

Mad Skillz

"99 Free Throws"

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When you at the foul line I feel bad for you son
You could shoot 99 free throws and wouldn't hit one

P CUTTA!

Now with Shaq at the line, he wastin' his time
Buildin' a mansion, one brick at a time
You might make a few if you practice some mo'
0-for-30?! What kinda stats are those?!
You ain't hittin' sorta like your raps and flows
Lookin' stupid leanin' up on your tippy toes
Is it goin' in? Nooo! It's at the back of the bone
Phil Jackson on the bench like, "damn, good loan'
I place flows, beef with Diesel
I know you bigger than me, but I don't give a shit, so!
Act bad and I'll embarrass your wack ass
I did this in the day, you know I lay track smack, sucker
I don't know what you take me as
Understand the intelligence that Young Skillz has
You got riches dawg, I ain't dumb
But outta 99 free throws, you might hit one (hit me!)

(Haha, yeah, uhh)
99 free throws and won't hit one
When you at the foul line I feel bad for you son (yeah)
You could shoot 99 free throws and wouldn't hit one
(haha, yeah)

Now you 0-for-4 tryin' to even the score
Sweatin' on the line, underarm smellin' raw
All eyes on you, you feelin' unsure
Jack Nicholson smilin' courtside by the floor
You ain't tryin' to shoot what you might not make
The truth is, the league pay you so much cake
So you go to the huddle with Phil flappin' his jaws
Like "Shaq, you know why I called a timeout for?"
Cos I'm big and I'm dumb and I'm 0-for-forty fo'
Do I like smart Phil? Hell, I don't know
You gon' take me out the game or should I guess some
more?
"We all know your IQ is 34

I done told you before that Kobe's the star
And if you make these free throws then I'll buy you a
car'
Man I'm quick not to hit, y'all know that shit
Matter fact check the goal, I think the rim is tripped
Man I know I'm right, just believe in Shaq
If the rim ain't broke in the front, then check the back
So you go back to the line ready to press your luck
You don't even bend your knees, you just throw that
shit up
Look like it might hit, it's more close than far
But it don't, sold out house goin', "Awwwww"

When you on the foul line I feel bad for you son
You can shoot 99 free throws and won't hit one (haha,
haha yeah)
99 free throws and won't hit one (yeah)
When you at the foul line I feel bad for you son
You could shoot 99 free throws and won't hit one (oh!)
99 free throws and won't hit one (yeah)
When you at the foul line I feel bad for you son (uhh)
You could shoot 99 free throws and won't hit one (oh!)

Now once upon a time not too long ago
A rappin' ballplayer tried to diss me in his flow
Not a rapper ballplayer in the sense he could rap
Well, actually, none of 'em are really good at that, but
I tried to ignore him, overlook his lil' paper
But I'm in New York yo and I see it in the paper
You know the type, they got cases on they hype
Got a bunch of yes-men tellin' them they shit is tight
Only thing is gon' happen is I'ma get to rappin'
And endin' this boys' gon' be sweeter than Sacram'
And there I go endin' a career again
Puttin' somethin' devastatin' in your ear again
When they gon' learn that my only concern
Is how much dough I earn and how many MCs I burn?
Shaq you wack and that's from the heart son
You could shoot 100 free throws and you wouldn't hit
one

(Haha, yeah)
99 free throws and won't hit one (yeah)
When you at the foul line I feel bad for you son
You could shoot 99 free throws and won't hit one (oh!)
99 free throws and won't hit one (yeah)
When you at the foul line I feel bad for you son
You could shoot 99 free throws and wouldn't hit one
(oh!)

THAT SHIT IS DJ WHOA!

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