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Kevin Hart: Let Me Explain

By Kevin Hart

This is Harry GoodSpeed
and the Plastic Cup Boyz,
here at the Kevin Hart mix
and mingle after-party, baby.
It's going down.
Let's go, baby!
Hey, yo, that little jackass
right there dancing!
Hey, come on, get this!
Craziness, as usual. Crazy.
Yo, I'm about to make a toast.
You trying to roll?
No, no. I got some girls in
the stairway waiting for me.
All right, well... Ew! Nasty ass.
Brian, come on.
And stop leaving me, jackass!
Spank, I'm about to make a toast, yo.
Hey! Hey, yo! Yo! Everybody, real quick.
Let me get your attention.
Welcome to my mix
and mingle event, everybody.
Yeah, that's right, boy!
We're toasting to a great year, man.
It's been a great year for me.
We're gonna have a blast tonight.
Drinks are free, it's all on me.
What up, Big K!/
It's a celebration!
Have fun, everybody!
Kevi-Kev! Baby boy!/
What's up, baby?
How you feeling, baby? Good to see you.
Hey, thank you for inviting
a dapper brother like me.
No problem, man.
They say you ain't been
talking to your dad.
Is that shit true?
No. Let me explain something
to you. Listen, that's not...
Get your shit together.
No. No, dude. Hey, hey.

I can explain what...
Hey, boo!/
Wow! How you doing?
Is it true you don't fuck with
dark-skinned bitches no more?
Huh?
You ain't even dark-skinned!
Let me explain something to you.
No, no, no, no/
I said... Wait, now.
I don't wanna hear it. Neither do my girls.
Do your girls? Listen, let me talk to you.
What are you doing, man?/
You got some goddamn nerve!
Get your ass over here, man.
That girl be yelling at me.
I can fucking yell back.
Nigga, you asked for that!
That's the price of fame.
That's the dumbest shit I've ever heard.
I can't deal with you, man.
I need somebody to talk some
sense into your dumb ass.
Harry/
Yo, Spank!
That's stupid for you to get Spank.
Yo!/
Listen, jackass over here mad,
'cause he can't compare to Eddie Murphy.
What was that?/
What?
First, quiet. First of all,
I never said anything like that.
Dude! That's the price of fame/
What the fuck are you... I never said...
Let me explain something to you, Spank.
What I just said...
Ain't nobody trying to hear that shit.
Hey, yo, yo. Yo. Hey, Na'im!
Fucking Kev over here getting upset
because Soul Plane bombed.
It bombed. It flopped/
That was yesterday!
That's the price of fame.

You asked for this.
Kev, Kev. Kevin motherfucking Hart/
Who the fuck is this?
No. Hold on, man. Listen, I'm a fan.
Oh, thank you/
But only in America.
What?/
You ain't shit until you perform in Paris.
Okay/
Old LAB-ass nigga. Local-ass bitch.
Come on, y'all.
Hey, Terry! Hey! Get him out of here!
Hey! Hey!
I can't believe this shit, man.
Whoo! You got to be kidding me.
I can't even enjoy myself
at my own mix and mingle party.
I put this party together!
Why can't I enjoy myself?
'Cause I'm dealing with a bunch of people
who wanna tell me about my life.
Why you gonna talk to yourself?
You know what?
Be a man and confront somebody.
Want me to explain myself?
That's exactly what I'mma do.
Nate! Nate!
Where's Nate at?
Y'all seen Nate? Nate!
Come here.
I know what I wanna do.
I want you to call the Garden,
tell them I'm coming down there
to get some shit off my chest right now.
Kevin, all this food,
and you want Olive Garden, man? For real?
Nate, ain't nobody talking about
no goddamn Olive Garden.
I'm talking about
Madison Square Garden, Nate.
Tell them I'm coming down there right now
to explain some shit.
We can't just call the Garden/
God damn it, Nate! What are you doing?

Okay, look, we don't go back and forth.
That's not why I pay you.
Okay, I pay you to do
what I ask you to do.
Right now, what I'm asking you to do
needs to get done.
So do it!
Kev, you know how many people
Madison's gonna hold?
God, Nate, if I...
Why am I going back and forth with you?
Huh?
Is that your job?
You don't go back and forth with me.
Nate, I'll punch you.
I'll double-punch your face,
and I'll break both of your eyes.
You seriously the boss, Kev, all right/
You're goddamn right I'm the boss.
And let me tell you something
about the boss.
Sometimes, when the boss gets hungry,
he turns into an elephant.
Which means he needs some nuts.
And right now, I'm about to get some nuts.
Exactly what does that mean, though, Kev?
Shut this party down. Right now.
Shut the party down.
Madison Square Garden.
This nigga crazy.
I'm about to go to Madison Square Garden
and explain.
Nate's setting it up right now.
Don't try to talk me out of it!
I'm doing it right now!
Don't try to stop me!/
Oh, shit!
Don't try to stop me!
Hey, Kev, hold on!
Well then, try and stop me! I'm going!
Hey, Kev, what you doing, man?
What the fuck you doing, man?
Don't be touching my shit!
Shut your ass up, man.

Everybody, listen up!
This party's officially over.
Kevin's about to go to
Madison Square Garden
'cause he wants to explain.
Good night.
Shall we go?/
Where?
He's going to explain!
Go! Go, go, go, go, 90!
Kev! Wait!
Oh, shit. Move, bitch!
Okay. Oh, shit. Oh, shit.
Oh, hell no!
Why this motherfucker
didn't take the elevator?
God damn it.
I should have took the elevator.
Kev! What you doing?/
Get your goddamn hands off me.
But the Garden?
You gonna do the Garden?
You're damned right I'mma do the Garden!
Man, he crazy/
Why shouldn't I?
It's gonna be 30,000 people
at the Garden, my nigga.
There's 30,000 goddamn people
at the Garden?
Well, didn't nobody tell me that.
I'm out, I'm out. Right now.
I'm going. I'm about to leave.
To the Garden.
Phew!
Relax. Breathe, Kevin, you are fine.
You're ready for this. Okay? It's time!
It's time that you explained this shit.
Is it true you don't fuck with
dark-skinned bitches no more?
Why would I not like dark-skinned girls?
I don't even know where that came from.
I'm friends with so many
dark-skinned girls. So many.
My daughter's dark-skinned!

I love my daughter.
So I guess I don't love my daughter?
Boy, I will tell you.
I heard his little ass
don't even talk to his ex-wife no more.
Okay, me and my ex-wife are friends!
What are you talking about?
"The divorce, did Kevin change?"
"Oh, he Hollywood now."
"Kevin Hollywood now,
'cause he got a divorce."
Please. We're friends.
We're applicable. We're applicable.
I hope I said that word right,
'cause I don't even know.
But we are.
That's the best thing about
being a comedian, I can address it.
I can talk about it my damn self/
Hey, look!
It's that hysterical comedian,
Kevin Hart.
Yeah, well...
There ain't no way to explain that.
That's just...
It's a bad day.
Old LAB-ass nigga.
Okay, okay, now that's enough...
Local-ass bitch.
I'm not gonna tolerate that.
Not after what I've been through this year.
You're not gonna call me
no LAB, no "local-ass bitch."
You know why?
I traveled the world doing comedy, people.
I did!
You know what, I don't like the
fact that I'm telling you this.
I would much rather show you.
Look for yourself, people.
This is my second time coming back here,
and you guys have shown me
nothing but love.
Amazing. Absolutely amazing/

Awesome.

Kevin Hart is the funniest man alive.

You ain't got no daddy

Thank you for the love.

Thank you for the support.

We totally love him. Keep coming!

It was amazing/

I love Kevin.

I fucking love you, Toronto!

Thank you!

The show was awesome!/
It was great.

We love you, Kevin Hart!

I feel such genuine...

You have no idea how much

I love and appreciate y'all

for the fucking support that

you guys have given me.

You about to shit, ain't you?/
No, no. Ain't no shitting on the bus.

It is if it's shitting on a good bus/
No shitting on a bus.

