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We the Party

By Unknown

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Who the party?

We the party

Get it, get it, get it

Party

Ain't who you know,

it's who you are

'Cause you the party

We the party, we the people

We the party

It ain't what you drive,

you on your side

You the party

We the party

we the pa-pa-pa-pa-party

When it comes to parties

I swear they call me

the party pro

Got the grind, we the party

We the people

So grab a girl, grab a cup,

put your hands up

Dim the lights

What did I tell you would happen

if you woke up late again?

- What?

- Ah, hell, no.

Wake up!

What did I tell you?

What did I tell you would happen?

This is the third time!

You make us late and I'm

gonna be all up on your ass.

- Okay, Dad, I'm sorry!

- No, no, no. "I'm sorry" don't cut it.

Don't wrinkle my tie, boy.

Take your tickle like a man.

You get up, get up.

Get downstairs.

- Okay, okay. I'm going.

- Downstairs.

Come on, chop-chop.

Man...

Ouch.

Oh, man.
Stella and J. Wise
Throw me a ladder
to reach heaven
Running on air
won't get me nowhere
Throw me a ladder
going through hell
Remember this, guys.
Minimum effort now means...
- Minimum wage later.
- That's right.
How come Hill doesn't have
to eat any of this?
Because Hill woke his ass up
for breakfast this morning.
My brother's a senior.
He has it all.
Fine-ass girlfriend,
already accepted to a good college.
He's cool, and, yeah, bitch got a car.
Here, this bite of organic nastiness
has your name all over it.
Listen, seriously,
you've got to focus.
You're smart.
But academically, you're being lazy.
If you're lazy, man,
you might as well be stupid.
That's like being 7'4",
and you can't play basketball for shit.
People say I look like my dad.
That's scary.
I sure hope I don't end up
with that double-chin shit he got.
I mean, there's got to be
a neck exercise or something
you could do for that.
You know what I'm saying?
What are you doing, man?
Are you listening to me?
How come Mom gives Hill her car,
he wrecks it,
and you won't give me jack?

I didn't wreck the car.
It's in the shop for a tune-up.
And I got it from Mom, hater.
Yeah, you bought it for 100 bucks.
Everybody knows that's not fair.
So what? I'm the eldest, bro.
Look, I can't speak for Mom, son.
But I can tell you this.
Brother Malcolm said,
Do for self.
And Brother Malcolm also said,
By any means necessary.
Which means you should get me a car
because it's necessary.
Oh, right. Well, I'm trying
to pay for college.
If I can pay for a good college,
you can have a good education.
With a good education, you can buy the
biggest, stupidest, flyest car you want.
Got that good word, buddy.
Come on and get yours, my man.
Come on, here it is.
Obama T-shirts.
These are handmade special.
One for 12, two for 20.
Gotta get your mama an Obama!
All right, let me break it down for you.
Baldwin Hills High
is like three schools in one.
The regular high, the performing arts,
and the magnet program.
Which basically means we have
all the racial flavors
and all different types of black folks
from the ghetto-hood rap boys saggin'
to the hard-working blue-collar blacks
of South Crenshaw.
The long weekend's coming up,
which means I can finally
make some car money,
'cause Saturday night, we the party.
We the party
- That's fucked up.

- Whatever, dawg.
- Hey, man.
- Yo.
- What up, bitch?
- Shit, man.
- This is hot, man.
- I know. How many flyers you hand out, bro?

All of them and the e-mail blast.

This shit's going to be turked.

See, Chowder, he's one of them rich Negroes from the hills.

Me and Que go way back to the Venice Beach skateboard days, before his dad died of cancer.

Quicktime, he's new to our group.

He's always down for whatever.

This is Obama. The dickhead pushing him down, now that's Reggie.

Obama had whupped Reggie in a big schoolwide debate over who should get

the flyest trophies:

the basketball team

or the debate team.

Obama beat Reggie

like he was John McCain.

That's how he ended up with the name Obama.

Of course, that didn't stop Reggie from kicking his ass on a daily basis.

Beg forgiveness, and eventually, he'll stop kicking your wimp ass.

He didn't kick my ass, okay?

Look, he's just humiliating me publicly.

That's right. You were like this.

Do any of you alpha-douches even have dates to the prom?

Uh, no.

All right, then.

Hey, at least I know I'll get laid way before frickin' Pizza Face and Nano-man.

Quicktime, you'd need a ladder to reach the panties.

Man, pussy don't have

no height requirement.
It's the same shit
when you're laying down, dude.
Yeah!
Okay, you know what?
Let's make a wager here, gentlemen.
The first one of us to
lose his virginity wins.
- Wins what?
- I'm glad you asked.
The ultimate gift:
the praise, the admiration
of your fellow peers.
- Nah.
- And, if we each chip in \$20,
a \$100 gift certificate to wherever
the fuck you want to go.
Before when, homo?
You must lose your virginity
before or on prom night.
Wait, what if none of us gets laid?
You've been smoking too much.
No money changes hands, dude.
I'm gonna be the treasurer
because I don't need to steal anything.
- So come on.
- You got it.
20,20,and.
Come on,
you cheap-ass nigga.
He knows I'm gonna win, man.
' You'?-.
Lookie here.
I got a five, a five, and a one.
That's 11, I'll hit you with 9 later.
We straight?
Bomb! Yeah!
Oh, guys, guys,
here comes Ro-brocop.
Ultraman scans the yard,
searching for deviants
and concealing a scorching
case of jock itch.
Guys, guys. They wore skirts.

There is a God.

Aw, damn.

So I'll see you home at 1600.

- Yes, sir.

- I trust you'll be walking her home?

Yes, sir.

Okay, then. Have a good day.

Bye, Daddy.

Bye. you guys.

Those shorties so fine,

I want to lick them like a lollipop.

Mm, Schwarz-negro

got some tight-ass glutes.

What's wrong with you, Michelle?

- What?

- That's nasty.

- That's my dad.

- I'll call him Daddy.

Oh, my God, I can't take it.

Doesn't Cheyenne's dad

look like a stripper cop?

Girl, he can turn me over

and have a choice.

Okay, let's change the subject,

'cause it's really gross.

Reality is, you're short,

you've got acne,

- and you're fat.

- Hey, fuck you.

All right, look, we're all 5s,

and they're 10s.

Cheyenne is a vegan goddess.

I mean, perfection.

Her eyes, her scent,

even her voice.

I mean, the lady can sing.

Oh, and oh yeah, that's me.

Checking her out, as usual.

We're juniors,

they're seniors, bro.

Like, with high self-esteem.

Michelle's for sure

going to the prom with Reggie

and Cheyenne, well,

she's a straight-A student
and her uber-cop dad
won't let her mess with anybody
that's below a B+ average.
That's a 3.5 GPA, son.
The last guy that asked Cheyenne out
had some old traffic tickets.
Supercop ran an APB on his ass
and arrested him personally.
- No way.
- Damn.
That's when it hit me.
In just a few months, she would fly East
to some fancy-ass college.
Probably meet some Ivy League douchebag
and I'd never get to see her again.
What are you texting me for?
Just letting you know
I'm having a party tonight
at Chowder's crib.
I put you on the guest list,
so you don't have to pay.
And I was wondering if Cheyenne
had a date to the prom.
How old are you?
I'll be 17 in, like, four months.
Calvin will test you with his gay shit.
She'll be in heels.
That's why
I peeled him away from the crowd.
Well, I suppose you're kinda
cute in a boyish way.
After class, she'll walk to her locker
to get her gym clothes.
Michelle won't be there.
You'll have about five minutes alone.
And?
And good luck.
You're late, Mr. Sutton.
Sorry, sir.
Sorry won't make you on time.
Please see me after class.
Mr. Anderson?
C.C.

C.C.'s straight-up scary.
I ain't even gonna lie.
A wannabe rapper,
'cept no one ever hears him rap.
Calls himself the Conscious Criminal.
At least he got the criminal part right.
His big brother,
he's doing time in the joint
while C.C. does time in high school.
Rumor is, he stayed back twice already.
No headphones in during class.
You want to graduate this time,
you've got to participate, young brother.
Okay, go to the principal's office.
So, class, back in the day,
how did you show your tribe
that you were ready,
that you're worthy now,
that you're an adult,
and you're successful?
Yes, Jackie?
Didn't one tribe have you go out
and get an eagle feather?
They did. So, what's
your eagle's feather today?
How do you show your peers,
your homies, that you're making it?
Huh? How do you get recognition?
Yes, Paco?
Having lots of money, like,
being a billionaire, ese.
Being a billionaire. That'll do it.
Being a sexy-chick movie star celebrity
so you can be sexy enough
to drive folks crazy.
Or you could have a big fly house
in a nice rich neighborhood like me.
How about having a fly car,
like a Bentley
with some bad-ass rims?
- Being the hottest M.C.
- Or being famous, like the president.
That'll also get you recognized.
You on this president hitch, man.

