

Dirt Off Your Shoulder

JAY Z

You're now tuned into the motherfucking greatest
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 feeling like a pimp nigga, go and brush your shoulders off
Ladies is pimps too, go and brush your shoulders off
Niggas is crazy baby, don't forget that boy told you
Get, that, dirt off your shoulder

[Verse One]

I probably owe it to you all, proud to be locked by the force
Trying to hustle some things, that go with the Porsche
Feeling no remorse, feeling like my hand was forced
Middle finger to the law, nigga griping my balls
All the ladies they love me, from the bleachers they screaming
All the ballers is bouncing they like the way I be leaning
All the rappers be hating, off the track that I'm making
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 Pops"
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 Rock

[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, trying to get me a Rover
Trying to stretch out the coca, like a wrestler, yes sir
Keep the Heckler close, you know them smokers'll test you
But like, fifty-two cards when I'm, I'm through dealing
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 chilling
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 bitch 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, niggas scared of that black
I drop that +Black, Album+ then I back, out it
As the best rapper alive nigga ask about me
From Bricks to Billboards, from grams to Grammys
The O's to opposite, Orphan Annie
You gotta pardon Jay, for selling 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

Lyrics submitted by Brandon James C.

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