

# Points Of Authority / 99 Problems / One Step Close

## Linkin Park

If you havin' girl problems, I feel bad for you, son  
I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one, hit me  
He's gotta mike  
He's got the rap patrol on the gat patrol  
Foes that wanna make sure his casket's closed  
Rap critics that say he's "Money Cash Hoes"  
He's from the hood stupid, what type of facts are those  
If you grew up with holes in your zapitos  
You'd celebrate the minute you was havin' doe  
So, fuck critics, you can kiss our whole asshole  
If you don't like my lyrics, you can press fast forward  
Beef with radio, if we don't play they show  
They don't play out hits, we don't give a shit, so  
All these mags try and use our ass  
So, advertisers can give 'em more cash for ads, fuckers  
I don't know what you take us as  
Or understand the intelligence that Jay-Z has  
From rags to riches, nigga, we ain't dumb  
We 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  
And the year is '94 and in my trunk is raw  
In the rear view mirror is the mother fuckin' law  
I got two choices ya'll, pull over the car or  
Bounce on the Devil, put the pedal to the floor  
Now, 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  
I heard, "Son, do you know what I'm stoppin you for?"  
'Cause I'm young and I'm black and my hats real low  
Do I look like a mind reader, Sir? I don't know  
Am I under arrest or should I guess some mo?  
You was doin' fifty five in a fifty four  
License and registration and step out of the car  
Are you carryin' a weapon on you? I know alot of you are  
Well, I ain't steppin' out of shit, all my papers legit  
But do you mind if I look around the car a little bit?  
Well, my glove compartment is locked so is the trunk and the back

And I know my rights, so, you gon' need a warrant for that  
Aren't you sharp as a tack, get me some type of lawyer or some  
Somebody important or somethin'?

Ha, I ain't pass the bar but I know a little bit  
Enough that you won't illegally search my shit  
We'll see how smart you are when the K-9's come  
I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one, hit me  
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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 and push me  
I tried to ignore him and talk to the Lord  
Pray for him 'cause some fools just love to perform  
You know the type, loud as a motor bike  
But wouldn't bust a grape in a fruit fight  
The only thing that's gonna happen is I'ma get to clappin'  
He and his boys gon' be yappin' to the captain  
And there I go traped in the kit, kat again  
Back through the system with the riff, raff again  
Fiends on the floor scratchin' again  
Paparatzis with they cameras snappin' them  
D A tried to give the nigga the shaft again  
Half-a-mil for bail 'cause I'm African  
All because this fool was harrasin' them  
Tryin' to play the boy like he's saccarin  
But ain't nothin' sweet 'bout how I hold my gun  
I got 99 problems, being a bitch ain't one  
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  
Shut up when I'm talking to you  
Shut up, shut up, shut up  
Shut up when I'm talking to you  
Shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up  
I'm about to break  
(Everything you say to me)  
I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one, hit me  
(I need a little room to breathe)  
I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one, hit me  
(Everything you say to me)  
I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one, hit me  
(I need a little room to breathe)  
I got 99 problems and I'm about to break

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