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School Dance

By Nick Cannon

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Breaking News.

There's been an incident at the
Monte Vista High School lock-in.

Two LAPD officers were at the
scene and witnessed the crime.

We go now live to Monte Vista
where students were gathered
for the annual school dance.

Well, Officer Lagney and I
arrived at the scene
to find these "packs"
of gang members
in the midst of gun violence.

We immediately pounced
the evildoers
and we had the situation
under control.

Yeah, we have to
take care of this
before more innocent
kids are hurt.

Bunch of savages.

Animals that belong in a zoo.

First of all,
that cop is high as hell.

Look at him.

Second of all,
that's not even how it went down.

Let me rewind to the beginning.

This was actually the
greatest night of my life.

Would you believe me if I told
you it was a tale of love?

The cops may have
labeled it a tragedy,

but you can never
trust the police.

Hey, this is my story.

So I should tell you,
it'll probably be a little racist.

Where you gonna be at tonight?

You best believe that you're gonna
be over at Monte Vista High School

because it's going down.
Supa Sizers out there with
their smash hit The Hater Dance
will be in
the neighborhood, man.
It's Power 106's annual
"Unity in the Community" school dance
going down at
Monte Vista High School.
Power 106.
Well, I love that Supa Sizer.
That motherfucking Hater
Dance song is the shit.
I'm not gonna give in to that Supa Sizers'
song.
Press it just as soon as I can.
You want Mamma to
walk you in, baby?
No, Mamma, I'm good.
You ain't good, nigga.
You ain't about four feet
goddamn tall. Hold on.
Your Mamma coming.
I don't want nobody
fucking with my baby.
Ma!
I protects my baby.
Come on.
Let's go.
Now, listen.
If some shit goes down,
I want you to page me,
all right?
Ma, nobody uses pagers
no more. We got iPhones.
Man,
I know what's going on in these streets,
God help you.
Ma, I promise, I'm good.
All right, well, listen,
I gotta get to the
motherfucking church anyway.
Go in there and make Mamma proud.
Learn something.

Give Mamma a kiss,
little baby, before I go.
Kiss me, nigga, before I blow...
I love you.
Take care and learn
something today.
Make Mamma proud,
you little bitch.
Tell your teacher
I said, "Hey."
You got something for me?
Yeah, I got something.
Hold on.
All right.
Roll on,
I got you. I got you.
You don't put that football down,
I'll fuck your ass up.
The Rangers,
those dudes are amazing.
Best dance clique in our school.
And one of them is
actually my older cousin.
Day Day.
I met him at
a family reunion once,
but I don't even think
he remembers my name.
See, man, I'd do anything to
be down with that clique.
Now, that's what it's
about here. Cliques.
Now, they're not gangs,
but it's far from that study-buddy shit.
It's more so sororities
and fraternities
without the college education
and social benefits.
Let me explain.
Each school is divided and
segregated into cliques.
Monte Vista is no different.
You got your backpackers,
the nerds,

the vegan,
tree-loving dreadheads.
You got your dirty ghetto
kids aka your hood skaters.
Oh, and that's Stinkfinger.
Across the street,
you'll find the lamest fools
to ever set foot in the hood.
Girl, let me carry
your books for you, girl.
They all dropped out of
school like 10 years ago
but these fools still up
here every single day.
Bunch of old wannabe gangsters
who wanna holler at young chicks
but always fail miserably.
We're not carrying any books.
And if we were,
you wouldn't be able to touch them.
You wanna carry
these balls then, bitch?
Yeah, put the balls
in your book bag, bitch.
Told the bitch
to carry my balls.
Say what?
I said,
"Carry my balls, bitch."
Come again, say what?
Let's ride out.
I know. That's right.
Then there's the Ese's.
The real gangsters.
Legend has it
if you look one of them
in the eye, you could die.
Where we come from,
blacks and Mexicans
have never gotten along.
It's the ghetto civil war
that defies logic.
It's like vegetarians beefing with vegans.
It's the same shit.

See what I did there?
And the most notorious badass
Ese of them all is Big Junior.
A while ago he got sent to prison
for burning down a school dance
'cause he thought some blind guy
was looking at his little sister.
Who just so happens to be
the girl of my dreams.
Anastacia Moreno.
I've been in love with her since we shared
a nap-time towel in the first grade.
I was so nervous,
I pissed on myself,
all over the towel,
all over her.
I sure enough did.
She hasn't looked my way since.
It's probably because we're from
two totally different worlds.
I mean, she's a Sweet Gyrl.
A part of the hottest
female clique
that my school has ever birthed.
Let's take a moment to enjoy.
Man, look at her.
She's the most beautiful
girl I've ever seen.
Wait a minute.
Is she looking at me?
Jason B.B. Jackson.
Oh, this is my shot.
This is my moment.
Seize the opportunity.
Go get 'em, buckaroo.
Oh, yeah, I forgot to introduce
you to the Prairie Puff Man.
The tobacco industry's
propaganda pitchman
that's been killing
kids for years.
I wasn't always super cool.
Till I discovered these.
My mother smokes eight packs

of these death-doobies a day.
And since she's a single parent,
he's the only man I've
ever seen in my house.
Prairie Puff Man is
like my guardian angel.
Don't cheat.
My role model.
Go get 'em, buckaroo.
My nigga, what the fuck, bro?
What's that?
Worst moment in the
history of fucked-up-ness.
Ay! He's so little.
It looks like a dick
but smaller.
That is gross.
Little dude
ain't even circumcised!
What was that, bro?
Why you even looking at this nigga's dick?
This nigga's dick
look like Franklyn.
Hey, bro, pull your pants up.
He's still sitting there
with his pants down.
Hey! Wait up!
Attention! It's 7:45.
Will the student who
lost their prosthetic leg
please hop your ass down here to
the guidance counselor's office.
Hey, guys! Hey, guys!
Wait up.
Yo, how can I be a Ranger?
I know everything about y'all.
I got all your mix-tapes.
I know all your dance moves.
I was even thinking of
getting a Ranger tattoo.
Yo, this nigga is a stalker.
I'll do whatever
it takes, I swear.
Okay, little

piggy-in-the-blanket dick.
You really want
that Ranger life?
Day Day, whip it out.
Memorize it.
Now, if you want to pledge
to be in the illest clique,
you got to get the drawers
off one of the illest chicks.
That's right. Panties.
When you come back with a fresh pair
of Sweet Gyrl panties, you're in.
Uh, can't it be like
a sock or something?
Panties!
Like these.
These are Keisha's
from last night.
She just gave you those?
For sure.
All right,
now here come them sugar drawers.
Take your pick, little dude!
Yo, yo, yo,
snap out of it, Un-Circky!
This Ranger shit is real.
South Central wasn't
built in no day.
So can you pull it off or what?
Uh, when am I supposed
to have this done?
Tonight.
- Tonight?
- Tonight.
But you just said South
Central wasn't built in a day.
Uh, I don't know what that shit means.
I just be saying shit.
Y'all expect me to have sex
with one of the most untouchable
girls in our school tonight?
Yeah.
That's not even
humanly possible.

