

# Jay-Z, Bittersweet Your Shoulders Off

If you feeling 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 you all, proud to be locked by the force  
Trying to hustle some things, that go with the Porsche  
Feeling no remorse, feeling like my hand was forced  
Middle finger to the law, nigga griping my balls  
All the ladies they love me, from the bleachers they screaming  
All the ballers is bouncing they like the way I be leaning  
All the rappers be hating, off the track that I'm making  
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  
Cause it's a bittersweet symphony, this life  
If you feeling like a pimp nigga, go and brush your shoulders off  
Try to make ends meet  
You're a slave to money then you die  
Get, that, dirt off your shoulder  
Your homey Hov' in position, in the kitchen with soda  
I just whipped up a watch, trying to get me a Rover  
Trying to stretch out the coca, like a wrestler, yes sir  
Keep the Heckler close, you know them smokers'll test you  
But like, fifty-two cards when I'm, I'm through dealing  
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 chilling  
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  
No change, I can change  
I can change, I can change  
But I'm here in my mold  
I am here in my mold  
But I'm a million different people  
Find More lyrics at [www.sweetslyrics.com](http://www.sweetslyrics.com)  
From one day to the next  
I can't change my mold  
No, no, no, no, no  
If you feeling 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  
You gotta get, that, dirt off your shoulder  
You gotta get, that, dirt off your shoulder  
You gotta get, that, dirt off your shoulder  
You gotta get, that, dirt off your shoulder  
Your boy back in the building, Brooklyn we back on the map  
Me and my beautiful beeeeeeeitch in the back of that 'Bach  
I'm the realest that run it, I just happen to rap  
I ain't gotta clap at 'em, niggas scared of that black  
I drop that +Black, Album+ then I back, out it  
As the best rapper alive nigga ask about me  
From Bricks to Billboards, from grams to Grammys  
The O's to opposite, Orphan Annie  
You gotta pardon Jay, for selling out the Garden in a day  
I'm like a young Marvin in his hey  
I'm a hustler homey, you a customer crony  
Got some, dirt on my shoulder, could you brush it off for me?  
If you feeling 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  
You know I can change, I can change  
I can change, I can change  
But I'm here in my mold  
I am here in my mold  
And I'm a million different people  
From one day to the next  
I can't change my mold  
No, no, no, no, no  
I can't change my mold  
No, no, no, no, no,  
I can't change  
Can't change my body,  
No, no, no  
I'll take you down the only road I've ever been down  
I'll take you down the only road I've ever been down  
Been down  
We've got your sex and violence, melody and silence  
Ever been down  
Ever been down  
We've got your sex and silence, melody and sirens  
Ever been down  
Ever been down  
Have you ever been down?  
Have you've ever been down?