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# 2Eleven

By Unknown

- Yeah nigga, get the fuck down, bitch.

Where the fuck you goin', boy?

You gon' make me run, nigga?

Where the fuck that shit at?

- I told you ain't no fuckin' work.

- Hm.

- I got it, brother, let's go.

- Listen, homie, you  
got what you came for.

Beat it, fuck boy.

- I know you heard what happened  
to your man's white boy.

- Hell no.

- Man, somebody ran up and  
they spot, took everything.

- You bullshit.

- Hell no.

Lord knows how many  
bricks they got away with.

- And don't nobody know  
who did it or nothin' huh.

- Nah.

Man, nobody.

I'da loved to  
have a piece of that.

- Man, who you tellin'.

Damn, niggas  
got away with brick and money?  
And me and Murda runnin'  
round this bitch broke?  
Shit, fuck that.

One two three, just livin' in a dream  
Every day that goes by  
Is the same old thing  
I'm like a captain on a ship  
With no steady course  
Only one ever brought it back  
Baby, you're the sun  
A million dollars in  
cash, would you kill for it  
Hell, yeah, I would  
Me too, sittin' at the  
table baggin' all that work  
If niggas only knew

what I was thinkin' about  
It's like my conscience just  
left and the music stopped  
Niggas lookin' stumped, but  
they ain't facin' the mood  
They know why I go miss  
like bitchin' n' juice  
Catch me this time tomorrow  
Whippin' da coop  
Yeah, and when karma come  
I have my AR pistol and my armor on  
I ain't got a lot of  
friends, I don't party none  
But I keep celebratin'  
like the Mardi Gras  
They say you so anti,  
why you act like that  
They was just lookin' at  
him while he snuck my step  
Ain't paranoid, fuckin' crazy  
Money over everything, fuck you, pay me  
I'm so far gone I'm on another planet  
Stand in my cross let anybody have it  
If you break my  
- Nigga, this must not  
be your day today, huh?  
You ain't get shit all day, huh?  
Put your money where your mouth at.  
- But hunny hunny, man.  
You hittin'.  
- I got five, I got five.  
Shoot the dice, man.  
- 'Cause you gon' need another  
motherfucker after this round, nigga  
and can get some shit redone.  
Ooh, money in the bank, my motherfucker.  
- Go ahead, man.  
Y'all ain't fuckin'  
wit each other no more?  
- Hell nah.  
Nigga ain't got time for all that bullshit  
she got goin' on, dawg.  
She dealin' with school  
and a bunch of other shit.

Plus she fuckin' with some  
little young wild nigga, man.  
I know you have to fuck  
around and kill that boy.  
- You sound kinda hurt, my nigga.  
- Look man, we riding with this nigga.  
Let's bet a ben, fuck these niggas.  
You got a ben?  
- We shootin' all  
hunnies over here.  
- All hunnies, nigga,  
throw the ben, fuck it, it's a ben.  
- That's a thousand  
right here, little nigga.  
- Ey man, your weak ass gon'  
have to shake them bitches.  
- Bet hunny, hunny, man.  
- You got bad luck.  
Ey, get him some water.  
This motherfucker over here is sweating.  
Give him some water.  
You wanna bet it up again?  
- I'm ridin'.  
- Double it up,  
- Bet hunny hunny.  
- Double it up.  
What you got, what your mans got?  
They ran off?  
Uh-uh, bet it up again, bet it up again.  
Oh, money in the bank motherfucker.  
What are you eating tonight?  
Natty gettin' big, huh?  
- Bad then a motherfucker too.  
You need to get over there and see Mama.  
- Ain't nobody got time for  
the shit Mama be on, man.  
Gon' be talkin' about  
church and grand babies.  
Man, ain't nobody got time for that shit.  
- That's still yo mama,  
and she need to see you.  
When we get through  
with all this bullshit,  
go over there and check on her.

Yeah, aite.

- Matter of fact, bet all this shit.

I'm tired of your little weak ass, man.

- This, hey, this the  
rent money, motherfucker.

You ain't said shit but a word.

- Bet that shit, man.

- Hope you got mo' than that.

Hope you got mo'  
than that in yo pocket.

- Shoot the dice, man.

- Let's go.

- Oh, money in the  
bank, money in the bank.

Yatsee, nigga.

Yatsee, motherfucker.

Where you 'bout to go, McD's?

- You got me, baby.

- You go to McD's all day.

- I'm fucked up.

- Come on, you go to big house with us.

Come one, you gotta hop  
on the city bus though.

- It's time.

- Let's get 'em.

Nigga, bet the, bet  
the shoes, motherfucker.

Bet the bill, matter fact,  
bet them shoestrings too.

I bet mama needs some new shoes like that.

Bet all that shit, the  
shoes, the belt, everything.

Bet all that shit, nigga.

Nigga--

- Nigga, shut the  
fuck up and turn around.

- Oh, stickin' up, man.

- Straight up, that's what  
y'all doin', dawg?

Give me this shit, nigga.

- Give me that shit, nigga, watch, too.

- Oh, it's like that, Murda.

It's like that, nigga.

What the fuck, nigga?

- Nigga, shut the fuck up,  
and run that shit, nigga.  
Fuck you think this is?  
Bang bang, bitch.  
Babe!  
Babe!  
Babe!  
You got that shirt for me?  
I can't hear you.  
- Babe!  
Babe!  
The shirt!  
What you want me to do?  
Bring you the shirt too, damn.  
- Damn.  
Jess, Damn!  
- Nigga, calm down.  
What you so excited 'bout this shirt for?  
You got a new broad you like or somethin'?  
- Hell yes.  
She's strapped like a gang banger too.  
- Yeah, nigga, she might be.  
But she ain't fuckin' wit me dawg.  
- Man, give me my fuckin' shirt  
and go put some clothes on.  
Gotta open the door for Zo.  
You know I'm trying to  
get to the gang banger.  
- I'm gon' beat yo ass and her ass too.  
- Stop fuckin' playin' and  
give me the shirt, man.  
What's good, bro?  
- Shit, shit, came by see what you had up.  
- Chillin, man.  
- Woo, fuck yeah.  
- Tell me you got some rellos.  
- Hell no.  
- Damn, we need some rellos.  
- Ey, babe, ey.  
Why don't you shoot to the store,  
and grab a nigga juice, get me some rello.  
- No.  
Go ask that little gang banger bitch  
to go to the store for you.

Now, you know she come over

here, you gon' be trippin'.

Go get yo ass.

- She got the motherfuckin' ass too.

- She gon' beat yo ass, nigga.

- You.

- Got me fucked up.

- This nigga a little bitch though.

- Shit, you gon' fuck around and  
marry that girl, boy, watch.

- You be havin' me fucked up, man.

Do I look like a sucka to you or some?

- Hell yeah.

Look at this nigga, Nuck, dawg.

Man he done threw some

Ruccis on that hot mafucker?

- If it ain't the brokest niggas in the D.

- Man, get the fuck outta here, nigga.

- Before niggas come down  
there and rob yo li'l ho ass.

- Ah, please don't rob me, mister crook.