Downstairs?/
No, ain't no shitting on the bus at all.

I'm calling a team meeting right now.

No shitting.

No shitting on the bus, dude.

I can't, man! I shit at

least seven times a day.

When they gotta shit,

we'll pull over and go to...

So we can pull over?/
Yeah.

Yeah. We ain't telling

you to shit on yourself!

Well, I will.

I got a rule. A nigga shit on a bus,

you gotta pay that \$500.

\$500 to take a shit?

That's a fine.

So, how do I say,

"What's up, everybody?"

Okay. Now, how many people

know who I am? Ask them.

I love Kevin Hart!
Let me say something.
I have never been to Oslo in my life.
Never, ever.
And the first time I come here,
you guys welcome me with a sold-out show.
Genuinely, I fucking thank you.
I loved him in Soul Plane.
Definitely his best work.
Well, Kevin, you're awesome.
It was nice seeing you in Denmark.
Yeah. We'll miss you,
and you definitely need to come back.
All right, all right, all right!
Amsterdam! Thank you for the love.
Thank you for the support.
You wanna see
if niggas is weird or not?
Be on a bus with them for 10 hours.
You're gonna see a lot of shit.
We've been driving for eight hours.
We could have been there
in one on a goddamn plane.
I think it was a smart decision.
Man, this is the dumbest shit he ever did.
Don't nobody do this.
He's still the same dumb motherfucker
he was goddamn 27 years ago.
Just look like a bunch of idiots
on a double-decker bus.
Either get on a plane
for two and a half hours,
or take a bus for 10 hours and be with
your friends and talk to one another.
Some people on here stink.
There's a stench from hell.
It's just a lot of funky-ass...
It's like gumbo.
...I'll-hygiene-ass niggas on this bus.
It's fucking disgusting.
That's why I stay back here
in the quarters, you know.
Me and my lady, we lay
back here in comfort.

Hey, the tour bus was a mistake!
Birmingham, you guys are amazing.
Thank you for the love. I'm out.
It was chill!/
The show was hilarious.
I love you!/
That was amazing.
That was a brilliant show.
Kevin!
...all the way.
You gotta see him, you gotta see him.
Brilliant. Excellent.
He's sexy in real life/
All right, all right!
I'm gonna marry you.
Whoo!
Kevin!
Come back to the UK
and smash it again, Kevin Hart.
The guy is good all the time.
Wow! London, this is crazy!
I can't believe this, man.
I came here and sold out.
I appreciate you all. I love you all.
I really feel like Kevin has grown into
the young mogul that he really wants to be.
Kevin was a guy
that was true to his story.
He knew where he came from,
he knew where he wanted to go.
I've seen where we started.
And to see him go from
a hole-in-the-wall bar in Atlantic City
to performing in front of 15,000 people,
you know, you gotta take your hat off.
I mean, he can go into Norway,
and Sweden and Denmark,
and get the reception that he's getting.
He's becoming a global brand.
Everything he's done,
we've pretty much seen on YouTube.
YouTube/
YouTube.
On YouTube, everything.

I then saw him on YouTube
and I thought he was hilarious.
But I've seen his stuff in YouTube,
and I love that, man.
I've seen, like, every show on YouTube.
I've seen all your shows on YouTube, man!
I'm some 1,000 miles away
in other countries,
and the love that this cat is getting...
He's so loyal.
Like, he doesn't want anybody to
feel like he's not there for them.
This is a team.
This has been running for four years
strong, and we all work good together.
God, be that angel in my corner
like you always are.
Mom, I know you're watching over me,
and I know you're proud. Amen.
I know I'm in Madison Square Garden,
and this shit is sold out.
Y'all better make some fucking noise!
I'm gonna say it again.
I know I'm in fucking
Madison Square Garden.
This bitch sold out.
Y'all better make some fucking noise!
Uh...
You see my fire? You see my fire?
You got to be a big deal
to have fire, people.
It means I'm a big goddamn deal.
Let me tell you why I got fire.
Let me tell you why.
I went to go see
Jay-Z and Kanye perform, right?
These niggas had a bunch of fire.
I was like, "Yo, this show
is the shit, 'cause they got fire."
No comedian has ever had fire.
I'm about to be the first comedian
with some fucking fire.
So...
Because of that, throughout my show,

you're gonna see a bunch of pointless fire.
You're laughing?
I'm not playing. I'm dead serious.
You think it's a game?
Give fire for these bitches one time.
There's about to be a
bunch of fucking fire.
This show's gonna be hot. Literally.
Um...
Lot of shit to talk about, man.
I wanna talk about the fact that I'm happy.
I'm happy right now, people.
Uh...
I wanna explain why I'm happy.
First of all, my divorce is final.
That's the first reason why.
Now, here's what I wanna explain
about my divorce.
Everybody assumes that because
you went through a divorce,
you went through a
fucked-up period of life.
You hate each other.
You're enemies. It's not true.
At the end of the day,
that's the mother of my kids.
I'm always gonna respect her
as the mother of my kids.
She's happy, she's moved on.
I'm happy, I've moved on.
I'm happier than she is, though.
I am.
No, I am. I'm doing a lot of happy shit
right now, people. You have no idea.
I took a fucking walk the other day.
Do you know how happy you gotta be
to take a goddamn walk?
To just go outside
and start fucking walking?
I knew I was happy because I was
talking to myself while I was walking.
I was like, "You hungry?"
"I could eat."
It was just me, though. Right?

Nobody else was there.
I stopped, I fed pigeons.
That's some happy shit!
You gotta be happy to feed pigeons.
Here's a beautiful thing
about me feeding pigeons.
When I was done feeding the pigeons,
I didn't have to lie about it.
See, when you're married,
you lie about shit like that.
Because you don't believe
that your wife would ever believe
that you were doing something as dumb
as feeding some goddamn pigeons.
There's not a married man
sitting in this audience right now
that can go out and feed pigeons,
and his wife calls, and she says,
"Babe, where you at?"
And you go, "I'm feeding pigeons."
And she believes that
he was feeding some fucking pigeons.
It'll never happen.
It's an argument off the bat.
"Where you at, babe?"
"I'm out here feeding pigeons."
"You ain't feeding no damn pigeons!"
"What're you talking about?
I am feeding the pigeons."
"Then put the pigeon
on the fucking phone."
"What?"
"Let me talk to the goddamn pigeon."
"That ain't no pigeon."
"Tell the bitch sitting next to you
that's making pigeon noises on the phone,
"when I see her, I'm gonna beat her ass."
"'Oh, fake pigeon noise making
ass'bitch."
"'Oh, not knowing how to sound
like a pigeon ass' bitch."
"Matter of fact,
tell that bitch that when I see her,
"I'm gonna grab a real pigeon

and smack the shit out of her with it.
"She could see
what a real pigeon sounds like.
'Oh, false pigeon vocal chord
having ass' bitch."
I'm fucking killing y'all, man.
Get fire on these bitches one time.
I'm at a point now
where I understand who I am as a man.
I know my pros, I know my cons.
Here's what's bad about me, people.
I'm a liar. I love to lie.
Uh... I don't know why. I wish I could stop.
I can't. I think I'm sick. It's a disease.
I don't even tell good lies.
I tell a bunch of dumb-ass lies
on a regular basis.
Let me tell you something.
There's nothing worse
than telling a dumb-ass lie
and getting caught telling a dumb-ass lie.
For example,
I don't like talking on my cell phone.
I can't stand talking on my phone.
But I don't know how to tell people
that I don't like to talk on my phone.
I think that makes me, like, an asshole,
so I'd much rather lie about it.
Here's how I got caught the other day.
I'm in my car, I'm driving.
My boy calls me when I'm driving,
I pick up, "Yo, what up?"
"Kev, what's going on?" Instantly, I lie.
I said, "Dude,
I can't be on the phone like that.
"I'm out of the country.
"I'm not trying to have
a high-ass phone bill."
This is no bullshit.
This is what I heard, he said,
"Nigga, ain't that you at the stoplight
right there in front of me?"
I said, "What?"
I'm so oblivious at lying, I waved.

