

## **J.Cole**

### **"Blow Up"**

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[J. Cole Chorus]

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, b-tch I'm about to blow up  
uh ah, say what  
b-tch I'm about to blow up

[J. Cole - Verse 1]

Hey I came up,  
I warmed up the next up  
b-tch I'm about to blow up  
now don't it sound legendary  
liven up the ressurected dead and buried  
this for n-ggas not satisfied for secondary  
this for my sisters who aint satisfied with secretary  
uh, I'm blowing and b-tch I'm still me  
but whats the cost to live your dream do you feel me  
everything glittering aint what you think it will be  
funny how money changed and whips make me feel  
free  
I'm starring in this b-tch and yeah I write the show  
f-ck the haters I'm headed to the 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  
b-tch 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 its bottles at the tables bring the models hoe  
I'm about to po' up  
uh ha, you know what  
b-tch I'm about to blow up

left side left side hey  
right side right side ah ha

left side left side hey

[Chorus]

[J. Cole - Verse 2]

Momma said I should reconsider law school  
that means I wear a suit and be a troop and feel awful  
hell naw, got a degree but what that cost you  
you make a good salary just to pay Sally May  
thats 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 b-tch I better  
blow

I better blow  
these hoes aint checking for no n-gga 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 aint got one or the other than brother good night

b-tch 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 its bottles at the tables bring the models boy  
I'm about to po' up  
uh ha, you know what  
b-tch I'm about to blow up

left side left side hey  
right side right side ah ha  
left side left side hey

[Chorus]

Praise God it's hard to stay spiritual  
how they got these n-ggas on the TV selling miracles  
you mean to tell me everything gon be fine  
if I call your hotline and pay 29.99 sh-t  
well damn, why aint you say so  
take this shaking ass 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 n-ggas biting my flows and my subject matter  
you'll never be me partner so it don't f-cking matter  
you try to be and your career will see funerals  
and be you thats what it sounds, beautiful  
then maybe you could blow up  
and maybe you could blow up  
sh-t but you know what  
for now b-tch I'm about to blow up

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