Naw, fuck wit me.

In a year or two, ready I buy one of these  
for the whole crew or somethin'.

- The fuck on.

- Yeah, aite, man, get  
at me, get a bag, 911.

Fuck on.

- Man, that nigga eatin'.

- Yeah, he eatin', nigga.

But niggas can do without  
all that hot shit for real.

To get a bitch like that, you  
gotta have a whip like that.

I ain't 'bout to be on of  
them li'l dirty niggas.

Shut yo li'l  
fat dusty ass up, dawg.

- I know this ain't that nigga bitch.

What's up, Bambo?

Shit, get me some rellos.

- No, that ain't it.

Look, could you double bag my shit?

Last time my shit was fallin'

all out the bag walkin' home.  
Yo, what's up, little mama?  
- Nah, I'm straight.  
- I'm callin' you a ho  
ass nigga a bitch, bitch.  
- Oh, what the fuck you just say to me.  
- Shut the fuck up, bitch,  
you must be hard of hearing.  
- Let me go!  
- Shut the fuck up!  
- Let me go!  
- Shut the fuck up, yo know what happen.  
Tell your ho ass nigga,  
when I see him too,  
it's a wrap for his ass.  
Now, get your wack ass  
up outta here too.  
- Let go.  
- Before I renew your ass too.  
Bitch.  
- Wait, Natty, you forgot your backpack.  
- Oh, thanks, Ma.  
- And don't forget to ask your teacher  
for your progress report, okay?  
Okay, I won't.  
Bye, see you tomorrow.  
- Okay.  
Oh, wait, give me one more hug.  
But mom, dad's waiting for me.  
- I know, I know, I'm just  
gonna miss you so much.  
Okay, bye.  
Hey dad, do  
you like it out here?  
Why do you ask that?  
Because it  
looks a little different.  
Different from what?  
Well, I was in class today,  
and I seen a picture of Orlando.  
And the picture looked so pretty, dad.  
It had green trees, blue  
water, and Disney World.  
It sounds like you really wanna



go to Disney World, huh?  
No, dad, I need  
to go to Disney World.  
Why do you need  
to go to Disney World?  
Because that's  
my kinda beauty, dad.  
You are silly.  
What's up, bae?  
Ey, get them rells?  
Damn, what's wrong wit you?  
What's wrong, man?  
What's wrong, man?  
So, you ain't gon' tell me what  
the fuck is wrong wit you, man?  
- What ever the fuck you just did to Len,  
he tried to take out on me at the store.  
Who?  
- Len, Tamika Len off Seven Mile.  
What'd he say?  
What do you think he said?  
- He said fuck you and it's  
a wrap when he see you.  
So, now this nigga tough, huh?  
Did he put his hands on you?  
Did he put his fucking hands on you, Jess?  
Where my nine?  
- Over there under the couch.  
Where?  
- Over there under the couch, man.  
Man, what the fuck wrong wit you?  
Fuck all that  
talkin', let's ride.  
- Man, I ain't even got no  
fuckin' clothes on, man.  
- Baby, this the spot.  
- Hell no, I ain't never seen this hotel.  
I am not staying here.  
- I come here all the time.  
- Okay, so take your other bitch here.  
I'm not staying here.  
I don't even know where there fuck.  
- I don't know, you figure it out.  
You the fuckin' man.

- Killin' my fuckin' vibe right now.

- Fuck your vibe.

Fuck, I don't care about--

- Talk all that gangsta shit now, nigga.

Oh, you ain't got shit to say, huh?

What's good, bro?

- Shit.

Rode past the park and seen mom and then out there.

Natty's sick, man.

Think she might need the rest of the week off.

- Man, you let her run that bullshit on you, nigga?

Nigga, what happened to you last night?

- Shit, chill blew with the wife.

My girl, man.

- Yeah, aite.

- Fuck you, man.

What's on the flow?

- Shit, you won't be cakin all night, you'd know what's on the flow nigga.

- There you go.

- I'm just fuckin' wit you.

I just hollered at that nigga Rell earlier.

He said he got something on the flow for us.

- That's what's up.

Dang, man.

Why the fuck you always come up here, man.

That shit don't fuck wit you?

- Nah, it's the only place I can find a piece of mind, my nigga.

- I could dig it.

That shit fuckin' wit me though.

Ey, you get a little more pussy, man, you probably won't have to think so hard, don't you think?

- Man, I swear to God, you say some of the dumbest shit, nigga.

- Damn, bae, you musta missed me.

- Hell, yeah.

Rell, what the fuck did I say  
about smokin' in my house?

- Shut yo ass up, man.

Tell you 'bout switchin' that weak  
ass hairstyle up 'ere there other day.

- Shut the hell up.

- See you ain't done  
fuckin' wit me either.

- Bae, you know I just been workin'.

- Yeah, whatever.

Bitches gettin' a little  
nagged don't know how to act.

I'll see you.

- Straight up.

- I'm just like the  
rest of you muthafuckers  
I'm just out here tryin'  
to get this money.

- Ain't got me none of that shit.

- Nigga, how come erry time you come  
over here you ask me for somethin'?

- 'Cause every time I come over here  
you talk about how much you  
money you got, mofucker.

- And you always broke.

Why don't you be useful, and  
give me my motherfuckin' purse?

- Ey, I got some rich  
dick though, straight up.

Yo ass workin' tonight though?

- Yeah, I'm goin'.

I got some money comin' here tonight.

So, who gon' be in there tonight?

- My nigga, Killz.

Erry time he come in the club,  
I make a quick couple thousand.

- Oh yeah, dick ridin'.

Yo nigga, huh?

- I mean, he a'right.

- He a icy nigga, he be in  
there jeweled up and shit?

- Yeah, he the type.

Real stuttin ass nigga too.

- Oh, yeah.

- I'm surprised your lurkin' ass aint' seen him 'round the hood.

- I was just about to ax yo ass too. What hood that nigga from?

- He a southwest nigga. But I hear he do a lota business in the hood though.

- Oh, yeah. Shit, tryin' get one in like the old day?

- And if I do, what am I gettin' out of it?

- Rell, it's not about how much I want, but what I want. Man, yo man, Rell, a fuckin' clown, man. Yeah, what that nigga done did now, man?

- Oh, last night, I'm callin' this ho ass nigga.

- Zo.

- You was just the subject.

- Your freak ass left with Meechie last night.

- Hell, yeah, that bitch don' got thick as a muthafucka. Meechie who?

- Man, you know Meechie, man. Good pussy, good head.

- Oh, the little freak bitch, Meechie.

- Yeah.

- All right. All right, nigga.

- Man, y'all niggas some clowns. Niggas laughin' at you. But good pussy good head just put yo mans on a good ass lead.

- Yeah.

- Some nigga sposed to be throwin' a party tonight. Gon' be a lota cash in that bitch.

- I don't know, man, that bitch said some nigga named Killa, Killz, some shit.