"What's up, man?
What's going on with you, baby?"
"Why you said you was out of the country?"
"I didn't say that. I never said that."
I don't wanna be a liar. I don't.
I blame y'all. It's your fault.
'Cause y'all put me in positions
where I have no choice but to lie.
For example, I'm here. I'm in New York.
I'm at the airport.
I'm in baggage claim, right?
This girl sees me, she goes off.
She loses her fucking mind.
Soon as she saw me, she was like,
"oh, my God, no, Kevin!"
"Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, no!"
I can't believe this!
"God must be playing a trick on me!"
God must be playing a trick on me!
"Oh, my God!"
"I said I was gonna see you and then
I see you, and now I'm looking at you."
"Oh, my God, I can't believe it."
"Oh, my God!"
"Can you do me a favor?"
Can you wait here for, like, 30 minutes?
"My mom is about to land.
She would love to get a picture with you."
I was like, "Fuck, yeah, I'll wait.
Go ahead, go get her."
As soon as she left, I took off.
"Bitch, I'm not standing here for no
30 minutes waiting for your goddamn mom."
"No! Kill yourself. Die! Today!"
"Death to you, bitch, die!"
"I'm not fucking waiting for you."
But I can't say that.
If I say that, that makes
me, like, an asshole.
There are certain lies that I can't tell.
For example, I can't tell big lies.
Reason why I can't tell big lies
is because I'm one of those people
that start to believe the lie.

Like, once I get that ball rolling, I can't stop.
You know who I respect?
I respect people that work a nine-to-five job that could show up late for work without an excuse.
They show up, take full responsibility.
"Hey, I'm sorry I'm late. It'll never happen again. I overslept, I apologize. It's irresponsible on my behalf. If I do it again, fire me."
I respect people that can do that. 'Cause I can't do that, 'cause I'm a fucking liar. I am. If I'm late, something happened. I don't give a shit. Something drastic happened.
"Yo, dude, sorry I'm late. I was on the highway and a fucking baby was running on the highway. Yeah, I know, right? Shit's crazy. So I get out of the car, I start chasing the baby. In my mind, I'm like, 'Why're you running, baby?' That's what I'm thinking, right? I'm like, 'What do you do?' 'Cause I can't just grab the baby and throw the baby in the car, that's kidnapping. I fuck around and go to jail. I got a little butt, I'll get raped. I know they'll fucking rape me in jail. I ain't trying to get raped. So I had to make a decision. I was like, 'Shit, what do I do?' So I decided to adopt the baby. What I did was, I downloaded this app on my iPhone, this Adopt the Baby app, right? I put the barcode on the baby head. Boop! That way the baby knew he was my baby. I put the baby in the

car, I go to pull off,
"I turn around,
a deer was running towards the car.
"So I'm like, 'Oh, shit!
This deer is about to eat the baby!'
"That's what I'm thinking, right?
"But then I looked closer, I noticed
the front part of the deer was a deer,
"the back half was a zebra.
"It was half deer, half zebra.
"So I'm like, 'Oh, shit! It's a deerbra!'
"Like, that's what I'm thinking,
'It's a fucking deerbra.'
"So I call the zoo, I'm like,
"'Yo, there's a fucking deerbra
out here on the highway!'
"He was like, 'What's that?'
I was like, 'Half deer, half zebra.'
"He was like, 'Did you just make that up?'
I was like, 'I think so.'
Um...
"He said, 'Well, bring it down.'
"So I get down there, he sees it, he's like,
'Oh, shit, it's half deer, half zebra!'
"I said, 'That's what I was trying
to tell you on the phone, it's a deerbra.'
"He was like, Okay, what do you want?
Do you want money for it?'
"I said, No, I don't
have that type of time.
"'I gotta get back to the car because
my new son is in the car by hisself.
"So I get back to the car, turns out, the
baby that I thought was a baby wasn't a baby.
"It was a grown-ass man
with Benjamin Button disease.
"Let me tell you how I figured this out.
"I figured this out, ' cause
when I got to the car, the baby woke up.
"I was like, 'Hey, I'm your new dad.
I've just adopted you.
"He was like,
'You ain't my dad, bitch! I'm 65.
"I said, 'Goddamn!' He

said, 'I got a disease.
"I was like, 'You got
that Benjamin Button.
"He was like, 'Where's my deerbra?
"I said, 'I knew that was a
fucking deerbra, I knew it was.
"'I just took it to the zoo.
"He was like, 'Well, how the fuck
am I supposed to get home?
"I said, 'You ride that motherfucker, man?
"Anyway, long story short,
that's why I'm five minutes late for work,
" 'cause it took a long-ass time for me
to get the fucking deerbra in the car."
Understand something, people.
Lying will ruin your life.
Lying will ruin your goddamn life.
Lying ruined my marriage.
True shit, sweetie.
Lying ruined my goddamn marriage.
That's a lie, I cheated.
Let's talk about it, though,
let's figure it out.
Don't judge me. Let me explain. Um...
Yes. Yes, people, I cheated.
Am I ashamed of it? No. No, I am not.
Do I wish that I could take it back?
No. No, I don't. Let me tell you why.
You can't evolve as a man
if you never make a mistake.
The only way that you could be perfect
is to fuck up.
I get it, I fucked up.
"Don't cheat." Nah! Whatever.
Now, do I think cheating was the problem?
No, I don't.
Cheating was not the problem.
Lying about cheating was the problem.
If I'd had been honest about it,
might have worked it out.
But I wasn't. I lied.
And I didn't just lie on myself,
I put my best friend in my lie.
Now I don't think that's a bad thing to do.

Let me explain why.
If you're my best friend,
I shouldn't have to ask you to lie for me.
I shouldn't have to ask your permission
for me to put you in my lie.
You know why? 'Cause you're my
best fucking friend, bitch.
That's your job.
The day that we signed up
and said that we best friends,
that means that my
bullshit is your bullshit.
And your bullshit is my bullshit.
If you're my real best friend,
you should know that I need you
to lie for me by the look on my face.
If I'm looking at you
and I'm not blinking, if I'm like this...
that's a goddamn sign.
That means, "The bitch got the drop on us.
"My back is against the wall.
This is not a test.
"It's the real deal, help me! Help me!
"Nigga! Help me!"
My friend Harry ignored all signs, okay?
Let me tell you how shit hit the fan.
I come in the house, right?
Come in the house,

like, 4:

I'm drunk, people. Drunk as shit.
I have no balance. I'm all over the place.
I'm rocking back and forth.
Soon as I walk in the house,
she wakes up, she goes off.
"You know what? I'm sick of this.
I know you's probably out with some bitch.
"You was probably
messing with some bitch."
Now, I'm drunk, I don't wanna respond,
because I don't have any balance.
I'm rocking back and forth.
You don't look believable
when you're rocking back and forth.

So I had to choose a stance
in which I looked believable.
So I chose this.
I said, "Let me tell you something,
listen to me.
"Wasn't nobody with no bitch, okay?
You're wrong.
"Matter of fact, to prove you wrong,
I'm gonna call Harry.
"Harry not expecting me to call right now,
so Harry don't have no reason to lie.
"And I'm gonna put it on speakerphone.
"About to make you feel stupid. Watch this.
"Watch how fucking stupid you feel.
Watch. Watch this.
"Harry. Harry, real quick, don't lie."
Let's stop right there.
Let's just stop right there for a second.
What does that mean?
What does that mean, people?
Lie. It means, lie. Right now.
That means, "The bitch got the drop on us.
"My back is against the wall.
This is not a test.
"It's the real deal, help me! Help me!
"Nigga! Help me!"
Harry ignored all signs.
I'm gonna tell you exactly what Harry said.
I said, "Harry. Harry, real quick, don't lie.
Where're we coming from right now?"
He said, "Man, you was with that
bitch with the fat ass."
"What? Oh, no.
"No, no, no, no.
"Oh, no. No, no, no, no." Yo.
I was so fucking scared.
I was so scared.
I mean, this bitch gonna kill me.
She's gonna fucking kill me.
See, but understand
something. I'm not mad at Harry.
The reason I'm not mad at Harry
is because Harry has done some dumb shit,
but I understand who he is.

