

# 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  
You gotta get that dirt off your shoulder  
You gotta get that dirt off your shoulder  
You gotta get that dirt off your shoulderYour 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 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 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 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'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.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>