- Oh, she talkin' about

that nigga from southwest.  
Man, that nigga eatin' too.  
- That's what that bitch said too.  
Tonight's sposed to be  
his main man's b-day.  
They gon' be throwin' a party.  
Niggas gon' be goin' crazy in that bitch.  
- Man, I niggas ain't  
tryin' run up in that bitch.  
- That's hot, man.  
We can get down.  
Gon' have to do that shit  
way smoother than that, dude.  
- Man, fuck all that.  
I say we run in that bitch,  
lay errybody the fuck down.  
Calm down, bro, calm down.  
- Ey, tell your girl meet you when she  
get to club tonight, give us a call.  
- That bitch sposed to be leavin'  
with that nigga tonight too.  
- Call her and see what's up.  
I already know.  
- So, boss man, when  
we gon' do this again?  
- I'm all tee for 'bout a week.  
After that, I'm on it.  
- Killz, I know you're 'bout to  
tell me I gotta wait a whole week.  
- Psh, nigga gotta eat, boo.  
- I mean, I feel that.  
But are you even gonna  
remember me after a week?  
- Maybe.  
Maybe, huh.  
Well, how 'bout I just give you  
somethin' to remember me by.  
- Hold up, it gotta go get some food.  
- I'll be right back.  
- Shit, we posted in the back now.  
Okay.  
- Yeah, he just walked up in there.  
- A'right, here we come.  
We on his ass now.

His ho ass in there right now.

- A'right.

Go around that way, we gone  
catch dawg on this side.

- Hurry up, hurry up.

- Turn your bitch ass around,  
nigga.

Mm-hm.

The fuck I say?

Give me that shit.

The fuck you thought this was?

Bring yo ass

on, nigga, com on, man.

Man, get the fuck in the truck.

- When dawg wake up, tell  
him y'all money on the table.

Shit a'ready split up.

Fuck you got attitude, fo'?

- You my motherfuckin' attitude.

Nigga, I told you not to  
be on all that wild shit.

You nearly stomped that  
nigga to death out there!

- Man, I did what I had to do, dawg.

I felt like our lives was in danger.

- Three niggas to one!

How da fuck you figure that?

You on all that wild shit for no reason!

- Nigga, it was for a fuckin' reason!

- Nigga, what was the reason!

- I knew he wouldn't shut the fuck up!

And he took too long to give me his money!

I did what the fuck I had to do, dawg!

One of us coulda got killed out there.

- All I'm sayin' is, do shit how I plan!

All that hot shit, that's  
how niggas go down!

What the fuck, is you scared?

What is you in this shit fo', bro?

There gonna come a time we gonna  
have to bust one of them niggas.

I don't know about you,  
but I'm ready for that.

Better pick another game, homeboy.

This shit is eat or get ate.  
Fuck wrong wit you?  
Look how  
calm and peaceful the city is.  
How beautiful it looks.  
God ol' Motown.  
Well, at least it used to be.  
It's different now.  
It's about survivin'.  
I mean, I love my brother, I really do.  
But I can't keep riskin' my  
life runnin' up behind him.  
I got Natty to look after.  
- Hey dad, rise and shine.  
- Well, dad, it's time for you to get up.  
- Yeah, I ate cereal.  
But guess what?  
I really, really, need  
to tell you something.  
What is it?  
- Nothin', I just got up on  
the wrong side of the bed.  
That's it.  
- No, silly, that's just somethin'  
people say when they  
got a lot on they mind.  
What's up?  
- Well dad, put this in your mind too.  
I need to go to Disney World, bad.  
- All right, I just gotta  
tie up a few loose ends.  
I'ma make it happen, a'right?  
- You so silly.  
- Natty, your bus is outside.  
- Okay, bye dad.  
- A'right, lu you, Mama.  
And don't  
forget to eat the carrots  
and broccoli I put in your lunchbox.  
Okay, bye.  
Bye bye.  
So, what you gon' do today?  
- Nothin'.  
Just got a li'l work to

go take care of later.

- Mm-hm.

Mm, I forgot to tell ya, that daughter of yours was gettin' on my nerves about this Disney World trip.

- Ooh, she got me lookin' all on the internet for everything about Disney World, the restaurants, the rides she wanna go on, even the hotel she wanna stay in. Oh, that girl is crazy.

- I know.

I'm trying to save up everything I can to get her there, Ma.

Well, you need to really try hard.

Save up to get her on out there.

You know, when you and your brother were younger, your father had many opportunities to get you all outta this environment. But he just kept on dibblin and dablin out there in the streets, as if it wouldn't come to an end at some point or somethin', uh.

I mean, he couldn't even grasp the concept that, I mean, it's okay doin' what you doin', as long as you progressin'.

It only becomes wrong when you doin' what you doin', and you not even growin' from it. Your brother, he is just like your father.

But now, you, you have an opportunity to change your life. and the life of the most important person in your existence, Natty. Now, you at least owe her that.

- You mannin' up today.

Gonna drink that Prive straight?

- Yeah.

What's wrong?

Nigga, I know somethin' wrong wit you.



Tell me what's wrong.

- Man, that ho ass nigga, Zo, man.

He got to screamin' and shit at me like I was a little kid.

I'm a grown ass man like he is.

So, what's good, my dude?

Everything good.

- Don't seem like it.

- Just had a long night, that's all.

- Nah.

I had a simple set up put together for us yesterday and, don't get me wrong and all, we got the job done, but shit just didn't go as smooth as I planned.

- That nigga said I was trippin' last night.

- Man, Murda, down there stomped a nigga to death for no reason.

- Nigga might moved the wrong way.

Probably had that tool or somethin'.

- Knowin' you, babe, you probably were trippin'.

He probably was just tryin' to calm you down.

I'm keepin' niggas of his ass.

- No.

Man, just like when that nigga get in that mode, he ain't his self.

- Maybe we need to sit him down, talk to him about it.

Gotta be a reason he doin' that.

- Calm down.

- Yeah, you right, bae.

Could you put this in the freezer for me?

Shit hot as hell.

- Man, I'm so tired of these high risk low reward jobs we takin'.

Man, this shit just ain't worth it no mo'.

You think you ready for somethin' else?

- Hell, yeah.

- Can't be, makin' mistakes

like you did last night.

Shit bring attention to you and a crew.

- You right.

- I might have something fo' you.

- So, how you mama and daddy doin'.

I ain't seen 'em in a minute.

Damn, it have been

a long time, haven't it?

- Yep, it's been a minute.

How your daddy doin'?

- Man, I ain't talk to that ho ass  
nigga in over a year, dawg.

Why?

- 'Bout a year ago a nigga was fucked up  
and couldn't send him shit.

That nigga was runnin'  
'round the yard trippin'.

Talkin' 'bout how what  
nobody there fo' him.

Me and Murda wasn't his.

Psh, man.

Yeah right.

- That ain't even the half of it.

That nigga even went around talkin' 'bout  
my mama wasn't shit with  
bitch he was fucking wit.

Oh, yeah, your daddy was trippin'.

- Some bitch he was fuckin'.

I felt so disrespected I couldn't even  
look at dude the same, man.

- It's crazy, I know you did.

- Fuck that nigga.

So, what you got up for  
the rest of the day?

- Me and sposed to be chillin'.