Owning Facebook.
You know what else?
Being fitted with the right gear,
having major swag.
All right, okay. Check this out.
So back in the days
when people lived
in harmony with nature,
the tribe elders made sure that whatever
you needed to be a success,
to be recognized,
90% of the young people could do it.
But today, most of you
will never be billionaires
or drive a Bentley
or be a big, sexy movie star
or be president.
Now, some of you will,
and more power to you.
But the majority of you will never,
ever feel recognized by your tribe.
You'll never get your eagle's feather.
That's messed up, man.
Yeah, well, check this out:
It is also a big part of what?
Can anyone guess?
The economy.
Why?
If 90% of you feel
insecure and inadequate,
you're going to buy our products.
We make you feel
that you'll be recognized more
if you buy this big fly house
in Beverly Hills,
or Baldwin Hills or View Park.
If that doesn't work, I'll sell you a car
you can't really afford,
a nice one with beautiful rims.
But will that new fly car really,
really really satisfy you?
- Yep.
- Yeah?
For how long?

Five years? Ten years?
'Cause then I'll flip it up a little bit.
You know what I'll do?
I'll change the style,
or put some new rims on it,
and before you know it,
in 10 years your car looks old.
And then you've got to come back to me
for some new swag.
You're hooked,
because I supply your status.
Because you know what we did?
We elders put the emphasis
not on who you are
but on what you drive.
In fact, I'll have you young people
singing my ads for my products
- for free.
- What?
Singing your ads for free how?
Easy. You turn on the radio.
You all do it all the time.
Gucci man,
Beemer, Benz and Bentley.
Got my Vans on.
Look at all the gold I got.
Insecure people buy a lot of stuff
they don't need
'cause we want
to impress our friends.
So what about secure people?
Could you get someone like
Mahatma Gandhi
to buy a new Cadillac?
No.
- Why not?
- Because he wouldn't want it.
He wouldn't want it.
But we still respected him.
Why?
Yes, Michelle.
Because he freed India
from British colonialism.
Correct. Could you have gotten Mother

Teresa to buy some breast implants?

No.

We liked her,

because she helped people and whatnot.

That's why we liked her, because

she helped people and whatnot.

Not because she looked sexy.

What about Dr. King or Brother Malcolm?

Did they have lots of money

and run up credit card debt?

No.

Okay, let's take it to the top.

Let's go to Jesus Christ.

Would Jesus Christ

buy a pair of Gucci shoes?

No!

- I can't hear you. Would he?

- No!

So, real secure people,

they don't need all that.

What am I saying?

You're nodding your head.

What am I saying?

You're saying that true success

isn't about what you buy or drive

or what your body looks like.

Right. What I'm saying is

if you want to go out in the world

and do something big...

teach a child to read,

invent a clean energy source,

sacrifice for others.

You might not be able

to buy your success,

or your recognition, or drive it.

You might have to do something,

you understand?

How about getting all of us elders

to stop killing each other

and destroying the planet

that you're going to inherit?

Go ahead and preach it,

Dr. Sutton.

I'm preaching away.

Okay, you're right. you're right.
Okay, end of the year.
That means, seniors,
you'll have your senior project.
The juniors can assist you
but they can only act
in a support capacity.
Eduardo,
you're doing the tech board?
Okay, and Calvin, you're doing
movement choreography?
Yes, sir.
And Cheyenne, you are doing
visual thematics?
- Yeah.
- Have you thought of a theme yet?
Yes, I thought we would do
successes and failures.
We would interview people
and see if they felt
like they had done what they
wanted with their lives.
Tell you what,
if you're gonna do that,
go outside your comfort zone.
Don't just talk to your mom and Michelle
and a couple of your friends.
I want you to talk to rich folks,
folks that live in cardboard condos,
Republicans, Democrats. All of us.
That's kind of a big list.
It's a big subject.
All right, get cracking.
You're directing and shooting,
so who's doing your interviews?
Reggie Otum will.
Good luck.
Thank you, class.
Your pops is heavy, dude.
Hold on, teenage people.
Your class president has a word for you.
The grades will be posted
on the boards today.
All seniors with a 3.5 GPA or higher

can tutor lowerclassmen on the mandatory
tutoring extra credit list.

The retard list.

Secondly, if you haven't bought
your tickets for prom yet,
please hurry up.

Calvin.

This year's prom theme
is Green Glamour.

And as you know,
green is all about recycling
and re-fabulating.

So I want you to be creative,
and get some of your parents'
old fantabulous, old-school glamour
and rework it.

And if you don't buy a ticket for prom,
you can't vote for prom queen.

We all know who that should be.

Dude, she's like the black
Sarah Palin, you know?

- I know, man.

- Yeah.

Yo, you got the tape, right?

You know it. Invisible.

- All right, let's roll.

- This is geniosity, bro.

- Hendrix.

- Ooh!

- Thought he was slick.

- Go hang out with Pops.

- Sorry, man.

- Need you to stay after class, remember?

Yeah, um, there's only 10 minutes
till the next class,
and I need to get my books.

And I need to use the restroom.

That's nice.

That's real nice.

Sit down.

By your side

- What we got here?

- Bet you're right on it.

Number one on the mandatory

tutor retardo-list.

- C.c.

- Oh!

Who gonna tutor the drive-by shooter?

Pop! pop! pop! pop'

Dude, do not drop my phone.

Okay, okay, okay,

it's good. It's good.

All right, all right.

- Don't fuck with it.

- I'm trying to help out.

Guys, I'm having second thoughts.

Why do I have to go first, man?

Look, dude, it's a scientific fact.

White kids are less likely to get caught doing shit than black kids.

- Dude, that's bullshit.

- It's true, all right?

Captain, we have got a visual image.

All right, get ready.

Take us home, Scotty.

- Okay. All right.

- Go get out there.

See it through.

Join up to make your dreams come true.

Some girls have all the luck, huh?

He just asked her to prom.

Que goes for the big-ass ghetto booty every time.

Oh, my God, she got a lace G-string, dawg.

Dawg, it totally worked.

You can see the bush.

It's like right there.

That's definitely not a bush. That's a shadow.

That is more bush than George W. himself.

You need to enjoy this, dude.

Enjoy it.

Well, Stunner asked Cheyenne to the prom.

She's way out of your social domain, bro.

What did you expect to happen?

- Shauniqua Vaquiso!

- Oh!

Fuck you, Reggie.

You little conceited-ass bitch.

Everybody knows Shauniqua

and her mama

look like Monique in Precious.

You think you're smart?

You want that higher learning?

Well, you ain't shit.

You ain't gonna never be shit.

Fuck you.

Why you all up on me, Que?

You got some funny shit to say, too?

Actually, no.

Um, I just wanted to say

I've been on the retard list twice.

It can actually be

a positive experience.

You know, someone will tutor you.

And you'll bond with them.

Like Nietzsche says,

That which doesn't kill you

makes you stronger.

Hey, get the fuck out of my way.

Fuck.

Guys, did you see that?

- You almost got killed out there.

- Shit.

She got a body

like Serena Williams.

Maybe, but Serena ain't ghetto.

I don't care. The twins are

the finest women on campus.

And Shauniqua's into me, dude.

- I know.

- You crazy, nigga.

Michelle's coming out there.

Get back out there, please.

No, no dude.

I just almost got killed.

- No, dude.

- Please.

- No, dude. You got to do it.
- You know Reggie won't let me near Michelle.
You know what?
Mopey, it's your turn to go.
I'm not in this at all.
Oh, my gosh. You're scared,
Mini-Me ain't doing shit,
and you're heartbroken.
You know, give me that shoe.
I'm gonna film this kitty
like the goddamn Discovery Channel.
Go for it.
Hey, Paco, you know they can deport you
if you don't maintain that B average, ese.
Dude, holy shit.
What girl wears
leopard print panties
with pink lace trim on the side
if she does not want anyone
to admire them?
Guys know what a leopard is?
- What?
- It's a 200-pound pussy
that'll eat a man up.
Dumbshit 10, our very own...
Hendrix Sutton.
Get your ass down here, boy.
Go.
Hey, man, shut up, boy.
Looks like Papa Bear's
failing Baby Bear
and killing his GPA.
Reggie, stop.
- Aw.
- Hey, don't cry, please.
They say the eyes
are the windows to the soul.
Now, you can't look people in the eyes,
they ain't gonna trust you.
And they sure as hell
won't hire you.
Are you afraid to look me
in the eyes, C.C.?
You okay?

