

# Linkin Park, Dirt Off Your Shoulder/Lying From Yo

"I ordered a frappuccino, where's my fucking frappuccino? [hahaha]  
Alright Let's do this"

When I pretend,  
Everything is what I want it to be,  
I looked exactly like what you had 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 that 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

"Yeah"

If you feelin like a pimp nigga, go and brush your shoulders off  
Ladies is pimps too, go and brush your shoulders off  
Niggas 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 Pops  
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

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Niggas is crazy baby, don't forget that boy told you  
Get, that, dirt off your shoulder  
You gotta  
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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

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 fitting in,  
And now you think this person,  
Really is me and I'm  
Trying to bend the truth  
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,  
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"Beeatch"