

Unknown

"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 Lord, nigga grip I'm a boss

Stab 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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