Yeah, it is.
Tonight is the "Unity in the Community"
school dance, fool.
And it's a lock-in.
And you know what happens
at the lock-in, boy.
Okay, for those of you that
don't know
what a lock-in is,
let me explain.
In an attempt to give
all races and classes of students
a safe party environment,
and keep them away
from gang violence,
we have an all-night
campus party
that culminates in a sleep over,
in the gym.
Nice, safe and wholesome, right?
Wrong.
Instead of the lock-in,
they need to call it the "get it in."
Because that's all that's
happening all night long.
Everybody sneaks off somewhere to
get their freak in...
...drink in, smoke in,
and frolic in.
But the main attraction is the
Power 106 concert and talent show.
Last year The New Boyz took home
\$2,000 and a major label record deal.
Their lives changed forever.
And they're coming back
this year to judge
and give another act
a ticket out of the hood.
Oh, shit, y'all.
We're late! We better
get to class.
Nigga, we're The Rangers.
We're not worried about
being late to class.

Yeah, we run this school.
This school don't run us,
extra meat.
Yeah, nigga.
Quit tripping.
I'm with the big dogs
running this school.
This school don't run us.
Ain't that right, dude?
Langston?
Tardy, tardy, tardy!
Get your Hot Pocket-sized
ass to my office!
In here, sir.
Little-ass homie,
in here.
Ain't that a rip?
Damn. That's what's
wrong with you kids.
Your mind is filled
with all that bullshit.
I'm sick of it.
If I was your daddy,
I'd be the one who
tore your ass up.
I wouldn't play here.
I wouldn't put up with none of it.
That's right.
I'm trying to...
Ooh!
Look at that. Look at that. Look at that.
Look at that, that, that, that...
Stop looking at my girl.
I'm gonna tell you one time and
I ain't gonna tell you no more.
Keep your eyes and
your mind off my bitch.
I mean, my faculty.
I'm sorry about that, Mrs. Johnson.
She hears every damn
thing. Everything!
Yeah, she is a bitch sometimes.
I needs to talk to you.
About that little butt-naked

dance you just did
out there on the quad
just a minute ago.
Well...
I'm not circumcised either.
And I'm sixty-some years old,
still ain't circumcised.
Join the club!
You've got a turtle-neck
little dick, too.
You got a German Shepherd dick.
I got a German Shepherd dick.
You got a Sean John leather on your dick.
That's what you got.
That's right. Levi leather.
I know it. When your little dick
gets a little blanket lint on it,
and cookie crumbs,
stuff like that,
it's hard to blow out.
I know what you're talking about
'cause I deal with it
all the time.
You ain't even
gotta use a condom.
Just twist the tip up
like a balloon.
That little ball will pop up.
More pleasure!
Principal Rogers.
What?
Is there any reason that
you have me in your office?
Yes, there's a reason
why I got you in here.
I wanted to ask you something.
You having a problem out
with 'em Ranger boys?
The Rangers?
No, they're my friends.
That's what I'm talking about.
See that! See that!
I'm sitting here trying to defend
you and you're running with 'em!

I'm gonna tell you
something, Jebediah,
you're trying to start
some shit around here.
The Rangers, now, all of
a sudden, is your friends.
Ain't that a bitch.
You run around here fooling
with the Mexican kids.
They're gonna fuck one of
y'all up, up around here.
Somebody's gonna bend you, spin you
and go up in you. This is my school.
And I won't play that.
I don't like any of them one bit!
Are you getting initiated
into a gang, young Jiminey?
Uh, my name is Jason,
and no, I'm not.
Cut the...
I'm gonna tell you something, Jethro.
You're gonna try
and start a race riot.
You better leave them Mexican kids alone,
they're gonna jump on you.
Yeah, four to five of them are
gonna jump on your little ass.
They're gonna have Home
Depot little jackets on,
they don't play the fool.
Yeah. Damn shit.
You think it's a game?
You're gonna end up on First 38.
First 38.
I thought it was 48.
Yeah, it's 38, nigga.
Yes.
I hear you need one more volunteer
teacher tonight for the lock-in.
And you heard right, baby.
I need you here.
Quicker than a cat
can lick his ass.
All right, great.

I'll see you there.
I'm gonna tear that ass up tonight.
Huh?
Are you going to
the school dance tonight?
Yeah, come on. Get your little nosey
ass out of here. Get on out of here.
The Hater Dance.
The Hater Dance.
The Hater Dance.
Oh!
What the fuck?
It seems like today is
your unlucky day, Day.
That's funny, fool.
Yeah.
Yo, why y'all messing with me?
I know you got some lawns
to mow or something.
So, Day Day,
you have a really important phone call.
Who's this?
What? Nigga, speak English.
Who's this?
It's Junior.
Just got out and he wants his money.
Yeah, don't keep him holding on the phone,
Holmes.
That's rude.
My bad, Junior. I didn't know it was you.
How did you get out?
I thought you were
in jail for triple life.
Look, man, I got your money.
Don't worry.
Insert 25 cents
for another minute.
What did he say?
Don't ask me, fool.
I don't speak Spanish.
\$2,000 by midnight
or Junior's gonna kill you.
Shit.
2 grand.

Where am I gonna get
that from by midnight?
Day Day, you cool?
Hell no.
These Ese's are threatening
me over some shit
my wack-ass father did!
Uncle D-Smoke?
Yeah, that lying-ass
nigga, Darren.
See, my mamma thought
it would be a good idea
for me to go
visit him in prison.
Say, "Hi, Daddy!"
Say, "Hi, Daddy!"
Hi, Daddy.
Whose goddamn
white baby is that?
This is your baby, okay?
He's just light skinned. Mmm-hmm.
That one might be mine.
That one right there,
I'm not totally sure.
Just because you
named him Darren
don't mean he belongs to Darren.
But I don't care what
this baby's name is,
this baby is rice skinned
but not light skinned.
That is a white child.
That is Caucasian from
the mountains of Caucasus.
That is a Slavic baby,
a Viking from Iceland.
That baby got 730
as a credit rating
right now as an infant.
You the only one
I've been with, Darren.
Bitch, let me explain
to you the math.
I've been in here

16 consecutive years.
You know how long "consecutive" is,
don't you?
Okay, so, it means one right
after the motherfucking other.
'Cause I ain't
never missed a day.
So clearly you've been
having some conjugal visits
with some other
motherfuckers other than me.
That's not my baby.
That's almost a grown white
man you've brought in here.
His glasses are certainly grown.
I've never seen a baby with
that type of prescription.
And why does that baby
look like Officer Joshua?
Bitch, you've been
fucking the guard?
Ew! Nuh-uh!
Hey, Darren, stop talking to my
mom like that, man. Be respectful.
You're absolutely right.
I apologize for that.
- It's just that this bitch...
- Damn it. There you go again.
Your mother was misbehaving.
Sorry, I should've set a
better example in front of
the nice white gentleman
and your mother.
All right, so, could I please speak
to my black son privately, please?
Would that be okay with you, Trina?
Mmm-hmm.
I mean you no disrespect, sir.
Hope to work for you
one day when I get out.
Come on, baby.
Raggedy head...
You have to excuse me, son.
This is my first white baby.