Goin' out tonight to  
celebrate my new opportunity,  
and why don't you just come  
out to eat wit us tonight.

And bring your mama and Natty.

It's only dinner.

I wanna see them anyway.

- A'right, I could do that.

I'm tell ya, they better

have some good ass broccoli  
on the menu fuckin' wit mama though.

- Boy, you crazy.

- And you know how just told you  
Natty is goin' crazy  
wit this Florida thing,  
so do not mention nothin' in front of her.

- Okay.

Okay.

- A'right.

- Grab a box or somethin'.

- Man, I'm tired of packin', damn.

- Yeah, I remember when  
I used to work at that Ford plant.  
It was rough in there too.

That plant life is not no joke.

I mean, barely gettin' sleep,  
workin' overtime every other day?

Mm-mm.

It's depressing in there.

- You know, I know about that hard work.

But that good pay sure  
relieves a lotta stress.

I think I'd rather have my sanity.

That's why I'm shifting my career.

Where you gettin' ready work at now?

- Well, she leavin' that good payin' job  
to become a teacher.

- I'm goin' to Florida, baby.

- Me and my daddy were  
supposed go down there

to go to Disney World.

- I know, I heard you were excited too.

- Well, okay, baby.

Come on, let's go to the  
ladies room for a minute.

- I think I'ma go too.

- While the ladies at the bathroom,  
let me show you 'round the place.

Dis is it.

Nice little spot you got here.

- Cost me a pretty penny.

So, you ready?

- Fo'shoa.

- I got them niggas on standby.  
- Here's the address.  
Good luck.  
Let's get back to the table.  
The ladies should be back now.  
- Rell, when we pull up, you  
gon' go through the front do'.  
Me and Murda gon' gon'  
go through the back do'.  
We gotta be on our shit bro.  
- Let's do this, dawg.  
- I was just 'bout to get to that.  
First off, I need you to be  
cool, calm, and collected.  
This ain't like them other licks, bro.  
Can't have you on all that wild shit.  
- I hear you.  
- Bro, I don't need you to hear me.  
I need you to feel me.  
My name ridin' on this shit.  
- I feel you.  
I feel you, bro.  
- Now listen, if we  
pull this shit off right  
we gon' leave outta there  
with no less than 40,000.  
- Yo, what's the fuck is wrong  
with the bum ass TV, man?  
Can't get no power to this mufucker, dawg.  
- Yeah, you know you ain't fuckin' wit me  
in this 2K shit, dawg.  
Why you even wanna play this shit, man?  
- Yeah, I bet I whoop yo  
ass if you don't get Miami.  
- Ey, bro, hurry up and fix that TV  
so I can bust this nigga ass.  
Nigga silly, man.  
- Man, how much money you gonna  
lose to this bum ass nigga, dawg.  
- Nigga, shut the fuck  
up and go get the do'.  
- Yeah, whatever, motherfucker.  
You stay losing money.  
I'm makin' money, nigga.

Fuck man.

- I hear dat.

- Nigga, hurry the fuck up.

- You gonna see what's  
funny after I 21 yo ass.

- It's Charlie, now.

- What's good, what's  
good, man, what you need?

- Let me get two boys and a girl.

- Hold on.

- Hey, I need two boys and a girl!

Man, let's come on in, Unc.

- All right.

Bitch.

Fuck on.

- You bitch as in.

Get your ho ass on the ground.

- Nigga, I wish you would.

Where the fuck the shit at?

I don't know why

y'all ho ass niggas in here.

Y'all ain't gonna find shit.

Fall back, and relax nigga.

Where the fuckin' shit at?

Oh, so, you tough, huh?

In five seconds my man 'bout to blow  
man kid all over the floor.

Five, four, three, two--

- Aite man!

Chill man, chill.

The shit is in the bathroom  
behind the wall, man.

Just chill the fuck out.

- That shit better be there too.

- Go grab that shit.

- You better hope that shit in there too.

'cause if it ain't, I'm  
stretchin' errybody in this bitch.

- Got that shit, come on, let's go.

- Smooth, errything went  
just how we planned.

- That's what's up.

Shit, we got errything that's  
sposed to been in there,

plus there was a extra bag too.

- Let me see.

Hell yeah.

Y'all boys got everything  
in that motherfucker,  
didn't y'all?

Told you.

- That's what's up.

10, 20 30, 40.

That's the 40 Gs for  
that gig you pulled off.

I like the way you handled that shit.

- Good lookin', boss man.

- That's what's up.

What about the extra bag?

- Money.

- That's for you, my nigga.

That's a reward for movin' as a body.

Good lookin'.

- My nigga.

Told y'all niggas we stick  
to the mufuckin' plan, we'll be good.

- Nigga, 40 bands in a bag.

That's how much we got, nigga.

- Ooh, shit.

- Its' gettin'.

- Man, let's bust that shit  
down and get the fuck on.

- Yeah, come on.

- A'right, hold on though.

Just wanna use this moment, man,  
tell y'all niggas how much I lu y'all.

- And I wouldn't had done that shit  
wit nobody but y'all.

- Ey man, fuck all the sentimental shit.

Let's bust that shit  
down and get the fuck on.

- Hold on, impatient ass nigga.

This shit ain't goin' nowhere.

- Here we go again.

- I'm just fuckin' wit you, nigga.

Come on, let's split this.

Way in, way in, way out

Where you're back in, back in, back out

Early in the mornin',  
nigga, gettin' to the cash  
With the cold--  
Yeah,  
the nigga that came up  
with stickin' niggas was a genius,  
an I'm lovin' it.  
We was just broke yesterday.  
Now, look at us.  
Murda and Rell, them niggas finally  
on point for a change.  
They hold shit down on they own.  
And I ain't even gotta be there.  
Yeah, shit goin' beautiful.  
Do it on the low, you  
know the feds proly watchin'  
Who they hit the block,  
slow it down, but no stoppin  
We got mouths to feed,  
there ain't no other option  
Yes  
But sell dope...  
- Bae, I love my new car.  
Yeah?  
- Yes, it's my favorite  
color and everything.  
you fuckin' wit me.  
- You know I got somethin'  
fo' you tonight, right?  
- Yeah.  
- Damn, let me have mine right now.  
- No.  
- Come on, man, you know  
I don't like to wait.  
- Great things come to those who wait.  
I'm 'bout to go cook.  
What you wanna eat?  
- You.  
. .  
- A'ite, I'ma eat whatever you cook, bae.  
- All right.  
Go get me a towel  
so I can dry this car off.  
- You aint' gotta worry about

nothin' gettin' dry tonight.

Damn!

- Shit, shit, shit, just chillin'.

What's good?

- Shit man, you need to fuck wit me, man.

Yeah, you still fuck  
wit them houses and shit.

Yeah.

I'm still fuckin' wit them houses, man.

- I'ma think about it, man.

- Man, you need to clean  
them pennies up, man.

Get your shit together, man.

You can't rob niggas foreva.

- Shit is working.

- For real, man, you need  
to fuck wit me dawg, man.

- I'm seriously gonna  
give it some thought, man.

I'll get at you.

