

# Jay-Z, 99 Problems

If your having 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 holes in your zapitos  
You'd celebrate the minute you was having 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 intelligence that Jay-Z has  
I'm from rags to riches 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 having 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 fucking law  
I got two choices yall pull over the car or  
bounce on the double 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 can fight the case  
So I...pull over to the side of the road  
And I heard "Son do you know why I'm stopping 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 doing fifty five in a fifty four"  
"License and registration and step out of the car"  
"Are you carrying a weapon on you I know alot of you are"  
I ain't stepping 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 something?"  
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 having a pussy  
But a pussy having no God Damn 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'mma get to clapping  
He and his boys gon' 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. tred to give the nigga the shaft again  
Half-a-mil for bail cause I'm African  
All because this fool was horrasin them  
Trying to play the boy like hes saccarin  
But ain't nothing sweet 'bout how I hold my gun  
I got 99 problems but being a bitch ain't one  
Hit me

[Chorus X3]

You're crazy for this one Rick  
It's your boy