

# Skillz Mad, 99 Free Throws

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!\*