

# Insane Clown Posse, 24' On A '84

(Esham)

The red of blood I seen it come in 25 shades  
Just your ordinary average homicide days  
Long ago a homie told me, yo that crime pays  
No I'm in the hot pursuit, I'm riding sideways  
I know my life ain't worth the bullets in your '45  
But you ain't hitting me, I jump into a sporty dive  
Before you know I got my shank inside your throat and sides  
24's on 84 Regal as you was flooring right  
Pilling, chrome creeping, through the ghetto zone  
9 milli-milli bang for the metal tome  
Send you back to your mama wrapped in cello-phone  
You seen the lights of the flashy berretta chrome  
Slice your ass with this hatchet like we Tom and Jerry  
Knock your shit out, get you paid by the tooth fairy  
When you die you're getting wet up like your bloody Carrie  
Tuck your ass nice and cozy for the cemetery  
When I burry your ass

(Chorus)

Money to my mamma, I'm sending that  
Corners full of drama I'm bending that  
24's on a 84 Regal, and I'm grinding  
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Money to my mamma, I'm sending that  
Corners full of drama, I'm bending that  
24's on a 84 Regal and I'm grinding  
24's on my 84 Regal and I'm grinding

(TNT)

24's on my 84 Regal  
I'm riding down your block with 2 Desert Eagles  
I'm fixing to save the underground like Neo. People  
People, there's no equal  
F\*\*k the sequel  
This is it  
A hit is a hit  
You're about to get your wig split  
It's the real deal no counterfeit  
Nigga's check my style, my paint jobs gleaming  
My rims is beaming  
My hoes swallow my seamen  
Oops I was just peeing  
Let me re-start f\*\*k going to court  
Live in the fast lane cause life is to short  
Hoes quote my rhymes  
Fiends cop my dimes  
My shit is so clean  
I only ride when the sun shines  
Read between the lines  
F\*\*king with mine you lose your mind  
And I ain't lying, nigga's is dying

(Chorus)

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(Shaggy 2 Dope)

Eighty-four Regal cruising on twenty-fours  
Looking for these hoes  
Stop at every liquor store  
You ain't peep my twenty-fo' spinners?  
Diamond spoke  
Po-pos looking at them at red lights and catch strokes  
I get head while I'm mashing on 7 mile and Grashiot  
Grip the steering wheel tight bitch I ain't crashing it  
Barry's in the rearview what the f\*\*k?  
Again? Push him out the window pealed out on his head  
I ain't scared, f\*\*k what he talking  
Talking about my Regal, illegal cause flawsing  
So it's back to the land to get my dime bags  
Not to mention my hatchet to deal with these fags  
I'm back in my home turf, Southwest  
Where the hoes got they man's name tatted on they chest  
What you hate me for?  
Twenty-fours on a eighty-four  
When I open the door  
What you waiting for?

(Chorus)

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