



Scripts.com

Bad Boys II

By Ron Shelton

Ja, all this is under control.
A hundred and fifty million dollars
and my dope is on the way.
Today is gonna be a good day.
We are 25 degrees north,
The cargo's being dropped.
Good.
-Do you want to see his gun?
-Yeah.
Bang. Bang.
Sorry, Johnny.
Fucking bitches.
Infrared's got a live one
on the water.
Air Force Stallion C-1 4
to Coast Guard.
We've got a fast-moving contact
heading 3-5-0 toward South Florida.
Captain, Air Force Stallion has a
contact at 1 -8-0 closing fast.
This is Coast Guard cutter Valiant.
Request to know your intentions.
Vessel off our port bow,
this is U.S. Coast Guard.
Intercept is 1 -8-0, speed 1 7 knots.
Make it so, chief. Scramble the helo.
Vessel off our port bow.
This is U.S. Coast Guard.
Request to know your intentions
at this time.
Incoming.
Valiant, Valiant.
This is Coast Guard 6-0-0-3.
Negative contact with target. Over.
Captain, we've lost target.
Here's your delivery and payment.
Is it done?
-Cargo is on Dixie 7.
-Okay.
All right, TNT, for the millionth time,
listen up.
Since 9-1 1 , we've gone hi-tech over
water. Dope runners have gone low.
Our source says the biggest X

shipment on record arrives tonight...
...and we want to know
who's behind it.
Hopefully in a few hours
we'll have our answer.
We'll hit from three directions:
We'll go in with a water team, vehicle
assault and we got guys on foot.
We cannot make a move until our UCs
have ID'd the drugs and called us in.
No call, we back away.
And these guys we're going after...
...they got a lot of firepower and they
hate the law. So eyes open out there.
Bravo's on the move.
Heads up. Here comes the drop.
Fuck. My lens is flaring.
I can't see shit.
Brothers! Gather around!
Hey.
-Why didn't you say there was a rally?
-Who's looking?
-Take that shit. I'm out of here.
-Shit.
-White power!
-White power!
-White power!
-White power!
Blue power, motherfuckers.
Miami PD.
Aw, damn. It's the Negroes.
Casper, drop the bag.
Alpha leader, bring them in.
Bad boys, bad boys
What you gonna do?
What you gonna do
When we come for you?
-Dude, you gotta learn the words.
-We usually only do the chorus.
Alpha leader, hit it. Br--
Repeat your transmission.
Alpha leader to Bravo Four,
please continue relay.
Where's backup?

-Alpha leader, bring them in. Hit it.
-Mike, I'm only getting static.
It's all static.
The radios are fucked.
-Something funny? Something funny?
-Mike, where are they?
Got you, nigger.
-Looks like we got us a situation here.
-You won't shoot.
You got a gun to his head, so you
think I won't splatter you all over?
That's what I think.
My partner came here tonight
prepared to die.
Hell-- Hell, no!
Incinerating trash like you.
Ready to die, right, Marcus?
-The fuck I want to do that for?
-Scared, ain't you, boy?

A:

who brings this shit in...
...and maybe I'll just
pop one in your shoulder.

Or B:

and I'll put one in your chest.

Or C:

to talk a minute.
You know, de-escalate the situation.
See, that's my partner's
new spiritual bullshit.
Me? I actually prefer shooting
motherfuckers.
A lot of movement going on.
Can't see the UCs.
-I think something's going down.
-Don't move yet.
Mike, the man has a gun to my head.
He'll put it down if a hollow point's
in his eye!
Your partner's a cocky nigger.
-Damn. Now, was that necessary, sir?

-See?
He can't just be a cop?
He got to be a nigga too?
I'll hot this fool.
-Calm down.
-Calm down? I'm calm.
I'm calm! Hey! Whoa! Whoa!
I am way too unstable
for that bullshit.
Stop all the goddamned movement!
Everybody stop moving!
We can't let you all go, but this
shit'll get worked out in court.
We got our rights.
Exercise your right
to shut the fuck up.
I'm all right. I'll give you a warning.
It's the best I can do for all of youse!
Okay? He's crazy.
-You got 3 seconds to drop your gun.
-He has anger issue problems!
-One.
-He goes to bed early for this shit!
Just to wake up to pop one
in a motherfucker!
-Two!
-Mike, no!
Gun!
Rock 'n' roll! Let's go!
Kill them cops!
Marcus!
Go! Go! Go! Go! Come on, go!
-Get down!
-Drop the--!
-I didn't do shit!
-Get your hands up.
I didn't do it!
The radios were fucked up. Get some
medics over here. You guys okay?
-Yeah, we're fine.
-What you mean, ''we''?
Motherfucker shot me
in the ass, man.
-Who shot you in the ass?

