

## Cypress Hill F/ PMD

### "Dirt Off Your Shoulder/Lying From You"

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\* Jay-Z lyrics from OHHLA.com originally

[Chester Bennington]  
I ordered a frappuccino  
Where's my fucking frappuccino  
\*Laughing\*  
All right let's do this

[Verse 1: Mike Shinoda (Chester Bennington)]  
When I pretend, everything is what I want it to be  
I looked 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 that this is they way it'll stay, I'm just  
(Trying to bend the truth)  
I can't pretend of who you want me to be so I'm  
(Lying my way from)

[Chorus 1: 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 2: Jay-Z]  
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 1: Jay-Z]

[Bridge: Jay-Z] x4  
You gotta get, that, dirt off your shoulder

[Verse 3: Jay-Z]  
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, yes sir  
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

[Verse 3: Mike Shinoda (Chester Bennington)]  
Yeah, I remember what they taught to me  
Remember condescending took for who I ought to be  
Remember listenin 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 )  
But the more I push the more I'm pulling away 'cause  
I'm  
(Lying my way from)

[Chorus 2: Chester Bennington (Jay-Z & Mike Shinoda)]  
You (Nah, no turning back now)  
I wanna be pushed aside so let me go  
(Nah, no turning back now)  
Let me take me back my life  
I'd rather be all alone  
(No turning back now)  
And anywhere on my own, cause I can see  
(Nah, no turning back now)  
The very worst part of you  
The very worst part of you  
It's ME!!

[Bridge: Mike Shinoda] x4  
This isn't what I wanted to be  
I never thought that what I said would have you running

from me  
Like this

[Chorus 2: Chester Bennington (Jay-Z & Mike Shinoda)]

[Jay-Z]  
Biatch!

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