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# Let It Shine

By Eric Daniel

Comfort and gladness  
You give me joy  
Hey, one, two, three! Whoa!  
Yeah!  
We're singing out to him  
Sing with me now! Yeah  
Singing is the way we  
Way we celebrate  
Freedom to express ourselves  
in every single way  
I can't help but let out...  
...every song I feel inside  
Do your dance, it's your chance  
Let it shine  
Sing of your love  
Love  
Your love  
- Oh, come make a joyful noise  
- Make a joyful noise  
Come and rejoice  
Joice  
- Make a joyful!  
- Oh, come make a joyful noise  
Yeah... I didn't...  
Come make a joyful noise  
I know you feel it  
Jam rock soul  
Joyful noise giving the feeling  
I can't control  
Way down, deep in my soul  
Top let back with my beat down low  
Turn it up  
No need to be under  
The boom in my bass  
will rock you like thunder  
So make way for the joy when it rains  
Down with the sound  
of greatest in the game  
Sing of your love  
Love  
- Oh, come make a joyful noise  
- Oh, come make a joyful noise  
Come and rejoice  
Joice

- Oh, come make a joyful  
- Come sing with me  
A joyful noise  
Come make a joyful  
- A joyful  
- A joyful noise!  
Come make a joyful noise  
Cyrus, why do you want  
to embarrass me?  
That's not what I want to do.  
Then what was  
that nonsense out there?  
When I appointed you choir director,  
I assumed your talent would be  
used to sing praises to the Lord.  
Well, I know, Dad.  
That's why it was a gospel rap and not,  
you know, something inappropriate.  
Any rap is inappropriate  
as far as I'm concerned.  
Rap is the devil's music, and does not  
belong in a house of worship.  
Honey...  
We will not have this discussion again.  
Yes, sir.  
Kris, you know  
I'm comin' through with the hot beats.  
Wait, wait, wait, wait,  
who's rappin' tonight?  
Bling? Again? Man, I can't stand him!  
Yeah. Yeah, that's it.  
Yo, let me get on this.  
I'll see you at the club.  
Man, no, I don't have to sneak out.  
All right, I'm my own man.  
Hey, people don't know,  
but my rap game is tight, too.  
I just, you know, I keep it on the low.  
We always enjoy you, Kris.  
We should get together sometime,  
you know,  
and keep this whole vibe going.  
Anytime.  
Nope, nice to meet you, I'm Cyrus,

Kris' invisible friend since kindergarten.

Oh, my bad, man.

Did you wanna meet those honies?

No, I wasn't interested anyway.

They're not my type.

Wait, "fine" is not your type?

No, I just want a girl

who's about something

a girl who has substance.

A girl I can take to

the Atlanta Jazz Museum. You feel me?

No, I don't. Forget them, all right.

There are plenty of honies in here.

Cy, what up with the new beats, bro,

did you hook me up?

Yeah! Got it right here.

- My man. Catch you later.

- All right.

Cyrus, quit dogging!

Oh, Levi. Sorry, I got caught up.

Yeah, come on,

get these tables bussed.

I'm on it.

Hey, bro. You think you could

play this for me, please?

- Yeah, all right.

- Yes! Thank you.

Sure.

AH right!

Welcome to Club Off The Street.

The coolest place to hang

and be on the street.

I'm your boy Levi and you know

how we do it every week.

So let's go from rhythm to rhyme

as we crown this month's rap king!

All right! We started with eight.

Now we're down to two.

Give it up for newcomer, Da Boss.

And returning champ from last month

and the month before that,

Lord of Da Bling.

- You're going down.

- Nah! You're gonna get it.

The party's goin' wild  
Tonight's the night  
Come on, come on  
This club is on fire, put out your lights  
Let's go, let's go  
The party's goin' wild  
Tonight's the night  
Come on, come on  
This club is on fire, put out your lights  
Let's go, let's go  
Yeah, they call you Da Bling  
But your jewels looks spoiled  
Your platinum chain  
looks like aluminum foil  
Your hat's too small  
'cause your head's too big  
The hair under your arm's  
like a real big wig  
Stop, quit, Bling retire  
Your breath's so bad  
that your face needs a shower  
A marathon wash  
Two or three hours  
The roof of your mouth  
Your mouth is on fire  
It's about to go down  
Come on! Come on, come on!  
It's about to go down  
Put your hands in the air  
It's about to go down  
They call you Da Boss  
But you have no wealth  
No employees  
You should fire yourself  
And your pants so tight  
that you can barely move  
You're a bum that says,  
"I'll rap for food"  
You're an actor dude with an attitude  
I'm the streets' theme song  
You're an interlude  
Gonna put you on a plate  
Watch you get chewed  
They should call you a ghost

the way you get booed  
The party's goin' wild  
Tonight's the night  
Come on, come on  
This club is on fire, put out your lights  
Let's go, let's go  
The party's goin wild  
Tonight's the night  
- Come on, come on  
- This club is on fire, put out your lights  
Let's go!  
Lights off, lights off  
Anything you can do, I can do better  
Bring it when you want to  
I'm ready whenever  
- Show me what you got  
- Come on!  
- I'll show you what I got  
- Come on!  
Will you rock or roll  
The winner takes all  
Lights off, lights off,  
lights off, lights off  
Lights off, lights off,  
lights off, lights off  
Lights off, lights off  
Come on, come on  
Lights off, lights off  
Come on, come on  
Lights off, lights off  
Come on, come on  
Lights off, lights off  
Come on, come on  
I know I'm ready and able  
But I'm stuck here  
bussing all these tables  
I could show I got what it takes  
But I already used  
my 15-minute break  
I'm working for minimum wage  
when I should be up on the stage  
Feel like I'm in a cage  
I need to turn the page  
'Cause the other guys are fake

I could leave the crowd amazed  
The party's goin' wild  
Tonight's the night  
Come on, come on  
This club is on fire, put out your lights  
Let's go, let's go  
Gentlemen, round two!  
I'm bling like my watch  
so let's get it tockin'  
Your clothes are full of holes  
like your granny's ripped stockings  
Your style is old, not a good look  
Watch Da Boss get burnt  
like the food she cooks  
Bling, I think you need a shower  
I hear you scream  
But your odor's much louder  
No, that's the sound of victory  
Now do your day job  
and get my car for me  
Ooh!  
It is over!  
The party's goin' wild  
Tonight's the night  
Come on, come on  
This club is on fire, put out your lights  
Let's go, let's go  
The party's goin' wild  
Tonight's the night  
Yo, yo, come on  
This club is on fire, put out your lights  
Let's go, let's go  
All right, all right.  
Now this is how we do it  
here on our street.  
It's summer break  
so we give kids the beats  
to keep them off the streets.  
And Bling is still king!  
Wait! And one more thing.  
I will be takin' home the crown  
at the Rap Grand Slam this year!  
All of Atlanta will know who Bling  
from Midtown is. Midtown, stand up!

Let's go, let's go!  
I'm sorry.  
Yeah, you are sorry.  
You messed up my new shoes, stupid.  
You lucky you didn't do it  
while I was spitting my hot rhymes.  
It wasn't that hot.  
What?  
No, he did not just call me out!  
Listen up, y'all  
We got a brain to find  
'Cause this whippersnapper's  
done lost his mind  
I'm getting rich off my words  
But now I'm getting challenged  
by "revenge of the nerds"  
Whoa!  
Is that the best you can do?  
"Revenge of the nerds"?  
I mean, come on, man.  
That's just way too easy.  
You got some basic skill,  
I'll give you that.  
But you ain't all that with the rhymes.  
Oh.  
Oh, really, Mr. Nerd?  
So what you really trying to say?  
I can come up five better,  
and more clever ways  
that you could've dissed me.  
Five? Please! In your dreams.  
One, I'm tripping literally  
I should be dish-washing  
Cause I got bow-legged knees  
and often they be crossin'  
Go ahead and ask my bosses  
They'll tell you that I'm clumsy  
I'll probably fall into your fist  
so you won't have to punch me  
Yeah! Clean it up!  
Let's go, baby! Come on.  
Two, I'm vegetarian  
So I don't want no beef  
You floss expensive jewelry



I floss my crooked teeth  
I sing in church choir  
My daddy is a reverend  
I tried to be a gangster,  
but my curfew was 11:00  
Three, I drive my Vespa  
through the streets  
And wear my helmet proud  
Do my homework every night  
And then come here  
to this rowdy crowd  
I signed up for the battle  
Filled in all the basics  
But when they saw that it was me  
They put me on the wait list  
Four, I run from bullies in the streets  
I don't know how to fight  
I don't throw lefts or rights  
I just left and sprinted right  
I'm skinny, y'all  
Scrawny arms and a tiny chest  
Shoot, I could hide behind that pole  
if I just hold my breath  
Five, my apron looks like a dress  
I should twirl around  
like a pretty princess  
I'm not a busboy, I'm a waitress  
But I can't get the drinks right  
Taste test  
Let me buy another round  
for your guest  
My hands got sweaty  
and I lost my grip  
My shoes don't fit  
They're hand-me-downs  
From the Salvation Army  
right downtown  
When I walk into the room,  
the lights go down  
I'm so ugly, Mom won't hug me  
And that's 10 better disses than you  
I beat myself  
Something you couldn't do  
Really? Really?