- You seriously gonna give it some though,  
and get at me.

Nigga, you on some bullshit.

Get at me, man.

Fo'shoe.

- A'ite, fo'shoe.

- Shit, nigga, you the baller, boy.

- Fuck is you talkin' 'bout now, bro.

- Man, nigga heard about  
that new whip you caught.

- Man, nigga had to buy  
his self a little toy.

- You I can't tell you  
what to do wit your money,  
or nothin', bro, but,  
you know what game we in.

Don't make yo'self no target.

- Come on, bro.

You know I ain't worried about  
becomin' no motherfuckin' target.

- A'right.

- I tear this bitch up.

- I hear you.

Money over loyalty?



- Man, that's just something I got from dawg.

- It's a wild ass hat.

- Well, it's funny you mention it. That nigga really feel like that. That nigga once told me, dawg, he'll wack his own brother and sista if the price right. Hey.

Damn, you and that dress caught me off guard tonight. You on that tip, huh?

- Hey, you need to holla at bro, though. 'Bout hittin' another one of them good ass licks, man. That shit too easy. Need that.

Man, I don't even think that nigga tryin' to fuck wit that shit no mo'.

- I don't know, dawg, I just got that feelin'.

You know I don't give no fuck dawg. I have had to hit the streets to get mine. I'm straight stickin' niggas, no hezzo.

- Come on man, you my mufuckin' nigga. You ain't gotta tell me, shit. But hey, you gotta feel Zo too. Shit don't last forever.

- First of all, fuck what Zo be tellin' 'bout, second of all, errything it take, to see my people happy, dawg. Mo, far as I see in my family faith, my niggas gettin' nicked shit to, flat out.

- That's how it's supposed to be, nigga. This shit really about what you do with that cash dawg. Just jackin' that shit off on dump shit, not takin' that money, investin' it to make mo' money, shit really pointless, my nigga. Fuck we have licks fo'?

Stocks or some shit?

- You a clown.

I don't know shit about no stocks, nigga.

No, you come fuck wit me dawg,  
got this little side hustle.

Be coppin' blow from my cousin and shit.

Takin' that shit to Ohio.

Damn near doublin' up.

- Damn near.

Only thing, my people in Ohio be  
wantin' more of that shit.

I really ain't playin'  
wit the cash like that.

- Why your people won't front you.

Muh, cuz don't trust me man.

Nigga know how we get down.

His little ho ass be feelin' like  
I'm gon' rob him one day.

- Ey, that it'd be a dawg ass lick dawg.

Fuck no, you a clown.

I wouldn't dare.

But nah, on that blow tip,  
all a nigga need is 'bout 10 bens.

Try to double that shit up.

- That easy, nigga.

Already got errything in motion.

All I need is the cash, nigga.

Let's get it.

- I'm gon' put that together for you.

Hey.

- Hey.

- Mm-mm, but you can come in.

Been studyin' for my finals.

- Jeez, look like you  
need to get some rest.

- Yeah, I do, but I won't be able to  
'til after my finals is  
done and I pass 'em, so.

But I'll be able keep her  
more once I'm out all this.

- Oh, all right.

Forgot to tell 'bout how she just  
been goin' crazy with the whole Florida,  
Disney World.

- I know, I know.  
She talk about it all day and night,  
but I don't have time to take  
no trips like that right now.  
- I'm, I'm gettin' my money together,  
I'ma take her down and  
have some fun wit her.  
I'm thirsty as hell.  
Do you got somethin' to drink.  
- I think we got some pop in there.  
God.  
- Hi!  
- Shit, you know I got out this morning.  
- I know you was comin' home this early.  
- I was comin' home this early.  
- I think Zo in there.  
What's up, my nigga?  
- Shit, chillin' man.  
I came over, nigga, down there.  
What's up wit you, man.  
- Shit, shit, I gotta  
call that nigga, Murda,  
let him know you home, dawg.  
That nigga gonna be goin' crazy.  
- I know, man.  
I'ma go on the block and fuck wit  
that fool in a minute, man.  
- I got somethin' fo' you, dawg.  
Damn, it's good to see you, baby.  
- Somethin' to hole you over real quick.  
- Damn, good lookin', bro, ain't it.  
Well, needed this, man, to get  
fresh slice of pussy.  
I mean, you know, lookin' at  
some nice ladies or somethin', man.  
- Man, you still crazy  
than a mufucker, dawg.  
You ain't changed, huh?  
- No, man.  
Thanks though, bro.  
Appreciate that shit.  
- Any time, my baby.  
- Y'all boys weak as a motherfucker, man.  
Vito, shoot the fuckin' ball, man.

Shoot the ball, man.  
You scared of that little nigga?  
Back him the fuck down.  
That's right, rock, take him to the cup.  
Take him to the cup.  
I'm about to come show you  
boys how to do that shit.  
Y'all niggas ain't no real ballers, man.  
Shoot the ball, man.  
Fuck it, just shoot the ball.  
Don't pass it, just shoot it.  
- Get something, fat ass, out there.  
- Slick Rick.  
- Bro, what's the deal, my nigga.  
- God damn my nigga, I  
see you eatin' good man.  
- Oh, stop that, man.  
That finally let you out that bitch.  
- Yeah, man.  
They know they had a nigga boxed in, man.  
I'm good, what's happenin'?  
- I mean, fuck it, nigga.  
You home, you fresh.  
That's all that matters right?  
- Yeah but fuck that.  
I heard you're the nigga  
with all the box, man.  
Put in nigger on the wholesome, big boy.  
- Hold on, dawg.  
- Still crazy, man.  
- No!  
No, you bullshitin', you lyin'.  
- I just got out, bro, this nigga crazy.  
- Fuckin' with that nigga Zo, man.  
You know that nigga keep  
you desert-diggin', man.  
You came to the right nigga,  
man, what do you want?  
What kind of bitch you want?  
- Cuz, listen, it don't even matter,  
just give me a hoe my nigga, ya hear me?  
Thick, small, coe, bow?  
- Give me a hoe, man.  
- Hey, watch it, I got

for you for the love.  
My nigga is home!  
C'mon, nigga.  
That nigga was quick on a draw.  
Damn, nigga.  
You blew faster than  
a motherfucker, daddy.  
- Shit, nigga, I just got out.  
Fuck you expect, nigga?  
It's been crazy, man.  
- C'mon, man.  
You know you ain't gonna thank  
me for no shit like that.  
- I already know, my nigga.  
- Come on, man, you know what's up, dawg.  
- That's how's it's supposed to be.  
I know you've just came home.  
What's your plans on getting  
money out this bitch?  
- Really, I was gonna hook up  
with a nigga I was locked up  
with, dawg, just for real and  
some hustle shit, you know?  
- Yeah, nigga, hustle.  
- I mean, that's cool and all,  
but I could make us somethin'  
you wanna fuck with, though.  
I want a cut of that  
money, what it is with me.  
I could either make it or take it.  
It don't make me no nevermind, dawg.  
- That's what I like to hear.  
Why don't you go take my man in the back?  
Get him together again.  
See you in a minute, fat boy.  
- You know how I do it, baby.  
- I see.  
- Hurry, bring that plate.  
You got a lot of broccoli left.  
You better be lucky Mama  
went to sleep early tonight.  
- Your aunt got a big date tomorrow.  
- Oh!  
- Yeah.

