

Insane Clown Posse, 24s On A '84 - Esham And

(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
Now 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
Peeling, chrome creeping, through the ghetto zone
9 milli-milli bang for the metal tome
Send you back to your mama wrapped in cellofoam
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
24's on a 84 Regal, and I'm grinding
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 semen
Oops I was just peeing
Let me retort 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

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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 Gratiot
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 flossing
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, bitch
What you waiting for?

(Chorus)

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