

Dirt Off Your Shoulder / Lying from You

JAY-Z & LINKIN PARK

I ordered a frappuccino
Where's my f**kin frappuccino
Alright, let's do this When I pretend everything is what I want it to be
I look exactly like what you always wanted to see
When I pretend, I can't forget about the criminal I am
Stealing second after second just cause I know I can but
I can't pretend this is the way it'll stay I'm just
Trying to bend the truth
I can't pretend I'm who you want me to be, so I'm
Lying my way from If you feelin like a pimp nigga, go and brush your shoulders off
Ladies is pimps too, go and brush your shoulders off
Niggaz is crazy baby, don't forget that boy told you
Get, that, dirt off your shoulder
I probably owe it to y'all, proud to be locked by the force
Tryin to hustle some things, that go with the Porsche
Feelin no remorse, feelin like my hand was forced
Middle finger to the law, nigga grip'n my balls
All the ladies they love me, from the bleachers they screamin
All the ballers is bouncin they like the way I be leanin
All the rappers be hatin, off the track that I'm makin
But all the hustlers they love it just to see one of us make it
Came from the bottom the bottom, to the top of the pots
Nigga London, Japan and I'm straight off the block
Like a running back, get it man, I'm straight off the block
I can run it back nigga cause I'm straight with the Roc If you feelin like a pimp nigga, go and
brush your shoulders off
Ladies is pimps too, go and brush your shoulders off
Niggaz is crazy baby, don't forget that boy told you
Get, that, dirt off your shoulder
You gotta get (get), that(that), dirt off your shoulder
You gotta get (get), that(that), dirt off your shoulder
You gotta get (get), that(that), dirt off your shoulder
You gotta get (get), that(that), dirt off your shoulder Your homey Hov' in position, in the
kitchen with soda
I just whipped up a watch, tryin to get me a Rover
Tryin to stretch out the coca, like a wrestler, yessir
Keep the Heckler close, you know them smokers'll test ya
But like, fifty-two cards when I'm, I'm through dealin
Now fifty-two bars come out, now you feel 'em
Now, fifty-two cars roll out, remove ceiling
In case fifty-two broads come out, now you chillin
with a boss bitch of course S.C. on the sleeve

At the 40/40 club, ESPN on the screen
I paid a grip for the jeans, plus the slippers is clean
No chrome on the wheels, I'm a grown-up for real, chill Yeah, I remember what they taught to
me

Remember condescending talk of who I ought to be
Remember listening to all of that and this again
So I pretended up a person who was fittin' in
And now you think this person really is me and I'm
Trying to bend the truth

But the more I push the more I'm pulling away cause I'm Lying my way from you

No no turning back now

I wanna be pushed aside so let me go

No no turning back now

Let me take back my life I'd rather be all alone

No turning back now

Anywhere on my own 'cause I can see

No no turning back now

The very worst part of you

The very worst part of you is ME This isn't what I wanted to be, I never thought that what I said
would

have you running from me

Like This

This isn't what I wanted to be, I never thought that what I said would
have you running from me

Like This

This isn't what I wanted to be, I never thought that what I said would
have you running from me

Like This

This isn't what I wanted to be, I never thought that what I said would
have you running from me

Like This You

No turning back now

I wanna be pushed aside so let me go

No no turning back now

Let me take back my life I'd rather be all alone

No turning back now

Anywhere on my own 'cause I can see

No no turning back now

The very worst part of you

The very worst part of you is me Beeitch

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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