What's up, man?
I'm in a jam.
What?
Uh...
There was a gambling incident and I need,
like,
13,000 cigarettes,
preferably 6,000
of those non-menthol
and then like 5,000
pineapple fruit cups.
That's worth about \$2,000
on the open street market.
If you can handle that for me,
I'd appreciate it.
Darren, what are
you talking about?
Well, see, what
had happened was...
Wait, you're gonna do a
flashback within a flashback?
Nigga, you know
you can't do that.
Nigga, I'm a criminal.
That's what I do,
what I'm not supposed to do.
So, now.
What had happened was...
No Mexican has ever beat me in Dominoes.
Ever.
But one day the cash
was on the line,
I had been sipping that lean
and he caught me slipping.
What's this got to do with me?
This is your problem.
Uh, I didn't have the money,
and in lieu of the money,
I told Junior and his crew
that I had a rich son
in a famous rap group,
and I'm sure a little funky \$2,000
don't mean nothing when he's
clocking all the dollars out there,

Mr. Major Buckety Bucks.
What? Man, we ain't signed yet.
I ain't got no money.
All right, well,
let's not be a Gloomy Gus.
Okay, if you didn't learn nothing
from your white brother, learn
always look on
the bright side of life.
But you still haven't
given him any money?
No, I gave him
an orange this morning.
But they're already trying to
make me make small booty payments
and I only got a small
booty to work with.
Look here, man,
um, I only got one booty hole.
You understand what I'm saying?
They don't take debit or credit or
nothing in here, it's just hole. Okay?
I've been holding
onto it for 16 years.
I don't see no reason
to let it go now
over a few little pineapple
fruit cups and some cigarettes.
Speaking of which,
I need you to do me a favor.
You think you can
listen to these for me?
That's disgusting, man.
Where'd you pull that out from?
Oh, from my Louis
Vuitton prison bag.
Nigga, what do you think?
I pulled them out of my ass.
You ain't got to smell it.
Just listen to it.
I know.
I know. It's time.
Look, I only got a few seconds
before they snatch me up out of here

'cause I'm a gangster!
But look, I need you
to save my sphincter.
You gonna embarrass me in front
of that white man's child,
you better lock me down!
Some father I got, huh?
Now I gotta pay Junior by midnight.
Anyway,
you get them drawers yet?
I'm just messing with you.
Come on, bro, we got PE.
Wait, you noticed I
was in your PE class?
Yeah, man.
I've seen you there before,
looking all un-athletic and shit.
Let's keep this Junior
thing between me and you.

It's 11:

Get your wretched ass into class!

Man!

I'm in a tight situation.

Go ahead.

Keep laughing at my pain.

But the struggle is real!

Big Junior just magically got
released from a triple life sentence.

And he's on a mission
to kill my cousin Day Day.

And probably me too,
once he finds out

I'm trying to get
his sister's panties.

Are those panties
really worth dying for?

She probably got some
really nice panties.

I guess I gotta do
what I gotta do.

It's like my man
Shakespeare said,
"Love is a smoke,

made from the fumes of sighs,
"being purged,
a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes."
Get your asses up
for some aerobics.
Stand your asses up!
Don't make Coach mad today.
Don't make me mad! Come on now.
Let's get into this Hater Dance, shall we?
5, 6, 7 and 8.
And to the left.
Whoo! Yeah!
Come on, guys.
Man, what the hell
you doing, piddly dick?
Move like you
got some damn rhythm. Come on.
Now step, yeah, side to side,
yeah, side to side,
yeah, side to side.
Oh, yeah! Keep going.
Mmm!
Do the dance.
Not so hard, Venkatesh!
Not so hard. Okay?
Hey. I'm so sick
of this damn song!
Yeah, but I do like the way B3's
booty shakes to that dance. Mmm!
What's a B3?
Man, you gotta keep up with the
acronyms if you're gonna be a Ranger.
B3 is Big Booty Becky.
Oh.
Come on, J-Extra.
Let's roll over there right now.
I like that, J-Extra.
That's your new name.
Yeah. That's right.
Dougie's with it, boy.
That's the Fredrick Douglass
right there, you old nigga.
Can we help you, little boy?
No love.

Little homie with us.
Oh, I'm sorry, Langston.
I didn't know.
Hey. Didn't we go to
pre-school together?
Uh, me? No.
See, I'm from Nigeria.
Oh!
Oh...
Yeah. That's it.
You peed on me in elementary school.
- What?
- What?
What are y'all doing,
not participating in my calisthenics, huh?
Coach, we're tired of doing that
fake-ass electric slide, man.
The Hater Dance is loved by everybody.
We don't like it.
Oh, well, I'm sorry
to hear that.
Baby Chris Rock face.
Why you hate The Hater Dance, huh?
You gotta like it!
Okay?
We're about what's
popping next, not now!
Yeah, we about to give you a little
taste of what we gonna do tonight.
Check it out!
Who painted your back?
Little Negro division?
Watch this, little niggas.
Yo, we killed that.
We definitely gonna win tonight.
Bro, you already know what's up.
I know you saw how
Jasmine was on me.
That's gonna be
my butt down tonight.
Nigga, yeah, right!
You know her daddy's a pastor.
What? Are you doubting
the powers of a Ranger?

My fault.
I repent.
Yo, yo. Check that out.
That's confidence right there.
Day Day still ain't gonna smash,
but at least he's confident.
I don't know, bro.
This whole Sweet Gyrl thing's
a little bit out of my league.
I couldn't even get my name out.
I blew it.
Don't trip,
you'll get another chance.
No, you won't, little nigga.
Mrs. Johnson, report to the office.
Mrs. Johnson,
report to the office.
Hi, Mrs. Johnson.
Hi, boys!
Damn!
Stop looking at my bitch!
Well, students, it's 12:30.
Lunch time, reduced lunch,
bring your lunch.
Hell, no lunch.
Hey, man,
look at these little niggas!
Need to move.
Move, man! Word!
Man, that's why
The Rangers is gay.
Nigga, what the fuck you say?
You heard what he said, fool.
Y'all are gay!
Man, that's the best
you could come up with?
Yeah!
Yeah?
Cue these niggas off, yo!
Our little nigga's funny.
This Ranger game, man
Look at these suckers
We run this school
Y'all niggas don't want it

Hot, like your mamma
coochie in the summer
The shit don't stop Dillinger
Dude, you assed-out
Plumber!
Now I don't understand
something What?
Why he dressed like a man
but got breasts like a woman
For lunch, eat a dick,
if you're hungry
Coulda been your punks
But I got gypped
Your mamma pussy DOA
That shit is stanky
How you put up
with that stench?
Even Stinkfinger
wouldn't get up in that bitch
Her pubic hair is
like fucking on the Grinch
Met your mamma freshman year
We've been fucking ever since
Nigga, ain't that
about a bitch?
Look at your gear
See that it's sort of rent
Your pants so tight
I can see your pussy print
Camel-toe Joe,
let 'em know who you with
Be like Bernie Mac
I'm the king of this comedy
The back of your neck
looks like grits Hominy
Your braids so old they
singing Negro Spirituals, homie
Oh, nobody knows
Tell the truth Live honestly
Come out the closet
with your promise ring
You call this gay?
We happy, nigga!
But I just played your girl

like an action figure
Ooh!
Matter of fact, I'm gonna pass it, nigger!
Yo, J-Extra! Go on,
blast these niggas.
Uh...
Yo.
Listen.
Man, I told y'all this
kid wasn't Ranger material.
Ahem!
Students, did you think I'm playing?
I'm walking around here
looking for you.
Get your little goat-smelling
asses in your class.
I'm out here working. I'm looking.
Don't make me sneak up on you.
I smell pussy or pot.
It's pot!
Smoke weed every day.
Everyone, take out your poems
and pass them to the front.
I hope you students ain't
fronting on some bitch-ass shit
and try and turn in
some old Jay-Z lyrics.
I got all his albums.
I fucks with Hov!
Miss Moreno, late again.
Sorry, Ms. Billingsly.
You must think Billingsly
is a punk bitch?
Because you are
treating me like a bitch,
coming up in my class
all late and shit!
Ms. Billingsly,
it's not even like that.
And I bet your ass didn't do the
homework assignment either, huh?
Well, actually,
I have something...
Uh-huh?

