99 Problems

JAY-Z

If you're having girl problems I feel bad for you son I got ninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one I got the rap patrol on the gat patrol Foes that want to 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 zapatos You'd celebrate the minute you was having 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, niggas I ain't dumb I got ninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one, hit me Ninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one If you having girl problems I feel bad for you son I got ninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one, hit me Year's '94 and my trunk is raw In my rear view mirror is the motherfucking law I got two choices y'all, pull over the car or, hmm, Bounce on the devil, put the pedal to the floor Now I ain't trying to see no highway chase with Jake Plus I got a few dollars I could fight the case So I, pull over to the side of the road I heard "Son, do you know why I'm stopping 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 doing fifty-five in the fifty-four", uh huh "License and registration and step out of the car "Are you carrying a weapon on you, I know a lot of you are" I ain't stepping 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 and the back And I know my rights so you goin' need a warrant for that "Aren't you sharp as a tack? You some type of lawyer or something? "Somebody important or something?" 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 K-9 come" I got ninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one, hit me Ninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one If you having girl problems I feel bad for you son I got ninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one, hit me Ninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one If you having girl problems I feel bad for you son I got ninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one, hit me 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 having a pussy But a pussy having no goddamn sense try and push me I tried to ignore 'em, talk to the Lord Pray for 'em, cause some fools just love to perform You know the type, loud as a motorbike But wouldn't bust a grape in a fruit fight The only thing that's goin' happen is I'ma get to clapping and He and his boys goin' be yapping 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 scratching again Paparazzi's with they cameras, snapping them D.A. tried to give a nigga shaft again Half a mil for bail cause I'm African All because this fool was harassing them Trying to play the boy like he's saccharine But ain't nothing sweet 'bout how I hold my gun I got ninety nine problems being a bitch ain't one, hit me Ninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one If you having girl problems I feel bad for you son I got ninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one, hit me Ninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one If you having girl problems I feel bad for you son I got ninety nine problems but a bitch ain't one, hit me Having girl problems I feel bad for you son I got ninety nine problems and a bitch ain't one You're crazy for this one, Rick, it's your boy Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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