

Announcement (feat. Pharrell Williams)

Common

I'm finna take you to the tip-top, baby Everybody, I'd like to announce
Throw your hands up when we in the house
Yeah, this is hip hop, baby
I'm finna take you to the tip-top, baby
And tell your girl that the tickets is out
And we gonna do this 'til they kickin' us out
Cause, this is hip hop, baby
I'm finna take you to the tip-top, baby
Live from the south side, this one, hide your gun
Representing Chi Town to the fullest, raps are bullets
See them rappers? They be duckin'
When Comm be buckin' in the kitchen, fuckin'
On the sink, got my momma a mink
Think Common is the link
Thought the game was extinct
Lady, them jeans is as slim as Shady
Brought them back from the 80's
Now, let's make some babies
Freestyle paid off so Lincoln paid me
Now we can push more whips than slavery
Alex Haley of this rap shit, my roots is deep
You heard the bitch in you, yeah I know what's beef
Let it cook and I pop like grease
You thirsty niggas can't shock my feast, ugh
I still love her, she be needin' the dick
When it comes to hip-hop, it's just me and my bitch
Baby, you're like, "What the-- fuck? There is no other"
Valet crashed my Rolls so quickly I bought another
Sorry, Mr. Williams moved out the building
Spot to the top, 50 feet was the ceiling
(Slow down, son, you're killin' 'em) Well funded it was not gangsta
Came to shitty deals, reminiscing gives me chills
When Puff was with Biggie, Versace on every niggie
The backpacker copped the Porsche and drove through his city
Now, all the little bitties, from ugly to pretty
I was the magician, mesmerize 'em, made 'em listen
My dick is like a blow-pop baby
And it get stiffer than some Botox baby
But show out baby, and show me you gon' act right
And I'll be pedaling backwards like a track bike
She don't know the Casio cost a hundred
It's been two years since I done it, now all the rappers want it

What? As I sit back, relax with Chicago on my back
Unzip the backpack, pull out a fifth of 'gnac
I probably go to jail but naw, that ain't me
I style crazy and net like Jay Z
The black Kojak "I get money" and want more stacks
The rap photographer, the way the flow snap
Broads say, "Are you a philosopher?"
Yea yea, I'll philosophize on top of ya

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>