

Jay-Z, Bittersweet Your Shoulders Off

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
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 Roc
Cause it's a bittersweet symphony, this life
If you feeling like a pimp nigga, go and brush your shoulders off
Try to make ends meet
You're a slave to money then you die
Get, that, dirt off your shoulder
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
No change, I can change
I can change, I can change
But I'm here in my mold
I am here in my mold
But I'm a million different people
Find More lyrics at www.sweetslyrics.com
From one day to the next
I can't change my mold
No, no, no, no, no
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
Your boy back in the building, Brooklyn we back on the map
Me and my beautiful beeeeeeeitch 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?
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 know I can change, I can change
I can change, I can change
But I'm here in my mold
I am here in my mold
And I'm a million different people
From one day to the next
I can't change my mold
No, no, no, no, no
I can't change my mold
No, no, no, no, no,
I can't change
Can't change my body,
No, no, no
I'll take you down the only road I've ever been down
I'll take you down the only road I've ever been down
Been down
We've got your sex and violence, melody and silence
Ever been down
Ever been down
We've got your sex and silence, melody and sirens
Ever been down
Ever been down
Have you ever been down?
Have you've ever been down?