I mean, I liked it. It's formatted
correctly. The words are beautiful.
You just forgot to
put your name on it.
So, you didn't think
it was too long?
Nah, you're perfect.
It's perfect.
Thanks!
Oh! You decided to
actually do some work.
Well, I have got
to hear this shit!
Miss Moreno,
do us the honor of reciting that poem.
What? To the front of the class,
Miss Moreno.
Ms. Billingsly...
Don't talk back to a pimp!
Respect my gangsta!
"Admiring from afar
"Courting in secret
"Wishing for my star
"My prayers to keep it
"You are my star
"In the safety of my dreams
"You are my star
"Beauty gazing for what seems
"Like an eternity
"Too fearful for speaking
"Too nervous for flirting
"My words escape me
"Yet flourish from the page
"Maybe it's not yet my season
"My love ferments with age
"I guess I must wait
"I confess I must say
"You are my star,
you are my star
"But I am just a glimmer in
the galaxy of your existence
"But I go unnoticed
from a distance
"Burned by your heat

"I've yearned for so long
"For you without me is
like a singer with no song
"Yet still,
you are my star."
Oh, shit!
That motherfucker
was hella dope.
Thank you.
Students,

it's 3:

The school dance is tonight.
No gang attire.
No lace front. No thongs.
No C-section scars.
See you tonight.
Hey, man, where the hell
is your clothes?
My horse got the munchies
and ate them.
Smooth move back there
in class, my son.
But now it's time
to rope this filly.
Man, what you talking about?
Here she comes.
Jason. Jason!
Oh, my God!
She gave me an A!
She even wrote,
"Your poem was the shit!"
I wish I was as good
a writer as you.
I mean, you're talented.
I've seen you.
Really? I mean, I've got the vocals.
Just not much of a songwriter.
Maybe you should let me
help you with that.
Yeah?
That would be cool.
I guess I owe you now.
No. You don't owe me.

It's the least I could do after
peeing on you in pre-school.
I knew I wasn't crazy. That was you.
That was really stupid.
Man, shut up! Shit.
Excuse me?
Huh?
I said shut up to
all them haters.
And, uh, give me your number.
Okay.
So, you should give
me a call sometime.
And maybe we can
write a song together.
Yeah. I'd like that.
Fuck you, niggas.
How you do that shit?
Oh, and aren't you going
to the lock-in tonight?
Uh, yeah. Uh-huh.
Cool! I'll see you there then.
Yeah.
Yeah, nigga! That's how you do it, nigga.
That's how you do it.
Hey, Un-Circky,
she give you the drawers yet?
Oh, man!
I'm working on it, bro.
Look who finally got a little confidence.
Yeah.
Got a little bit of swag, too!
You actually got her number.
I can't believe it.
That's right. JULIAN:
You know he ain't gonna do nothing with it
but get ink on his dick
when he's jacking off.
Aw, shit!
Who raggedy-ass
shit is that?
Jason, bring your ass over, boy!
Nigga, that's your mamma?
Oh, hell no!

Goddamn. This boy's gonna make
me get out of this goddamn car.
Here, see what happened is
she's not all the way my mamma.
She's kind of my mamma,
just a little bit.
Shit!
Get it, cuz.
That's you. That's you.
That's true, cuz.
I sat on two, cuz.
Nigga, you lying!
Actually, she's adopted.
I swear!
Don't make me embarrass you
out here in front of
the school! Now come on.
If she let you go,
we gonna be at my crib.
All right.
I'm gonna hit your cell!
You ain't gonna hit shit!
Who they fuck are they anyway?
Mamma, they was my friends.
You ain't got no fucking friends.
Quit lying.
Hold on. Hold on.
What's happening?
Hey, man, come on. Mamma.
Old lady.
You see me out here dancing?
Crip walking and shit!
You're out here interrupting my swag, lady.
Yeah, bitch! You
interrupting his swag, ho!
How about I interrupt your life?
Oh shit.
Shit done got real!
Everybody, chill!
No. No. No.
Look at me.
It's cool, lady.
I'm not worried about that little
squirt-gun you got, nigga.

I got pussy hair
tougher than you.
Yeah, it's on top
of your lip, bitch!
Motherfucker!
All right!
What seems to be
the problem, Percy?
Nothing, Uncle. Everything cool
around here. We're straight!
I've done told you little motherfuckers
to stop coming up to this school,
you grown-ass niggas.
You trying to gangbang?
You need to bang a job!
I done told you about
selling drugs around here.
Come on, we ain't
getting nobody into that.
We ain't in that life. We just say no
to that. Ain't that right, my nigga?
Excuse me, say what?
I said, "We say no
to drugs, nigga!"
Come again. Say what?
No.
Percy, you think you slick.
I'm on your ass.
I'm on your ass
like stink on shit!
Look, I told you to stop calling me
Percy in front of my homies, man.
It's OG Lil' Pretty Thug.
You know what it is.
Pretty thug!
A pretty thug?
You look like a pretty
little chimpanzee!
Not when I do this.
Amazing!
You look like OG Meerkat.
Meerkat?
Yeah, you look like a little meerkat.
All four of you is short!

You understand?
All of you can do
a flip under the bed.
Nigga, are them the shoes with
the wheels on the bottom of 'em?
You up here at the school
with some Heelys on?
I'm crazy!
Now, let this student
and this
beautiful super-model...
Thank you, baby!
...come on through.
See you.
I'm gonna see you.
Move, bitches!
You're gonna leave 'em alone around here.
Hit me again.
Built like a goddamn car!
Call me when you want
a ride too, motherfucker!
Yes, Lord!
This milkshake brings all the boys
to the yard, son. Trust and believe!
I'll stick my face in that ass.
You'd get stuck.
Oh!
That's how I got your
daddy to knock me up.
Knocked me good and up!
I want you to stay out
of my woman's face.
You're not going
with that bitch.
Yeah. Get on out of here.
Or what?
Or what? You sure?
Let's roll.
Let's roll, nigga.
Start, bitch!
God damn it!
All of you better be in a car
seat when you leave here.
Easy, cuz!