- Hey, dad, I've been thinking.

- Well, I've been thinking that I know you have a lot of work to do and you're busy, so, if you can't take me to Disney World, I was wondering if my uncle can take me.

- No reason, dad, I just know that you're busy and have a lot of work to do, and I'll have more fun with my uncle than the next person in line to take me.

Who?

- Grandma.

- Listen.

I know your uncle would love to take you, and I know y'all would have a great time, but I don't want you to think about nobody else takin' you but me, alright?

- Okay.

Need help with the dishes?

- Nah, I got this.

Go ahead and take it in for the night.

- Okay.

Goodnight, dad, love you.

- Love you, too.

Shit.

Trouble?

Try nigga's got up.

- Shit.

About to take another nigga's bitch.

- Man, get the fuck on, man.

- Hold on.

Hey, babe.

Go grab that money for me.

Hello.

- Hell yeah, I'm puttin' that shit together right now.

- Yeah, alright.

- Alright.

- Hell yeah, I supposed to been gone.

- Yeah, 'cause she's

waitin' for you at the park.

- Yeah, so you're tellin' me  
you're about to go meet up  
with Mama with all that money?

- Yeah, I gotta meet Rell at the waters.

- Right, so give me that,  
and then you come back  
and get this after you get  
done meetin' with Mama.

- What's that, are you  
scared or somethin'?

- Hey, give me a kiss.

- Alright.

I ain't gonna argue with you, right?

See you later.

- Shit, your man's good, my nigga.

- Hell yeah, man.

Come on, man.

You know how we play it.

- Shit, yeah, we know  
how y'all play it, man.

You and your men are some  
petty thieves, my nigga.

- Hell naw, man, it ain't shit like that.

- Real talk, you need to be  
careful, though, my nigga.

- Yeah, I hear you.

I hear you.

- For real, ain't no  
honor amongst thieves.

And y'all niggas some thieves, man.

- You're silly, my nigga.

We gonna get down or what?

- Shit, the dawg.

You know I ain't offerin' nobody shit.

It's all cash, my nigga.

- Shit, I got half on me now.

I'll get you the rest  
when I bump into my mans.

- Shit, that's what's up, man.

Let me know when y'all  
niggas are ready, dawg.

- You know your brother  
talkin' about movin', right?

- Mm-hm.  
- Orlando.  
- Well, you know Natty came home from school one day, talkin' about how she heard about it and saw it on a postcard and everything, you know. Ever since then, it's just been dwellin' on him.  
- That might be good for him.  
- Mm-hm, mm-hm.  
So, you never think about doing anything different, and gettin' out of here? 'Cause you know where the street life is gonna land you.  
- I ain't goin' nowhere. You know, the time you can't afford to pay for the bills. Streets pay for 'em. I ain't goin' nowhere. Sometimes I feel like I owe these streets.  
- Now that is sad. Your father felt the same way. And he had a high price to pay for it. You can change, though. I mean, whatever it is you think you owe these streets, I hope you don't have to pay for it with your life.  
- We're good. Trust me.  
- Okay. I hope you're right, baby.  
- No, I'm good, darlin'.  
- I'm cool, go ahead.  
- Okay.  
Oh, man, this boy done forgot his wallet.  
- All that hot shit, that's how niggas go down!  
- Your brother.  
- Don't make yourself no target.  
- I hope you don't have to pay for it with your life.



- Ma!

Ma!

Ma.

Ma!

Ma!

No!

Ma!

Please.

No, please.

Somebody fuckin' help!

Ma.

It's gonna be alright, Ma.

Please.

No, Ma.

Ma.

- Murda!

- She gone, bro.

She gone.

I can't believe they took  
her from us that easy, man.

Ever since I was like 13, man.

I caught my first body.

I know I was gonna die the same way, man.

And I accepted that shit.

I'd die for Ma.

Remember like my 18th birthday, man.

We was havin' a conversation.

She was tellin' me it's time  
to get our life together.

'Cause one day we was  
gonna have to bury her.

And I told her, "I ain't  
worried about that."

'Cause she was gonna bury  
me before I bury her.

I never seen this shit comin', man.

I never did, bro.

With Mama being gone,

I'm really all Murda got.

I know he needed closure,  
so I promised to meet  
him here once a week.

Hopefully, this will  
change the way he think.

I know this time without her changed me.  
I refused to miss the  
opportunity to get my kid  
out this environment like my dad did.  
Mama always said there ain't nothin' wrong  
with what you're doin', as  
long as you make progress.  
I gotta go legit.  
- What up, dawg.  
- You already know.  
Just tryin' to cope with  
everything life bring, bro.  
- I feel you, man.  
I've been tryin' not  
to drink my pain away.  
Shit ain't workin'.  
- I feel you.  
What's that?  
- I'm learnin', man.  
Not only should you appreciate  
people for the good they do,  
but for the shit that irritate you.  
'Cause one these days,  
they ain't gonna be around  
to do either of the two.  
I really miss how Mama used  
to get on my nerves, man.  
I was just thinkin' about how  
every time I used the bathroom  
she would stop me on  
my way out.  
And be like, "Zo, did you  
remember to wash your hands?"  
She used to make piles of  
vegetables on me and Natty plate,  
and try to sit there and try  
to watch us eat that shit.  
We would wait clean till she go to sleep,  
and throw that shit away.  
Promise to never tell on each other.  
I'm gonna miss that lady, dawg.  
- Tell me about it.  
- Speakin' of Natty, though, man.  
Me and Mama was talkin'.

I didn't know you was talkin'  
about gettin' up out of here  
on me, man.

- Yeah.

All I need is like 40 or 50, dawg.  
Take me and my baby straight to Florida.  
Start us a whole new life.

- I can't blame you, man.

- Hey, I meant to ask you.

You had Jess clean that mess  
up at the crib the other night?

Man, y'all tore that bitch up.

- Nigga, I ain't do that shit.

- The night them niggas killed Mama, man,  
niggas hit my crib and took everything.

They got my stash, little  
jewels I bought Jess and shit.

I had too much shit on my mind  
to think about shit I  
could replace, though.

- You ain't tell me about  
none of that shit, nigga.

- It's alright, bro.

I bounce right back, man.  
Don't even worry about that shit.

I'm gonna go to the crib  
and put you somethin' together, dawg.

You know, just a little  
somethin' to hold you over.

I ain't come here for no  
fuckin' handouts, man.

I don't need nothin' little, man.

I need somethin' big.

We need to hit another lick, man.

I'm good on that shit.

There's so much hot  
shit goin' on out here,  
I ain't tryin' to die in this shit,  
I'm tryin' to get the fuck out!

- Did you just hear what  
the fuck I said, man?

I don't got nothin', bro.

Nothin'.

- You ain't hearin' me.

