Blow Up

The Dils

[Chorus]La, La La La La, La La
This is a song for my haters
Y'all got me feeling like the greatest, yeah
This is a song for my haters
Ya'll got me feeling like the greatest, yeah
Bitch im about to Blow up!
Bitch im about to Blow Up!
I came up, I warmed up, the next up
Bitch im about to Blow Up!
[Verse 1]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,
I'm blowin up and bitch im still me,
But whats the cost to live your dreams, do you feel me
Everything glittering ain't what you think it will be
Funny how money changed, The whips make me feel free
I'm starring in this bitch and yeah I write the show
Fuck the haters im headed to that place you'd like to go,
They say what you fightin for,
The games on live support,
Ay Gary Coleman just passed, Life is short
[Chorus]Bitch im about to Blow Up!
Look im 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 theres bottles at the tables
Bring the models boy im about to pour up
Uh huh, you know what?
Bitch im about to Blow Up!
La, La La La La, La La
La, La La La La, La La
Left side Life side eh,
Right side Right side uh huh,
Left side Left side eh,
Bitch im about to Blow Up!
This is a song for my haters
Y'all got me feeling like the greatest, yeah

This is a song for my haters
Ya'll got me feeling like the greatest, yeah
Bitch im about to Blow up!
[Verse 2]Mama say I should reconsider law school,
That means ill wear a suit, and bend the truth, and feel awful,
Hell naw, gotta degree but what'd that cost you
Your makin good salary, Just to pay Sally Maie
That's real as ever,

Duckin bill collectors,
Like Jehovah'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
So much debt it got me drinkin, Thinkin bitch I better blow
I better blow,
These hoes aint checkin for no nigga with no vehicle,
You border like Meh-He-Co
Ay baby girl what it look like,
Ay where your head at, Ay what you cook like
She say where your bread at, Or whats your whip like
You aint got one or the other, Well brother goodnight
[Chorus]Bitch im about to Blow Up!
Look im about to Blow Up!
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Man, But now theres bottles at the tables
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[Verse 3]Praise god, its hard to stay spiritual,
How they got these niggas on the TV sellin miracles,

You mean to tell me everything gon' be fine,
If I call your hotline, and pay $29.99? shit,
Well damn, Why aint you say so,
Take this check and ass, Gotta multiply all my pesos
And eraise my number out the phones of these fake hoes,
Ill take their number just in case, but now its case closed,
To you niggas bitin my flows and my subject matter,
You'll never be me partner, So it dont fuckin matter
You try to be and your career''ll see funerals,
Ay Be You that's when the sound's Be-You-Tiful(beautiful)
Then maybe you can Blow Up,
Ay maybe you can Blow Up,
Shit, But, You Know what?
For now, Bitch im about to Blow up!

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