Easy, cuz!
Get your ass out of here!
Fucking
piece-of-shit car.
Fuck this raggedy motherfucker.
I don't give a fuck, bitch.
Go around, bitch. Go around!
Shit. I don't give a fuck.
What the fuck you looking at, motherfucker?
Now, going live
to the LAPD eyewitness ride-along.
So, this is what
we like to do all day.
We survey the land
and look for evildoers.
And we like picking up bitches!
What the fuck would you say
that in the camera for?
You don't like
picking up bitches?
I love picking up bitches.
But I don't say it in the camera.
Holy shit! Rock the cockblock!
We got some serious
rocking the cockblock right here.
Pull over, fuckers.
We are in hot pursuit!
They're pulling over.
We got ourselves a hot tamale right here.
Oh! Rock the cockblock!
This is what taxpayers pay for
right here and these
boys are mine, baby!
Rock the cockblock!
Yeah!
Turn the music down!
Huh?
Turn the music down!
What?
Turn the fucking music down!
Hold on, I can't hear you.
The music is too loud! Let me turn it down.
How fast you were going?
Um...

Apparently not fast enough,
Officer, since you caught us.
Obviously these guys
are on drugs. Okay?
Do you have any
paraphernalia in the car?
- Any weapons?
- No, sir!
I mean, ma'am.
Officer Penis?
It's P'eniss.
It's French.
Hey, Penis, all we got is these
brownies my grandmother made
and this non-alcoholic grape
drink to wash it down with.
- Really? Can I have some of that?
- Yeah, man.
- Where's the drink?
- You want some?
What the fuck are you doing?
What the fuck are you doing?
This isn't a restaurant!
I'm starving. I didn't have
anything to eat today.
But you can't
eat shit from them.
Your grandmother made these?
Yes, sir.
These are amazing!
You tell her, she needs her own show.
This is ridiculous shit!
Get out of the car!
You have to be firm
and authoritative
so that these perps
treat you with respect.
Cockblock!
Hot pursuit!
Hot pursuit!
Two black men in a white Rolls
Royce going down Fairfax.
Roger that, Officer Penis!
It's P'eniss!

Yeah, man. I'm gonna have to
make you work the corners.
Make us some money, man!
Whatever, Holmes!
I can feel the burn!
This thing works.
I feel like Bruce Lee.
We better start rehearsing if we are
gonna win the talent show tonight.
I got some cool moves.
Hey, pretty bitches!
I know you didn't just disrespect
us and call us bitches.
What you talking about disrespecting?
Ain't nobody disrespect you!
I said pretty bitches. Disrespecting
you is calling you ugly bitches!
It's a compliment, bitch.
Them bitches don't know.
Ay, he does have a point.
Thank you.
Damn, he is kinda cute,
in a little chocolate
Smurf type of way.
It's me, baby.
You see it.
You guys can't be serious.
Do you hear your friends?
Come on, you guys,
let's go inside.
This bitch over here
acting like a See-You-In-Tijuana.
Hey, why don't you stop cockblocking,
you little Mexican bitch.
You see, she over
here trying to get it.
Let your girl get it.
Over here, fucking up game. Stankin' bitch!
Mexican bitch!
Bitch!
Bitch!
Shit! Let's go!
Let's go!
We are funny! We are...

Look at this bitch!
What's that you
called my sister?
What the fuck?
The fuck you are rolling up on for, cuz?
Huh? He must don't know.
He can't know.
He can't know.
I said, "Stop cockblocking,
you little Mexican bitch!"
Fucked, my boy!
That's what I said, cuz!
This nigga got me fucked up!
Man, show 'em what you do.
Oh, shit!
Hold on, nigga.
It's back here. There you go!
OG Lil' Pretty Thug, nigga!
Okay. Now what?
I'm about to put
this nigga in a box.
Don't do it. Calm down.
You know how you get.
Six feet under, nigga!
You hear me?
Funeral service! Nigga, I... It's
seven now. It's seven feet...
Nigga, I'm talking
face on a brochure!
Boy!
Lights out!
Okay! Hear me?
Clap on, clap off!
Okay!
See, you got me fucked up, cuz.
Comeback! Comeback! Comeback!
You got me fucked up, cuz!
Pretty Thug, nigga!
You understand? Comeback! Okay!
You don't know, ask somebody.
Okay!
Don't fuck around and get shot
by a pretty nigga, nigga!
What is he talking about?

Excuse me, what?
I said, "OG Lil'
Pretty Thug!"
Come again, say what?
I'm... I'm telling...
Oh, shit!
This nigga real!
This nigga real! Oh, shit!
Oh, shit.
This motherfucker is strong!
Fucking thug, nigga.
I'll kill you, bitch!
Oh, Jesus Christ and the Latter Day Saints.
What the fuck?
Bam! Get the grenade
on this nigga, man!
Get us a what?
Grenade this nigga, man!
Pray to him! Pray to him!
Put him down!
He don't deserve that.
Get this cholo, nigga!
Damn! I'm too pretty
for this shit.
God damn!
That nigga threw you!
Shit!
Oh, shit! Nigga!
I feel that shit!
Enough! Enough!
Listen to me!
Shit!
I always wanted to do that, eh?
Hey, Bam, grab my gun!
Excuse me, say what?
Grab my gun!
Come again, say what?
Get my gun!
I can't understand
you. Oh, shit!
Hey, you can't shoot a nigga
with Jesus on their face.
Now come on,
in the name of Allah!

Don't do it.
Fall back, Holmes. Fall back.
Okay!
What's that you
said about my sister?
Will about mine, cuz...
No bullets?
This motherfucker put
no bullets in his gun.
Looks like your life
is full of blanks, fool.
Hey, that's The New Boyz?
They just cut their new album.
Fuck that shit.
Just come on, nigga!
I'm not getting up.
This nasty!
I've been fucked up, nigga.
Y'all got me fucked up!
All the way up.
You talking like a real gigo.
You talking like a real gigo, man.
Oh, shit! We made it
to World Star?
Man, that shit's crazy.
Hey, nigga,
I killed them niggas off.
Ain't that some good shit.
Hey, y'all.
Hear that, nigga.
Look whose mom finally
let him out the house.
Hey, y'all are wack.
You hating 'cause my momma care.
Ghetto-ass mama.
She care about gun play.
Did you see your little cameo
on World Star? Check it out.
Got a million views.
Is it tight?
Yo!
Loser!
Langston, can I use your
phone to call Anastacia?

Why don't you call at your crib?

Well, we don't have
a house phone.

All we got is my mom's pager.

Besides, I need the moral
support from my guys, you know?

I'm mad nervous, y'all.

For sure.

Call her.

And I'm gonna call George

Kush and light up this blunt.

You know what?

I can't believe they beat my record.

You know I hold the record for
most videos retired on 106...

- And this one is smashing it.

- How many days it's been over?

Cut it! 78 days!

Hello!

Yo, it's Jason.

Who the hell is Jason?

What do you want
with my daughter?

Hey, sir, it's Jason and I want
to speak with Anastacia, sir.

Man, you didn't answer my question.

Who are you?

And what the fuck do you
want with my daughter?

Uh... Me and Anastacia are ass-mates...

I mean classmates!

We share a room...

We share a classroom and I
help her with her homework.

And I wanted to know if she
needed any more help... Help...

If she needed me to help
her with her homework.

'Cause I helped her
with her homework.

Hold on. Anastacia!

I'm coming.

Hello?

Hey, Anastacia.

Jason?

Yeah. I thought this
was your cell phone.

I lost my cell phone.

This is my home phone.

What's up?

Uh, nothing.

What's up with you?

Hey, yo, tell her to put the
phone up to her coochie!

Shut up!