See, Harry might be the smartest dumbest friend that I've ever had in my life, okay? Let me tell you the dumbest thing that Harry has ever done. Harry invented the code for us to use to let each other know when we were around our women. Basically, if somebody used the code, it means, "Don't say anything stupid. "You might be on speakerphone. Don't say nothing dumb. "The phone might be loud enough so my girl can hear whatever it is you're saying." It means, "Don't say anything that could jeopardize our relationship." The code was, "Man, I'm hungry as shit." That's the code, people. "Man, I'm hungry as shit." Here's what pissed me off about the code. Harry invented the fucking code. So there's no reason why Harry should have messed up the code. Here's how Harry messes it up. I'm in the car with my lady. I'm driving, she's in the passenger seat. Harry calls me when I'm in the car. I got the Bluetooth shit in the car, so my phone rings, the whole car rings. Harry's name pops up on the dashboard. I answer, "What up, boy?" "Kev, what's going on?" "Ain't shit." This is how I knew the conversation was about to take a turn for the worse. This is how I knew it was about to get filthy. He said, "Nigga!" "Harry, hey, hey. Man, I'm hungry as shit!" He said, "I'm not. I just ate." "What? What! Harry!" "Harry!" "Harry!" I said, "Man, I'm hungry as shit." He says, "Yo, you should go to Subway and get the footlong for five dollars."

"What the fuck! Harry! Harry!"
I said, "Man, I'm hungry as shit."
He said, "Oh, that must mean
you're ready to eat these white bitches."
"What? Oh, no. No, no, no, no, no."
"No, no, no."
"I ain't eating no white bitch.
I ain't eating no white bitches."
"I never did. Oh, my God, no. Oh, no."
Yo, have you ever
been in trouble with your girl
to the point where
you're afraid to look at her,
but you can feel her staring
at the side of your goddamn face?
I was so scared, I never looked at her.
I just looked straight and
started making dumb-ass noises.
I started pointing out shit.
"Oh, look, a deerbra!
You see it? I just saw a deerbra."
I'm fucking killing y'all, man.
Get fire on these bitches again.
Now, here's the thing.
I'm not upset with Harry
for doing all the dumb shit that he's done.
Reason why is because
I've learned so much from Harry.
Like, literally, now I know
what to do, what not to do.
I know what I want, what I don't want.
And, fellas, I'm not selfish
with this information.
I feel like it's my job to educate y'all.
I can tell you what you want
in your life, what you don't.
I can tell you the one thing
that you do not want in your household.
Fellas, the one thing that you
don't want in your household
is a female that doesn't trust you.
Only thing that's worse than a
female that doesn't trust you
is a female that doesn't trust you that has

no proof for why she doesn't trust you.
That bitch is crazy. Let me tell you why.
She's crazy because
she has so many thoughts in her head
about what you might be doing,
and it pisses her off
that she can't figure it out.
That's why she sits in the house all day,
trying to put pieces to a puzzle together
that doesn't exist.
"Oh, he done fucked up.
"Oh, this nigga fucked up.
"What the fuck is this right here?
"Oh, I got his ass now."
This is a woman that'll look at you
and say crazy shit like,
"Don't act like I'm fucking crazy, nigga."
You ever see a girl say shit like that?
She look crazy as shit while she say it.
"Don't act like I'm fucking crazy."
Let me tell you something.
Any bitch that do this shit right here...
is a goddamn psychopath, you hear me?
Any bitch that argue with you to the side,
"Oh, you got a bitch
fucked up, you hear me?
"You got me fucked up.
You got me fucked up.
"You got me fucked up, nigga."
That's a different level of woman.
She's fucking crazy.
This woman is so crazy
that when she thinks,
when she thinks that
she's caught you cheating,
before she talks to you, she's gotta
have a conversation with herself.
She's gotta talk to herself.
Here's my impression
of a crazy woman talking to their self.
"Oh, yeah.
"Oh, we got his ass now.
We got his ass now.
"You ready, bitch?" "Bitch, I'm ready."

Ain't nobody there, it's just her.
Now, she's so crazy
that she can't even stick to the plan.
The plan is to see you.
When she sees you, she's supposed to
show you whatever she found.
You're supposed to talk about it, figure
out the next steps in your relationship.
But she's crazy.
There's so much bottled up emotion
and built-up tension inside.
As soon as she sees your face, she snaps.
She fucking loses it.
Soon as you walk through the door,
"Shut the fuck up! Shut up! Don't say shit!
You're a piece of shit!
"Oh, my God, no."
Hey, have you ever seen a woman
go from frantic to calm?
Like, real fast?
"Motherfucker, you're a piece of shit!
"I can't believe you're hurting me!
"But it's gonna be the last time
that you do some shit like this to me.
"I don't give a fuck about it!
I don't give a fuck!
"Let me tell you something, nigga.
"You're gonna get your shit together,
"or you're gonna get out!"
She's a fucking psychopath, man.
Crazy women always
wanna tell you what you did.
They always wanna run down the story.
"Let me tell you why you fucked up.
"Last night, you come in here, you're a
little drunk, you're a little tipsy.
"You start to go to sleep on the couch.
"You take your pants off,
you put your pants on the floor.
"Something told me, something told me,
"something was like,
Girl, go through his pants.
"I was like, 'All right."
That's the crazy girl face.

"All right."
"So, I get up, I go through your pants,
I found a receipt.
"You had a receipt
in your pants for some gas.
"But it wasn't any old kind of gas,
it was regular gas.
"That's funny, I'm with you all the time.
I've never seen you use regular gas."
Ladies, let me ask you a question.
Why is it that whenever you're arguing
with your man and you repeat yourself,
the second time you say it, you get
loud as shit as if you solved the case?
"That's funny,
I've never seen you use regular gas.
"I've never seen you
use regular gas!
"You know who put
the regular gas in the car?
"That regular bitch that you was with.
"That's who put the regular gas in the car.
"Shut your ass up! Shut up! You're caught.
You're a piece of shit!
"Look at you!
You got glitter all on your face.
"Mismatched socks!"
Now, ladies,
let me explain something to you.
99% of the time, you're right.
That 1% when you're wrong,
that's the day that men live for.
We live for the day
that we can make you look dumb as shit.
That's our goal as men.
I'mma tell you three words that you never
wanna hear come out of your man's mouth.
If your man ever hit you
with these words, shut up.
Don't say shit,
he's about to make you look stupid.
If you're going off, you're snapping,
"Shut the fuck up.
You're a piece of shit. I hate you."

If he hit you with this right here,
"Are you done? Are you done?"
He get cocky. "Are you done?"
"Are you done? Okay. Okay."
"I'm about to shit on this bitch right now."
"Are you done?"
You're done, right? You're done, right?
"Are you done? Are you done? Okay, okay."
"I'm laughing, I'm laughing because
you don't even know what happened."
"See, last night, you
was the one at the club
"that started to drink
a whole bottle of Patron by yourself."
"You're the one that
passed out in the club."
"I'm the one that picked you up, carried
you out of the club, put you in the car."
"We got in the car, we started driving
home, I realized I lost my wallet."
"I said, 'Damn, babe, we need gas.
I don't have my wallet."
"'You got any money on you?"
"You said, in a very drunk voice,
I got three dollars."
"I said, 'What the fuck
are we supposed to do with three dollars?"
"You said, 'We gonna put some regular gas
up in this motherfucker."
"I said, 'Fine."
We put the regular gas in the car,
"I drive home fast, 'cause
I didn't wanna run out of the regular gas."
"When we got home, you felt sick
because of the way I was driving."
"You fucking went upstairs,
you start throwing up."
"I got naked, I got into bed."
I kept my socks on, though.
"First of all, you know I sleep with
my socks on because I got ugly feet."
"I'm insecure about my feet."
"My fear is, if I don't sleep with
socks on, we're gonna get robbed."