Yo, yo, everybody!  
It seems as if Urkel over here  
thinks he's a pretty clever rapper.  
Yeah, pretty clever.  
So, I'm calling him out.  
Urkel, Urkel, Urkel,  
Urkel, Urkel, Urkel.  
Yo, Cy,  
don't worry about that clown.  
That fake jewelry  
is gonna put a rash around his neck.  
He straight-up embarrassed me.  
One day he'll get his payback.  
But seriously, Cy,  
what's your deal, man?  
'Cause I know you got  
the dope rhymes in the notepad.  
I don't know. It's just...  
It's different  
when I'm writing songs by myself.  
I can't do all that up on the stage  
when everyone's watching me.  
Cy. All you need to do  
is get your flow tight,  
get some new phat gear,  
work on your stage presence,  
hit the gym a lil' bit, get a haircut,  
moisturize that ashy skin,  
and if you put some zit cream on that  
forehead, you'll be straight, dude!  
I'm telling you.  
Oh, and then I'll be straight?  
- Yo, show's on. Come on.  
- All right, bro, turn it on.  
Welcome to Eb&Flo, the best urban  
music showcase on the planet.  
I'm Ebony Wright.  
And I'm Florida Ortiz,  
and we are here tonight with Roxie!  
- That's our girl!  
- That's our girl!  
Dang, man, she is looking fine!  
Dude, just think, we were all  
in third grade together.

She was missing  
a front tooth, remember?  
She's not missing anything now.  
We're here to talk to Roxie  
about her new video.  
What's up with this group  
criticizing your music  
and how you look in the video?  
What else should! wear, a parka?  
So I put on a little somethin'.  
It's not a crime.  
Oh, it's criminal.  
Rumor has it that  
you and Atlanta Records  
are working on a hot new project.  
That's right! You make it, we break it.  
It's a contest where one amateur artist  
will get their song produced  
by my record label  
and made as a video for On The Beat.  
Just send in a track and a recent photo  
and the winner  
will be announced live on EB&Flo.  
- You're so cool!  
- Right here!  
So, listen. What do you say  
to those wannabe stars out there  
who want to enter a song?  
Just keep it real  
and write from your heart.  
All right, okay! Now let's hear it  
for Atlanta's own Roxie!  
I'm gonna submit a song for the contest.  
- For real?  
- Yeah. I'm gonna win it.  
I don't know about all that.  
WW you say that?  
'Cause I'm doin' a song  
for the contest, too.  
'Bout to bust my rap skills  
out on you, son.  
Okay, we'll see who has skills.  
And that would be me. All right, bro,  
it's getting late. I'll catch you later?

- You know it.  
- All righty. Peace.  
Her beauty's crazy  
I watch her from the crowd  
Her voice is so amazing  
She'd make her momma proud  
I tried to send her flowers  
But she has no address  
Her home is in my heart  
It's like she never left  
This is more than a crush  
More than a like-like  
More than a love  
Baby, imma make you mine  
And I ain't givin' up  
This is more than a crush  
More than a like-like  
More than a love  
Baby, imma make you mine  
And I ain't givin' up  
Don't run away  
Don't run away from the truth  
'Cause I'm not giving up on you  
Don't run away  
Don't run away from the truth  
'Cause I'm not giving up on you  
Normally I couldn't turn your head  
That's why I had to write this instead  
Let's be friends  
Start out slow  
Get to know you beyond your glow  
You're more than meets the eye  
Girl you're pterodactyl fly  
Way back when you knew my name  
Tell the truth is what I claim.  
Don't run away  
Don't run away from the truth  
'Cause I'm not giving up on you  
Don't run away  
Don't run away from the truth  
'Cause I'm not giving up on you  
Oh, no.  
Now, we were talking about  
my generation,

now I wanna talk about today's youth.

Today's youth...

Door needs some oil.

Amen!

It's nice to see my son,  
our choir director,  
is almost on time for church.

But almost don't cut it  
in the kingdom of God, do it?

- Amen!

- I heard ya, I heard ya!

Today's youth.

They say they're not in church  
'cause it's too early on Sunday  
and they're too tired.

Well, guess what? I'm tired, too.

- Amen!

- I heard ya!

Tired of being blasted  
by harsh language out of car stereos.

I heard ya!

Tired of seeing our girls with  
their shorts and their skirts too high.

Tired of looking at our boys  
wearing their pants too low.

But most of all,

I'm tired of rap and them rap clubs  
keeping our kids out so late  
on Saturday night

that they can't get up early  
on Sunday morning and go to church

'cause they're too...

Tired!

You all know what place

I'm talking about, too.

That place downtown.

And don't you all let them fool you  
into believing that it's a good thing.

It keeping our kids safe,  
and "off the streets. "

What I am sure about is that

I wouldn't let my son or daughter  
support something as blasphemous  
as that club,

and neither should you.

People,

we gotta come together as a community  
and eliminate the harmful influences  
of hip-hop

and end the powerful grip

it's got on our children.

- You're right.

- Yeah.

Young women gotta stop being video  
vixens and start being valedictorians.

Come on, man!

Amen!

Young men gotta stop being gangstas  
and start being graduates.

Young people gotta turn off that stereo  
and turn on G-O-D!

Ah-ha!

G- O-D.

Uh-huh!

G- O-D.

Uh-huh!

G- O-D.

Uh-huh!

That's ridiculous.

Don't Run Away by Truth.

Wait, I know these guys!

Hey, we went to grade school together!

Oh, really? Let me see.

Wait, I need that magazine  
you're trying to hide from me.

- It's nothing.

- Lyla, come on! Let me see.

Don't worry about the critics,  
they get paid to criticize.

But I'm sick of them saying

I'm hiding my real voice

just 'cause I use a vocoder.

I mean, lots of other artists use it.

Why do they have to pick on me?

Because you're a star, and you're hot.

And that, my friend, is all by design,  
thank you very much.

Lyla, you've done a great job

getting me to where I am,  
but, you know,  
a little respect would be nice, too.  
Mm-mmm.

Do not use the "R" word with me.  
That is for indie artists  
playing the underground circuit  
who have a message, and no per diem.  
Sweetie, you know I love  
and respect you.

And not just because I told your dad  
that I would take care of you  
on the road.

You're right.

So, do we have a winner  
of your contest or what?

Yes. This one is good.

So, he calls himself Truth and  
it's real music and it says something.

Plus, it's so cool that these are my boys  
from back in that day.

He's cute! And he can rap?

Looks like we do have ourselves  
a winner. Hello, Truth!

Excuse me. We're from On The Beat.

A rapper named Truth won our contest  
and gave Off The Street as his address.

- Know where I can find him?

- Never heard of him.

- Oh, he's right there!

- Hey, what's up, sweetie?

On The Beat is in the house!

What's up!

EB&Flo is here at Off The Street.

We are in Atlanta to reveal  
our big contest winner.

You submitted a song  
to On The Beat's contest. Right?

Yeah. Most definitely.

Well, since you decided to make it...

- ... we're gonna break it!

- ... we're gonna break it!

Yeah! This is incredible, yo!

So you won the rap contest?

Yeah, son! Can you believe it?  
I guess, if that's what they said.  
You're happy for me, right?  
Yeah. Yeah. I mean, why wouldn't I be?  
I just didn't get a chance  
to hear your song.  
Oh. That's because I made it last minute  
and just threw it in the mail.  
So, how's it feel  
to be rap's next big superstar?  
Hypothetically speaking, of course.  
I can only speak English, so...  
He's too much.  
Well, however you spoke,  
it was good enough to win.  
And now it's time for you  
to meet your new biggest fan.  
- Roxie!  
- Roxie!  
Hi, hi! Hey!  
Kris and Cyrus, I can't believe this!  
Believe it, baby.  
- Kris, you look great.  
- Thanks.  
And, Cyrus, you look the same.  
I mean exactly like you did  
in third grade.  
Thanks, I guess.  
But you, you look better than ever.  
I mean, not like you  
didn't look good before.  
I'm just sayin' now  
you're just like all this...  
I mean, not like all this.  
I mean, I don't mean it like that.  
I mean, some people here  
might think that,  
but I knew you back when you were  
in kindergarten so it's...  
Just, here! And grown up, but just...  
I'm just saying you look awesome.  
Thank you.  
So, congratulations on your success  
winning the contest.