Yeah.
My big bro in town,
so could I go now?
Go ahead.
I can't believe you put me
on the retard list.
The tutoring list is
voluntary and mandatory.
I volunteered you.
Nobody volunteers to be on that list.
Do you even know
how you made me look?
Yeah, like a kid who
wants to get his grades up.
I tried to tell you earlier,
but you was in too much of a rush.
In all my other classes,
I have at least a
And you settle for a
When Mom told me
you were going to work here,
she said I didn't even need
to take your class.
I took it out of respect for you,
because it would make you happy.
And it does, son.
Now, make me happy,
and get an Okay, you can do it.
It's time to tutor.
Finals are coming...
I don't have time to tutor, Dad.
I need to get enough money
to pay for a car and pay...
Don't interrupt me.
Now, let me clarify something for you.
You don't get your grades up,
there's no more party business.
There's no going out,
and there's no car.
- What if I move back in with Mom?
- No.
No more ping-ponging
back and forth
between me and Mom to see

who you get a better deal from.
You're with me until you graduate.
- Anything else?
- No.
You still need me to get your D.J.
equipment over to Chowder's?
No.
All right, I'll see you after the party.
Boom, boom, boom.
Bring that energy. Bring that energy.
Yes, yes.
That's right, girls. Hit it.
Huh.
Looks like your senior class project's
gonna be the bomb.
I hope so.
Point those toes, girls.
Hey, Megan, I like that little extra
"I got it going on" attitude
you're doing, girl.
Thanks, Dr. Sutton.
Keep that energy up.
Let's take a walk.
Five, six, seven, eight.
If they ain't offering no full scholarship,
I'm not interested.
Okay, all right.
All right, bye.
- Hey.
- What up?
It's the list of locations for the shoot.
Read it to me.
Sunday morning, 9 A.M.
At the 14th Street Mission
near the Bowery.
Skid Row?
What, I'm interviewing bums?
Homeless people.
Sponsors ain't gonna want their new star
interviewing no homeless people.
You ain't got no sponsors, dawg.
Okay, but I will. Watch.
- Reggie...
- What?

- Please.

- Yo, Reggie,
I'll trade you this PB&J and these chips
for one of your healthy-ass sandwiches.
Hey, why you trying to play me?
You know I'm allergic to that nasty shit.
You can't cancel on me now.
Okay, look, if I'm going to be on TV,
and interviewing people,
I gotta be like them cats on ESPN.
I know you seen it.
They got the nice suit.
The A.C. studio,
our own little coffee mug.
That's top notch. I want that.
And plus, I got practice on Sunday,
so I'm sorry.
So am I.
Hey. You know we ain't
got no practice, right?
Dawg, I know that,
but you like her,
so I was trying to stay cool with her
till I drop Michelle, all right?
Dr. Sutton?
Oh. I thought you were your dad.
That's kinda scary.
Um, I think he said he'll be back soon.
Just give him a couple minutes more.
You can wait here.
It's cool with me.
Hendrix Sutton,
get your ass down here, boy.

- Shut up, Reggie.

- Oh, shit.

Oh, my God.
Hard, huh?
Your day was kind of hard?
Are you okay?
Yeah.
No, I'm not.
Reggie's such an asshole.
He bailed on me. This is the one class
that could ruin my GPA,

and if your dad doesn't
give me a break, I'm screwed.
Hi, Daddy.
You home?
No, I'll be there soon.
You Okay?
Yeah, everything's fine.
Michelle's still going
to walk you, right?
Yeah, she is.
Okay, bye.
- Michelle, where are you?
- At the mall.
With Reggie?
Did he tell you?
What? Oh, my God.
I totally forgot.
I'm so sorry.
But my dad is expecting us
to walk home together.
You know how he is.
Cheyenne,
she'll have to call you back.
- Michelle?
- Bye.
Oh, sorry for the drama.
I gotta go.
No!
No.
No?
You shouldn't walk home alone.
Um, I should walk you.
It's okay. You're waiting for your dad.
Um, he's being a jerk.
I mean, he's being a jerk
to you and to me.
I'll see him later.
Come on, can we go before
he drops my grade lower?
Like a "D" or something?
Come on, please?
Manny, A.J., please.
My grandsons. They're only going
to be here for a couple hours.

It's okay.
What's up, D?
What's all this?
Oh, recycled art for the prom.
I need to make the deposit.
Oh, sorry.
The bank closes soon.
Here you go, hon.
Okay, \$942, prom ticket sales.
- Okay.
- I'll see you in the morning.
All right, thank you.
Don't let them drive you crazy.
Now, what's going on?
I think that you are being
too hard on our son.
Is this about the tutoring list?
He's never been good at testing.
You refuse to acknowledge
that he was diagnosed as ADD.
I refuse to use it as a crutch.
Your ego is clouding your judgment.
He tells me things
that he won't tell you.
Well, of course he does.
When kids are lucky enough
to have both their parents in their lives,
that's what they do.
They try to get their bread
battered on both sides.
Remember when stuff used
to disappear from your purse?
Nah, come on.
Remember when he was stealing shit
until you started paying him not to?
Because you wouldn't
give him an allowance.
He was 11 years old.
Of course I wanted to
give him an allowance.
I wanted him to work for it.
I want him to have a sense
of work ethic.
My point is,

we got through it, didn't we?
Yes, by beating him.
I love our sons.
I would never spank him
unless I had an open hand.
And only as a last resort.
And Hendrix would get the worst of it.
He's a hard-headed kid.
That's the boy we got.
We got us a two-slap son.
Your tough love experiment
is going to ruin his ability
to get into a good college
and erode his self-confidence.
He is not you.
So, you going to prom?
I don't know.
What do you mean?
Didn't Stunner ask you?
I didn't answer him yet.
Okay, well, am I being too nosy
or something?
Yeah, you're being nosy.
Even if I wanted to go
to the prom with Stunner,
I don't think my dad
would approve.
Hm.
And you always do
what your dad says?
Pretty much.
Until I escape to college.
If I escape.
My academic scholarship
is based on a high GPA.
Oh, so if you get,
like, a low grade...
I get less scholarship.
And my dad will say, "it's cheaper
to go to school locally, Cheyenne."
I thought you wanted to be a singer.
I mean, everybody
wants to be a singer.
I just figure, if I go to school,

get my degree... in business,
maybe one day I can own
the label I sing on.
Maybe I could do the interviews
for your project.
You?
Yeah, me. I got mad people skills.
I can talk to black people, white people.
Latinos, I speak Spanish.
The other day, I was at this expo,
and I was talking to this green dude.
Not green, but, like, you know,
eco-friendly.
Here, he'll be at my party tonight.
In the hills. Rich people.
I mean, even your dad
would let you go.
So you're a businessman, huh?
So what's the deal?
What would you want from me?
I do your interviews for you,
and, you know,
you come to prom with me.
See? Now you're too much.
Is that a no?
If Supercop doesn't approve of Stunner,
do you think he'll be okay with you?
- Maybe you could tutor me.
- What?
Ah, come on, little mama.
Look at this face.
Want me to end up
like another black statistic?
Boy drops out of schoolhouse,
welcome to the jailhouse,
life of crime, tattoos,
illegitimate chilluns running around?
As fine as you are,
probably only have to tutor me
like once or twice
and I'll get "A" s.,
Hey, I feel my I.Q.
going up already.
So, I tutor you,

your grades go up,
my dad approves
and we go to the prom?
You're not expecting
anything else?
Nope.
What if your grades
don't go up enough?
Oh, well, then it's my bad.
You still get your movie done,
and the extra credit points
for tutoring me.
It's like a win-win.
Well, there's my house.
Thanks for walking me home.
Hendrix Sutton.
What do you think?
I think I'll tell you tomorrow night.
At your party-
With the green dude.
Shake it, shake it
Shake, shake it, shake it
Shake, shake it, oh my God
Shake it, shake it
Shake, shake it, shake it
Shake, shake it, shake it
Shake it, oh, my God
Oh, my God oh, my God
Oh, oh my God oh, oh my God
Oh, oh my God oh, oh my God
- Oh, my God.
- Oh, shit.
Oh, my God
show me what you got
Oh, shit.
Drop it, drop it, drop it.
Oh, shit.
Just the way you drop it low,
mama, oh, that's hot
Oh, oh, that's hot
Oh, shit.
If you in the club, say
oh, my God, oh, my God
Megan, what are you doing?