-Who? That 'who' would be you.
-Me? I shot you?
-Yeah.
I mean, I was shooting.
Yeah, I did a lot of shooting.
But I ain't saying I shot you
in the ass.
I ain't saying I didn't shoot you...
...but, damn! Somebody shot you
in the ass.
Tell me about it.
-Yo, man, how's it feel?
-It's hot, man.
I can smell my ass burning.
Mike, you should give it a little kiss
so it'll feel better.
Pretend like we're not even here.
Hey, isn't Ricky Martin having
a concert? Get the fuck on.
-You always gotta go racial, man.
-It's sad, man.
I think it's cool. It hit the meat.
It ain't nowhere near the hole.
Two lousy bags?
What about the biggest shipment
of ecstasy to come out of Amsterdam?
Let me worry about my snitch,
all right?
It's a lot of cop work for nothing!
Take your ass home somewhere.
Tonight la policia jacked my mules.
Who can tell me how those jackals
knew where to bite Johnny Tapia?
Speak up, cousins.
You're lucky they did not find
my drugs on Dixie 7.
Change the boat schedule.
We can't.
We got a shipment Thursday.
Change it after.
Just keep them guessing.
You know, unlike you, my daddy
didn't leave me no trust fund.
I got real-world shit

to deal with, Mike.
I'm not in it for the thrills.
Same old shit, different day.
All right, yes, damn.
I shot you, all right?
But you'd be seeing nothing at all
if I hadn't made my move.
I don't know why
you acting so angry.
-You're misinformed. I'm not angry.
-No, you're very angry.
No, I'm not angry.
You are angry. It's okay.
I'm not angry. Except when
you keep repeating 'you're angry.'
That shit's fucking annoying.
Like a fucking gnat at a barbecue.
Just bugging the fuck out of me.
Good. I want you to say:
'I'm angry. It's okay.
I'll process my anger.
I love myself.
Whoosah.'
I don't know what the fuck
you mean.
Yes, you do know what the fuck
I mean.
You're the one that needs therapy.
-I did my therapy.
-When?
Capt. Howard made me do it after
I shot them people at the airport.
Whoosah.
Whoosah!
Officer Mike.
-Papi. That's 'daddy,' right?
-Yeah.
Whoosah.
Mike, you go to therapy
to get your issues worked out...
...not bang your therapist.
-See, now you just talking nasty.
-I gotta survive.
I gotta start loving me for me.

That sound like that group thing.

Maybe I did the group thing

once or twice.

Whoosah.

-And whoosah.

-Whoosah.

A bunch of men hugging and kissing,

that's some cult shit.

Buy.

Ignore him, doc, he's blowing

this out of proportion.

My ass is what's out of proportion,

Mike, okay? I got a big chunk missing.

It's actually a small chunk.

This tension you bringing

into this relationship...

...won't be healthy

in the long run.

Maybe there ain't gonna be

no long run.

Whatever.

He's seeing a shrink. I mean--

-Icepick, Lowrey.

-Hey, brother.

Two bags? You embarrassed me

in front of my people.

Wait, brother. No, no, no, brother.

Wait, wait, wait, wait.

Whatever. You better pray

to whoever it is you pray to...

...because you got 24 hours

to find that X before I find you.

The cops hit my mule.

Well, Mr. Tapia, I don't know

where the heat is coming from.

It's a delicate situation

for both of us, isn't it?

-I'm telling you, I've checked them.

-Alex, look. A guy's OD'ing.

I'm sorry, I gotta hang up.

Some fucking punk

thinks he can die in my club.

Ecstasy fucks them up.

-Get him out of here, Josef.

-We'll dump him around the block.

Dump him.

Auntie Syd, it must be so cool.

Young, single, living in New York.

Probably hook up

with a lot of cute guys.

-Just like Sex and the City.

-Theresa, cancel the damn cable.

So, Auntie Syd,

you're a cop too, huh?

Sort of. I work for the DEA,

but I just push a lot of papers.

-Nothing exciting.

-Well, you keep pushing papers.

Don't have to worry about

my little sister fighting crime.

Okay?

Possibly getting hurt.

James. Get my screwdriver.

Damn bolts.

Ignore him. He's being mean

because he got injured.

-Are you okay?

-His wound is fine. It's...

...other things

that were affected.

-Theresa!

-What?

You-- It's just nerve damage,

that's all.

You'll not gonna spoil it.

I'll talk to you about it.

It's a donut.

It's a medical thing.

I got it from a maternity store.

You know, pregnant women use it.

They can put one cheek here.

It take pressure off the other cheek.

-For you, dog.

-Thoughtful.

Look, man...

...last night there was something

different in your eyes.

You know, Mike, I had an epiphany.