Thank you.  
Your song was amazing,  
it really touched my heart.  
And I may be crazy, but I felt like  
you made it about me.  
Oh, fa'sho. Yeah, yeah, you were  
most definitely what I'm rappin' about.  
Roxie! Roxie! Roxie!  
Y'all need to quit!  
I think your fans  
want to hear a song, right?  
Yeah!  
No, I really wasn't expecting this.  
Come on!  
But, if you insist.  
Okay! Okay!  
Okay, here we go-oh  
Gather all around,  
you don't wanna miss this show  
If you don't know  
It's about to get serious  
A Miss Roxie experience  
My energy can make you delirious  
Take a chance if you're curious  
Follow my lead, up outta yo seat  
We're about to P-A-R-T-Y  
Y'all ain't seen nothin' like this  
Ultimate non-stop excitement  
My pyro technique is about  
to blow-oh-oh your mind  
It's curtain call, the stage is set  
Spotlight's on  
You ain't seen nothin' yet  
This moment is something  
that you won't forget  
Oh, no, you won't, because  
I'm saying that I'm something  
you gotta see right now  
It's the only place  
that you wanna be right now  
I'm gonna make some magic  
That's what I said  
I can be anything, like a chameleon  
I'm one in a million

It's gonna be dramatic  
That's what I said  
That's what I said  
Okay! Okay!  
That's what I said, that's what I said  
That's what I said  
See a party ain't a party  
without me, the element  
And anybody who's anybody  
be yellin' it  
And when they can't even scream,  
they be spellin' it  
That I be getting it hype  
There's no comparison  
I don't mean to sound conceited  
or even arrogant  
Is it the way that I sing  
or my appearance that  
Be havin' them sayin'  
ya girl got a mad flow  
And now they following my swag  
like a shadow  
Oh, so gather round,  
gather round now  
'Cause I'm about to break it down,  
break it down now  
There's too much room  
to be standing around  
We ought to be shaking the building,  
feet stamping the ground  
I'm saying that  
I'm something you gotta see right now  
It's the only place  
that you wanna be right now  
I'm gonna make some magic  
That's what I said  
Yeah, I can be anything,  
like a chameleon  
I'm one in a million  
It's gonna be dramatic  
Hey! That's what I said  
That's what I said  
Hey! That's what I said  
That's what I said

Hey! That's what I said  
That's what I said  
Thank you, thank you!  
Thank you, love y'all!  
But please, give it up  
for our new rising rap star!  
What up, y'all?  
He keeps it so real,  
he calls himself 'Truth'!  
- Truth! Truth! Truth!  
- Truth?  
They got my name wrong.  
No, I'm Kool Kris.  
Who in the heck is Truth?  
That's me. I'm Truth.  
What? Well, why are they saying  
that you won when I did?  
- That photo I sent in.  
- What photo?  
I sent in a photo of both of us.  
They probably thought that you  
were Truth. They made a mistake.  
Sol really didn't win nothin'?  
No. I mean, no, you didn't.  
Man! I guess we gotta  
straighten this out, then.  
Yo, On The Beat,  
what you want with this wannabe?  
You need a sick rapper,  
not a sucker MC  
I'm like a pit bull and he's a puppy  
A candle-lighting, incense-burning  
spoken-word-reading yuppie, a rookie  
And plus his flow is garbage, sucky  
Guaranteed ain't nothing  
gonna touch me.  
Kris, don't even lower yourself  
to his level, okay?  
Truth is better than that, right?  
Roxie. Roxie, please, just don't.  
Now look who's talkin'  
Roxie, the diva  
She's got him on a leash  
like a golden retriever

Standing over this under-achiever  
She says he's the truth  
Well, I'm not a believer  
It's time to go. Time for us... Let's go.  
I'm gonna tell her, all right, bro?  
All right.  
What you staring at, Opie?  
Man! I mean, who knew  
my homeboys both had talent.  
I mean, you with the fly tunes,  
and now Kris is the king of rap?  
I mean, come on, who knew?  
Kris isn't the king of rap.  
I mean, there must have been  
some kinda mix-up.  
The song that won the contest is mine.  
I just sent in this photo  
with both Kris and me in it,  
and I guess they thought Kris  
was Truth, 'cause he's tall.  
That's messed up.  
But, you gonna tell Roxie the truth?  
Yeah. Kris is about to tell her right now.  
Hold on a second.  
Yo, can I talk to you for a sec?  
Yeah, what's up?  
All right, look,  
we been boys a long time, all right?  
And you know that I don't usually  
let one woman tie me down.  
But with Roxie, man, I don't know,  
I mean, she loves my flow.  
I mean, your flow.  
But when she looks at me,  
she sees somethin' in me.  
You know, like I'm deep.  
And I ain't never been "deep" before.  
Because you're not.  
I know, but Roxie don't know that.  
Look, I just wanna see where things go  
between me and her.  
So you gotta think of somethin',  
man. Please.  
Okay. She likes you

because she thinks you're Truth.

Okay.

So why don't we just

keep letting her think that?

But, how do we pull that off?

I'll teach you my flow.

I'll stay in the background.

I'll be your DJ,

so if anything goes wrong

I can try to think of

something on the fly. We just...

We really gotta keep this under wraps.

Snap! Man, that is it!

Cy, you're a genius, baby!

Yeah! Stay cool.

Hey, so, I gotta take off.

But, Kris, Lyla says you need

to re-record the song for the video,

so maybe I'll see you

at the studio tomorrow.

I'll be there, fa'sho.

I forgot to tell you, Cyrus here is my DJ.

He produced my track and everything

so he's going to be rollin' wit' me. Cool?

Yeah. Wow. You did some really

nice work on the track, Cyrus.

Thanks.

Okay. So I guess I'll see

both of you tomorrow.

Mos def.

I cannot wait for the day to end

so it'll be tomorrow.

I'm just going to go to bed now.

Night, bro.

Yeah. This is pretty huge.

Now come on, we're gonna be late.

What?

Go, go!

All right, I'm a little nervous, okay.

I need to record your song,

but I don't sound like you.

So you need to record it.

But if Roxie and Lyla are in the studio

with us, they'll see it's you.

This conundrum is just now hitting you?  
This is not a condominium, bro.  
It is a studio,  
and we need to think fast.  
Okay, you can copy my style.  
You just gotta feel it.  
Just feel it?  
Yeah.  
All right? Just gotta rock wit' it.  
Okay. Im rocking  
It's time to rap, it's time to roll  
Time to rap like you never rapped befo'  
Here we go...  
Yo! I'm 'bout to rap  
I like cats, do you like cats?  
I'm getting money  
Jump higher than a bunny  
I'm getting money...  
This ain't gonna work, is it?  
You're late!  
I knew you'd be late  
from the minute I met you.  
You got that "late, no watch-wearin"  
kinda look,  
suspenders all dangling.  
Roxie is late.  
My engineer is late.  
I have to be downtown in 20 minutes,  
otherwise my whole day is shot.  
Which is not gonna happen  
'cause everybody is late.  
That is perfect!  
No, I mean it's perfect  
that I can work alone  
with my DJ slash engineer.  
That way I can  
get into the zone and flow.  
You're an engineer?  
Yes. He is highly qualified.  
What studios have you worked in?  
- He's worked all...  
- I'm gonna need you to... Okay?  
Yes, ma'am.  
What studios have you worked in?

Only one in my room, really.  
But, I can show you what I can do.  
He's great, I promise.  
Sixty-four tracks on this board.  
But if you know what you're doing  
you can get a good sound out of 24.  
But if you don't want  
an inexperienced kid like me  
who charges half what your regular  
engineer makes, I understand.  
Wait. Hold on. Hold on, hold on.  
I'll give you a chance,  
but if you damage anything in here,  
anything, you'll never work in this town  
again. You understand me?  
She is just scary.  
Let's get to work.  
They say true love is blind  
That real romance is timeless  
You're like my favorite movie  
Play it, don't rewind it  
'Cause, baby, you're the finest  
Your love, I'm gonna find it  
And when I do, I'll run away with you  
Somewhere where they can't find us  
Yo, it's Roxie.  
Lay low, she didn't see you.  
Stay right here.  
- Hey. Hey...  
- Hey!  
I hope I didn't interrupt.  
But I heard you from outside,  
you sounded great.  
Oh, thanks. I'm just gettin' warmed up.  
I bet when you play it back  
you can't even believe it's you.  
You can say that again.  
I remember my first time.  
It was like I was hearing  
somebody else's voice.  
I know exactly what you mean.  
So did you really  
write that song about me?  
Come on, girl. What you think?

I think, if this blows up like I expect,  
people will be looking for another song.

Another song?

Mm-hmm.

Yeah. Maybe when I record my next CD  
we can make some music together.

Yeah. Yeah, baby.

I thought you'd never ask.

Great. Then let me hear you freestyle.

Freestyle? Like, right now?

Yeah. Here, I'll give you a beat,  
you drop something hot.

Make it intelligent and romantic.

You know how you do.

Intelligent, romantic, right. Here goes.

Girls love me 'cause I'm so pretty

I got babes in every city

LA, DC and Cincinnati

The tall ones, the short ones,

even the uglies

Gotcha! I'm messing with you, girl.

Well, stop playing.

Speak from your heart.

Hey, Kris, repeat after me.

If I speak from my heart,

I'm afraid it'll be broken.

"If I speak from my heart,

I'm afraid it'll be broken. "

I'm scared what you'd say

about the words I have spoken.

"And I'm scared what you'd say

about the words I've spoken. "

I'd rather make you laugh

and act like I am jokin'

than tell the truth about

the feelings that you have awoken.

"I'd rather make you laugh

and act like I am jokin',

"than tell you the truth

about my feelings you've awoken. "

Oh. Sorry. Excuse me.

Yes! That was awesome, Cy.

Did you see the way she looked at me?