- They took everything, bro!  
Everything, my money, my jewels, Mama!  
I don't got got shit, man!  
Nothin'!  
- I feel you, bro.  
You know I just spent  
all my last little bit  
on Mama funeral, and that was unexpected!  
I'm gonna sit back and just  
see what this legit shit do.  
I'm straight.  
What the fuck is you talkin' about, bro?  
What, you gonna wait on a job to call you?  
Let me guess, you're gonna  
hit the fuckin' lottery  
or somethin'?  
Fuck all that patience and waitin', man.  
I need my shit now!  
Right the fuck now!  
Fuck is you talkin' about, man?  
What the fuck, is you scared?  
What is you in this shit for, bro?  
There's gonna come a time  
when you'll have to bust  
one of them niggas, and  
I don't know about you,  
but I'm ready for that!  
You need to clean  
them pennies up, man.  
Get your shit together, man,  
you can't rob niggas forever.  
You have an  
opportunity to change your life.  
And the life of the most important  
person in your existence.  
Natty.  
Now, you at least onto that.  
It ain't shit here for me.  
Mama dead.  
This nigga Murda ain't gonna change.  
I know he ain't.  
Me and Natiie gotta go.  
We got to.  
- Dawg, why the fuck you keep

callin' my phone like that?

- Because, man, I need to holla at you.

- The night the niggas killed Mama, man, niggas hit my crib and took everything, bro.

- Slow the fuck down.

What the fuck do you mean everything?

What the fuck goin' on, dawg?

- Bro, I mean everything, man.

I'm dead broke.

I couldn't even pay for the meal in this motherfucker.

Why you think I came to you, man?

I need you.

I got some on the floor for us.

How the fuck you about to do this shit?

- Bro, I said I got somethin' on the floor for us!

- Everybody watchin', my nigga, just chill out.

- Not that nigga.

Is you with it?

- What the fuck you tryin' to do now, dawg?

- Man, look, my people sell blow in Ecourse.

I know the whole operation, plus, there's only two niggas where they keep the weight at anyway.

- And I know we can go through there full-force, and shut that bitch down.

Plus, there's three bricks of blow in there.

We could break 'em down, sell 'em OT like we planned.

Easy money, bro.

- Dawg, so we about to just run up in there and take a nigga's shit, huh?

No plan, no nothin'.

Just me and you, huh?

- Naw.

Me, you and Rick.

- How long you been thinkin' about this shit, dawg?

- I found out about it tonight, man.

- I ain't feelin' this shit, dawg.

- This nigga scary, man, I thought this was our man.

- Shut the fuck up!

- This shit crazy, man.  
For real, dawg.

- Bro.  
Come on, man, I need you.  
I need you, man.  
I can't do this shit without you.  
Dawg, are you sure there ain't nobody in this bitch?

- Yeah, yeah I'm sure, nigga.  
I just talked to unc about an hour ago, we good, nigga.

- Alright, I'm gonna rock my shit anyway.

- Hey look, I'm gonna open up the screen, though.  
Just kick that bitch right in, my nigga.  
We gonna get in there and do what the fuck we gotta do and then we gone, nigga.

- Alright, bad.

- Hey, meet us around back.

- Hurry up, too.

- Go in the kitchen.

- Hey yo, they over there breakin' the spot.  
Hurry up and get over here.

- Bro!  
I got 'em!  
Pull off.

- Yeah.

- Yes.

- And every other Thanksgiving and Christmas.

- I promise.

- Florida is so far.

- Not really, it's only a flight away.

- Well, I guess you got yourself a deal.  
But what about church?

- I'm pretty sure she can get to church every Sunday.

- Mm-hm.

And who gonna take her, Cynthia?

- Man, your daughter talk too much.

- It's cool, Zo, I like Cynthia.

And I know my payin' don't matter and you probably don't care but I think she's a really good woman. She's good for you.

- Thanks.

I appreciate that.

And for what it's worth, I do care.

Hold on.

Hello.

What?

Calm down, bro.

Where y'all niggas at?

I'm on my way.

Like I said, here I come!

Damn.

I gotta go.

What's wrong?

- I don't know, somethin' happened to Rick, though.

I gotta go.

- I don't know, I'll call you later, I gotta go.

- You can't tell me what's goin' on with my own brother?

What's up?

- We fucked up.

- Me, Rell and Rick went to Ecourse. Tryin' to hit a lick on his cousin.

- You talkin' about the one that's heavy with the blow?

- Yeah, and the fucked up part, those niggas killed Rick.

In the crib.

Though that know for sure them niggas know Murda and Rick run together, too.

Ain't no tellin' them niggas

gonna come tryin' to get at us.

- Come on, man, you know I ain't about to let this nigga go by himself to hit no lick with Rick.

- Fuck!

So somebody else done lost their life behind another one of your stupid-ass decisions.

I'm the reason why Mama got killed?

- Nigga, hell yeah!

Hell yeah!

If you wouldn't have went off and got that hot-ass car and made yourself a target, she would still be here, and we would be good!

Then you went and got that young nigga fresh out into some shit he had nothin' to do with! Hell yeah, it's your fault, nigga.

But I'm gonna tell you one motherfuckin' thing, dawg.

I ain't about to die for none of that bullshit you off into, flat-out!

- Bro!

Bro!

- I fucked up, man.

I know.

But don't leave your little brother out here like this, man.

I fucked up.

Let's just hit one more lick, man.

Just one more.

You're all I got.

- I'm all I got, too.

- We've been lookin' for these niggas all motherfuckin' day, man, I can't wait to slide up on one of these niggas, bro.

Dawg said they'd be up in this motherfucker around this bitch, man.

- Yeah.



- Gotta see these niggas, man.  
These niggas gotta have it, bro.  
I'm tellin' you.  
Hey, that look like the  
truck right there, man.  
Spin around, hit a U.  
Know that's the niggas, bro.  
Hell yeah, that's their truck, man.  
We're gonna slide up on these niggas, man.  
Slide up on this nigga, let  
these niggas have it, bro.  
Gotta let these niggas have it.  
- What's up, my nigga,  
I was on my way out.  
- These niggas just  
tried to kill me, dawg.  
I don't believe this shit.  
- I heard.  
Word on the street, y'all  
boys tried to rob Mr. A.  
He wants y'all niggas here, ASAP.  
- I ain't rob nobody, that  
was my brother and them.  
- Birds of a feather  
fly together, my nigga.  
That's your crew, ain't it?  
Anything them niggas do gonna  
fall back on your ass anyway.  
- Mm-mm, nigga I ain't about  
to die for none of that shit  
them off into, dawg, I'm sorry, I can't.  
- Listen here, my nigga.  
Man up, nigga.  
Remember, high to reward, high to risk?  
Don't let nobody come in  
between you and your money!  
You're doin' this shit for your  
daughter anyway, ain't you?  
By the way, it's another  
lick on the floor, now.  
So you decide what the fuck you gonna do.  
And don't forget, lock  
the gate behind you.  
- Dawg.

We gotta get the fuck from  
around this motherfucker.

For real.

- Where the fuck is we  
gonna go broke, huh?

Tell me that.