You know?
-I realized you're an enigma.
-Yeah, I could see that.
God sent you here to test me.
But guess what?
You not gonna break me, Mike. No.
Whoosah.
Is that Syd?
-That's Syd.
-Now's not a good time.
Mike, listen, now's not a good time.
Hit me, hit me, hit me.
No throwing balls in the house.
Whoosah.
-What's up, Theresa?
-Hey.
Aw, they ain't tell me it was a luau.
Syd, hold up. Hold up.
Hold on.
Behave yourself, girl. Hey, hold up.
Hold up. Hold up.
Oh, look at you. Look at you.
Oh, okay. Okay. I see now.
You didn't tell Marcus
about New York.
-He knows about New York.
-About us? You told him about us?
No, he knows about New York.
You know, it's a nice city and that I
dropped a witness off last month.
Mike is so sweet.
-So sweet he make your teeth rot.
-So have you told him yet?
Baby, soon, okay? Real soon.
He needs to know you're transferring
and won't be his partner anymore.
Theresa, timing is everything.
Marcus is not very happy
with me right now.
No, no, Syd, I'm telling you, that is
Scarface limping around in there.
We need to give that boy a few
minutes to let his butt heal up good.
We like each other.

What's the big deal?
I'm just gonna go tell him right now,
because this is dumb.
Hold up. Hold up. I'm gonna tell him.
It ain't like I won't tell him.
How am I not tell him?
-When?
-I need a minute.
Straight up. We're not vibing
right now. I just need a minute.
Mike, he's my brother, okay?
Don't be scared. Toughen up, chief.
Whoa. Hey.
Hey, I ain't say I was scared.
Just.... There's something wrong
with your brother.
So, Mike, I understand you
were in New York last month.
Yeah, I was....
-Remember I did the thing?
-No.
You remember?
The two of you should've gotten
together. That would've been nice.
I never told you Mike was in New York.
Well, you know what, Mike?
Syd, she's gonna be in town,
what, another week?
Why don't you show her around?
That'd be nice.
That would be so great.
Yeah. Yeah, I could--
Well, me and....
Marcus, you want to show her
some stuff?
Yeah, because I'm in town
on vacation.
I'm staying
at the most amazing hotel.
The view, the pool. Oh, my God.
We got a pool right here.
That ain't exactly a pool, man.
That's like a big-ass puddle
wrapped in blue plastic.

Didn't they have any good pools
when you bought this one?
Megan, that pool cost \$3900.
Okay, so how much
do the good pools cost?
-It's all right, baby.
-It is kind of whack, huh?
I gotta go meet somebody.
It was nice seeing you again, Mike.
Nice-- Good to see you.
Where you going?
-Bye, sweetie.
-Bye.
I thought you were on vacation.
So glad you could join us, Mike.
I'm telling you, spending time like this
make a partnership strong.
Mike, can I see you
by my stupid pool?
What's the deal, baby?
Why you gotta always come over
here and try to take over, Mike?
-What are you talking about?
-This is my family, man. Okay?
-What are you talking about?
-My place of peace.
Are you taking medication?
You taking medicine
for the thing, right?
-What'd I do?
-Forget it. Just forget it.
-What'd I do?
-Mason. Go fetch.
Oh, shit!
Now, that shit is funny.
That's some funny shit.
Oh, man, hold up.
Yo, Lowrey, you hot.
Thirty-nine hundred dollars.
Thirty-nine hundred.
You better pray to God you right
this time. Yo, dry off, sweetheart.
Icepick said the Haitian Zoepounds
about to do a rip. Let's move.

All right, guys, smarten up.
Talk to me.
Eyes on, agents. Good luck.
This is 1 05.
They're backing in.
I got a good look.
-We got a good eyeball.
-All right, we're in.
What's up?
You come highly recommended
out of New York.
You did some good jobs
for our Russian crew up there.
How old are you?
Old enough.
Come on. If you want to move
this stuff you gotta do it quick.
Wow, nice getup. You can start
to run these through.
I'd like to see
how your machine works.
Ooh, that sounded dirty.
'I would like to see how
your machine works, baby.'

I wouldn't be so crude.
I mean, I'm more of a refined kind
of a human being.
You follow ballet?
Three of my cousins are dancing
with the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow.
I like hippie-hop too.
I gave you 5000.
You gave me 4900.
-I gave you 5000.
-4900.
-5000.
-Count it.
If you want to fuck with me again,
find yourself another chump.
Okay.
-How much?
-Three.
Look at this. Money everywhere.
Clean it up.