We were really vibing



out there, man.  
Oh, and she said  
I can rap on her next CD.  
What? You said you'd rap  
on her next CD? Are you nuts?  
Yeah, look, I'm sorry about that, man.  
I got caught up in the moment.  
But now I got Roxie on the ropes.  
Kris, what are you doing in there?  
It's easier for me to talk to you like this.  
Yeah, but now you sound funny.  
Come on. Come back out.  
I like hearing how you feel.  
Don't be shy.  
It's hard for me to say  
how I feel in person.  
Just let my words caress you.  
What are you doing?  
Can I tell you something now  
that I have your attention?  
Now that you've got my hopes up.  
Please tell me.  
You wanna know the truth. Check it out.  
How should I describe you?  
Sweeter than Godiva  
But your thoughts go deeper  
than a scuba diver  
Whether you're in sweat pants  
or dressed in Prada  
You can make me dizzy  
like a race car driver  
I wanna take you to a party  
Hold your hand  
and show off to everybody  
Me, I could be in jeans and a hood  
'Cause you're so fine  
you make me look good  
You're the passion in my life  
You're the secret I can't hide  
There will come a day  
I can't wait to say you belong to me  
Girl, and if! let you know tonight  
It will be all right, I bet  
You don't know it yet,

but, baby, you belong to me  
You've been looking for the one  
I've been looking for a dime  
Maybe we can both find it  
at the same time  
I'm blinded by ya shine  
You're kinda like the sun  
'Cause the world revolves around you  
till my day's done  
I tried to say something  
But you had me speechless  
I had to hit the booth to tell my secrets  
See, I could spit a line  
But it's more than my words  
How can I describe  
what an angel deserves?  
You're the passion in my life  
You're the secret I can't hide  
There will come a day  
I can't wait to say you belong to me  
Girl, and if I let you know tonight  
It will be all right, {bet  
You don't know it yet,  
but, baby, you belong to me  
Wow. That's the most beautiful song  
I've ever heard.  
Yo, I think she's falling for me.  
You really are amazing.  
You mean me. Nice job, son.  
Kris, I'm coming in to see you.  
Yo, switch spots. Quick.  
- There you are.  
- I'm all yours.  
Ready to go again? Oh, hey, Roxie!  
Hey, Cyrus.  
I didn't know you were there.  
Story of my life. Let's go again.  
Precious Lord  
Come on, take my hand  
Oh, lead, lead me on  
Lead me...  
Hey, sorry I'm late. Sorry.  
Thanks, Ma. Thanks, Ma. I got it.  
Oh.

Honey, I was just teaching them  
Precious Lord.  
Got it.  
Okay, well, then,  
here you go. Just carry on.  
Thank you.  
Hey, Cyrus, a few of us were  
talking earlier and, you know,  
we were wondering,  
could we spice up the song a bit  
like when we did with Joyful Noise?  
That's not possible.  
Just gonna stick to the basics.  
Let's take it from the top.  
Hey! What are you doing?  
Just doing some different things  
with this new track.  
It's a duet for you and Kris.  
Did Kris ask you to do that?  
Did he ask me to do what?  
Cyrus is working on a duet.  
Is that what you wanted?  
Yeah. For sure. So let's hear it.  
So it starts off with you,  
strong and soulful,  
and then the staccato of Kris' rhyme  
will come in hard with the counterpoint.  
Now I'll drop out the hi-hat,  
bring up the harmonies...  
It'll be just like The Beatles'  
All You Need Is Love.  
Yeah, man. See,  
that's what I told you to do yesterday.  
And it's about time he got it right.  
That track is hot! Nice work.  
And I love The Beatles.  
Oh, me, too.  
Yeah, that's my favorite group.  
Really? What's your favorite album?  
You know, the Greatest Hits.  
You are too cute.  
Well, I was thinking for this track,  
the two of you actually  
have a conversation.

Like, talk back and forth  
throughout the song.  
I'm telling you,  
once we're done with that track,  
- it's going to be beautiful.  
- I feel you, man.  
Hey, team, I like what I'm hearing.  
Conrad, great work on the board.  
CY"- Is!  
And my future star, Truth.  
I think we're going to update  
your wardrobe a little bit.  
Okay, go with me,  
Justin Timberlake meets Usher  
with just a dash of will.i.am.  
Cool, I'm down with that.  
Great, 'cause I got big plans.  
For real? Talk to me.  
I just got off the phone  
with The Rap Grand Slam people,  
and they're looking for a headline act.  
What?  
Yes! I can't believe this.  
I mean, that's cool,  
I'm the headline at Grand Slam.  
A, don't touch me.  
B, what, are you insane?  
No, Roxie's gonna be the headline act.  
Not you.  
Oh.  
What? The Grand Slam wants me?  
That's right.  
You seem surprised.  
Well, you know, they usually go  
for more traditional soul vocalists.  
She means real singers.  
No, I mean real old-school singers,  
not new, hot and flashy singers  
such as yourself.  
Well, I made a few phone calls,  
stroked a few egos  
and I convinced them that Roxie, here,  
is going to help boost their ticket sales.  
I don't know, Lyla.

I mean, The Grand Slam audience  
isn't very forgiving.  
They don't care how many CDs  
you've sold, you just better be good.  
Yeah. And you will be.  
Yo, yo, yo!  
Yo! What's up?  
We gettin' busy or what, yo?  
You know it!  
Okay. Okay, who are you guys?  
Oh, these are the dancers for my video.  
Dancers?  
Oh, you came to work?  
Levi, I should've called.  
Yeah, you should have.  
I had a full house last night.  
Sorry. I forgot and I fell asleep.  
Just in a really weird zone.  
- Weird zone, huh?  
- Yeah.  
Is this about that girl, Roxie?  
No. No. I mean,  
why would you say that?  
Just look at you,  
your shoulders are all slumped,  
you're lookin' all lost and pitiful.  
That girl's got your nose wide open.  
Is it that obvious?  
Yes, it is. Yes, it is.  
Did you tell her the truth?  
That you're Truth?  
Not exactly.  
What does that mean?  
Well, Kris is into her and he asked me  
if I would help him hook up with her.  
So, for now, Roxie is going to  
think that Kris is Truth.  
What? Man, that is just dumb! No.  
Listen, now you tell Kris  
that you were feelin' her first  
and he needs to back on up!  
I can't do that.  
I mean, me and Kris been homies  
since we were, like, five years old.

I don't wanna be a hater.  
All right, Cyrus, there's nothing wrong  
with you tryin' to be  
a good friend to Kris.  
But if you use that  
as an excuse to not man-up  
because you're afraid  
you might get rejected?  
Okay, I can understand that, too.  
But you can't live like that forever.  
Ah, yeah, I thought so.  
You won't tell your daddy you work here  
because he won't approve.  
You freeze up  
when Bling gets in your face  
and it's time for you  
to get up on that stage.  
And then you get tongue-tied when  
it comes to telling Roxie how you feel.  
A girl like Roxie  
would never go for a guy like me.  
I mean, look at me and look at Kris.  
He's cool, good-looking,  
got that swagger.  
And I'm like wallpaper in a hoody.  
Kris is a perfect match for Roxie.  
Hey, that's not true.  
You just got to speak up for yourself  
and be who you really are.  
Who am I really?  
You're Truth!  
Oh.  
Yeah. And Truth is a bad cat!  
He is?  
Yeah! Truth won  
the Atlanta Records rap contest.  
He got skills. He's smooth.  
He got that sound.  
And you know what?  
That's you.  
I guess that is me.  
Yeah, but Roxie wouldn't know it.  
I mean, how can you or Kris  
even call yourselves "Truth"

when y'all both  
are just living one big lie?  
I guess that's a valid question.  
Look, I gotta go.  
You need to figure out what it is you  
want and then do somethin' about it.  
Lock up when you leave.  
They say I'm young  
But my purpose  
is the inspiration of a nation  
Innovation, till I change  
the talk into a conversation  
I'm like a doctor  
and my patients are anxiously waiting  
Healing all the hating  
That faking and the paper chasin'  
It's hard to live up to  
these expectations that I'm facin'  
And gain the admiration  
of an older generation  
That's why I'm pacin' back and forth  
Contemplating, meditating  
How to use what I've been taught  
as a positive force  
- Oh, this is who I am  
- It's all me, ya 'H  
I wish you'd understand  
I've been freed, ya 'Il  
It's time to set me free  
My guardian angel  
- No, no matter what I do  
- They try and stop me  
- I'm still a part of you  
- But they can't stop me  
I hope you'll always be  
My guardian angel  
S'up, Atlanta? It's ya boy, Truth.  
I wanna be the greatest in the world  
Not for the money  
or the fame or the girls  
Not for the car keys or the jet skis  
Or the vacations in the West Indies  
But simply 'cause I love it  
When I write I'm like a puppeteer

Puffin' my string til! the melody sings  
And the honesty makes me  
spread my wings  
Calling me out was out your mind  
Send that thought  
back down your spine  
I'm on the grind, it's all on the line  
Road signs say both ways  
at the same time  
Most days I can't wait to rhyme  
Express my stress, elevate and shine  
Progress, regress each step's a climb  
So I take that test and! testify  
Of course he's late.  
They're open?  
I feel so misunderstood  
'Cause my intentions were good  
If you could only see that  
poetry can hide in the hood  
The passion and philosophy  
of possibilities  
Every dream is in my reach  
I find my freedom in this beat  
Follow me now  
as I break new ground  
Swallow your pride  
I'll make you proud  
All of my life I've lived out loud  
We just preach to different crowds  
Cyrus?  
Roxie, what are you doing here?  
I came to meet Kris.  
You were just rapping.  
You sound just like Kris.  
Oh, that? No, that wasn't me. I was...  
This mic's not even on. See?  
I was just lip-synching.  
Lip-synching?  
Yeah, that's one of Kris' old tracks.  
I guess I'm not just his DJ,  
but I'm also his biggest fan.  
Wow! You might just be  
the best lip-syncher I've ever seen.  
Well, I do a lot of karaoke



so I'm pretty good at it.  
What are you doing here?  
Well, I came to meet Kris  
so we could grab an early dinner,  
but he hasn't shown up.  
Great. He's not gonna make it.  
The car dropped me off here  
and I'm starving.  
Oh, that's too bad.  
But I haven't eaten.  
I don't know, maybe we can go  
grab something together, or not,  
I don't know what you were thinking,  
where your head was at.  
Which... I don't know,  
but I'm just saying.  
I mean, we could... It's up to you.  
Okay.  
- I like the way you handle yourself.  
- What do you mean?  
You know, when people like Bling  
and those journalists  
say stuff about you.  
Oh, that flattering article in Ether?  
Yeah, I mean, people think  
they know about music,  
but don't know a thing.  
Like that vocoder you use,  
just because it's the "in" thing.  
It's a choice.  
I can tell you can sing a lil' bit.  
A "lil' bit"?  
I mean, you ain't given me nothin' more  
than what I've heard on the radio,  
but I've got a good ear.  
Oh, really,  
Mr. DJ-Engineering Lip-Syncher?  
So, you got any other music  
besides your pop hits in your vault?  
Yeah, I've got a few special ones  
for those who can think  
outside the voice box.  
But Lyla says that vocoder's  
the "in" thing right now.

