

Linkin Park, 99 problems one step closer

If you're having girl problems I feel bad for you son
I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one
Common

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 zapitos
You'd be celebrate the minute you was having doe
So fuck critics you can kiss our whole asshole
If you don't like my lyrics you can press fast forward
Got beef with radio if we don't play they show
They don't play out hits well 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
I'm from rags to riches nigga we ain't dumb
We got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one
Hit me

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The year is '94 and in my trunk is raw
In my rear view mirror is the mother fucking law
I got two choices y'all pull over the car or
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 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 a lot 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 gonna need a warrant for that
"Aren't you sharp as a tack are some type of lawyer or something?"
"Or somebody important or something?"
No 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

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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 Imma get to clapping
He and his boys gonna 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 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 his saccharin
But ain't nothing sweet about how I hold my gun
I got 99 problems but this bitch ain't one

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Shut up when I'm talking to you
Shut up, shut up, shut up
Shut up when I'm talking 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
99 problems but a bitch ain't one
Hit me
Everything you say to me
99 problems but a bitch ain't one
Hit me
I need a little room to breathe
Got 99 problems
And I'm about to
Break