Buying Cris' by the cases
I hate being sober
Dont 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

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