

# Jay-Z, Dirt Off Your Shoulder / Lying From You

I ordered a frappuccino  
Where's my fuckin 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

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You gotta get (get), that(that), dirt off your shoulder  
You gotta get (get), that(that), dirt off your shoulder  
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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 'cuz 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 cuz 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 cuz I can see  
No no turning back now  
The very worst part of you  
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Beeitch