

## **Linkin Park & Jay-Z "Points Of Authority/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, hit me

Got 'em 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 zapatoes  
You'd celebrate the minute you was havin' dough  
So fuck critics, you can kiss the whole asshole  
If you don't like the lyrics, you can press fast forward

Got beef with radio if we don't play they show  
They don't play our 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, 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, hit me

Now the year is ninety-four, in my trunk is raw  
In the rear view mirror is the motherfuckin' law  
I 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, I heard  
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 some type of  
Lawyer or somethin', somebody important or  
somethin?  
Ha, 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 canines  
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 strongarm 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  
Paparazzi's 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

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 talkin' to you  
Shut up, shut up, shut up  
Shut up when I'm talkin' 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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