

Points of Authority/99 Problems/One Step Closer

Jay-Z

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

Got Mike
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 celebrate the minute you was havin 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 intellegence that Jay-Z has
I'm from rags to ritches nigga we ain't dumb
I got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one
Hit me

99 Problems but a bitch ain't one
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The year is '94 and in my trunk is raw
In my rear view mirror is the mother fuckin 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 tryin to see no highway chase with Jay
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 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 doin fifty five in a fifty four"
"Liscense and regestration and step out of the car"
"Are you carryin a weapon on you i know alot 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 warrent for that
"Aren't you sharp as a tack are some type of lawyer or something?"
"Or somebody important or somethin?"
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

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99 Problems but a bitch ain't one
If you havin girl problems i feel bad for you son
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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 havin a pussy
But a pussy havin no God Damn sense, try and push me
I tried to inore 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 clappin
He and his boys gon be yappin to the captain
And there i go traped in the kit kat again
Back through the system with the riff raff again
Fiends on the floor scratchin again
Paparatzis with they cameras snappin them
D.A. tred to give the nigga the shaft again
Half-a-mil for bail cause i'm African
All because ths fool was horrasin them
Tryin to play the boy like hes saccarin
But ain't nothin sweet 'bout 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

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