"And whoever has the gun is gonna look at my feet and they're gonna be like, "'Oh, shit. Ew!' Barn!"

"Shoot me in the fucking foot.

"I'm gonna have another ugly-ass goddamn foot.

"So you start calling me.

"You's like,

'Kev, come help me. I'm throwing up.

"I come running to the bathroom, you got throw-up all over the floor.

"I stepped in it, ew, took my sock off, I put your sock on.

"That's why my sock got a ball on the back of it.

"Picked you up, put you on my shoulder.

"The reason why I got glitter on my face, "it's because you use that cheap-ass glitter lotion on your ass.

"So when I held you like this, "your ass was rubbing against the side of my goddamn face.

"Ran in the room, I threw you in the bed.

"I didn't get into bed, 'cause you smelled like throw-up.

"I'm not getting in the bed with nobody that smells like throw-up.

"You know why I'm not getting in the bed with nobody who smells like throw-up?"

"'Cause it's gonna make me fucking throw up!"

"So I went downstairs, I slept on the couch.

"With that being said, don't say shit else to me.

"You're wrong! I'm out!"

This face that women make is priceless.

"It's not even like that.

Listen, come here, it's not even...

"I don't even wanna debate...

"Listen, come here, let me suck your dick.

"I wanna suck your dick.

"Let me suck your dick while the football game is on, for the whole game.

"I'm gonna suck your dick
for the whole game."
Men are so stupid,
we'd be in the middle of storming out.
"For the whole game?
You would do it for the whole game?
"For half-time and everything?
You're gonna suck it for the whole game?
"Deal. You got a goddamn deal.
"Well, you better get to sucking right now,
'cause it's a long game."
Now, here's my advice to you, fellas.
If your woman is going through
that insecure period
where she's questioning you,
she's going through your shit,
my advice is, stop her.
"Babe, stop, whatever you're looking for,
don't look anymore.
"You're right, I'm wrong.
I need to do better."
The reason I say do that is because
you don't wanna see your woman
go through that crazy point of no return.
See, I've seen a woman get here.
It's unattractive.
The reason why it's unattractive
is 'cause when a woman
reaches a certain level of crazy,
she doesn't know that she's being crazy.
Everybody else knows.
Everybody else sees it.
"Hey, that bitch in the corner
with the diaper on her face
"is fucking crazy, yo.
"She's fucking crazy. She's a psychopath."
Everybody else knows except her.
Here's the thing, I was in that situation.
I saw a woman get crazy.
Let me tell you how I knew
this one chick went wild, okay?
We're in the house one day,
arguing, all fucking day.
Gets to the point where I'm like,

"You know what,
"I can't argue with you no more.
My head hurts. I'm done.
"I'm getting in the shower.
I'm getting dressed.
"I'm going to the store."
True story, people.
Exactly what I do.
Get in the shower, get dressed,
get in my car, start driving to the store.
On the way to the store,
I hit a speed bump.
When I hit the speed bump,
I hear a lot of noise in the trunk.
Boom! Ba-dum-doo! Boom!
"That's weird, I ain't
put shit in the trunk.
"What the fuck is all that noise
in the goddamn trunk?"
I'm small. I get scared fast.
So I get out of the car, I pop the trunk,
this is some true shit.
I pop the trunk. When I pop the trunk,
this bitch was stooped down
in the trunk like this, looking at me.
I see her in the goddamn trunk.
I see her see me see her
in the goddamn trunk.
"I just caught you in the trunk of my car.
"You gotta say something
to justify what the fuck I'm looking at.
"What the fuck are you doing
in the goddamn trunk?"
With a straight face,
she looks at me, jumps out of the trunk,
rolls her eyes and takes off,
as if I never saw her.
Now, let me tell you why I had an attitude.
I had an attitude because we live together.
Like, "I'm gonna see you tonight.
"We have to address this
at some point in time."
I said, "No, fuck that.
We're gonna talk about this right now."

I get in the car, I drive home.
Here's where it gets crazier.
When I get home,
she in the kitchen cooking, right?
I walk in the house, she said,
"Hey, babe, you hungry?"
"Bitch, what the..."
"Oh!"
"I don't wanna talk about no goddamn food."
"I wanna talk about why I popped the trunk
and you popped out of the goddamn trunk
like a goddamn Jack-in-the-box."
"The fuck were you doing
in the goddamn trunk?"
With a straight face, she looked at me,
she said, "I wasn't in no goddamn trunk."
"Bitch, I saw you see me see you
in the goddamn trunk."
"You ain't see me in no goddamn trunk."
"You must have saw one of them other
bitches you've been fucking with,
"goddamn trunk, nigga!"
It messed me up so bad, I started thinking.
I was like...
"Did I have another bitch in the trunk?
I might have..."
"Oh, no, I might have put
another bitch in the trunk
and forgot she was in the trunk."
These are real-life situations.
And after something like that happens,
every man's reaction is the same.
We all say the same shit,
we all do the same shit.
"I ain't getting with no crazy-ass woman."
"Ain't no way in hell
I'm getting with a crazy-ass woman."
"I'd rather be with myself."
That's what you do, you
live the single life.
Single life is amazing at first.
Reason why it's amazing is because
every night, you're with your boys,
you're drinking, you're meeting women,

having a good time.
Reality doesn't hit you about
how bad the single life is
until you call your friends to go out,
and on that night,
none of your friends are available,
'cause they're out with their women.
That's when reality hits you.
"Yo, what up, boy?
What you want to do tonight?"
"Oh, man, I ain't doing nothing.
"It's cupcake Tuesdays.
"Me and my lady, we're making cupcakes.
"Red velvet.
I get to lick the bowl and everything."
"Lick the bowl'?"
Man, get the fuck off my phone."
"Hey, don't be mad at me
'cause you ain't got no bowl to lick."
"What?"
Then you start to rethink
your whole decision.
"Damn. Did I have a good woman?
"Shit, man. I might have had a good woman.
"You know what,
I need to get my lady back."
Thing is, you can't go back the way you left.
You gotta reinvent yourself.
You gotta make it look like you're
making an effort to get your woman back.
Here's how dumb I am. This is what I do.
I come back.
"Babe, I got an idea. It's gonna be great.
"It's gonna put the spark back
in our relationship.
"It's gonna make us fall in love, okay?
"We've never done it.
Let's do it for the first time together.
"We should both take ecstasy one time.
"We should pop the pill.
Hear me out. Hear me out.
"It's an emotional drug, okay?
"It's gonna make us talk.
"We're gonna have sex.

It's gonna be the best."
She said, "Fine, let's do it."
She takes the pill.
Her pill gives her all the right reactions.
I take the pill. My pill...
Okay. MY...
My pill made me believe
that I was a drug dealer.
This is some real shit.
I wish I was making this shit up.
I can't make this up, people.
I don't know where it came from. I snapped.
We were talking. She was like,
"Babe, I just wanna be happy.
I want the disrespect to stop."
"Let me tell you something,
you're worried about fucking disrespect?
"That's what you're worried about? Hmm?
"What you need to be worried about
"is how I'm gonna deliver
this kilo of cocaine to fucking Pablo."
She was like, "What?
What're you talking about?"
"Girl, what the hell
do you think I'm talking about?
"Where you think all this money come from?
Jokes? Is that what you think? Huh?
"You think I'm out here
making funny money? Is that it?
"Huh?
"Bitch, I'm in the game.
"I'm out here in the fucking streets. Okay?
"I gotta cook it, cut it, bake it, boop!
Fly that shit."
She was like,
"Oh, my God, what about the kids?"
"Fuck them kids, bitch.
"I'm out here riding around
and getting it, bird gang.
"You don't even know my life, bitch."
Listen, let me tell you
how messed up I was.
I was ass naked,
walking around the house like this.