You know you cannot dance like that
because you do not know
what these fools are thinking.
Leave me alone,
or I'm gonna tell Mom and Dad
we didn't really go to the movies.
Shake it, shake it
Shake, shake it, shake it
Shake, shake it, shake it
Shake, shake it, oh, my God
Oh, my God
oh, my God, oh, my God
Did you even read
the invitation?
It says featuring D.J. Slim.
Now, is your name
D.J. motherfucking Slim?
He still ain't answering
his text, y'all.
But I got you.
Don't motherfucking sweat it.
But I am sweating it.
Yo, please stay on the cardboard, man.
I'm not gonna have
my mom whup my ass.
Hey, nice party.
Yeah.
Where can I put my purse?
I don't know, put it in my room.
Down the spiral stairs to the left.
Oh. Um, I brought you
a little thank-you gift.
It's really nothing...
...on the dance floor
'Cause she dancing
all night like a go-go
Hey, yo, boy, when is that record label
dude showing up?
- Hendrix?
- Yeah?
Hendrix, this party better be popping,
I had to beg Supercop
to let her out.
So how's it going,

Mr. Businessman?

Making any more deals?

Yeah, I told you.

I need "A"s, not "B"s.

All right, take over for me, bro.

Y'all come on in. See you inside.

- Hey, Michelle.

- Hi.

- What's up, little bro?

- Hey, what's up?

- How you doin', man?

- Good.

You know I had to come,

show you some love.

Can you guys do me a favor

and perform?

- We could use y'all.

- Yeah, I got ya.

You may get a little taste,

but you know you got to pay first.

- Let us in, brother.

- Yeah, we're in.

Um, bro.

- Come on, man.

- You ain't part of the duo.

You tripping, man.

Come on, girl, why don't

you come get some

Come on, girl,

why don't you come get some

Super clean, like a '65 Chevy, Chevy

Body banging like

a track star, track star

Whoa, we got problems.

C.C.'s downstairs at the front door.

Fuck, man,

how'd he get an invitation?

How the hell am

I supposed to know?

But that nigga always startin' a fight.

Plus his big brother, the one

that was in jail is with him, too.

And these two big crazy-looking

motherfuckers, man.

- Shit.
- You better handle this.
I got it.
Girl, just listen
Ain't nothing wrong with
some meat in your system
You ain't had the hook
but to me you're just fishing
I ain't never gonna stop
I mean, I don't see you guys
on the list, right?
It's not my party, you know?
I'm just like the bouncer.
He got a student I.D.
We got a problem here?
Yeah, he deserves a chance
at that prize money
like everybody else in there.
Where he go, we go.
We're his new management team.
It's contractual.
Yeah, C.C., he's cool. Come on.
Like I said, where he go, we go.
They're all my guests.
C.C., go get your brother.
Yeah, hurry up.
Okay, take a look
at my swagger
So on point,
feeling sharp as a dagger
When he come, fresh look,
homie on the bench
We in.
Why you have to bring them?
Told you, they my dawgs.
Now let me see.
Yeah, that thing
healing up real good.
Now check this out, baby bro:
All you gotta do
is what you supposed to.
And ain't nobody gonna get hurt.
Now go in there
and get that money.

Mm-hmm. Good looking out.
You let them drive-by shooters in?
My bad, dude.
They know where you live.
It's the best I could do.
Shit.
Are your record execs here, or what?
Yeah, man, they just got here.
All right, everybody.
Calm down, calm down.
It's time for the freestyle rap battle,
you know what I'm saying?
What's up, all of you?
All right, so the rules are,
you have to be in high school,
and you have to dis your opponent
straight up freestyle.
We don't want any
ready-made raps.
Yeah. No touching
your opponent or cursing.
Mom's still upstairs.
- Calm down. Calm down.
- I know, I know, all right.
You each get two minutes,
and the winner gets a portion
of tonight's proceeds.
Yes, and you get
a free consultation
with two of the record execs
from my mom's firm.
All right.
All right, first up is my bro Stunner
vs. Shauniqua.
It's like a country-western
When I rode through your town
Bust a cap in your fat-ass
Then you ho-down
They say, wassup?
You good to battle, G?
Let me cough up this cold flow
Like I had allergies
Are you mad at me
'cause I'ma rip you up

In front of these dudes
We the people, we got us here,
we don't need you
Oh, sorry.
The other bathroom was full.
Oh, on. It's okay.
I was just about to leave.
Girl, you okay?
Yeah, no. It's just I have
a big chem test to study for.
You look great.
Just like out of a magazine.
Could you just do me a favor
and give this to Chowder for me?
Sure.
See my pretty face, then
Serious and pretty
Girl, you so ugly,
I wouldn't say shit
And let me walk away, boy,
I just killed this bitch
You want the mike?
Skinny little nigga,
don't pay him no mind
No matter how I look,
they always behind
Players hate it when I
come back with a rhyme
I think you must be
out for a powder
Oh!
Like you can't even believe it
'Cause I'm sicker than the weakest
I'ma do it like Mike
nigga, check it
Oh!
These niggas is weak.
If you don't take their money, we will.
Yeah, the old-fashioned way.
My flows will probably
go right over your head
But your girl's head
was in the right place
When we was in bed

I'm on the next level
You're a demon,
I'm the devil
I'm a boulder,
you're a pebble
I'm a president,
you're a whack-ass rebel
You're light skinned,
and you got freckles, my dude
You look like a leopard,
go back to the zoo
Man, your eyebrows cut up
Like you got here with clippers
You look like this girl's bag
minus all the zippers
Oh!
You have no idea what it's like
to raise a daughter these days.
Can't even listen to the radio
without putting a condom on.
Let me say something
'fore I smashing on you
It's cute you did your hair
to match your mom's cooch
Wait a minute...
Your dad probably
lick your head
And be like,
oops, wrong bush
You and Chowder probably
pay a butt tax to kiss butt
Obama beating me,
are you outta your brains?
Shoot your kneecaps
and leave you walking with a McCain
Hold up,
you know I dig...
Call the police,
Obama got assassinated
Next up, we got my boy Quicktime
vs. C.C., the Conscious Criminal.
All right, all right.
What's up, what's up?
C.C., get out here.

C'mon, what?
What's up?
They call me Quicktime
'cause I bring the pain
Slammin' C.C. so hard
never forget a slave name
When it comes to rap
I'd think you'd know your way
But by the time it gets played
all your hair will be gray
Spinnin' up a storm
on this microphone
So just give me a minute
'cause I think I'm
About to blow straight
out the door
Tired of talkin' to you
unless I'm bein' sick
So come down here
and gimme back a little howl
Whoa!
See who's trying to bite me,
suckers can't out-white me
When I rap,
I think I'll just do it like Nike
Like Johnnie Cochran
I'll put you on the stand
I'll rap you and pimp slap you
without using my hand
Whoa!
This ruinous white trash is
shorter than my mike stand
Look, stop rapping,
just go join a white band
This girl and white people girl,
black power
You talking for some minutes
I'm talking for some hours
You got players who say it
I don't say it, I do it
His mother's a freak
She let me toot it and boot it
Whoa!
Geniosity, man.

- Wait, what?
- I'm gonna take Michelle to the prom.
Fool, Michelle is not gonna have sex
with your degenerate ass.
Of course not,
but once the word gets out
that me and the prom queen
are going out,
and then I can drill one
of the lesser females
with my turbo-charged genitalia.
Do you understand?
I understand you are one
pathetic parasite.
But that is geni-fucking-osity man.
Yo, but isn't she going out
with Reggie, man?
He's like Mr. Ego and prom king to be.
You have to, like, kill him first.
Maybe, but maybe not.
Regulators making airs
on black on black
Modern day Uncle Tom,
we need Malcolm back
Yo!
52% avg?!
Yeah, that little C.C. won.
Yo, the judges have
reached a decision.
And the winner, and surprise
new hip-hop heavyweight is
C.C., the Conscious Criminal.
Let's keep this music going, y'all.

GO, go:

Hey, um, you were good.
I mean, C.C.,
he's awesome pro-level shit.
You know what I'm saying?
Oh, shit.
Do you mind if I smoke?
I don't care if you burn.
Hey, what the fuck?
\$117?

Nigga, you had us drive way out here
for this shit?
We oughta jack these
little rich niggas.
I'm gonna get a percentage
of something.
Yeah.
Once on the rope,
Check for the mope.
One of your little bitch-ass homies
called the police.
So we up outta here.
You take the car.
Just do it, nigga.
Kinda hard to keep you G,
when you're not like me
Not, not, not like me
Good evening, gentlemen.
Can I offer you a beverage?
This is a residential neighborhood.
Do you know what that means?
Yes, sir. We got our consent forms
filled out by our neighbors
from both sides of the street.
I have them right here
if you'd like to see them.
I get one complaint,
I'm shutting you down.
5-0.
Oh, shit.
So I can expect to see you
back at home at 2400?
- Yes, sir.
- Me, too.
Carry on.
Good night, Officer.
Charlie here tells us
you're the real deal,
from the hood?
Didn't your brother get shot?
No, no, no, no, no.
No offense, bro, but use that.
Keep it real, see?
Write about niggas like me

shooting each other?
Niggas like you, yeah, yeah,
but you know, give it some flash.
Gangsta that shit up.
Or sexy that shit.
That sells, too.
Hey, look, bro,
we don't make the rules,
but you want to sell CD5, right?
See, you're living it,
so it's probably not fresh to you.
Probably not.
You ain't never been east
of Crenshaw, huh?
Hell, no.
- But I know what sells.
- He does.
- Finklestein?
- Yeah.
You Jewish, right?
All day long, son.
Matzo Balls, that's what they call me.
That's what he calls me.
Somebody told you to write a rap
about your people dying in the Holocaust,
but gangster it up,
would you do it?
Uh... huh?
Yeah, I didn't think so.
Dude, man, look at her,
right, man?
Why am I so afraid, man?
Dude, should I do
the yo' mama jokes?
Not a good idea, no.
Later, later, okay?
You're stoned.
Dude, no.
I want to prove...
I believe you, man.
Dude, relax.
Dude, I'm gonna do it.
I'm gonna do it.
Que? Que.

