

Linkin Park & Jay-Z "Dirt Off Your Shoulders"

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When I pretend everything is what I want it to be
I look exactly like what you would 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 you

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 gripin' my balls

Said, 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 could run it back nigga 'cause I'm straight with the
Roc, come on

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
I paid a grip for the jeans, plus the slippers is clean
No chrome on the wheels, I'm a grown-up for real

I remember what they taught to me
Remember condescending, they 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

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