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Jay-Z "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 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

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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 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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