I ain't afraid of yo' mama.
Oh, shit. No. I mean...
the joke, no.
Let me do that for you.
What the fuck, man?
Yo, so we've got to give the D.J. 250.
And my mom said keep
a \$500 cleaning deposit.
What the hell, man? Why didn't you
tell me that shit sooner?
After security,
lighting and refreshments,
all I get is a stinking
400 and change.
Dude, it is not my fault that your
cheap-ass dad won't get you a car.
- Hey, don't talk about...
- Do not bring that shit to me.
Yo, you greedy niggas
need to get back up there.
Que is about to get beat down
by Shauniqua and Paco.
Oh, and Cheyenne's leaving.
Damn, can't even
get my money together.
Play Paco's cut.
This one is,
when you're a Latin lover,
put on Latin lockdown by your girl,
and you're sleeping in the car.
Hey, she rolled her eyes
I seen this look on her face
a dozen times
What's wrong with you?
Why the bad mood?
She just rolled her shoulders,
then she said
I need to know
what's on your mind
Been givin' me blank stares
Just to walk inside
Please not tonight
Hey, you gonna sing for us or what?
We're about to leave.

Oh, you didn't know
it's customary to dance
with the host before you leave?
I'll meet you at the bar.
I don't do all that grinding stuff,
though, so, um...
We'll keep it PG.
Thank you.
I'm trying to figure this out
Why I can't sleep on the couch
You find me sleeping in the car
Sleeping, sleeping in my car
Yeah, I'm sleeping
in the car tonight
So, I told Stunner that I wouldn't
be going to the prom with him.
Ah, so we got a deal.
No sex,
no friends with benefits.
Of course not.
- Just the prom.
- Mm-hmm.
OK3'! -
We have a deal.
I knew you would make
the right choice.
What the hell is in that?
I didn't want you to know
I couldn't let you see
I hid it from myself
Tried to believe
More than the beginning
more than the end
More than just a friend
Man, dude,
Shauniqua freakin' hates me.
We all hate you.
Dude, like, just,
you got to help me out.
Like, give me the chick intel.
Come on.
Flowers are cliché,
but they usually work.
Yeah, flowers are good.

Okay, so we're here.
Wait, wait, are you sure
you're up for this, man?
Come on, man. It'll be fun.
All right, man.
Okay, so here's the deal.
They sign the release form,
you give them the \$5.00.
If they don't sign, we can't use them
in the documentary.
Got it. Sign, \$5.00, interview.
- Yeah.
- Cool, all right, let's go.
You guys aren't coming with me.
We sit here in the safety zone till you're
for sure getting an interview.
Just signal when it's safe.
Uh, that is so... you too?
You bitching out on me?
That's dirty.
I hope y'all know that's dirty.
Hey.
Holy shit, this is like electric
eye-candy on crack, bro.
I know, man.
- Oh, my God.
- We came to see our boy hablo Hobo.
Did we miss anything?
Yo, I don't think so, but this shit is
looking like House of the Dead 2.
You can catch eyeball herpes
just looking at Homeskillet over there.
Ooh, now that's messed up.
Hey, you guys know what they say
about dating homeless women, right?
- What?
- What?
You can leave them anywhere.
Shut up. What if you two
ended up homeless?
- Probably not gonna happen.
- Yeah, you two.
You guys are very karmically
insensitive, you know.

Oh, my gosh, Obama,
we are tragically flawed.
Thank you for pointing that out.
All right, bro, get started.
Hey, put this one on Facebook.
- All right, let's do it.
- Let's get it.
Going in. I'm going in!
He's gonna get
shanked out there, man.
Are you interested
in doing an interview for \$5.00?
Hell, no, I won't do no interview.
Are you interested
in doing an interview...
' Ah!
- Oh!
- Dude, run!
Go for the knees, man.
They don't drink a lot of milk.
Are you interested
in doing an interview for \$5.00?
- Are you interested...
- You can't give money to poor people!
If you give money to poor people,
they make more poor people.
Give them consciousness.
So, do you feel your life
has been a success?
Absolutely.
I don't pay rent,
I have no teeth to clean,
and I got a front-row seat
on Armageddon.
The end of man-unkind.
Mom got sick. I had to drop out
to take care of her.
Then they foreclosed on our house, and...
we were on the street for six days
before they took us in at the shelter.
Um, part of the program
is that you do volunteer work here.
So what are your goals for now?
I just want to be a student again,

you know?
Like you 9UY5-
Finish school,
take dance class again.
Normal stuff.
I miss dancing.
Can I have one of those?
Get out of here, little kid. Didn't your
mama tell you it wasn't polite to beg?
- What the hell?
- You're a dick, dude.
Well, we wish you
the best of luck, and everything.
Yeah, really.
Thank you for talking to us.
Thanks.
Can I be in your movie?
I'm sorry, sweetie,
you have to be older than 18.
My grandma will do it.
She needs the money.
We came out here from Atlanta
after my oldest boy was killed.
My second son's
been in and out of prison,
so I tell my youngest boy,
"You stay in school.
You don't be like them."
Barack here is my grandson.
He's a very smart boy.
If you could do it over again,
what would you do differently?
I had my boys way too early.
Didn't have enough to give 'em.
Then I lost my eyesight.
My daddy's a rapper-
He gonna get knocked out...
What the fuck?
What the hell is you all
doing in my mama house?
Dee, honey, they're just here
asking me some questions.
About this little movie they making.
That's all, baby.

Mama, it's time for your medicine.
Barack.
I think I need to check on my car.
Sit your \$5.00-ass down
before I make change, fat boy.
Yeah, these little niggas know something.
Why y'all here asking
my mama questions?
Yeah, these bitches know something.
We asked you a question.
Put the girlies in the back.
You heard him. Get to stepping.
We didn't know anything, I swear.
It's just for our school project.
Hey, let 'em go.
Give 'em they money back.
All right, now, tell 'em.
I brought them here.
I wanted the money.
Hey, my mama can't be
in your fucking movie.
Is we clear?
Clear.
What'cha all wanna do?
I say we take no chances.
Let these little bitches go.
And I better not see y'all
around here ever again.
Let's go, guys. Go, 90, 90-
You trippin'.
Could you be
my brown-eyed girl?
Baby, you're a stunner,
saw you from my hummer
I thought we were dead.
I feel bad for C.C.
That's some jacked-up home life.
Around you I get dumber
I can be your one-er,
brown eyed-girl
She's my baby beauty,
Such a cutie
Eyes look like a bag from Louis
Picture perfect, she's a 10

She's my lover, she's my friend
She's the other half
no other gal can ever match
Pontificate.
She's the heartbreak, I'm the pain
My dad likes to pontificate,
even though he bores us.
Let me see.
Gimme.
Hendrix is a closet artist
and a visual learner.
So I'm having him draw something
to remember each word.
Let me see.
That does look like Dr. Sutton.
- Michelle.
- Come here.
What? It's okay for you
to flirt with him.
He's cute,
and now you're a cougar.
Let me see your phone.
Can I see your phone, please?
- What's your password?
- Leave him alone.
- What?
- Michelle's secret test.
Before you trust a boy with your affection,
make sure he trusts you with the password
to his phone and computer.
You two are boring me.
I feel like some me time at the mall.
- You coming?
- He's got a huge vocab test tomorrow.
Don't forget.
I know, if I see Supercop,
we're here studying alone.
It's fine.
Nice hanging with you today.
You, too.
Damn!
- Michelle!
- Bye, you guys. Don't do anything I'd do.
I can be your one-er,

brown-eyed girl
- Baby, you're a stunner
Saw you from my Hummer
Hello?
What you doing, player?
Just studying vocab.
Ah, okay.
It's Obama.
Well, guess what Mr. Geniosity did.
Wow!
I hacked into the student database.
And you were right,
Barack is C.C.'s son.
Oh!
Wow.
Heavy shit, I know.
Look, man, I gotta bounce.
Okay.
Hope, change, and awesome swag.

