

Announcement

Common

Im fin to take you to the tip top baby
Im fin to take you to the tip top baby
Im fin to take you to the tip top babyEverybody Id like to announce
Throw you hands up when we in the house
Yeah, this is hip hop baby
Im fin to take you to the tip top babyAnd tell your girl that the tickets is out
And we gon do it till they kickin us out
Cause this is hip hop baby
Im fin to take you to the tip top babyLive 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, fuckinOn 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 80s, now lets make some babiesFreestyle 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 whats beefLet it cook and I pop like grease
You thirsty niggas cant stop my feast, uh
I still love her, she be needin the dick
When it come to hip hop its just me and my bitch, uhEverybody Id like to announce
Throw you hands up when we in the house
Yeah, this is hip hop baby
Im fin to take you to the tip top babyAnd tell your girl that the tickets is out
And we gon do it till they kickin us out
Cause this is hip hop baby
Im fin to take you to the tip top babyBaby, youre 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 ceilingSlow down son, youre 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 cityNow 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 babyBut show out baby and show me you aint gon act right
And Ill be pedaling backwards like a track bike
She aint know the Casio cost a hundred
Its been two years since I done it, now all the rappers want it, what?Everybody Id like to announce

Throw you hands up when we in the house
Yeah, this is hip hop baby
Im 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
Im fin to take you to the tip top baby As I sit back, relax with Chicago on my back
Unzip the backpack, pull out a fifth of Jack
Ill probably go to jail for, naw that aint 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! Everybody Id like to announce
Throw you hands up when we in the house
Yeah, this is hip hop baby
Im 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
Im fin to take you to the tip top baby

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>