

2Pac F/ Jasmine Guy**"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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