In my mind, this was a gun.
I really believed that my hand was a gun.
I was making threats. I said,
"Let me tell you something.
"If anybody on the block
try to touch my product,
"chitty, chitty, bang, bang,
niggas gonna die."
She was like, "Calm down, calm down."
This was how I knew
she was fucked up.
This was how I knew she was fucked up.
'Cause I turn around like this, right?
She was like, "Don't shoot me."
"Ain't nobody gonna shoot you.
"I got the safety on.
You need to fucking chill out."
Y'all are laughing?
I'm being serious. I was messed up.
I tried to fuck a beanbag that night.
I was ass naked on the beanbag
for two hours, doing this shit by myself.
I was sweating, but I didn't know it was me.
I thought it was the beanbag.
I was like, "Oh, this
beanbag's wet as shit.
"This beanbag's
about to get this long dick.
"That's what you're gonna get, beanbag.
"You're gonna learn today, beanbag.
You hear me?
"You will learn today."
That's an old chapter of my life, people.
Right now, I'm in a new chapter.
In this chapter, reality has hit.
Reality is, I'm single. Fucking dating.
I can do what I want now.
Now, here's the scary thing
about dating for me.
I believe in karma.
Whatever you do in life is gonna come
full circle at some point in time.
I know it is, okay?
My fear is, I'm gonna fuck around

and fall in love, and I'm gonna get hurt.
When I think about getting hurt, I think
about the ultimate level of getting hurt.
Like, I'm gonna try to surprise my lady
on her lunch break.
She would be in the car giving some
dude head, I'm fucking around to see it.
Now, I know I'm not strong
enough to deal with that.
I'm too emotional. I break down.
Hmm. "No, no, no,
no, no, no, no. No.
"Pick your head up.
Don't finish. Don't finish it.
"Jesus, take the wheel, please."
I know I can't deal with it.
Some men are. Some men can.
Some men are strong enough
to catch their woman in a sexual act,
like giving another man head,
to the point where they can go up to the
car, open the car door and say one sentence.
In that sentence, they'll let a woman know
how much he loved her,
how bad she hurt him and where he is
mentally, and he can walk off.
Some men can pull it off.
"You know what,
I loved you the best that I could.
"What I could do, I did.
"What I didn't do, I tried. Fuck it."
He'll walk Off. She'll feel bad.
"Why am I doing this?
"I don't wanna do it no more."
Did you get it? That was the dick.
Did you guys get it?
This was the dick.
Did you get it, you got it? All right.
Some men are different.
Some men are killers.
Some men are thugs all the time.
"No, fuck that! Fuck that!
"If I see my girl in the car
giving some dude head,

"I'm gonna go up to the car, I'm gonna
grab him, drag him out of the car,
"I'm gonna beat the shit out of the dude."
That's how some men feel.
Would you do that, man?
Chainz, would you fuck him up?
You'd whoop his ass?
You're gonna fight the guy
with his dick out?
His dick is out. This
guy's got the hard dick.
That's the wrong answer, Chainz.
I don't like that answer.
I don't think you thought about it.
Should've thought it through.
His fucking dick is out.
I can't fight a dude with a hard dick.
It's not gonna happen.
The reason why is 'cause I'm small.
When I fight, I gotta get low.
I gotta get your legs.
If your dick is out, at some point in time,
that's gonna cause a problem for me.
At some point in time.
"Yo, you got my girl out here
in a fucking car?
"Hmm? Huh? Nigga?"
Yo, you're gonna
lose your fucking mind
if a man's dick hit your head in front of
a group of people watching the fight.
You're gonna do some shit
you never thought you would do.
You're gonna fuck around and grab it.
You're gonna say some shit
you never thought you would say,
"I'm gonna rip it off!
"This dick is coming with me!
"This is my dick! I got two dicks now!"
Yo, if you grab a dude's dick in a fight,
you gotta kill yourself that night.
You have to die that night.
You can't go on living.
'Cause for the rest of your life,

you're gonna be known as the dude who
grabbed the dude's dick that day in a fight.
"There goes the dude who grabbed
that dude's dick that day in a fight."
"What was I supposed to do?
The dick was on my head."
"Hey, man, get your dick-grabbing
ass out of here, man."
"Nobody trying to talk
to you, dick grabber."
Look, I had a thought
the other day that scared me.
I thought about the fact that my kids
are eventually gonna have a stepdad.
That's kind of scary to me.
I'm gonna tell you why.
I start thinking to myself like, "What if
I can't physically beat the stepdad?"
'Cause I know I'm not gonna like the guy.
Small problems
are gonna become big problems.
So in my mind, shit will happen.
Like, one day I call the house
and in the background, I hear,
"I said, 'Put the dishes in the sink.'"
But in my mind, what I heard was, "You
and your dad can suck my dick in the sink."
I gotta fight. I gotta fucking fight now.
Because I've thought about it.
I wanna be prepared for this day,
if it ever happens.
So right now,
I'm currently taking self-defense class.
All right, this is no bullshit.
This is not a joke.
It's the wrong time to mess with me.
I know a lot of shit.
My teacher just taught me
how to take a gun out of somebody's hand.
Like, if somebody
points a gun at me like this,
I'm trained to grab your wrist, bend it,
take the gun, point it right back at you.
No bullshit.

I do it all the time in class.
I'm the best.
It's at a point where I had a conversation
with my friends, I said,
"Look, dude, if we out and somebody
pulls a gun out, let me handle it, okay?
"I'm the only one here
that's trained for this type of combat."
He was like, "You sure?"
I said, "Trust me, I'm sure."
Here's how funny life is.
We're walking out of the club, right?
I'm a little tipsy.
I get to the car,
this guy comes from behind the car.
He'd ducked down, he had a gun.
He was like, "Everybody get naked.
Run that shit, bitch. Get naked. Run it."
All my friends got scared
and started getting naked.
I was calm.
I'm standing there, I'm looking at him.
I'm even laughing a little bit,
'cause in my mind, I'm like,
"You don't even know
what I'm trained to do."
Right? That's what I'm thinking, right?
So he got mad, he says,
"You think it's a game, little nigga?
Run that shit, bitch. Get naked. Run it."
And it scared me, because my teacher
only taught me to take guns
from people holding it like this.
He had it like this. I've never seen that.
We never worked on that in class.
So I didn't know what to do.
So I got naked.
I did exactly what he said. I got naked.
My friends were like, "Do something."
I was like, "I can't. He's a killer.
He's the real deal. This guy's the real deal."
I got security after that.
Actually, that's a lie. That's a lie.
I didn't get security after that.

I tried to hire my friend,
Wayne, as my security guard.
Reason why is because
Wayne was big as shit.
So I was like, "Why would
I fucking pay somebody else
"when I can give you that extra money?
"You ain't got to fight nobody, just look
like you would if something were to happen."
He's like, "All right, I'll do it."
I said, "Done. You're hired.
You're my security guard."
Um... Here's why Wayne got fired.
Let me tell you why.
We were at a club, right? This guy
pulls out a gun, shoots it in the air.
Bop! "Fuck all these
bitches!" I got scared.
"Wayne, what should we do?"
With a straight face,
Wayne said, "Play dead."
I said, "What? What'd you say?"
He wouldn't answer me back
'cause he was in character. He said...
"Wayne!
"Wayne! Wayne!"
He gonna go,
"You better shut up before you get shot."
What the fuck?
After that, I hired this guy named Steve.
Now, Steve was the real deal, people.
Let me tell you why.
Steve made me feel like a star.
We went places, Steve moved the crowd.
"Everybody move! Move!
"Watch out, Mr. Hart's coming through."
I never had to look behind me.
Steve always had my back.
Steve got fired, because we was at a
club one day, I'm at VIP section, right?
VIP is separated from the dance floor
by a velvet rope.
I'm standing behind a velvet rope.
I say, "Steve,

