

Linkin Park, Dirt Off Your Shoulder/Lying From Yo

"I ordered a frappuccino, where's my fucking frappuccino? [hahaha]
Alright Let's do this"

When I pretend,
Everything is what I want it to be,
I looked exactly like what you had always wanted to see,
When I pretend,
I can't forget about the criminal I am,
Stealing second after second just cause I know I can,
But I can't pretend that this is the way it'll stay, I'm just
Trying to bend the truth
I can't pretend I'm who you want me to be so I'm
Lying my way from

"Yeah"

If you feelin 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, 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 law, nigga grip'n my balls
All 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 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 feelin 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 gotta
Get, that, dirt off your shoulder

Your homey 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, 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

I remember what they taught to me,
Remember condescending talk,
Of who I ought to be,
Remember listening to all of that,
And this again,

So I pretended up a person who was fitting in,
And now you think this person,
Really is me and I'm
Trying to bend the truth
The more I push,
The more I'm pulling away,
Cause I'm
Lying my way from

You
[No, no turning back now]
I wanna be pushed aside, so let me go
[No, no turning back now]
Let me take back my life,
I'd rather be, all alone
[No turning back now]
Anywhere on my own, cause I can see
[No, no turning back now]
The very worst part of you
The very worst part of you
Is me

This isn't what I wanted to be,
I never thought that what I said,
Would have you running from me,
LIKE THIS
This isn't what I wanted to be,
I never thought that what I said,
Would have you running from me,
LIKE THIS
This isn't what I wanted to be,
I never thought that what I said,
Would have you running from me,
LIKE THIS
This isn't what I wanted to be,
I never thought that what I said,
Would have you running from me,
LIKE THIS

You
[No turning back now]
I wanna be pushed aside, so let me go
[No, no turning back now]
Let me take back my life,
I'd rather be, all alone
[No turning back now]
Anywhere on my own, cause I can see
[No, no turning back now]
The very worst part of you
The very worst part of you
Is me

"Beeatch"