

Vixen

"99 Problems"

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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 zapatoes
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 rearview mirror is the motherfuckin law
Got two choices y'all, pull over the car or (hmm)
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 mindreader 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 some type of 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 strongarm a hoe

This is not a hoe in the sense of havin a pussy

But a pussy havin no God damn 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!

.. Whoo! Whoo! Uh, uh
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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