- I don't know, I know  
we ain't gonna last long  
just chillin' around the hood like this.  
Best believe them Ecourse niggas comin'.  
And that ain't bullshittin'.

They ain't the only niggas with guns!  
If they come through, they come through!  
Fuck it!

What is you scared?

- My man.

What the fuck do you be talkin' about?

Rick uncle got guns and money!

And you can't go to war  
with that if you broke!

But you don't understand that, do you?

You keep runnin' around  
this bitch like this shit  
about bein' tough and it ain't.

This shit about bein' smart, my dawg.

- You actin' like a real hoe right now.

And I ain't about to be runnin'  
around this bitch scared.

Or hidin' from niggas.

So if them niggas is comin',  
some of them niggas is goin'.

With me.

- You a clown.

Where the fuck's Zo at?

Gotta get the fuck from around you.

You gonna get a nigga  
killed around this bitch.

- I don't know why the fuck  
you always lookin' for Zo.

He can't save you.

It is what it is.

- I'm down for one more lick, y'all.

And we can't fuck this up.

I'm gonna be perfectly honest with y'all.

I don't wanna have to do this shit.  
But I ain't got no choice.  
And I tell y'all that, to tell y'all this.  
Have y'all shit together.  
'Cause after this one...  
I'm done.  
It's a little different.  
We're dealin' with Mexicans.  
Time is a factor, bring your A-game.  
- I got you.  
- Shit look wild as hell out here.  
Let's hurry up and get the fuck on.  
Y'all niggas ready?  
- Come on, man, you already know,  
you ain't gotta ask me no shit like that.  
- Man, this shit look  
dry as hell out here.  
Fuck is these niggas at, man?  
- Them niggas gonna be out  
here, damn, calm the fuck down!  
Might have told y'all niggas, dawg.  
Don't go out here on that wild shit.  
Go out there, get them  
bags and come the fuck on.  
- There go one right there.  
- Stop this bitch.  
- Come on!  
Man, this nigga better answer  
the motherfuckin' phone.  
I was just callin' to check on you.  
Oh, okay.  
What's the deal?  
How Florida workin' out for you?  
- It's beautiful here and  
Natty's gonna love it.  
Yeah, I bet.  
Well, we probably won't  
make it like we supposed to.  
Who is it?  
Your brother?  
I told you about lettin'  
people who do so little for you  
control so much of your life.  
Zo, you know Natty deserves this.

I just hope you can fulfill your promise before it's too late.

We joked about this being the ultimate paradise, and it is for Natty.

And Zo, it is for me, too.

I've been blowin' you up.

- We only got one of them bags.

- What the fuck you mean you ain't get everything?

It should at least been three bags.

- We tried, my nigga.

- Fuck that, you ain't try hard enough.

Damn!

Now you know I ain't gonna be able to get you that extra bread, man.

- Man, I ain't even trippin' about all that shit.

I'm in the hood.

- How long's it gonna take you to get here?

- I can leave right now.

- I'm good, dawg.

But my daughter runnin' around, get her out of here, dawg.

- Alright, man.

Come on through.

I'm gonna try to make somethin' happen.

- I'm on my way.

Damn, I hope he remembers where this bitch stay at.

- I only got one of the fuckin' bags, dawg.

How did the niggas come out so fast anyway?

- I don't know, man, shit got wild out there, man.

- It's like them niggas already knew we was comin' or somethin', man.

Fuck is he at, man, I hope he got rid of them fuckin' guns.

- No, man.

Fuck is this nigga at, man?

- Man, don't nobody know, we good, man.  
Chill that shit out, man!  
There's Zo right there, man.  
- Alright, I'm about to use the bathroom.  
- Go in.  
- What the fuck is wrong with y'all  
stupid motherfuckers, dawg?  
I told y'all niggas, no shootin'!  
And you niggas only got one bag?  
- Get the fuck outta here!  
You saw how the fuck them niggas came up  
out the house shootin' at us!  
- No, I told y'all niggas, no shootin'!  
- Get the fuck outta here, man.  
You hear this nigga?  
We almost lost our  
motherfuckin' lives out there.  
And all you give a fuck about is a bag?  
- It's all the fuck he care about!  
- Ask this nigga, he  
know every fuckin' thing.  
- Damn, bro.  
Damn, come on, get up, bro.  
We gotta get you outta here, damn.  
- I'm fucked up, man.  
- Come on, bro, we gotta  
find Murda, come on, get up!  
- That's what I'm sayin'.  
Where the fuck is he at?  
Only us three know about this spot, man.  
I love that nigga to death.  
This had to be an inside job.  
Where you at?  
In the hood.  
Meet me at the room at like nine.  
Right there in the hood.  
Yep.  
What's up?  
You good?  
- I made it out.  
You get the money?  
- Yeah, I got it.  
It's right there.  
Barely made it out myself.

- Nah, nah, I'm good.  
I'm good.  
I ain't been able to put  
the bottle down all night.  
- I was right there the whole time.  
Sometimes you can want  
somethin' so bad in life,  
that you're willing to do  
just about anything to get it.  
Even puttin' your family at jeopardy.  
Nobody knew about that spot,  
but me, you and Rell.  
As he was dyin',  
he said he felt as though  
it was an inside job.  
- That's crazy.  
- I tried everything I could  
getting him up outta there.  
- There's a lot of shit  
goin' on right now, man.  
I'm gonna lay low.  
You need to, too.  
I'll bump into you tomorrow,  
split that bread up.  
- Hey, uncle, I'm done.  
- Hey.  
You sure?  
- Yes.  
Yes.  
- Uncle, I got everything.  
- Alright now.  
I don't wanna hear your  
mother's mouth when she pull up.  
- You won't.  
You still need help cleaning?  
- Yeah, but I got it, your  
mama will be here in a second.  
- Well, me and my dad had a conversation,  
and he said if he couldn't  
take me, you can take me.  
- For my birthday, to the Disney World.  
So far away, mama.  
Of course I'll take you.  
Yes!

- That's your mama.  
That's your mama, get  
your stuff, hurry up.  
- Okay.  
- Hurry up, mama!  
What would make a nigga  
cross his own blood?  
It was always pure love between us.  
I did a lot of fucked up shit, man.  
Believe me.  
I know.  
My intention was never  
to hurt you, though, man.  
I love you more than  
anything in this world.  
You know that.  
I would've never wanted this for us, man.  
But I guess it's like you say, though,  
sometimes you can want somethin' so bad,  
you'd do just about anything to get it.  
No matter who you hurt in the process.  
You know I gave you the  
benefit of the doubt, man.  
When you called me to the room that night,  
I thought you was gonna come clean.  
You wasn't even man enough to do that.  
You was just gonna take off  
and leave me in the dark, huh?  
Your own fuckin' brother.  
Money over loyalty, huh?  
So you and your big homie  
put this whole fuckin' plan together.  
The same hat he gave you,  
was on the getaway driver  
when they robbed us.  
I guess it was cheaper to pay  
them than to split with us.  
That's why Rell had to go?  
And for what?  
A measly  
Guess Mama was wrong, man.  
You're more like Pops  
than I ever could've been.