Dirt Off Your Shoulder

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, yeah

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"

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 'cuz I'm straight with the Roc

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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 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, 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

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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, 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 hay I'm a hustler homey, you a customer crony Got some dirt on my shoulder, could you brush it off for me?

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Now tuned into the muh'fuckin' greatest Best rapper alive, best rapper alive