And she really knows the business, so.  
Not everyone who sells uses one.  
Well, I mean, I know my voice is good,  
but I don't know if it's special.  
You know, to be just belting out tunes.  
I remember when you sang in church  
and you were like eight years old.  
You remember that?  
Yes, of course. The little girl with  
the big voice. You were awesome.  
I don't know about all that.  
Okay. Yeah, you were raw,  
but the voice was there.  
You've got a really great sound  
if you ever care to bring it out.  
That sounds like a challenge.  
It's more of a nudge. Maybe someday  
I can hear some of your other music.  
Maybe.  
Oh, it's raining.  
Is this bad?  
Do you wanna go inside?  
No, no! It's perfect.  
So, what kind of music do you like?  
Besides the obvious ones,  
R&B and Hip-Hop.  
What else do you love?  
Oh, Jazz, rock, country, salsa,  
gospel, reggae, opera.  
Opera?  
Oh, yeah. Pavarotti? He's the bomb.  
Bocelli, too. I also like female opera  
singers, like, Maria Callas...  
And Marian Anderson?  
Yeah! She's awesome! You like opera?  
I like great singers.  
Me, too!  
I don't know, I just like to be influenced  
by all kind of things when I rap.  
What?  
I mean, when I write for Kris.  
Yeah, I just think it brings  
more foundation to the sound.  
You know, every note says something.

And when it's all strung together,  
they should tell their own story.

Wow.

You do know your music.

That's funny.

It seems like we have more in common  
than Kris and I.

Hilarious.

I liked Atlanta and all, but I was  
just so lost when my mom died.

I think the whole neighborhood  
felt the loss when your mom passed.

She was good people.

Thanks. That's sweet of you to say.

Hey, look! Come on, let's check it out.

Hey, yo, yo, yo, here we, here we go,  
check it out. Call it.

Heads.

Yeah, let's see what you got.

Check it out, y'all.

Phantom come alive

in the nighttime

I spit freestyles

I don't have to write rhymes

Flow unrehearsed

I spit a killer verse

When it comes to your rhymes

Uhh, they're the worst

Your flow's sloppy

Punch lines I brush 'em off me

Yeah, I'm so cocky

No way you could stop me

Swag's through the roof

Believe that's the truth

How'd I know that?

Yo, I'm livin' proof

I just do what I do

when I'm in the booth

I've got a finer chick

Hotter whip, sicker crew

You just got lyrically smacked

Better think twice

before you try to clap back

What?

Okay. You like rap, huh?  
Only when it's real.  
Yo, why you gotta get up  
in my face, like an air bag  
Dude, your breath's bad  
You need to step back  
In fact forget that  
You need some gum, jack  
Plus a stylist  
'cause you got no swag  
DJ's say your whack  
You wouldn't have rhymes  
if you stole my notepad  
And you can quote that,  
put it on a blog  
So everyone could read it  
I've never been defeated  
Free-styling is a competition sport  
And Rev is king  
Why's this fool on my court?  
It's not a battle  
It's more like a roast  
Grab a white sheet  
I turned phantom to a ghost  
And it's like that  
One time for your mind  
Revelation with the rhymes  
All right, all right, all right.  
Let's give it up for Phantom style!  
Yo, give it up for Revelation!  
- Yeah!  
- Yeah!  
Yo, that's what's up. Revelation takes it,  
remains undefeated.  
The question is, who thinks they have  
what it takes to bring him down?  
Man, I got this.  
Roxie?  
Oh, I see you out  
on the town with the geek.  
What? You come out  
on the street to battle,  
but you're too chicken to  
go up against me in the club?

Whatever, man.

What? Yeah. That's right.

Can't stop, won't stop. Go on.

Run away, little boy.

Leave him alone.

Rox.

Mm-mmm-mmm.

Sol hear you're headlining

the Rap Grand Slam final.

Which is great,

so you can hand me my trophy,

since you know I'm the only real artist  
performing that night.

And, busboy here

can bring along his dish rag

and polish it up for me.

Come on, let's go.

Go. Busboy! Go!

What was that all about?

Nothing. He's just a jerk.

So how's your mom and dad?

They're good.

My dad made me choir director

so I'm at the church a lot.

Look at you getting your praise on.

I should come up there.

It'd be great to see your parents.

Yeah.

Hey!

- You made it.

- Yeah.

Think you could help me out?

- I don't think that's a good idea.

- Come on. I'll play your song.

Same one you sang when you were

eight years old. Remember?

Just go to church with it.

Okay.

Ooh, yeah

With reverence I enter

into this holy place

A home that's like no other

Full of mercy, love and grace

And though it's been a long time

I've never felt that far  
'Cause you were always on my mind  
And you were always in my heart  
So good to be home  
Where I know that I belong  
Inside this house of love  
with a family so strong  
And I'm here to worship  
and pour out my offering  
In the presence of his love  
I'm never alone  
It's so good to be home  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
So good  
It's so good to be home  
And by faith we believe  
And proclaim our deepest love  
To give our everything  
Everything  
To a glow beyond us  
And when it's cold outside  
It's always warm right here  
Yeah  
It's so good to be home  
Oh, it's so good to be home  
Oh, yeah  
So good to be home,  
where I know that I belong  
Inside this house of love  
with a family so strong  
And I am here to worship  
and pour out my offering  
In the presence of his love  
I'm never alone  
It's so good to be home  
So good to be home  
Yeah  
Well, well, well.  
Praise to my son, Cyrus,  
for directing our wonderful  
Mighty Uplifting Youth Choir.  
Now, let's get to our word.  
As I look amongst you all...  
I said, as I look out amongst you all...

I see many God-fearing,  
righteous souls.  
But, a few of us have lost their way.  
Many of us were raised the right way,  
but some of us  
just can't resist temptation.  
Now, I know you do a little prayer  
every now and then  
when things get a little dicey,  
but one day of praying won't erase  
all the years of betraying the goodness  
you was raised with.  
So, you see, the church,  
we can be forgiving.  
But even our patience can get thin.  
You see, you can't walk  
with the Devil on Monday,  
and then with the Lord on a Sunday.  
Yeah, yeah, see, yeah,  
you can't dance like a vixen,  
and then ask God to do the fixin'.  
You can't get all this made up and  
then don't want me to say, "Wake up. "  
God knows who does  
their living in hypocrisy.  
Or should I say hip-hop-crisy?  
Turn to your neighbor, say,  
"He talking to you, he talking to you. "  
- Turn to the other neighbor and say...  
- Roxie.  
Well, that sermon went well today.  
I think I deserve a little extra sofa time.  
I agree, dear.  
That is exactly where you need to be.  
Because that is where  
you are going to be sleeping tonight  
after what you did  
to poor Roxanne today.  
She's what's wrong with music today.  
I gotta practice what I preach, otherwise  
I will look like a fool in my own church.  
Honey, you look like a fool anyway,  
picking on that innocent girl  
in front of everybody.

She didn't look so innocent  
in her videos.  
I don't wanna talk  
about this right now, hon.  
Fine. Not another word.  
Ooh. The sofa's too soft for my back.  
Dad, you slept on the sofa?  
No, no, I just fell asleep  
doing some work.  
It's no big deal.  
All right. Well, I gotta go.  
Okay. It's early.  
You scheduled a choir practice?  
Oh, no. I just have some errands  
to run. It's nothing. Later.  
- Honey?  
- Yeah?  
It's says here in the paper  
that Roxie's new rap artist  
is filming a music video today.  
And, you know, I am willing to bet  
that she's going to be there.  
Which means you can apologize to her.  
Today. Yeah.  
- What do you think?  
- Hi! Wow.  
Matching outfits?  
Styling, right?  
This, my friend, is hot.  
This, my friend, is not.  
I don't know there, Cyprus,  
I think Kris has his finger on the pulse.  
It's Cyrus.  
Rox.  
Hey. Look, I'm sorry  
about my dad yesterday.  
It's fine.  
He's entitled to his opinion  
just like everybody else.  
Yeah, but his opinion is  
wrong and unfair.  
I mean, he should never  
judge you like that.  
Rox, baby! You look fly as always.



