

Unknown

"99 Problems"

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If your havin girl problems i feel bad for you son

I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one

[Verse 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 O's and you zap the toes

You'd celebrate the minute you was havin doe

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 intellegence that Jay-Z has

I'm from rags to ritches nigga i ain't dumb

I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one

Hit me

[Chorus]

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

[Verse Two]

The year is '94 and in my trunk is raw

In my rear view mirror is the mother fuckin law

I got two choices yall 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

And i heard "Son do you know why 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?

"Well you was doin fifty five in a fifty four"

"Liscense and regestration and step out of the car"

"Are you carryin a weapon on you i know alot of you are"

I ain't steppin out of shit all my papers legit

"Do you mind if i look round 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 warrent for that

"Aren't you sharp as a tack are some type of lawyer or something?"

"Or somebody important or somethin?"

Nah i ain't pass the bar but i know a little bit

Enough that you won't illegally search my shit

"Well see how smart you are when the K-9's come"

I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one

Hit me

[Chorus X2]

[Verse Three]

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 God Damn sense, try and push me

I tried to inore 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'mma 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

Paparatzi's with they cameras snappin them

D.A. tred to give the nigga the shaft again

Half-a-mil for bail cause i'm African

All because ths fool was horrasin them

Tryin to play the boy like hes saccarin

But ain't nothin sweet 'bout how i hold my gun

I got 99 problems but this bitch ain't one

Hit me

[Chorus X3]

You're crazy for this one Rick

It's your boy

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