

# Blow Up

J. Cole

Laaa la la laaaa  
La la laaaa

Hey, this is a song for my haters,  
Yeah, you got me feeling like the greatest yeah  
Hey, this is a song for my haters,  
Hey hey, you got me feeling like the greatest yeah

Haa, bitch I'm about to blow up  
Uh huh, say what  
Bitch I'm about to blow up  
Hey I came up, I warmed up the next up  
Bitch I'm about to blow up

Now don't it sound legendary  
Live enough to resurrect the dead and buried  
This for niggas who ain't satisfied with secondary  
This for my sisters who ain't satisfied with secretary  
Uh, I'm blowing up and bitch I'm still me  
But what's the cost to live your dreams, do you feel me?  
Everything glittering ain't what you think it will be  
Funny how money chains and whips make me feel free  
I'm starring in this bitch and yeah I write the show  
Fuck the haters I'm headed to that place you like to go  
They say, "what you fighting for, the game is on life support"  
And Gary Coleman just passed, life is short  
Bitch I'm about to blow up, look I'm about to blow up  
Yeah got to the club early just to get in free and wait for hoes to show up  
Man, but now it's bottles at them tables, bring the models boy I'm about to  
po' up  
Uh huh, you know what, bitch I'm about to blow up

Laaa la la laaaa (Left side left side hey)  
La la laaaa (Right side right side ah ha)  
Laaa la la laaaa (Left side left side hey)  
La la laaaa (Bitch I'm about to blow up)

Hey, this is a song for my haters (Bitch I'm about to blow up)  
Yeah, you got me feeling like the greatest yeah (Ha, said I'm about to blow  
up)  
Hey, this is a song for my haters (Uh huh, look I'm about to blow up)  
Hey hey, you got me feeling like the greatest yeah  
Yeah, bitch I'm about to blow up

Momma said I should reconsider law school  
That means I wear a suit and bend the truth and feel awful  
Hell naw, got a degree but what that cost you  
You make a good salary just to pay Sally May  
That's real as ever  
Ducking bill collectors like Jehova's witness  
When they showed up at your door at Christmas  
Was broke as dishes tryna let it go  
Hit the club she drop it low, lower than my credit score  
Account overdraft what I got this debit for  
Summers dead it got me drinking thinking bitch I better blow  
I better blow,  
These hoes ain't checking for no nigga with no vehicle

You border like Mexico  
Hey baby girl what it look like  
And where ya head at, and what ya cook like  
She said where ya bread at, and what your whip like  
You ain't got one or the other than brother good night

Bitch I'm about to blow up, look I'm about to blow up  
Yeah got to the club early just to get a friend, wait for hoes to show up  
But now it's bottles at the tables bring the models, boy I'm about to po' up  
Uh ha, you know what  
Bitch I'm about to blow up

Laaa la la laaaa (Left side left side hey)  
La la laaaa (Right side right side ah ha)  
Laaa la la laaaa (Left side left side hey)  
La la laaaa (Bitch I'm about to blow up)

Hey, this is a song for my haters (Bitch I'm about to blow up)  
Yeah, you got me feeling like the greatest yeah (Uh, said I'm about to blow up)  
Hey, this is a song for my haters (Yeah, bitch I'm about to blow up)  
Hey hey, you got me feeling like the greatest yeah  
Bitch I'm about to blow up!

Praise God it's hard to stay spiritual  
How they got these niggas on the TV selling miracles  
You mean to tell me everything gon be fine  
If I call your hotline and pay 29.99 shit  
Well damn, why ain't you say so  
Take this check and ask God to multiply all my pesos  
And erase my number out the phone of these fake hoes  
I saved her number just in case but now it's case closed  
To you niggas biting my flows and my subject matter  
You'll never be me partner so it don't fucking matter  
You try to be and your career will see funerals  
And be you that's why it sounds, beautiful  
Then maybe you could blow up  
And maybe you could blow up  
Shit but you know what  
For now bitch I'm about to blow up