

Dirt Off Your Shoulder

JAY-Z

You're now tuned into the muh'fuckin greatest
Turn the music up in the headphones
Tim, you can go and brush your shoulder off, nigga
I got you, yeahIf 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
I probably owe it to y'all, probably 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 of 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 Roc
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
You gotta get that dirt off your shoulder
Your homie 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, 52 cards went out, I'm through dealin'
Now 52 bars come out, now you feel 'em
Now 52 cars roll out, remove ceilin'
In case 52 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 realIf 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

You gotta get that dirt off your shoulderYour boy back in the building; Brooklyn, we back on the map

Me and my beautiful bee-itch in the back of that 'Bach

I'm the realest to 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 'bout me

From bricks to Billboards, from grams to Grammy's

From O's to opposite of 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, homie, you a customer crony

Got some dirt on my shoulder; could you brush it off for me?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

You gotta get that dirt off your shoulderYou're now tuned into the mu'fuckin' greatest

Best rapper alive, best rapper alive

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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