

## Announcement

Common

I'm fin' to take you to the tip top baby  
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Everybody I'd like to announce  
Throw you hands up when we in the house  
Yeah, this is hip hop baby  
I'm fin' to take you to the tip top baby

And tell your girl that the tickets is out  
And we gon' do it till they kickin' us out  
'Cause this is hip hop baby  
I'm fin' to take you to the tip top baby

Live from the South Side this one  
Hide your gun, representing Chi-Town to the fullest  
Raps or bullets, see them rappers, they be duckin'  
When Com be buckin' in the kitchen, fuckin'

On the sink, got my mama a mink  
Think Common is the link, thought the game was extinct  
Lay there, them jeans is as slim as Shady  
Brought 'em back from the 80's, now let's make some babies

Freestyle paid off so Lincoln paid me  
No we can push more whips than slavery  
Alex Haley and this rap shit, my roots is deep  
You heard the bitch is you, yeah I know what's beef

Let it cook and I pop like grease  
You thirsty niggas can't stop my feast, uh  
I still love her, she be needin' the dick  
When it come to hip hop it's just me and my bitch, uh

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Baby, you're like, what the fuck? There is no other  
Valet crushed my Rolls so quickly I bought another  
Sorry Mr. William moved out the building  
Spot to the top, fifty feet with was the ceiling

Slow down son, you're killin' 'em, well funded it was not  
Came to shitty deals, reminiscing give me chills  
When Puff was with Biggie, Versace on every niggie  
The backpacker copped the Porsche and drove to 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 gets stiffer than some Botox baby

But show out baby and show me you ain't gon' act right  
And I'll be pedaling backwards like a track bike  
She ain't know the Casio cost a hundred  
It's been two years since I done it, now all the rappers want it, what?

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As I sit back, relax with Chicago on my back  
Unzip the backpack, pull out a fifth of Jack  
I'll probably go to jail for, naw that ain't me  
I style crazy and act like Jay-Z

The black Kojak, I get money and want mo' stacks  
The rap photographer, the way the flow stop  
Broads say, "Are you a philosopher?"  
"Yeah yeah, I philosophize on top of ya" Uh!

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