Thank you! And so do you.  
Hey, before I forget,  
I've got these two passes  
to this Middle Eastern art exhibit.  
They've got these great abstract  
and impressionist pieces,  
and it's tonight only.  
That sounds kind of deep and all,  
but America's Funniest Home Videos  
is having a four-hour marathon tonight.  
You know,  
the one with the dancing baby?  
He falls on his butt and then dog,  
like, rolls around with him?  
Yeah, I can't miss that.  
But, you know I would love to catch,  
you know, the next art situation.  
Kris, Kris, you really are the truth.  
I spoke to the folks at the Grand Slam,  
and I got them to agree  
to let you perform with Roxie.  
Yes, that's great!  
But the Grand Slam  
has a no lip-synch policy,  
so you're gonna have to  
perform the rap live.  
That's no problem. Don't worry about it.  
Great. Roxie, look what I got you.  
For the show! Aren't these hot?  
You're gonna rock it in these.  
What? No. They're, like, a foot tall.  
I could break my neck in those.  
Which is exactly why I got these!  
Knee pads.  
Fall down, bounce right back up.  
You'll be fine.  
Hey, Truth, can I talk to you  
for a second?  
Wassup?  
You have to rap live at the Grand Slam.  
What're you gonna do now?  
Bro, you got the good ideas.  
Think of something.  
I mean, after all, the ladies love me,

the camera loves me,  
and Roxie loves me.  
You sure about that?  
What'chu mean?  
You're not turning into a hater  
or nothing like that, are you?  
Just trying to see where your head's at.  
That's all.  
Look, bro, all I'm saying  
is Roxie's a great girl and all,  
but I pretty much got  
the situation in the bag.  
I mean, after that video comes out,  
and this Fox thing happens,  
I'm gonna be on tour  
with all kinds of honies,  
you know, so I'm not really trying  
to be tied down.  
Wait, I thought you were serious  
about Roxie though.  
I am. For now.  
Kris, she's not like other girls.  
Dude, I know, but that's what I mean.  
All these girls, they are different flavors  
and the variety is what I like.  
You know, you can try  
a little burger, son.  
They got the ribs,  
the chicken fingers, and the shake.  
I want all that. Don't you?  
Come on, man.  
- Wassup, ladies?  
- Hi.  
All right, everyone, here we go.  
Rolling and playback!  
Her beauty's crazy  
I watch her from the crowd  
Her voice is so amazing  
She'd make her momma proud  
I tried to send her flowers  
But she has no address  
Her home is in my heart  
It's like she never left  
This is more than a crush

More than a like-like  
More than a love  
Baby, imma make you mine  
And I ain't givin' up  
This is more than a crush  
More than a like-like  
More than a love  
Baby, imma make you mine  
And I ain't givin' up  
Don't run away  
Don't run away from the truth  
'Cause I'm not giving up on you  
Don't run away  
Don't run away from the truth  
'Cause I'm not giving up on you  
Normally I couldn't turn your head  
That's why I had to write this instead  
Let's be friends, start out slow  
Get to know you beyond your glow  
You're more than meets the eye  
Girl, you're pterodactyl fly  
Way back when, you knew my name  
Tell the truth is what I claim.  
Don't run away  
Don't run away from the truth  
'Cause I'm not giving up on you  
Don't run away  
Don't run away from the truth  
'Cause I'm not giving up on you  
Cut.  
But, hey, the lip-synch  
seemed a little off.  
Okay, want me to zoom in tighter?  
No! No, in fact,  
keep it wide when I'm rapping  
and only go tighter when I'm not.  
Okay? If you say so.  
All right. Cool.  
Hey.  
Hey. Man! The camera loves him.  
Is it just me  
or does he sound better than he looks?  
No argument there.  
So, things going pretty good

with you and Kris?

Yeah. Yeah.

I mean, it couldn't be better.

Was that even believable?

Not really, but I'll play it off if you do.

Well, I mean, I just don't know why

I feel like I can talk to you so easily,  
but not Kris.

Okay, this is kind of hard  
for me to admit,

but I'm not sure about myself.

I mean, am I ready to be there for Kris?

And be the girl he deserves?

Wait. What are you saying?

I'm saying Kris deserves  
somebody who's real.

Am I even worthy enough to be his girl?

Please tell me you're just kidding,  
or I'm gonna, like,  
throw up in my mouth.

Excuse me. I'm looking for Miss Roxie.

Ah.

Dad!

CY"- Is!

What are you doing here?

I'm here to apologize to Roxie.

Roxanne, I'd like to apologize  
for my behavior in church on Sunday.

My righteousness was sinful,  
and I'm sorry.

It's okay.

Cyrus, may I ask  
what business you have here?

Listen, Cyrus, I need you to get to work.

The place is a mess, and I'll never  
have it ready in time for opening.

You work here?

Yeah. But just part-time.

The part where I'm not at the church.

'Cause that's my priority.

How could you disrespect me  
like this, Cyrus?

Do you know how this makes me look?

This isn't about you, Dad, okay.

It's about the music.  
It's what I'm good at.  
If I wasn't doing this  
I'd be disrespecting myself.  
We will continue this conversation  
in private.  
We're going home.  
And don't make me repeat myself.  
No.  
Excuse me?  
I'm not going. Levi needs me here.  
I have a job to do,  
and that would not be fair to him.  
Oh.  
We'll deal with this later.  
Well?  
I apologized to Roxanne.  
Oh, good. Now that was  
the right thing to do, Jacob.  
When I was there at the club,  
I saw Cyrus. Honey, he works there.  
- You found out.  
- What? You knew?  
We need to talk. Honey...  
Hey. You okay?  
Yeah. I think Dad's upset.  
I'm more than just upset.  
I'm disappointed.  
But you don't understand.  
I'm a songwriter.  
I don't care what you are.  
I don't care if Jesus himself told you  
to go up in that club and get a job.  
He was testing you.  
And you failed that test.  
Will you at least just look at it?  
Cyrus, not another word.  
From this point on,  
you're on punishment.  
You will not set foot in that club again.  
You're gonna work long, hard hours  
with the church choir  
the rest of the summer.  
- But, Dad...

- That's all, Cyrus.  
Jacob! He's just trying  
to show you his songs.  
What kind of songs?  
Honey, does it matter?  
Your son wants to share  
a part of himself with you.  
Is it so important  
what genre of music it's in?  
Honestly!  
It's about time I figure out  
where I'm gonna go  
If you don't like what I decide,  
you gotta let it go  
I don't wanna be stuck in between  
just wasting my time  
So, give me, give me,  
give me, give me some room to breathe  
Yeah!  
Who I'm gonna be isn't up to you,  
it's up to me  
Where I'm gonna go I don't really know,  
it's a mystery  
If I don't do it my way  
I'll lose myself completely  
Yeah, who I'm gonna be isn't up to you,  
it's up to me  
Go ahead and try to box me in,  
but that would be a shame  
If you won't see what's underneath  
I gotta walk away  
So, give me, give me,  
give me, give me some room to breathe  
Yeah, yeah!  
Who I'm gonna be isn't up to you,  
it's up to me  
Where I'm gonna go I don't really know,  
it's a mystery  
If I don't do it my way  
I'll lose myself completely  
Yeah, who I'm gonna be isn't up to you,  
it's up to me  
Yeah, yeah, yeah!  
Gotta be me, gotta be free

Or it doesn't mean anything  
Gotta be me, gotta be free  
Tell me, are you listenin'?  
Though I'm hearing what you say  
I gotta do it my own way  
Who I'm gonna be isn't up to you,  
it's up to me  
Where I'm gonna go I don't really know,  
it's a mystery  
If I don't do it my way  
I'll lose myself completely  
Cyrus?

Come in.

Hey.

Oh, hey, Dad. I'm just reading  
the Old Testament. It's dope. 'Sup?  
Please don't use "dope" and  
"Old Testament" in the same sentence.

- Right. Sorry.

- Mm. Mm-hmm.

Someone's here to see you.

Hey. What are you doing here?

Hey. Well, you disappeared on us.

I had to come check up on you.

Oh, I'm just laying low.

You know, letting the storm pass.

Yeah. Cyrus, I just need someone  
to talk to. Do you mind if we walk?

I think better

when I'm moving, you know.

Yeah.

Did you hear that idiot Bling  
made it into the finals?

Yeah, I kinda figured he would be.

The last thing I wanna do is  
share the stage with that jerk.

So, things going well  
with you and Kris?

That's what I wanted  
to talk to you about.

- It's not going so good.

- Really?

I mean, really, that's unfortunate.

Well, I just don't get him. I mean,

Kris writes me amazing love songs,  
but when we're alone  
it's like he's somebody else.  
You don't say.  
It's like we don't really connect  
on a deep level.  
Like we see the world in totally different  
ways, and I just don't know what to do.  
I guess I just wish he and I  
connected more like you and I do.  
Well, you can't really force  
a connection, I guess.  
No, you can't.  
Hey, look! I love this song.  
When you appear  
All of my dreams are coming...  
So old school.  
You should do something with it.  
What?  
You know what I mean.  
Go to church with it. Record it.  
No. The label would never let me.  
Well, have you even asked?  
You have to  
put yourself out there, Roxie.  
Roxanne Andrews, the girl  
with the big voice from church.  
That's the voice  
that the whole world needs to hear.  
You're just being nice.  
No, I'm not. You have a gift, Roxie.  
You just got to step out there  
and show people what you can do.  
Show them that you're the real deal.  
Well, what about you, Mr. Lip-Syncher?  
Maybe it's time you turned on the mic.  
I gotta go, Kris is taking me  
to a jazz museum,  
which is by far the coolest place  
he's ever taken me.  
And, Cyrus,  
thanks for being there for me.  
Have you girls got tickets  
to the Grand Slam tomorrow?



