

Linkin Park, Points Of Authority/99 Problems/One

If you' having girl problems i feel bad for your son
I've got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one
Hit me!

[Got a mike?]

He's got the rap patrol on the gat patrol
Foes that wanna make sure his casket's closed
Rap critics who say he's "Money Cash Hoes"
He's from the hoods stupid, what type of facts are those?
If your grew up with holes in your zapitos
You'd celebrate the minute you was havin' doe
So fuck critics, you can kiss our whole assholes
You don't like our lyrics you can press fast forward
Got beef with radio if we don't play their show
They don't play our hits well we don't give a shit, so
All these mags trying to 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
From rags to ritches nigga we ain't dumb
We got 99 problems an' a bitch ain't one
Hit me!

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

The year is '94 and in my trunk is raw
In my rear view mirror is the mother fuckin' law
I got two choices ya'll 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 hat's real low
Do i look like a mind reader sir, i don't know
Am i under arrest or should i guess some mo?
"You was doin' fifty five in a fifty four"
"License and registration and step out of the car"
"Are you carryin' a weapon on you i know a lot 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 warrant for that
"Aren't you sharp as a tack [yup] you some type of lawyer or something? Somebody importan
Hah, 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 Canines come"
I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one
Hit me!

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

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 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 food fight
The only thing that's gonna happen is Imma get to clappin
He and his boys gon be yappin 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 scratchin' again
Paparazzi's with they cameras snappin' them
D.A. tried to give the nigga the shaft again
Half-a-mil for bail 'cause i'm African
All because ths fool was harrassin' them
Tryin to play the boy like hes saccarin'
But ain't nothin sweet 'bout how I hold my gun
I got 99 problems being a bitch ain't one

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
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

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,
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
I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one
Hit me
Everything you say to me
I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one
Hit me
I need a little room to breathe
I got 99 problems
And I'm about to break