It's 3:

Time to step it up to the next level.
Where were we?
What the hell you doing,
you little horndog?
Oh, shit.
Come on, man.
Better be good, man.
It is, it is. Look, look, look,
look, look.
What a douche, he's using
his real feelings to wrangle poon.
Yo, there is no way
he's winning this bet.
We gotta step up our game.
Correction,
you need to step it up, fat man.
Look what else I found.
Reggie?
Oh, shit.
Dawg, you're not gonna...
I'm not gonna do anything
Mr. Jock itch doesn't deserve.
So the question is,

while I close the deal with Michelle,
Hendrix works Cheyenne,
and Que goes ghetto,
what are you and Quioktime doing
besides stroking your twinkies?
I'm winning, I'm winning. All right.
- No, you're not.
- On your ass, man.
Oh, no!
Whoa, whoa, whoa!
Whoa!
So, you tell your dad about me yet?
Why would I?
It looks like someone got
a 98 on their quiz.
Let me see this.
I mean, I might be taking
his daughter to prom.
To remain suspended
in or near a place in the air.
It's only because of my education
that I learned the steps
to make these things possible.
Every day,
Reggie has three organic sandwiches.
- See my test?
- No.
- 100, A+.
- Look at that.
What are the three branches
of government?
Legislative, executive, and judicial.
Okay, okay, I see
somebody's been studying.
Live, exclusive,
top-of-the-line models
ready to do whatever you want.
- Meet girls like...
- Monique.
At Discreet Escorts.
All major credit cards accepted.
Hey, Sharon.
- Hey, you remember me from the interviews?
- Yeah, yeah.

I was just thinking how you told us
that you like to dance, and...
What does this nigga
think he's doing?
Ah, hell, no.
I know you can rap.
I want you to write the lyrics
for the senior class project.
But write something real, no bullshit.
Understand?
But that stuff don't have no beat.
Sure it does. You got to find it.
Or fail.
Where will we go?
What will we be?
Is there space
In this world for me?
The end of man-unkind.

By 2:

Reggie has his second sandwich.
There are currently
7 billion people on the planet.
Scientists say that
we can only hold 9 billion.
But, here's the catch.
If those 9 billion live
like us Americans do,
I mean, yeah, with the nice cars
and the big houses,
our carbon footprint would be
that of 18 billion.
And see, that's our challenge
as the people of tomorrow.
We need to figure out a way to live
in harmony with nature.
I mean, 'cause, clearly
it's not working, right?
The bank is going to close.
Oh, okay, just give me a second.
All right, I have to say
that was pretty impressive.
Very impressive.
Very impressive?

Very impressive.

All right,

that was very, very impressive.

All right, let's bring up

the lovely Principal Reynolds.

My ex-wife has nominated me

to chaperone y'all at the prom.

- Oh!

- No, you're not done with me.

I know you're just intimidated

'cause me and her

are gonna bring some

old-school Soul Train moves.

I'm going to give you a taste. Wait.

Whoo!

All right, I can do this with you.

All right, listen, listen.

I want to wish you guys good luck

on the senior project tomorrow,

and I want to say it was

a pleasure teaching you.

Thank you for tolerating me.

Good luck.

Yeah!

We the party

Yeah, yeah

Hey

Uh-huh

All right

So, you ever gonna sing for me?

Probably not.

How come?

You scare me.

Why?

'Cause.

I'm not supposed to feel

this way about you.

- Am I giving you a boner?

- Shut up, weirdo.

What am I gonna do with you?

Cheyenne's my girl,

you know that, right?

- Michelle!

- What?

Aw, man.
- You like her?
- Yeah, a lot.
Okay, switch phones.
- Seriously?
- Come on, you two. Switch phones.
What's your password?
Chickenfat.
Okay.
What's your password?
Vegan.
I see how it is.
Now you may kiss.
Nice.
So when's he go before Supercop
for judgment?
Tomorrow.
After the senior project.
Smart move.
Daddy will see your little boy-toy
here in your documentary.
He'll know he helped you out.
I'm going to bed because
Reggie's being an asshole.
Turn out the lights
when you're done?
OK3'! -
Hey, want to go for a dip?
I didn't bring a bathing suit.
Neither did I.
Now that, that's a plan right there.
You've only seen this once before,
but I can do the Buddha.
Oh, my God.
Whatever happens between us,
I want it to be special.
And safe.
And not now.
Let's make prom night a night
we'll never forget.
My mom is sewing her ass off.
The costumes will be ready.
I e-mailed a photo to you.
Okay, let me check it out.

Oh, oh, whoa!
And you, Hendrix Sutton,
have won a \$100 gift certificate
to where the hell
you want to go,
because you, my man,
have won the bet.
You know,
the party ain't the car,
it ain't the house,
it ain't the shoes.
It's inside.
We the party.
Education is the key to success.
Smart is the new gangsta.
Hey, Calvin, I got you, bro.
That's real funny.
Yeah, congratulations on your bet.
What do you mean?
She has your password,
you dumb shit.
Aren't those shallow
gauges of success?
Did I pass or fail,
graduate or go to jail?
Who writes the test,
who defines success?
We all want to win,
play ball or rap
But when that don't happen,
it ain't no goin' back
You dropped out too young,
now you just busting caps
Call it blue on red,
but it's really black on black
'Cause the more we drop out,
the more we go to jail
Like voluntary slaves,
expected to fail
Listen up, brother,
you need to understand
Being truly educated
ain't a part of their plan
We got tricked again,

slicked again
Held back
and not picked again
Short-changed
and gypped again
Pink-slipped again
Truth been flipped again,
ripped again
The truth been flipped
again, ripped again
The truth been
flipped again, ripped again
Life's the test
keep us oppressed, we want
Life's the test keep us oppressed,
we want
Life's the test
keep us oppressed, we want
Success, so do your best
Education
is the key to success.
You definitely need
an education in this life
in order to be successful.
The problem is that the sisters
are graduating from college
while the fellas are dropping out.
If money's the only road,
then we're all goin' to fail
If greed is the crime,
then we all go to jail
If love is the answer,
why don't it pay the rent?
If patience is a virtue,
why's it all spent?
If religion is the way,
then why we all fighting?
If mankind gonna survive,
why we ain't united?
If the truth will set you free
Then why we still lying?
Big criminals get off,
but the baby still crying
If karma is real,

why don't we respect it?
If the earth is our home,
then why we neglect it?
We got tricked again,
slicked again
Held back
and not picked again
Short-changed,
been gypped again
Pink-slipped again
Truth been flipped again,
been ripped again
The truth been flipped again,
ripped again
The truth been
flipped again, ripped again
Life's the test
keep us oppressed, we want
What the hell you guys
do that for, man?
Do what?
Obama's stupid e-mail.
Cheyenne saw it.
Yo, Hendrix, what are you doing?
You're up.
Life's the test
keep us oppressed, we want
Life's the test keep us oppressed,
we want
Life's the test
keep us oppressed, we want
Success
So what is success?
Money, power, wealth,
happiness, spirituality, what?
When I think of success,
I think of someone who's smart.
Confident. Someone who takes
the time to help others.
And, you know, if you're lucky,
you can be fine, too.
The lady I'm about to introduce to you
is that and so much more.
She's my tutor,

she's my inspiration,
and hopefully,
no matter what happens,
she'll always be my friend.
Our director, Cheyenne Davis.
With all the people we interviewed,
it became clear that true success
is an individual thing.
Although they were
not always happier,
the well-educated people
were better off.
So, in other words, the more you learn,
the more you earn.
And in some cases,
the longer you live.
Perspective was a key factor.
Generally,
people with a sense of humor
who laughed a lot
tended to live longer, happier lives.
Soto all my seniors out there graduating,
keep laughing, keep learning,
and let's do some dancing
at our prom.
Didn't want you to know,
I couldn't let you see
I hid it from myself,
I tried to believe
More than the beginning
more than the end
More than just a friend
Hey!
- Ha ha.
- Watch your step, brother.
What are you doing?
You're looking for me, huh?
- Yeah, I got you.
- Obama. Obama.
Yo, your master's calling you.
- Yo, bitch boy.
- Walk away. Get out of here.
Yo, man, the principal
wants to see you.