Excuse me?

Uh...

Nothing. Nothing at all.

Nothing.

Um...

I guess I'll see you
later on at the lock-in.

Later on.

I guess so.

Straight crash and burn!

You got all shook when
her dad got on the phone.

It was downhill from there.

She probably thinks you are a
big-ass dork right about now.

I told you about them

Mexican daddies, man.

No niggers in mi casa, fool!

Confidence, bro.

That's all it is.

Stop being so fuckin' nervous.

Yeah, virgin!

Who was that on the phone?

Nobody. It was just
a friend from school.

He was helping me with homework.

Oh, yeah?

He's helping you out.

And your little friend from school.

Is he a negrito?

What does it matter?

Orale, Kim Kardashian?

Now you're dating black guys?

Papa!

Papa?

Don't papa me.

Okay, I know how
suave black guys are.

They talk to you with that Mack Daddy
lingo, holding their giant penises.

All right, and I could
tell by this kid's voice,
over the phone,
it was all deep,
he's got a giant palo.

No, he doesn't.

What did you say?

Nothing.

Look, Ana, you're a beautiful Latina,
which means...

Which means what?

Which means
you're fertile as hell.

I don't want some little black
nappy-headed baby with a big penis
running around this house,
touching all my shit,
and leaving him for me to raise.

I can't believe we're talking...

Big black baby.

...about this right now.

I'm a virgin.

I didn't run off like you and Mom
and get pregnant when I was 16.

All right, well, at least I stuck
around to take care of my children.

Those black guys come
around with their cool talk
and they get you in bed,
and when you get pregnant,
they turn into magicians.

Magicians?

Yeah, magicians,
like that acho we saw
at the casino, David Coppertone.

- Yeah, Coppertone.

- He was good.

- Yeah, it was funny.
- The rabbits?
Yeah, they were cute.
They disappear.
I don't want you to become a statistic.
All right?
I'm telling you because I want you to
take care of yourself. I care about you.
Papa, don't worry about me.
Worry about your sons.
Like Junior, the one that just got
out of jail?
Or this one.
The 18-year-old who
still wears slippers
because he doesn't know
how to tie his shoes.
Hmm?
Oh, no, I know
how to tie my shoes.
I just think the concept
of laces is stupid.
I would have to agree
with Flaco on that one.
Who asked you to talk, ese,
and why are you always here?
Yeah. Why are
you always here?
What do you mean?
I'm family.
How are you family, fool?
Yeah. How are
you family, fool?
I'm second cousin to your third
cousin's cunado, El Machete,
who married Consuela,
who was married
to Pablo before and
then escaped to the US.
After that, El Machete took care of me,
and then he disappeared.
So, I didn't know what to do.
So I just came here.
And that's all I have

to say about that.
And you want me to be
with somebody like this?
Gosh, Papa.
Shit, she might have a point.
Power 106!
DJ Sully Sal.
The moment you've been
waiting for is going down.
We're gonna lock your asses in.
At the talent contest we will
be making some stars tonight.
You know how we do it.
Y'all ready?
It's all about Unity in the Community!
Yo, Monte Vista, let's go!
We got The Rej3ctz in the house!
Oh, snap!
The Rangers are in the house!
They're the favorites to win
the contest tonight, y'all.
You Ranger boys better
behave yourselves tonight.
I'm gonna behave
on that ass tonight.
Yeah,
Ms. Johnson got cakes.
I ain't gonna lie.
She is nice looking.
Come on, man.
What you're really supposed to be
worried about is Anastacia tonight.
Nigga, this ain't the Disney Channel.
You better go handle that.
She practically throwing her pussy at you,
fuck boy.
All you got to do is catch it.
I don't even know
what to do, y'all.
I know what this
little nigga needs.
Seven minutes of heaven.
Hey!
Everybody got their

name in the hat?
For sure. Y'all know
how this goes down.
Seven minutes of heaven.
I pick two names
out of this cap,
y'all go into this closet
right here for seven minutes.
First two names are...
Julian and Big Booty Becky.
Get in.
What a nasty ho!
Seven minutes.
So, what's up, Becky?
Absolutely nothing.
For seven minutes.
Come on, don't be like that.
Ow.
Doesn't this just get
your adrenaline going?
It's like a dominatrix has
your balls in a vice grip!
This is what super cops do, right, Lagney?
What the fuck are you doing?
I've had three of these things...
Shit.
The best.
What happens when
you lick a goat's ass?
Ah...
Pay attention, fucker!
I think you're beautiful.
What?
I think you're beautiful.
You're beautiful.
Get your hand off
my tit, man! I'm driving.
I like you.
So we not gonna
do nothing, Becky?
Would you even be interested if
I didn't have this
big ol' booty on me?
What?

What kind of question is that?
That's what I thought.
All you like me for is my booty.
It's such a nice booty.
Plus, you got a cute smile.
And a dimple that only
comes out when you laugh.
Aw.
See, I'm a nice guy.
One minute left!
Shit, that's all I need.
You don't got to tell me twice.
Daddy about to get it on.
Fuck!
You love the white chocolate.
I normally don't
date white women.
But when I do...
What are y'all doing out in this hallway?
Get to the dance!
The question is, sir,
what are you doing out here?
Well, I'm the Principal.
What are you doing...
Do you got an ETA
on The New Boyz?
No, but we know about
Ms. Johnson's T n' A.
You better watch your mouth.
Sitting up there talking about you know
something about Ms. Johnson's DNA...
Yo, what the hell is
going on out there?
Uh, Principal Rogers,
as soon as I hear about The New Boyz,
I'll come look for you, bro.
Yeah, you do that.
Snitchin' ass nigga.
You know a snitch don't like a snitch.
You take it easy and
get to the dance, nigga.
Will do, sir.
Hey, y'all give it up
for the Supa Sizers, y'all!

Do the shit!
Do the shit!
Next two names are...
Jason and Anastacia.
Okay, I guess y'all
are not feeling the Supa Sizers.
The New Boyz are on their way and we
still got the talent contest coming up.
The Sweet Gyrls, The Rangers...
Seven minutes.
Have you done this before?
Nope.
Me either.
Kinda awkward, huh?
Yeah. Very.
Power 106!
We are broadcasting live from
Monte Vista High School,
it's all about
Unity in the Community.
And we're waiting on The New Boyz.
Where y'all at, man?
Hey, nigga. Wake the fuck up!
Yeah, nigga.
Man, fuck these niggas.
Hurry up
so we can bash this
thing at the lock-in.
All right, that's my nigga.
Now we're talking.
Whee!
What the fuck are you doing, man?
Get your ass out of my face!
Soft as a baby's butt!
Are you fucking crazy?
Normally we have these
missions more intact.
But it seems that my partner has taken
some kind of controlled substance.
I'm R. Kelly, bitch.
Mmm...
What the fuck are you doing?
Are you nuts?
Peaches! Bitch, bring your ass out

the house with my goddamn money.
I'll blow every window in that
raggedy fuckin' condo out.
What the fuck
are you doing, man?
Bring your ass out here!
I'm gonna kill you!
Oh!
One minute left!
So... There's no
chance that I can...
You're not getting my panties.
What?
I know all about it.
Julian told Becky,
who told Jasmine,
who told me all
about your mission.
Kinda stupid, huh?
Yeah.
And I can't go out like that.
I understand.
And honestly,
I respect you more for it.
Thanks.
You're sweet.
Doing good, cowboy.
Thanks, man.
Thanks for what?
Uh, nothing.
You like to talk to yourself a lot,
don't you?
Me? No.
It's okay.
I used to do
the same thing ever since
my mom died
when I was really young.
I had this toy unicorn that
I would always talk to.
It was my best friend.
Unicorns have a lot
of wisdom, you know?
I bet not as much as cowboys.