It's gonna be a slammin' show,  
starring me.  
I heard you're gonna rap live.  
That is so cool.  
Oh, yeah. Yeah, that's the plan.  
Excuse me,  
I've gotta make a phone call.  
Yeah.  
Kris.  
Yo, Cy, just the man I need to see.  
'Sup, baby.  
How was your date  
at the jazz museum?  
If you could just excuse me  
for one second.  
Yo, easy, son,  
there are other females here.  
You don't have an original idea  
in your whole body, do you?  
What's your problem?  
My problem is you playing  
with Roxie's emotions  
and getting her all messed up  
in the head with your nonsense.  
Well, hold up, preacher's boy.  
All right, you as much a part of this  
as me, so don't act all innocent.  
Yeah, I had my part in this,  
and now I'm starting to regret it.  
Listen, you need to chill out  
and get wit' me  
about this Grand Slam show tomorrow.  
We in this together, Cyrus, like it or not.  
And I got a little plan that makes sure  
my talent goes fully recognized,  
you feel me?  
Kris, you don't get it.  
Okay, you get up on that stage,  
you pop, you lock,  
you jump around like an extra  
from You Got Served.  
But you don't hear the music at all,  
and you don't feel it at all,  
and forget

about your rapping skills, son.  
You couldn't wrap a present if I spotted  
you a bow and some scotch tape.  
And you ain't nothing but a hater.  
And you know what else?  
You're a punk.  
'Cause you're one of the best rappers  
I've ever heard in my life, Cyrus,  
in my life,  
but every time Bling comes  
around you let him punk you, what?  
'Cause you're scared?  
You ain't got no guts, son. And no heart.  
You're just a wimp.  
Hey! Enough! I said that's enough.  
You all know I don't tolerate  
no fighting up in here.  
Now go home. Get your mind right,  
or don't come back at all.  
Go on.  
You're on your own tomorrow.  
And when everyone laughs at you,  
you'll see how it feels.  
I don't need you! I don't need nobody!  
Cyrus, honey, are you okay?  
Kris isn't Truth.  
I am.  
What?  
I've been covering for him  
this whole time.  
I mean, I can't let him get up  
on the Grand Slam stage by himself,  
he'll be humiliated.  
He won't be able to show his face  
anywhere, at the club or anything.  
His life would be much worse  
than mine ever was.  
Okay, so, what are you gonna do?  
Oh!  
Going somewhere?  
Dad, I know I'm on punishment  
and all that,  
but today is a very important day.  
Not just for myself,

but for my friend also.  
So, I gotta do what I gotta do.  
So I'm gonna head out. Right now.  
Maybe not right now.  
Maybe in, like, an hour or so.  
Cyrus, I know about your show.  
And before you say another word,  
I've been reading your song lyrics.  
And I've actually enjoyed them.  
Once I got past the fact  
that they were rap songs.  
See, Son, I've realized  
I've been focused  
on the type of music  
as opposed to its message.  
And your songs have messages  
of caring, of sacrifice, devotion.  
Good Christian values.  
So maybe I've been too harsh  
to put all rap into one box.  
So I guess what I'm saying, Son...  
I'm sorry.  
Okay, you two, we better get going  
or you are gonna be late.  
Wait, you're gonna come watch?  
If that's okay with you.  
Come on, honey.  
Okay, baby.  
Sure.  
Lyla, I'm not wearing this.  
What? Why? You look fantastic.  
Sweetie, I am bringing you  
to the next level.  
I've got this whole lunar landing theme  
for your next tour.  
I'll explain the details later,  
but tonight we test the look.  
No!  
I can't hide  
behind these gimmicks anymore.  
What good is it to get famous  
if nobody knows who I really am?  
I have my own voice.  
I have my own style.

And if that's not good enough,  
I guess I don't wanna be a star.  
Okay, listen, we all love you  
for who you are,  
but this is show business.  
You gotta play the game.  
And I, my friend,  
am the best coach in the game.  
Look, I know you think you're helping,  
and I love you for that,  
but I don't love me like this.  
So I'm starting fresh tonight.  
- Sweetie, you have to trust me...  
- I'm sorry.  
Maybe you picked the wrong girl.  
Maybe you need to find  
somebody else to wear this wig.  
'Cause I'm done with it.  
Yo, Kris, you all right?  
Yeah, yeah, I am great!  
You guys, you're on in five, let's go.  
I'm gonna be sick.  
You don't look too good.  
CY! Cy, you're here!  
I couldn't leave you just hanging out  
in the wind like that.  
But after what I said to you,  
you'd still come through for me?  
We've been friends  
since back in the day.  
Besides, I said some hurtful things  
to you, too.  
Yo, listen, all right?  
You didn't say anything that wasn't true.  
All right? I was the one being rude,  
selfish and disrespectful and I'm sorry.  
I mean, to be honest, I was jealous.  
I was jealous that I'm really not Truth.  
I mean, there have been nights  
where I couldn't even sleep  
thinking about the fact that I'm not you,  
and that I could never be you, man.  
You wanted to be me?  
Yeah.

I wanted to be you.

- Really?

- Yeah.

Well, look, the truth is,  
you deserve to be with Roxie.

Besides, I'm not the guy  
she fell for anyway.

It's you.

So, what do we do now?

We gotta make this right.

Tonight. It's the only way.

My man.

Oh, not you two busters!

You know, you have a lot of nerve  
calling anyone a buster.

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

Oh, okay.

Well, listen up, Poindexter, okay?

Why don't you and pretty boy here  
get out your pads

and take notes

on what it really takes to rock a mic.

Yeah.

Yo, Cy! Chill!

Just swinging on folks now?

Must've been drinking

a Thug Life energy drink or something.

All right?

Just do what you came here to do.

Yeah. You got it.

Good evening, Atlanta.

I'm your host and! welcome you  
to the Rap Grand Slam final.

Today, we have

a very exciting show for you.

For the last two months,

rappers across the country

have competed

in single elimination rounds

until we have

just two rappers standing.

For our first finalist,

he's from the dirty-dirty,

Ba ton Rouge, Louisiana

where cornbread and biscuits  
grow on trees,  
show your love for Revelation!  
Our second finalist is from Georgia!  
Right here, Midtown, y'all!  
Atlanta, show your love  
for Lord of Da Bling!  
Just tell her. It will be fine.  
The "truth will set me free," right?  
Not too much. Lightly, lightly.  
Come on.  
I don't want to see any creases.  
Roxie?  
Cyrus, hey!  
You look different.  
I hope that's not a bad thing.  
No. No, you look better.  
Thanks.  
We gotta go on.  
Okay. Wish me luck.  
You don't need it. Just do you.  
In a short while,  
these two will battle here, live,  
for the Grand Slam Crown.  
But first, we have  
a musical performance by Roxie!  
Along with a newcomer  
whose single is blowing up the charts.  
So, Atlanta, without further delay,  
I give you Roxie and Truth!  
You're spinning round  
and round and round in my head  
Head  
Did you really mean  
the words that you said?  
Said  
This is it, I gotta know  
Should I stay or should I go?  
Show me the truth  
Is it gonna be me and you?  
Wow.  
"Wow" is right. She's gonna be bigger  
than I even imagined. You ready?  
Ready.

Yo. Are we going on or what?  
Nope. Not today.  
Give it up to the up and coming  
performer that's close to my heart.  
Truth!  
I know you gonna be mad  
Feelings that you thought you had  
Was for another guy  
Well, I'm that other guy  
I'm just a shy kid  
camouflaged before your eyes  
And I knew my lyrics  
were the key to see the other side  
I shoulda told you,  
but I never had the courage  
And I thought  
you really wouldn't understand  
And now I'm up here  
just to let my feelings surface  
Apologizing for disguising who I am  
Tell me are you  
who I thought you were  
Or who I wanted you to be?  
Did you do it all for him,  
or were you only playing me?  
I did it for you,  
but I couldn't see it through  
Roxie, I'm sorry  
You're spinning round  
and round and round in my head  
Head  
Did you really mean  
the words that you said?  
Said  
This is it, I gotta know  
Should I stay or should I go?  
Show me the truth  
Is it gonna be me and you?  
Is it gonna me and you?  
Is it gonna be me and you?  
You.  
You're all I ever wanted  
But I got caught in a shadow  
in the background

But I'm back now  
And Kris was all this and that  
And my look didn't really fit the rap  
It didn't match  
He had the style  
and I had the swag  
So I locked up my feelings  
in the words he said  
Give me your hand,  
and I'll take off my mask  
If you give me a chance, that's all I ask  
What you expecting me to do?  
First you were him and now you're you  
Now it's just me,  
and you got me on my knees  
Roxie, I'm sorry  
Give it up for Roxie and Truth!  
Or whoever that guy was.  
So who's ready for some rap?  
Then, ladies and gentlemen,  
put your hands together  
for Revelation and Lord of Da Bling!  
Rox, come on, open up.  
I'm sorry, but we were electric out there,  
couldn't you feel it?  
No. Did you feel that?  
I can't believe  
it was you this whole time.  
You two are just one big lie.  
No, you see,  
what had happened was, I...  
I don't wanna hear it.  
Please just get away from me.  
Such an idiot.  
No, Rox, you're not, I am.  
I should've been upfront with you  
from the jump.  
It's just hard to understand that you  
didn't wanna hear my words from me.  
You wanted the hot guy  
and the hot music all at the same time.  
Wrong, Cyrus. It wasn't about his looks.  
I fell in love with his.  
I mean, your words.



