

Linkin Park

"Points Of Authority / 99 Problems / One Step Closer"

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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, 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

99 problems but a bitch ain't one
If you havin' girl problems, I feel bad for you, son
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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 trapped in the kit, kat again
Back through the system with the riff, raff again

Fiends on the floor scratchin' again
Paparazzi's 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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