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
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