

# Blow Up (Xaphoon Jones ColeStep Remix)

J. Cole

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  
Ha, bitch I'm about to blow up  
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 not satisfied with secondary  
This for my sisters who ain't satisfied with secretary  
Uh, I'm blowing and bitch I'm still me  
But what's the cost to live your dream, 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 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 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  
But now its bottles at them tables, bring the models boy  
I'm about to po' up  
Uh ha, you know what  
Bitch I'm about to blow up  
Left side, left side  
Right side, right side  
Left side, left side, hey! 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  
Ha, bitch I'm about to blow up  
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 Mae  
That's real as ever

Ducking 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 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 well brother good night 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  
Ha, bitch I'm about to blow up  
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 phones 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 when 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

Songwriters

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