99 Problems

Jay-z

If you havin' girl problems I feel bad for you son
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one
I got the Rap Patrol on the gat patrol
Foes that wanna make sure my casket's closed
Rap critics that say he's 'Money, Cash, Hoes'
I'm from the hood stupid, what type of facts are those?
If you grew up with holes in your zapper toes
You'd celebrate the minute you was havin' dough
I'm like fuck critics, you can kiss my whole asshole
If you don't like my lyrics, you can press fast forward
Got beef with radio if I don't play they show
They don't play my hits, well I don't give a shit, so
Rap mags try and use my black ass
So advertisers can give 'em more cash for ads, fuckers
I don't know what you take me as
Or understand the intelligence that Jay-Z has
I'm from, rags to riches, niggaz I ain't dumb
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one, hit me
99 problems but a bitch ain't one
If you havin' girl problems I feel bad for you son
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one, hit me
The year is ninety-four, in my trunk is raw
In my rear view mirror is the motherfuckin' law
Got two choices y'all, pull over the car or
Bounce on the Devil, put the pedal to the floor
And I ain't tryin' to see no highway chase with Jake
Plus I got a few dollars, I can fight the case
So I pull over to the side of the road
Son do you know why I'm stoppin' you for?
'Cause I'm young and I'm black and my hat's real low
Or do I look like a mind reader sir? I don't know
Am I under arrest or should I guess some mo'?
Well you was doin fifty-five in the fifty-four
License and registration and step out of the car
Are you carryin' a weapon on you? I know a lot of you are
I ain't steppin' out of shit, all my papers legit
Well do you mind if I look around the car a little bit?
Well my glove compartment is locked, so is the trunk in the back
And I know my rights, so you gon' need a warrant for that

Aren't you sharp as a tack, you should try out
For lawyer or somethin', somebody important or somethin'
Child I ain't passed the bar, but I know a little bit
Enough that you won't illegally search my shit
Well we'll see how smart you are when the canine comes
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one, hit me
99 problems but a bitch ain't one
If you havin' girl problems I feel bad for you son
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one, hit me
99 problems but a bitch ain't one
If you havin' girl problems I feel bad for you son
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one, hit me
Now once upon a time, not too long ago
A nigga like myself had to strong arm a hoe
This is not a hoe in the sense of havin' a pussy
But a pussy havin' no goddamn sense, try an' push me
I try to ignore him, talk to the Lord
Pray for him, but some fools just love to perform
You know the type, loud as a motorbike
But wouldn't bust a grape in a fruit fight
And only thing that's gon' happen is I'ma get to clappin' and
He and his boys gon' be yappin' to the Captain
And there I go, trapped in the Kit-Kat again
Back through the system with the riff-raff again
Fiends on the floor, scratchin' again
Paparazzis with they cameras, snappin' them
D.A. try to give a nigga shaft again
Half a mill' for bail 'cause I'm African
All because this fool was harassin' them
Tryin' to play the boy like he's saccharin'
But ain't nuttin' sweet 'bout how I hold my gun
I got 99 problems B and a bitch ain't one, hit me
99 problems but a bitch ain't one
If you havin' girl problems I feel bad for you son
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one, hit me
99 problems but a bitch ain't one
If you havin' girl problems I feel bad for you son
I got 99 problems, but a bitch ain't one, hit me
Havin' girl problems I feel bad for you son
I got 99 problems and a bitch ain't one, ha ha
You crazy for this one Rick, it's your boy

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