

Vixen

"Dirt Off Your Shoulder"

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Turn the music up in the headphones
Tim, you can go and brush your shoulder off nigga
I got you, yeah

[Chorus: Jay-Z]

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

[Verse One]

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 grippin my balls
Said 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

[Chorus]

[Chorus Two]

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

[Verse Two]

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 it, 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

[Chorus] + [Chorus Two]

[Verse Three]

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, niggaz scared of that black
I drop that +Black, Album+ then I back, out it
As the best rapper alive nigga axe about me
From Bricks to Billboards, from grams to Grammys
The O's to opposite, Orphan Annie
You gotta pardon Jay, for sellin 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?

[Chorus] + [Chorus Two]

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Best rapper alive, best rapper alive

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