Unicorns don't exist, so...
You hit Bigfoot!
What the fuck did
you make me do?
I didn't hit Bigfoot.
Who gives a fuck?
Look at the car!
Oh, fuck!
Are we gonna help her?
I'm going to commandeer this vehicle.
I gotta get those guys.
Sorry, Bigfoot.
Fucking door doesn't work.
Follow me!
So sorry.
Follow me, you fucking idiot.
Yes!
Hey, yo ladies,
make some noise for Floor Cat!
Not so fast, Day Day.
Wow. Looks like
everyone is hooking up.
You wanna dance?
Sure!
This is my song.
Sometimes you gotta love
your dance steps.
Oh!
Hey. We're here.
Yeah, you are here.
Get to the dance.
Yes, sir!
Get to the dance.
Punks!
Get your hands off my bitch!
Now, get to the dance.
Get your hands... Get off me, boy!
Get to the dance!
Y'all ready, homie?
You ready, Cuz?
What about you?
Is you ready?
Uh-huh.
They whooped your ass, man.

They wouldn't have did
that to me, though.
I'll tell you that right now.
You know how I get.
Man, fuck that shit, man!
You ready to ride out or what, nigga?
Excuse me, say what?
Man, you heard me!
Come again, say what?
Man, why every time a nigga
say something to you, cuz,
you act like you can't hear me?
The fuck is wrong with you?
You go deaf from all them shots, nigga?
No nigga,
it was my mamma's pussy.
If I hadn't told you yet,
my mamma had an outbreak on her pussy lip
'cause she got herpes, right?
When she had me, the herpes hit my ear,
fucked me all up.
What?
But we in good standing.
Bitch! Bitch nasty!
Excuse me, say what?
Nasty bitch!
Come again, say what?
I know, let's ride!
We got The New Boyz
in the house!
Man.
How long do we have to wait
for to give the beat down?
Told you, Junior said midnight.
Shit! I'm bored, eh!
It's not fair.
What's not fair?
Anastacia and her friends and everybody
are partying and dancing the night away.
While we're just here.
Sitting and waiting.
Shit. I wanna dance.
Fuck it. Dance, man!
Dance!

Hit it, Whispers!
Yeah!
Yeah, you tell them
to pull off that one!
That's all I gotta
say about that.
Ooh!
Oh, yeah!
I ripped my pants
and I don't care.
But it's talent
contest time, y'all.
If anybody out there
can use an extra \$2,000,
you better be hot tonight!
All right?
So let's give it up right now
for our first contestants.
Make some noise
for the Sweet Gyrls!
Holla, holla, baby
Show me that
you really want me
'Cause I need to hear it
Uh-huh
Go ahead and push up on me
I can tell you really want
Really want me
Your kiss and your touch
Feels so damn good
Getting under my skin
Try to fight it
but I can't win
This is all your fault
Boy, I love
the way you touch me
Baby, you touch me
in the best way
I think I love you
What can I say?
Caught me by surprise
Oh!
Showed me your disguise
Made it to your arms

and I love it
Yeah, baby, baby
I love the way you touched me
Touched me!
Touch me, tease me
I'm trying to make it easy
You're singing to my tune
like your name is Lil Weezy
500 degrees
More than just breezy
Hot, but the flow
is snowman, cheesy!
And I want to
make it real with you
Show love, baby!
What?
I'm trying to settle down
Ain't nothing
I'll be scared of now
To the top of the world
We can soar for miles
Baby, let them haters hate
I'mma hold you down
Even though I didn't grow up
on your side of town
I'mma throw up your set
when we riding out
Baby, you touch me
in the best way
All right. Man,
you seeing this, my nigga?
It's cheating.
Caught me by surprise
Showed me your disguise
Made it to your arms
and I love it
Yeah, baby, baby
I love the way you touched me
Touched me!
Touched me!
Tastes like candy!
- Come on.
- Oh, hell no!
Y'all suck!

What's up, man?
That's how those pimp
bangers do it, homie!
Man! That shit
was horrible.
Hey man, your mama like it.
Shut up!
Yeah. What the hell
is RGOKY anyway?
Ranger Gang, Kill Yourselves.
Last but not least!
Now get out the way.
Give it up for The Rangers!
Come on!
One honey, two honey,
three honey, four
Five honey, six honey,
seven honey, more
I need a tip, tip
I got you babe!
One honey, two honey,
three honey, four
Five honey, six honey,
seven honey, more
I need a tip,
tip, tip, tip, tip

I said, it's 6:

and she be tipping on my dick
Tipping on my dick tip
Tipping on my dick!
Make her scream "Rangers"
when I'm hitting that shit
Low riders,
can you fit up in my whip
I got a bad bitch
but she wouldn't get evicted!
She gave me a lap dance,
now I'm addicted
Standing at attention
That's where my dick is
Counting all this money
Hi, momma, come and get this
One honey, two honey,

three honey, four
Five honey, six honey,
seven honey, more
I need a tip, tip, tip, tip
One honey, two honey,
three honey, four
Five honey, six honey,
seven honey, more
I need a tip, tip, tip, tip
Funky-fresh,
dressed to impress Ready to party!
White boys in my pocket
Hos feeling up my body
Cristal, OJ and Bacardi
Stupid paper
My wallet is retarded!
I get money Money I got!
Well I need a tip.
Then make that booty pop.
Make that booty pop.
Baby don't stop Drop!
Like, Uncle Snoop say,
"Drop it like it's hot"
One honey, two honey,
three honey, four
Five honey, six honey,
seven honey, more
I need a tip, tip, tip, tip
One honey, two honey,
three honey, four
Five honey, six honey,
seven honey, more
I need a tip, tip, tip, tip
What the hell is you doing, man?
Get up, man. Come on.
Shit!
Shit!
We're in the middle of a party.
I'm good. Thank you.
Get that brownie off my record!
Damn, if this'll ruin The Rangers'
chance to win the contest,
it'll ruin my chance
with Anastacia.

