Linkin Park & Jay-Z "Dirt Off Your Shoulder / Lying From You"

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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've always wanted to see When I pretend, I can't forget about the criminal I am Stealing second after second just 'cuz 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 to 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 'cuz I'm straight with the Roc

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

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 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 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
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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)
(The very worst part of you is me)

Beeitch

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