- What's going on?
- I don't know, man.
But whatever it is,
it's some heavy shit.
The cops were here earlier.
So the day before yesterday was supposed
to be our last day in this class.
But unfortunately I've got
to drag everybody back here
for something pretty disturbing.
Now, the other day when
Miss Chavez stopped by,
she put her purse over there.
I think I put it in...
on one of these tables.
Oh, right here.
Eduardo, were you there at the time?
I was in the restroom.
Okay, go stand in the back.
Now, inside the bag was cash
from the prom ticket sales.
When she went to make
the deposit at the bank,
she realized that it was missing.
So I'm here
because I'm, like, a suspect?
Why would I need to steal the money?
That's ridiculous.
Yeah, obviously it was someone
who needs the money.
Rich people steal more money
than anyone.
Half the time,
that's how they get rich.
Yeah, that's right. Tell him.
Hey, look.
Anyone could have taken the money.
Well, how much money
was in there?
\$1,211.
Now, right now the school is not
looking to press charges.
We would just
like the money returned.

What if no one admits to it?
Well, then we'd have to refund
the remaining money
and we'd probably have
to cancel the prom.
What?
Yep. This class will
become a crime scene,
police will get involved,
and whoever did it
will have to face the consequences.
One klepto jerk steals the money
and now we're going to cancel prom?
Uh-oh, prom queen's
gonna miss a photo op.
Shut up, Taco, Paco,
whatever your name is.
Some of us actually care.
Hey, stay civil.
All right, we've got three minutes
until recess is over.
Then the bell's going to ring,
police are going to come in
and take statements.
We all make mistakes.
But rarely do you get a chance
to do damage control.
But what if they already
spent part of the money?
Why you keep looking at me?
Hey, hey, language! Sit down.
Look, a lot of you have worked
very hard on the prom fundraiser,
so whoever it is,
don't ruin it for everyone else.
Regardless if you spent some of it,
or not, say so now. Please.
Let's not end a good year
on a bad note.
17 seconds.
Come on. 12 seconds.
All right. Nope, no, no.
Stay in your seats.
Stay in your seats.

Sit back down.

Police officers are going to come in,
and they're going to have
to take some statements.

- I took it.

- What?

Why?

You know why.

For a car?

Where's the money?

What an asshole.

Hey! Where is the money?

It's in my box. At home.

Well, go get it.

Go!

How we doing here?

Not too good.

But I think we got it under control.

Oh, do you, now?

Yes, I do.

Thank you for your time, officers.

Class dismissed.

Come on, get to your next class.

Come on, let's go.

You know, I bought a speed boat
with the money I made in overtime
chasing little black boys like this.

Little punks who think
they've got everybody fooled.

Sad but true.

I'll see you when you're 18.

Not if I can help it.

Well, apparently, you can't.

She would, like,

top me off, top me off.

- Man, she topped me off, too.

- She topped me off first.

Hey, good job hosting that show.

Really stole it.

- Hey, man, crime don't pay.

- Crime don't pay, man.

Anyway, we gotta go practice.

Y'all let me play,

I can be at practice too, man.

- Shut up.
- All right.
Hey, bro.
If you need to talk, I'm here.
Stupid motherfucker!
You crazy?
You have two strikes already!
You have a son!
- What you talking about?
- You're 20 years old!
They'll try you as an adult!
Over \$1,200, you want to
end up like your brother?
Why the fuck you hit me,
you little bitch-ass nigga?
- I was trying to help!
- You know exactly what I'm talking about.
Look, Hendrix is going crazy.
We got to stop him.
Walker, head east on campus.
Something's going down.
You want to end up
like your brother?
Fuck my brother.
Look at my name, Conscious Criminal,
I don't give a motherfuck.
Boys' locker room,
boys' locker room!
- You want to end up like your brother?
- Fuck my brother.
- Que, do your mama jokes, man.
- What?
Que, do your mama jokes, dude.
Your mama so fat,
bitch got her own zip code.
Laugh.
You want to get expelled?
Help me make them laugh.
Laugh, laugh, laugh.
Ha, ha, ha.
Laugh, motherfuckers.
Dr. Sutton!
I'm sorry.
They get into everything.

It was him. It's his fault.
No, it was you. It was you.
- It was your fault.
- No, it was you.
Your mama's so damn ugly,
she looked out the window,
and got arrested for mooning.
Oh yeah? Uh...
What the hell's going on?
Uh, just telling jokes.
Yeah.
So did you actually
see them fighting?
No. When we got there,
these two were laughing,
and that one was cracking jokes.
Excuse me, Principal Reynolds,
this was after the bell started ringing,
so technically,
we were not cutting class.
I'm aware of the rules.
What happened to your face?
I slipped and hit the sink.
And you?
When he fell, I caught an elbow,
and it tore my shirt.
I will deal with you later.
Do you remember
what I told you would happen
if you came to my office again?
Yeah.
Excuse me.
We, uh...
We have a situation.
Miss Chavez.
While my daughter is away,
I watch my grandsons.
They get into everything.
I found the money under the bed.
I'm so sorry.
Please, forgive me.
I hope that one day,
when my grandson grows up,
he will be as brave as your boy.

What's this?
Did you give us your car money?
You people mind
excusing us for a minute?
Honey, why did you say you took it?
I'm 16, and C.C.'s 20.
This would have been
his third strike.
He could have lost his son
to foster care.
C.C. didn't grow up with what I have.
Can I go?
Yeah, go ahead.
Hey, bro, you got a minute?
I thought you did it, man.
I was trippin'.
Man, people been thinking that
about me my whole life.
Sometimes, they was right.
But, like, ain't nobody
ever did what you did.
You thought I was doin' dirt,
but you still tried to save me.
My own brother...
My own brother let me go down
for some bullshit he did.
If it wasn't for you,
I wouldn't be graduating,
I would have got expelled.
So what's the next move, man?
You know, Conscious Criminal ain't ready
to give up on the rap game yet.
I got to stay conscious.
Ain't no selling out.
One more thing.
Don't ever throw that jab my way again.
All right.
Hey, Obama.
Boy, Hendrix, dumber than you, dawg.
Why would anyone sacrifice \$1,200
for another drive-by
shooter wannabe rapper?
You know he going to end up
in jail any fucking way.

I promise you that.
Oh, shit!
Is that?
Dude, dude, bro,
what the fuck is wrong with you?
This is peanut butter, man.
I think I read somewhere
that Reggie's allergic to peanuts.
Like, super allergic?
No, but enough.
I'm sorry.
I never should have made
that stupid bet.
I never had the intentions,
it was just
a bunch of boys playing around,
like, wishful thinking.
I'm sorry I doubted you.
You really thought I took it.
Kind of. For a second.
It was like, holy shit,
did he steal the money
to get a car
to take me to the prom?
You felt guilty?
In a weird way.
Kinda flattered
in a twisted way, too.
So thinking that I'm crazy
enough to steal a car
to take you to the prom
is a turn-on.
No, it's not.
You'd be too psycho,
and I'd have felt guilty.
I really would have felt guilty
if my dad had given your dad
the beatdown.
Yeah, see, that wouldn't
have happened,
because my dad is an ex-Marine.
My dad can protect and serve, okay?
L.A.P.D. whup-ass, all day long.
Too bad that's with a badge and a gun.

Even without.

Well, my dad's not scared of your dad,
and neither am I.

Good.

What?

Good, 'cause I was kinda thinking,
you know, maybe tonight
you can come swoop me up
in your dad's little Prius,
and take me to the prom.

Really?

Please?

Is it gonna be cool with your dad?

Oh, come on.

Forget Reggie.

Pretty is temporary.

Dumb is forever.

The flashy rappers and jocks,
they win today.

But they lose tomorrow.

And nerds like my brother,

yeah, they lose today,

but tomorrow they become Bill Gates
or president of the United States.

So the real question is, Michelle,
who do you want on

your Facebook status forever

when colleges check you out,

or when you run for office?

And how ironic is this?

Your name's Michelle,

and everyone calls my brother Obama.

Successful.

So, the story is we met last summer
up at Big Bear Lake, jet-skiing.

You were there

on a modeling assignment.

I jotted down a few personal factoids,
so when the fellas ask,

and trust me, they're gonna ask,

you tell them that pound for pound,

I'm hella good in the sack.

Fat fly Freddie Flintstone

makes your bed rock.