I've got to go to the bathroom."
The guy operating the velvet rope moves it.
Me and Steve walk to the bathroom.
I use it, I get done, we come back.
The guy operating the velvet rope
was talking.
That's fine, I'm patient.
I'll wait till he's done.
Steve felt like I shouldn't have to wait.
Steve decided to pick me up
and place me over the goddamn rope.
Let me tell you something, people.
I've never felt more like a
bitch in my life.
I was like, "Steve, no,
don't do this, please."
My back leg came up.
"Look at me.
Look what you're making me do.
"Stop, Steve.
You're fucking fired, man."
After that, I hired these two ex-cops
turned security guards.
Now, these guys were very professional.
My problem with them
was that they were too professional.
Like, their level of security was
way too advanced for my level of celebrity.
Like, I don't know who
they thought I thought I was.
I don't know where the miscommunication
came, but it was too much.
Like, we go to Applebee's.
True story.
Fucking Applebee's, okay?
There's a empty booth.
I go slide in the booth.
That's how I slide in the booth.
I love Applebee's.
Applebee's, Applebee's, Applebee's.
So I'm in the booth, right?
I'm sitting next to the window.
He goes, "Kevin, switch seats with me.
"I don't want you sitting

next to the window."
I said, "Why not?"
He said, "There might be a sniper outside."
"Looking for who?"
"Ain't no sniper looking
for me at no fucking Applebee's. No.
"I'm not at the sniper level in my career.
I'm not there yet.
"Like, you probably gotta worry
about a dude putting his dick on the glass.
"That's my level.
I'm at the dick-on-the-glass level.
"That's my level."
Like, the shit that I'm afraid of,
people don't think about.
I'm gonna tell you what I'm terrified of.
Y'all are gonna think I'm crazy,
but I'm gonna tell you anyway.
Scariest shit in the world to me
are bum hands.
A bum's hands are the scariest shit ever.
You could say I'm crazy all you want.
I'm willing to bet you all
any amount of money right now,
if y'all walk outside after this show,
and a bum comes up to you and flicks your
lip, bet money you'd kill yourself tonight.
Bet whatever you wanna bet
that you'd fucking kill yourself tonight.
If you walk outside after this show
and a bum comes up to you,
"Give me a dollar, man." "What?"
"Man, you better give me a fucking...
"Give me a fucking dollar, man."
"What happened, man? He shoot you?"
"Motherfucker flicked my lip, man."
Oh, my God! That's the scariest shit ever.
Like, you gotta get rid of that lip.
You can't keep that lip.
That lip's gotta go. You gotta buy a new lip.
I don't even know where to get lips.
What would you do if you got jumped
by three homeless people,
and they held you down?

"Get off of me. What is this about?"
And then the leader come out, and you see
him like this. And he...
Oh, my God.
You know how dirty his hands are?
Oh, my fucking God.
That'll be the quickest bump that you've
ever gotten in your fucking life.
Pow! Bump! That fucking fast.
You gotta explain it.
"Hey, man, is that a fucking herpy?"
"Mmm-mmm. It's a bum bump."
"What?"
"What the fuck is a bum bump, man?"
A bum... A bum...
Hold on, hold on.
I gotta get it out. I gotta get it out.
Hold on. Hold on.
"What the fuck is that, man?"
"it's a bum bump."
"How the fuck
you let a bum touch your lip?"
"I thought he was trying
to tell me a secret."
"What? What the fuck
was a bum trying to tell you?"
"He tricked me. He was like, 'Hey, man.'
"I said, 'Huh?' He got me. That's..."
Get fire on these bitches one time, man.
A fucking bum bump. Watch...
Watch how y'all look at bums
when y'all leave the show.
Watch...
Watch how defensive y'all are.
"Excuse me, man,
can you spare some change?"
"Nigga, what the...
"Hey, man, you better get
your ass out of here, nigga.
"You out here trying to flick lips, cuz?
"You out here trying to give
a nigga a bum bump, nigga?
"I know what you're...
"You ain't gonna give me

no bum bump, nigga.
"You better get the fuck out of here, man."
"Knock your ass out, man."
"I don't want no bum bump."
"No, he got my nigga like that."
He told him a secret.
"My nigga leaned in. Mmm."
Fucked his whole shit up.
"This nigga's shit was all
bum bumpy for, like, two weeks."
I really believe shit like that can happen.
I'm a weird thinker, people,
I'm a weird thinker.
I'm glad that I'm a weird thinker, though.
Me being a weird thinker
has made me a better man.
It's made me a better father.
Let me explain how
it's made me a better father, okay?
Me thinking about my kids
eventually having a stepdad
is what made me a better father.
'Cause now, not only is it important
for me to make sure that I'm around,
but I need them to understand who I am
and what I represent to their lives.
Now, 'cause I see them so much,
I notice everything.
Like, my son is at this imagination stage.
Like, I thought the shit was a phase.
It's not. It's not going away.
Like, my son really thinks
that he's Spider-Man.
On some real shit.
And when he gets mad, he webs me.
Now, because I'm Dad,
I just go along with it.
Ahhh!
I act like I'm caught.
This is the shit that makes me laugh.
This is how he releases me from the web.
And he walks off.
The shit's hilarious.
Now, it's me and my son, we're bonding.

See, but as a parent, you don't realize
the effect that you have on your kids.
Whatever you do in the house,
your kids are gonna mimic
when they're outside the house.
I learned this lesson the hard way.
I go pick my son up from camp, right?
My son is outside arguing
with this little boy over a truck.
I'm watching. I'm not gonna break it up.
I want my son to be a boy,
let me see how he handles himself.
Little boy takes the truck from my son.
My son gets mad, takes the truck back.
"Mine!"
Little boy comes back,
punches my son in the back of the head.
My son falls.
This boy starts whooping my son's ass.
Listen, I don't know who
was training this little boy,
but they were doing an amazing job.
This boy could fucking fight, okay?
I'm not gonna break it up.
I'm gonna let my son take his ass-whooping.
He will learn from it.
I'm watching.
I see this with my own two eyes.
My son gets mad, rolls over.
"What the fuck are you doing, man?"
"It's not real. What are you doing?"
The parents are looking at me.
"Why would you teach him that?"
"Why would you even teach him that?"
I run over, I grab the
little boy off of my son.
This is the longest walk back to the car
that I've ever had with my son in my life.
He just kept looking at his hands.
He was like...
"I don't know what happened, Dad."
"I don't know what happened."
So I get mad. I'm like,
"Dude, if somebody's fucking hitting you,

you ball your fists up, you hit him back.
"You don't let nobody hit you.
You ball your fists up, you hit him back."
Now, he doesn't like it
when I come down on him.
So he got mad. He webbed me.
Now, when he webbed me,
I had a choice to make.
Do I act like the game
that my son believes in isn't real
and no longer exists
and fuck his imagination up?
Or do I allow his imagination
to continue to run wild?
He's five.
I said,
"I'm gonna let his imagination run wild,"
act like I was caught. Ah!
Ahhh!
This... This is what I heard.
This is what my son said.
"I had it turned off, Dad."
Said, "What the fuck is going on here?"
Look, my kids are hilarious, man.
I got stories for days about my kids.
I took my kids horseback riding, right?
This might have been, like,
the best worst day that
I've ever had with my kids in my life.
I wanted to find a place
that was suitable for kids and adults
so we could make a day out of it.
I find this ranch, right?
Me, my kids, my brother,
my friends, we all go.
We get there, they got ponies.
My kids get on the ponies.
There's a smaller trail at the ranch.
They ride the ponies
around the smaller trail.
Me, my brother and my friends,
we go on the big horses.
We're gonna do the big trail, okay?
Here's what happened.

Everybody gets on their horses.
They've got their feet in the stirrups.
They're ready to go.
I'm last to get on my horse
'cause I was filling out the paperwork,
I'm paying for this shit.
I get on my horse. Here's
strike one for me.
I go to put my feet in the stirrups, right?
Okay. Okay, this was the problem.
Like, if I put this foot in,
this foot wasn't going to make it.
I couldn't get them both in, all right?
So I tell the guy. I say, "Hey, man,
I think I need smaller stirrups."
He was like, "Don't worry about it.
You don't need them."
I was like, "Mmm. Yes, I do.
'Cause everybody else has them.
I wanna look like everybody else."
He was like, "Trust me,
you'll be all right."
I was like, "I don't trust you.
I wanna look like everybody else."
He said, "Look,
do you wanna talk to the instructor?"
I said, "Yes, I'll talk to the instructor."
Keep in mind,
the instructor is why I chose this ranch.
This guy is supposed to be a horse guru.
He was gonna teach us
how to physically control the horse.
He was gonna teach us
the verbal commands,
and he personally
was gonna take us on the trail.
Problem with this guy is
he cannot speak English, people, okay?
I can't make this shit up.
This is the speech that he gave
before we started the trail.
Word for word. He goes,
"Okay.
"Okay.