I just wanted someone who was real,  
but now it's clear  
that that's neither one of you.  
So both of you just stay out of my life.  
Hey, where you going?  
We want you to present the trophy  
to the new champ.  
Thanks, but I'm not in the mood.  
Why don't you ask Truth to do it?  
This is his night.  
Follow me.  
All right.  
So we've heard from our finalists.  
But there can only be one champion.  
Atlanta, show your love for Revelation.  
That was a whole lotta love!  
Yeah!  
Atlanta, show your love  
for Lord of Da Bling.  
We have a new rap Grand Slam King.  
Congratulate Lord of Da Bling.  
Yeah! Midtown, baby, let's go.  
I told you I'm number one!  
Our trophy will now be presented  
by newcomer, Truth.  
Oh, man!  
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo. Look at this.  
The busboy just brought me my trophy.  
Oh!  
Congratulations.  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.  
Hold on, hold on there.  
You gotta polish it up  
for me there, busboy.  
Oh, oh, oh, wait,  
is it Truth or is it Baby Ruth?  
You know, you don't deserve this  
trophy, because you're not the best.  
I mean, you're not the best in Atlanta,  
you're not even the best in the building.  
Yo! Is that a challenge?  
Yeah. It is.  
Yo, I'm gonna love beating you  
in front of everybody.

We have a challenge.  
So let the challenge begin!  
You want this battle, huh?  
So you're a rapper now, oh. Okay.  
Here we go again  
Prepare to meet your end  
Just looked you up on Facebook  
You have zero friends  
This kid's a loser  
Yo, he ain't even kissed a girl  
You write her love letters  
I buy her ice and pearls  
So how you like me now?  
Even Roxanne's in the background  
Saying, "Wow, Bling's got style"  
I'm off the gold chain  
If you're a rapper  
why is Kris your backup dancer  
Like an extra on Soul Train?  
I see your mommy and your daddy  
in the front row  
They must be embarrassed for you, bro  
You're not a real MC  
You should quit hip-hop  
Now be a good busboy  
and go get your mop  
Bling, you don't wanna battle  
You're the snake without the rattle  
You're the boat without the paddle  
You're the duck without the waddle  
You're the horse without the saddle  
The ranch without the cattle  
The day without the shadow  
Son, I think you should skedaddle  
Kick gravel, sayonara,  
punk, arrivederci  
What language do I have to say it in  
for you to hear me clearly?  
Adis, amigo  
You're over with, finito  
This clown couldn't wrap anything  
but my burrito  
Kid, you have to hold  
your mommy's hand

Before you cross the street  
You have to sneak out the house  
Just to clean and sweep  
And now you look queasy  
I made him go mute  
Put your camera phones up  
so you can post this on YouTube  
Truth's got a screw loose  
He's terrified to bust  
So lightweight that  
I could blow him over with a gust  
You're weak like seven days  
You deserve boos  
You should walk around  
in some high-heel shoes, ha!  
You should rock pigtails and a skirt  
You're shaking in your boots  
Are your feelings getting hurt?  
Well, maybe I should hurt  
more than your feelings  
Maybe I should rip the roof  
off the theater ceiling  
Maybe you should start kneeling  
His eyes are getting misty  
You're so whack if you were me  
you couldn't diss me  
Kissy-kissy  
Roxanne, did you miss me?  
I'll take you out for dinner  
after I've eaten this pipsqueak  
And when we're on vacation  
I'll let him house sit  
Here's a couple bucks  
Buy yourself a better outfit  
- Get him, Cy.  
- Come on, Cy.  
You know what?  
You don't have a stack of cash  
or a flashy pad  
I saw you last week  
driving a taxi cab  
Your secret's out  
and now they know, sport  
We'll call you

if we need a ride to an airport  
In fact, you can drop me  
off at home after this  
Then you can take  
your couple bucks back, but as a tip  
You're playin' yourself like solitaire  
Tellin' everyone that's here  
that you're a millionaire  
You're not a baller, you're a phony  
I bet your whole crew  
is a bunch of rent-a-homies  
At night you lie in bed lonely  
Your persona's a facade  
The only girls you get  
are in the pages of a catalog  
Here stands Lord of Da Bluff  
His lies were legendary  
till the Truth made him hush  
And what's funny is  
your truth is enough  
Why'd you have to make up  
all the money and the stuff  
I guess it's easier to  
play the role and act hard  
'Cause you don't have the guts  
to tell us who you really are  
So you can keep a trophy  
that you don't deserve  
I might just be a busboy,  
but you just got served  
That's my boy!  
Sorry, man.  
Get out, man. Man, whatever, man.  
We have a new  
Grand Slam Champion.  
Truth! Truth! Truth! Truth! Truth! Truth!  
Roxie, please, wait.  
Roxie. Come on, just open up.  
Just give me a minute, please. All right?  
What? Look, you got one minute,  
and I've gotta go or I'll miss my flight.  
Look, Roxie, I am sorry. All right?  
Cyrus and I, we never meant to  
hurt you. He did it for me.

I saw you looking all fine and  
I thought that we'd be great together.  
Just like when you saw  
that picture with me and Cyrus in it?  
You thought I was the rapper and  
he was, like, my roadie or something.  
He's not wrong. It's show business.  
I was the one who asked Cyrus  
to help me trick you.  
And he saw you feeling me  
and me feeling you  
and he just wanted to do  
what was right, you know?  
Of course, then I started feeling  
every girl in Atlanta.  
Yeah.  
But if it is the real  
that you were looking for,  
that's you and Cyrus. All right?  
And you know that as much as I do.  
We gotta go.  
I gotta go, Kris.  
Roxie, wait! Please!  
Cyrus.  
- Kris?  
- Kris!  
How you doing, Mrs. Debarge?  
Reverend.  
Do you mind if I join you all today?  
I hear you're doing  
some powerful preaching, sir.  
Cyrus, Son,  
it's time to celebrate and be glad,  
'cause this brother of yours was lost  
and now he's found.  
Yes.  
Cyrus Debarge,  
I don't know if you remember me,  
but we went to school together.  
Sure, I do. Roxanne Andrews.  
Nice to see you again.  
Oh, yeah  
Oh, yeah  
Oh, yeah

Oh, yeah  
It's been a long road,  
but we're finally here  
And the view from the top's  
so beautifully clear  
We could see for forever  
Not a cloud in the sky  
Picture-perfect weather  
every day of our lives  
Just imagine if everything  
you wanted came true  
Well, it happened to me  
So it could happen to you  
We're on a journey of truth  
and belief is the key  
So open up your heart  
and let your light free  
And I feel like I'm glowing  
And I like where I'm going  
Tonight I'm showing up to shine  
This little light of mine  
I'm gonna let it shine  
This little light of mine  
I'm gonna let it shine  
I'm gonna let it shine  
This little light of mine  
I'm gonna let it shine  
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine  
Front to back,  
we're packed in stomping  
Clapping, laughing, singing, dancing  
Passion everlasting  
When I'm rapping to the track  
and askin'  
Everyone to put your hands up,  
stand up  
Roxanne, come take my hand  
and make the congregation rock  
We're celebrating and it feels so good  
If I could thank everybody here I would  
I feel like I'm finally free and!  
Yeah, I'm ready, I'm ready  
I'm ready to fly  
Oh, I feel like I'm glowing

And I like where I'm going  
Tonight I'm showing up to shine  
This little light of mine  
I'm gonna let it shine  
I'm gonna let it shine  
This little light of mine  
- I'm gonna, I'm gonna let it shine  
- Yeah  
You know what's come out  
Don't hide your shine, y'all  
Now put your hands in the sky  
'Cause your light is your love  
Here we go!  
Oh, yeah, oh, yeah  
Oh, yeah, oh, yeah  
Come on and sing  
Here we go  
All right, all right, all right  
This little light of mine  
I'm gonna let it shine  
Yeah, I'm gonna let it shine  
This little light of mine  
I'm gonna let it shine  
I'm gonna let it shine  
Shine  
- So, do you, like, manage a lot...  
- One second.  
Oh.  
Hold on.  
Whoa! Look at you!  
- Matching outfits?  
- Stylin' right?  
This, my friend, is hot.  
This, my friend, is not.  
I don't know, Simon. I think  
Kris here has his finger on the pulse.  
It's Cyrus.  
I don't know there, Seamus.  
I think Kris has his finger on the pulse.  
Cyrus.  
I don't know there, Serious.  
I think Kris has his finger on the pulse.  
It's Cyrus.  
All right, relax there, Sinus.

I think Kris has his finger on the pulse.

Cyrus.

I don't know there, Cyclone.

I think Kris has his finger on the pulse.

Cyrus.

Cut! We've got this one.