And if you do a good job,
I might just throw in a little tip for you,
if you know what I'm saying.
Go. Come on.
Is this a bank job or something?
Come on, just go. Come on.
Anything can happen
When you try to track
the beat tonight
Walk on wind, walk on water
It's all right
Now that we're here
Dancing in the light
Now that we're here
On the other side
The doors are open wide tonight
Take my hand
Hey, guys.
You guys remember Sharon?
Oh, yeah.
Isn't that the...
Yeah, figured if I was going
to bring someone to prom,
might as well bring someone
that likes to dance.
Well, hey, girl.
Hey, yo
What up, my niggas?
What's up, bro?
So, Chowder, you gonna
introduce us to your date?
Yeah. Monique, this is the crew,
and crew, this right here is Monique.
So, Monique, how'd you two meet?
Monique.
How'd you two meet?
Monique.
Don't speak English.
Oh.
She said she's half Haitian
and half French.
So, how do you two communicate?
Ah, you know, body language, man.
You know, just,

we can feel each other.
Hey, Monique,
you want to get el drinko?
Ladies, we're going
to the restroom now.
Next time you hire an escort,
try one that speaks English.
Whoa.
You, seriously. Come on, Matt.
Oh, my God!
Oh, my God.
All right, what were you thinking?
The whole school's gonna know.
And when my mom
sees her credit card bill,
my ass is gonna be extra crispy.
- Extra crispy.
- Shut up.
He paid that tall chick that talk funny?
Oh, my God. Que, please take
your doodle-mama for a walk.
Whoa, whoa, bro.
What'd that fat nigga say?
'Cause you know I don't play that shit.
I know, baby.
Come on, let's go, baby.
How many times you want
to get beat up tonight?
Your mom's already
coming for that ass.
She's about to be on you.
Come on, man.
Look, you cannot buy your way
into winning the bet.
That's called cheating.
So you talk to him yet?
No, he was so busy
trying to beg for the car
and get to prom.
Did you talk to him?
- No.
- Okay.
I don't even know
who he is sometimes.

I don't think he knows who he is.

- Wanna dance?

- Why you being a bitch?

Dude, do you see that over there?

Paco's getting the taco,
and I'm getting the bill.

Man, don't worry about him.

It's our night tonight.

Dude, mood change, frowny face.

Come on, man,

nobody's gonna win the stupid bet.

Not yet.

- You want to talk to him now?

- Here?

Yeah, we're all together.

You're the principal,
and there's no time like the present.

- Come on, man.

- All right, so how about a bomb?

- Yeah?

- All right, man.

Bomb!

Excuse me, gentlemen.

- Your teacher...

- And your principal wants to see you.

Give us a minute.

Have fun.

What you did today
was some risky shit.

You put yourself
and your future in jeopardy.

Now, look, we're just trying
to keep 16-year-old Hendrix
from messing up the life
of 20- or 30-year-old Hendrix.

I'm sorry.

No, you're not, you just want to get
your ass back in there with your friends.

Now, you know Mom and I
don't always agree.

You're a good businessman.

You know how to handle money,
save it, and make it.

And your GPA came way up,

which proves that you can
succeed academically
if you focus.
But there's a lot of smart
rich people out there, son,
and they're spiritually broke.
You know why?
'Cause they don't do anything
for anybody else.
What the world needs
are people with heart.
And that's what you
showed us today.
You made us proud, son.
We can teach you a lot of things, but...
we can't teach you heart,
So, whatever money you've managed
to put away in your car fund,
we're gonna match.
So I get double.
No.
No, you get triple.
We're both gonna match it.
Oh! I'm gonna be rollin'.
- You like that, huh?
- Uh-huh.
Thank you, GUYS-
Hey, go have fun.
Michelle Bailey!
You did good.
I've never really thought
of myself as amazing,
but this truly shows me that
that's how you guys think I am.
And I just wanted to say, Maya,
we're both winners tonight.
Whoo!
Okay, everybody, one of our seniors
has a special message
for a special friend up in here.
Miss Cheyenne Davis,
come on now.
Y'all give it up.
If there ever comes a time

you ever want to play
Play with me
If there ever comes a day
when you need a friend
Stay with me
Baby, come take my hand
Walk around with me, yeah
More than just a friend
More than just a friend
I don't want to say goodbye
Spread my wings and fly
More than just a friend
It's not so easy to fly
Now that I've found love
You okay?
Go ahead and laugh.
Everyone else is.
I didn't come here to laugh at you.
Jackie.
What happened to your, uh...
Cage?
Yeah, I don't have to wear it anymore.
I know it was kind of hard to see
who I was under that thing.
Anyway, I was wondering
if maybe you'd like to dance?
To be truly honest,
I don't even dance that well
on slow songs.
Oh, well, it's been
like two years for me,
so, if you'd rather not...
I mean, if you want to,
we can try, yeah.
Just, not really in the middle.
Maybe here?
Yeah, okay.
Cool.
Ice cream on your body
I don't mind licking off
Oh, darling, hold tight
Everything is so right
All you gotta do
You think we could have that?

Who knows what we could have
if you keep singing to me?
So what's gonna happen with us?
I got into Columbia.
Full scholarship.
Wow. New York.
Maybe, if I get my grades
even higher next year,
say, 4.0,
I might be able to get
into a good school, too.
Hopefully Columbia.
I mean, if, for example,
you had the right tutoring
over the summer.
Oh, yeah.
And the right motivation.
You know, I'm a visual learner.
Right. You're a hands-on learner, too.
Exactly. Hands-on everywhere.
Just knowing how things fit into place,
- and, you know.
- Shut up, fool.
Okay, okay. Seriously.
If I get a 4.0 this year,
then you...
Are you trippin'? You're crazy.
- That'll definitely keep me motivated.
- It's not gonna happen.
Please?
My dad says that was the year
I finally got my eagle's feather.
It's also the year I got to hook up
with Cheyenne in my own car.
Shauniqua and Que,
they fell in love.
She traded the hood
for the trailer park.
But, hey, they're happy.
Believe it or not, Calvin became
a Log Cabin Republican.
And Michelle, she eventually
ran for Congress,
and Obama, well, he helped

her run the campaign.
I hope for his sake,
he's still hitting that.
- Who the party?
- We the party!
Get it, get it started
It ain't who you know,
it's who you are
'Cause you the party
We the party, we the people
After all the rapping,
my brother became
a music attorney.
And believe it or not, he works
with those two douchebag guys.
You know, Finklestein
and What's-his-face.
Quicktime and Sharon,
they moved in together,
'til she kicked him out for cheating,
and for a while, he was homeless.
Karma's a bitch, ain't it?
My mom and dad?
They still have the hots for each other,
but they don't know I know about it.
C.C. hooked back up
with his baby mama,
and has a hit song on the radio.
His brother and the scary Cyclops dude,
I think they're doing time for mail fraud.
Rumor has it Reggie got injured
and opened a unisex hair salon.
Jackie and Chowder?
They won a trip to Barbados.
Love, the sun,
and all-you-can-eat buffet.
I want to know, who the party?
We the pa-pa-p8-D3-Pam! 3
Life takes off before
you even go to college
But you gotta get control of it
before you can't stop it
Reflections of the king
on the mind of a young man

Does what he can,
doesn't have a plan
My dad's ready to see you now.
But you don't understand
why everything you do
Gets buried in the sand
Keep your chin up
I know it seems hard
I'm gonna start with you.
You ain't gotta go far
I'm here to tell you there's a light
At the end of the tunnel, my friend
There's a great big world ahead
And I know that life gonna
bring you trouble, my friend
But you gotta stand up
and raise your hand
Yeah, whoa
- Thank you, man.
- That's what I'm talking about.
The dance floor is now open.
Didn't want you to know,
I couldn't let you see
I hid it from myself,
I tried to believe
More than the beginning
more than the end
More than just a friend
buy your success or recognition.
You might have to do... do something.
Let me say something
before smashing on you
It's cool you did your head
to match your mom's cooch
Hail with the crew
Let's go, yeah
More than just a friend
It's not so easy to fly
Now that I've found love
Soft kisses on your pretty eyes
Holding hands, ice cream,
daydreams flow by
Not alone, I'll walk you home,
sweet nothings on the phone

Pick a flower, make a wish
while I rap you a poem
More than just a friend
And Hendrix would get the worst of it.
That's the boy we got.
We got us a two-slap son.
More than just a friend
Let me see those hands, come on
She ghetto, she ghetto
She ghetto, she ghetto
She ghetto, she ghetto
She ghetto, she ghetto
Her hairdo, ghetto
Her attitude, ghetto
Her shoes, ghetto,
her name, too, ghetto
She ghetto, she ghetto
Give it some flash.
Gangster that shit up.
Or sexy that shit.
That sells, too.
Her ring braid, ghetto
That little wig thing, ghetto
Hey! Everybody,
wait a minute.
C.C., the Conscious Criminal.
Listen up, brother,
you need to understand
Being truly educated
ain't a part of their plan
We got tricked again,
slicked again
Held back
and not picked again
Short-changed
and gypped again
Pink-slipped again
Truth been flipped again,
ripped again
The truth been
flipped again, ripped again
The truth been flipped again,
ripped again
The party ain't the car,

it ain't the house,
It ain't the shoes.
It's inside.
We the party.
Education
is the key to success.
Life's the test keep us
oppressed, we want
Life's the test
keep us oppressed, we want
Life's the test
keep us oppressed
We want success
So do your best
Truth been flipped again,
ripped again
Truth been flipped again, ripped again
The truth been flipped again,
ripped again
The truth been flipped
again, ripped again