"Okay.
"Like that! Go, fat guy, kick it! Mmm!
"Like that, kick twice. Mmm!
"Like that. All right, let's ride."
"What the fuck did he say?
Did you hear what he said?
"Hey, man, you gotta say it again for me.
I didn't understand what you said."
This is how I knew it was bullshit.
He said the same thing
in the exact same way.
He said, "Okay. Okay.
"All right, okay. Okay.
"Like that! Go, fat guy, kick it! Mmm!
"Like that, kick twice. Mmm!
"Like that. All right, let's ride."
I said, "We're gonna fucking die.
We're about to die."
My friend said,
"Kev, stop bitching. Let's just go."
Keep in mind, I have no stability.
My feet are just dangling
from the side of the horse.
I have nothing to hold on to,
except this little stump thing
in the middle of the fucking saddle.
I said, "Fine, I ain't gonna say shit else.
Let's go."
My horse starts to trot.
He's not running, people. He's trotting.
I have no balance, so
I'm all over the place.
I'm like this, right?
My feet kicked the horse in the stomach.
That's a sign for your horse to speed up.
My horse takes off.
Listen to me, people. This nigga took off!
Now, I'm scared, 'cause
I don't know what to do with my feet.
At one point in time, I panicked,
had my feet on his neck.
Like, I was like this, right?
I was like this.
But I couldn't hear shit,

'cause the wind was blowing.
It was like...
I hear my friends in the back.
They're like...
Ohh!
Oh!
I don't know what they're saying.
I assume that they're saying, "Let go."
That's what I think
they're saying, "Let go."
So I said, "Fuck it! Jesus,
take the wheel." Right?
I roll off like a black-ass tumbleweed.
Bap-bap-bap-bap-bap.
My... The horse keeps going.
My friends and my brother, the instructor,
everybody pulls up next to me.
It's at a point where I'm pissed.
I'm like, "Yo, I'm not doing
this shit no more. I'm out.
"Fuck this trail. I'm done.
"I'm going back, I'm getting my kids,
I'm walking back to the hotel."
My boy, Spank, was like,
"Kev, you can't fucking walk back.
"We've been riding for 25 minutes.
"It's gonna take you, like,
an hour to walk back."
I said, "Fine." I looked at the instructor,
I said, "Well, you're gonna take me.
You're gonna take me back right now."
He puts his arm down like this,
grabs me, pulls me, picks me up,
puts me on the back of his horse.
This is why I will never ride a horse
again in my life, people.
For 25 minutes, for 25 goddamn minutes,
I'm on the back of this nigga's horse.
I turn around, my friends think it's funny.
They're taking pictures, right?
I said, "Put the camera up!
Put the goddamn camera up!"
The instructor kicked the horse
in the stomach, the horse starts running.

He reaches around, grabs my lower back.
He starts pulling me in, right?
Now, I'm scared, so I can't let go,
so I've got my arms around his stomach.
I'm fucking the shit
out of this nigga in his back.
He speed up, I speed up.
I gave him, like, 75 pops.
The shit that pissed me off,
while I'm in mid-pump,
he's gonna turn around
and go, "Let's ride."
I said, "Man, get the fuck off of me."
New York, it's been real.
My name is Kev Hart.
I fucking love y'all, man.
I appreciate you. Thank you.
Get fire on these bitches
one more time, man.
Thank you, New York.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Before I go,
I'm gonna end on a fucking
note from the heart right now.
Uh... And I'm gonna try not to be a bitch
and get emotional up here.
Dude, I am now one of few
to fucking perform as a standup comedian
in Madison fucking Square Garden.
Hey..
Listen to me. Listen to me.
You have no idea
the fucking feeling that I have
going through my body right now, man.
This is a fucking dream come true.
Hey, this is a fucking
dream come true, man.
Thank you for being loyal.
Thank you for growing with me.
Thank you for fucking enjoying me.
My name is Kev Hart, I love y'all.
Hey! Here they come.

Gather around.
We're about to throw a surprise.
Here we go.
I'm gonna take it
I'm gonna break it, hey
Go round, go round, go round
Go round, go round, go round
Kevin, Kevin, Kevin, Kevin, Kevin
What?
Right now, we're gonna beer bike.
For those who don't know what a beer
bike is, it's a bike with beer on it.
We're about to pedal this bitch.
Everybody, let's go!/
On three.
Let's go!/
Pedal!
Check out the speed bump/
Pedal!
Whoa! Easy. We off, man.
We easy. We got it.
Pedal!
Pedal!
Halt! Halt on the pedaling.
Halt! Pedal! Pedal!
Oh, my God!
That's right. It's me. This is me, people.
Go! Go!
You can't go right here/
Oh, shit!
We can't go right.
Oh, shit!
Yo! What the fuck are y'all doing?
Oh, my God, Kevin Hart?
Yo, you got a coloring book?
Aw!
Come on, dude/
She just noticed.
Aw!
Can I get a picture with you?
Of course you can get a picture.
Of course you can.
Got the Michael Jackson fan.
I wanted to go to your show,

but I don't have money.
I've got tickets for you.
Really?/
I've got tickets for you. Yes, I do.
So if you hit the wickets,
that's bowled.
Okay/
Out.
When he throws the wicket,
he hits one bounce, and he hits that wood,
that person's out?/
Yeah. Out.
Hey, don't hit me
with that fucking ball, man.
You got on all the
protection, Hendrix.
Except for your face.
Damn! That's an out. That's an out.
Here you go. Take it all off/
That's it? That's it?
You out, man/
That's it for you.
Why, I didn't get a chance to...
Well, what the fuck was that?
Excuse me, sir,
do you know who Kevin Hart is?
Ma'am?
All right, these girls
are gonna know me, right here.
Excuse me, ladies, it's me.
No, no, it's me. No, no. It's just...
Damn it! Shit!
How you doing, sir?
My name is Kevin Hart.
I'm a famous comedian.
That's gonna change.
A lot of them are gonna change.
I'm Kevin Hart. I'm a famous comedian.
Kevin Hart. Famous...
How you doing?/
Soul Plane.
Yes, indeed!
So everybody in the States that bootlegged
it and didn't think it got anywhere,

it made it to London, you bitch!
London, we love you, dawg.
It was fantastic. I love you, Kevin.
My boy Kevin Hart ripped it, you done know.
Listen, Kev, anytime, come down here,
you're welcome. London.
Whoo! That was fire.
That's what's hot. Whoo! That was fire.
Kevin Hart in London/
Kevin Hart!
I stood there, and my sides are hurting
where I laughed so hard. Seriously.
Kev. My man.
You got us running all over
the city, man! Come on!
Don't nobody ask me nothing no more.
I'll do everything myself!
Kev, where'd you go? Oh! I smell burning.
Is there a phone booth in here?/
Clark Kent.
Ain't no phone booth in here/
How you changed that fast?
Don't nobody ask me if I'm nervous either,
'cause I'm not!
I'll knock your ass out.
And my hands ain't sweaty,
so don't try to touch them.
Don't touch it. And I don't have swamp ass.
What're you talking about?/
Huh?
It's G shit up here, homie.
Why don't you just be my friends
and shake it up?
'Cause it's go time right now.
Huh? I'm pumped up, baby. You hear me?
I'm ready for this life. Huh?
I'm so ready for this.
Close them up, Joe.
That's what I'm talking about.
You know what we do/
That was last year.
That's right. You got it, homie.
What are you doing?
I didn't forget it 'cause I'm nervous.

What is he doing?/

Ain't nobody forget nothing!

It's showtime, man!

Hey! I'm about to explain, baby!