Oh, come on, buckaroo!
You got this.
Prairie Puff Man is right.
I can do this.
Yo, listen.
I can do this.
What do I got to lose?
Listen.
They call me J-Extra, Yeah boy, I'm next up
Lippin 'em, flippin 'em,
rippin 'em, yeah!
Tippin' them,
tippin' the scales
I used to be scared
But now I gotta man up!
Do it like my mamma told me,
"Why you got a tan?"
Smoke like the Prairie Puff
Man, have I had enough!
It's so tough,
so rough, so tough, tough!
But I just fell in
love with Anastacia
Yeah, do your thang, girl
I like how you love me
Go Jason!
I fucks with The Rangers!
Oh, my God!
You were amazing!
Yo, J-Extra.
You saved us, dawg!
You did that, my dude.
Respect!
Yo, Jay,
where did that come from?
I honestly couldn't even tell you,
it just, like, came to me.
Yo. You see this
right here, right?
Got someone who need that.
You know what I'm saying?
Somebody's about to walk away with \$2,000.
You know what I'm saying?
DJ Felli Fel,

Power 106,
Unity in the Community.
It's been a great night.
And to announce your winner right now,
y'all give it up
for The New Boyz!
Yo, this was a dope-ass
night of performances.
Hell yeah.
Some of y'all did your thing tonight, man!
Some of y'all were
complete failures.
Fucking booty.
But yo, man, on the real though,
there can only be one winner.
And this group crushed it!
Murdered it! Killed it.
So, give it up for
tonight's winner!
Motherfucking...
Sweet Gyrls!
Huh?
We won!
This is so exciting!
Thank you!
My goodness!
Tell me that shit did
not just happen, bro.
Yo, I needed that two grand.
How did we lose?
We must've got these
niggas tripping, bro!
Yo, look at how high they are.
Don't even know who the fuck
they're picking right now.
So excited!
Oh shit!
Day Day, it's 12:00.
Time for me to go face the music,
you feel me?
Wait. Hold up.

What's 12:

Yo. That's the end of

the talent show, y'all.

Day Day, I know you don't want to
get into it with the Ese's, man.

Shit!

Yo Junior, I tried to get your money by
midnight. But I need some more time.

You can do whatever
you want to me.

But please,
don't hurt my family.

I ain't got insurance, Junior!

Junior says, "Time's up!"

Man, Day Day
ain't going nowhere.

You're going to
have to kill us all.

Cool.

No. Fuck that.

It's cool, bro.

It's time for me to handle
this debt by myself.

Like a man. So what's up?

- What's up?

- Junior!

Flaco, no!

Anastacia, what are you doing here?

Get outta here, go!

Anastacia, go back to the gym.

We good, I promise.

Don't talk to my sister
like that, ese.

Stop it!

We'll blast through Mexicans tonight
for what they did to you, OG.

Man, fuck that nigga,

Junior, cuz!

What?

Nigga what?

Oh, we could've made some Mexican
cunt salad around this motherfucker.

Now is the time, my son!

This is your hero moment!

Oh!

I'm fine!

Are you okay?
Oh, my God, Jason.
You're hurt.
Everybody, freeze!
What the hell is going on here? Yeah!
Stand back!
We got this.
Everybody freeze!
We got this.
We got this under control!
Great frickin' police work.
Can I just talk to him
for one second.
You got one minute, then we need to get
him to the hospital to get sewn up.
Look. I'm sorry
all this happened.
This whole money thing with Day Day and
your brother got way out of hand. And...
Playa, playa!
Day Day.
Appreciate your little homie
saving my sister.
You still owe Junior \$2,000.
This ain't over.
What're you doing?
That's your prize money.
It's fine!
Jason told me to
give this to you.
And he got the drawers, too.
I'll take that.
And I will take that!
Hey Jay,
I appreciate the way you came through, bro!
That was some true
Ranger fashion. Salute.
I told you, man.
We family, and I consider y'all my friends.
Straight up, bro. You my friend.
And official Ranger member.
You deserve it!
Man, I'm just grateful y'all
helped me find the confidence

to get the girl of my dreams.

Ow!

Now, I'm going to the hospital with my boyfriend.

Boyfriend? Papa ain't gonna like that.

Oh, yeah? Well, he's just going to have to deal with it! And so are you!

Uh-oh.

We gonna keep your ass in our prayers.

Man, I wish I would've got shot.

What is you talking about?

Do you know how much ass I would've gotten on Monday, if I got shot?

Wow!

God, man!

You see, that's how it really went down.

Fairytale endings do really happen, even in the hood.

Now all I need is a painless circumcision and I'll be straight.

Who shot my baby?

Who shot my baby?

Everybody scatter!

Everybody could get some of this lead tonight!

Fucking Kardashian cheerleader bitches!

You fucking Rangers. I'll fuck 'em and I'll kill you motherfuckers.

God damn it, everybody. You fucking writers. You raggedy-ass producers.

All you bitches!

Everybody out there in the theater.

All you motherfucking

Slurpee-serving, popcorn-buttering motherfuckers!

And you bitches. I tell you, you better not be bootlegging my shit.

You better not bootleg this shit.

I'll come out there
and I'll get you.
It's like in
a Freddy Krueger movie.
I'll be back and
get you in the sequel.
Motherfuckers! Deuce it!
You heard? What?
What the fuck going on
with the beats, y'all?
Hey nigga, fuck!
Shit's speedin' up.
Shit, nigga!
I can't dance to this shit, nigga!
Shit, nigga!
Nigga, oh shit! I can't
catch my breath, nigga.
Oh shit, nigga.
I hate this shit!
Bounce, nigga, bounce!
Bounce, bounce nigga!
Come on!
Fuck that shit, nigga!
Don't hate, participate.
Fuck that, nigga.
I'm tired of this bitch, nigga!
Oh, shit!
Nigga, I'm sweatin'
all around my second belly there.
Can this be a movie?
Like is this going
to be in the movies?
'Cause I can act.
Where are we starting?
From the top again, right?
What up, pretty bitches?
I got pussy hair
tougher than you.
I fucked up on that.
Fuckers!
I'd like to fuck you, Chris Paul.
And if you look into the mirror,
you gonna think you look like
the little nigga on

The Lord of the Rings.
Give me the ring, Percy.
Get ready tonight, baby.
'Cause I'm gonna stick
this rat-tail up your ass.
And I like a woman that's
built like a mattress.
I'm gonna lay on you later.
I will.
Gonna stick my face in your ass.
With an antibiotic in my mouth.
Y'all better not move.
Dude with no shirt on,
with hard nipples.
And you're touching them.
A seven for your ass!
You ain't got bitch.
That bitch look good, though.
You got it.
She look good.
Yeah.
Give mamma a kiss before you go.
Whoo-hoo!
You know what,
while I interrupt your...
Oh.
Wait, wait.
I forgot my lines.
Just help me.
I only got one sphincter.
You gonna wreck the
whole jail down
with your strong self.
I got delicate ankles.
Who you asking for?
Another homie.
All right, homie.
Yeah!
Clap on, clap off, nigga.
You dead, bitch!
You want it?
Don't move.
I got it. You ready?
Nigga, you about to be dead,

nigga!
OG Lil' Pretty Thug.
Excuse me, say what?
Nigga, I'm saying my name.
OG Lil' Pretty Thug.
Light's out, nigga.
You hear me?
Okay.
Light's out for you, nigga.
That shit's gotta be edited.
Fuck. My bad.
I'm sorry.
Was that my line, or his line?
What?
I messed up.
Am I supposed to say my line?
Mmm, yeah.
Shit. Line? Wait.
What is it?
Sorry.
So,
I hear you need one more volunteer
teacher tonight.
For the lock-out.
You heard right.
One more time,
please. "Lock-in."
So, I hear you need one more
teacher for the
volunteer tonight.
So,
I hear you need one more teacher tonight.
Volunteer for the line...
One more volunteer teacher
for the lock-in.
You can keep doing
it a hundred times.
I'm sweating!
What the fuck were
they talking about?
Keep fucking up.
I said cut.
I said cut, damn it!