

# 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.songarea.com/>