Okay, we want to change a little
over \$3 million, all right?
How many jobs did you do with
my friends up there in New York?
Quite a few.
How you behave with me
has consequences for a lot of people.
You found me,
not the other way around.
You need me to change small bills to
large ones and deliver to a third party.
I bet he'd like his money
in a timely fashion.
Delivery's late, it's your ass,
not mine.
Here's 50,000 in 1 00s
for your 50,000 in 1 0s.
Third party takes his million
in these five briefcases here.
-I hope I'm not losing you, chief.
-I hate math.
So for your \$3 million
that we shrunk for you...
...you get 2 million in clean money
back.
Less our percentage: \$300,000.
-I'll be delivering these to your dealer.
-Alexei.
-What?
-We're giving too fucking much away.
We take all the risk.
And our suppliers take too much
of our profit.
Yeah, we'll call the general,
renegotiate.
He's a businessman,
we're businessmen.
Yeah, call him.
You call.
Agents, we're on the move
to the money drop.
Forward.
Hey, man, the truck's leaving.
We're going to follow it.

Don't lose that truck.
Follow that truck. Follow that truck.
Yep, they saddling up.
Look like Icepick came through.
Wonder whose shit
they about to rip now?
Falcon One, do you see her?
Stand by.
I don't want to get spotted,
take a burn.
Zoepound a bunch of pirates, man.
Steal anything.
Black Suburban at 10 o'clock.
Oh, come on, baby.
Park it at the top.
Roberto, she's coming to you.
I got her.
This is Falcon One, guys.
I got her coming up.
Heads up, guys.
I got an orange muscle car.
Looks to be three black male
occupants.
It's out of our field of vision.
Bring it up.
All right, be aware,
we got three bogeys unidentified.
Guys, we got three bogeys.
They're splitting up. They're moving.
Be aware. They're approaching--
Shit. Shit.
-Fuck, it's a hit!
-Shit.
Agent down. Agent down.
Roberto, fucking follow them!
-I'm on it! I'm on it!
-Shit!
Stay here!
Son of a bitch!
It's Syd!
Move! Move!
Man, what is your sister into?
Sidewalk! Sidewalk!
Move! Move!

Shit.
-Shit!
-I need backup on Canal, now!
You just get ready to shoot.
Police!
Stop the car!
Man, your badge?! He has a gun!
Shoot him!
Mike, she's in trouble, man.
Move! Get out of the way!
I think I done just got mad.
-Gun! Gun! Gun!
-Hold on.
Now show them your badge!
-This shit is crazy.
-I know, right?
Move! Move!
Get the world down here!
Shit!
Go! Go!
Get out!
You, drive!
Go!
Go, go, go, Mike! Punch that shit!
Punch it!
Kill the fucker!
Shit!
Move! Move!
-Don't lose her, Mike!
-This is what I do!
Shit! Shit.
Definitely shoot
that motherfucker that just--
Oh, man, my headlight.
Shoot back! Shoot back!
Shoot! Shoot!
What the--?!
What are you doing, man?
-That's my bad.
-Shoot outside!
Pay attention to what you're doing.
These dudes is off the chain!
Jesus! Fuck!
-This is some sick shit!

-Yep, it's about to get sicker.
Watch out! Watch out!
Oh, sh--!
-Oh, they are not about to do that.
-Hell, yes, they are!
Go!
-You see that?!
-They throwing cars! How can I not?!
-I'm just trying to help, okay?!
-You know what'd be fucking helpful?
Just shut the fuck up and let me drive!
Let's try that!
Hey, come on, man,
with the screaming shit!
I'm concentrating on dodging
these fuckers.
Just relax.
-That was a flip!
-That motherfucker flipped!
-That one puckered up my asshole.
-Almost fucking crushed my head.
The boat!
I lost them. Yeah, I've got your cargo
to the backup drop point.
Attention all units,
suspects still at large.
There she is.
What the fuck is going on, Syd?
Some desk you're driving.
Get over here, I'm undercover.
And please call off your dogs.
I got DEA watching my back,
so don't blow my case.
-We saved your life.
-And I appreciate that.
What I don't appreciate is
you two following me here...
...nearly burning a case
that took five months to set up.
So now we lie to each other?
Is that what we do?
-What do you want me to do?
-All right.
-Fuck that, Mike, she's wrong.

-Calm down. Relax.
Syd, are there drugs in that truck?
-There's cash.
-Where's it going?
-I can't tell you that.
-Why not?
Because I have a career and if I
want to keep it, I have rules to follow.
What's that mean?
My orders are, under no circumstances
share information with Miami PD...
-...because they got too many leaks.
-Oh. I'm Miami PD now?
You done forgot I'm your big brother,
huh?
You know what, Syd,
that shit you did was reckless...
...it was stupid and it was dangerous.
Okay?
I'm telling Mommy. Okay?
I'm definitely leaking that shit.
Hey, Marcus--
Syd, come on, he got a point.
Your brother loves you.
Not to mention a little thing
called professional courtesy.
You bouncing in somebody's yard,
you should let them know about it.
First time using your gun?
Hey, you handled yourself
very well.
Too bad your partner didn't notice.
Thanks.
Think you get off that easy? You
been working this for five months?
How come you ain't tell me
in New York?
-What would you have said?
-I would've--
I'd have let you know this job
is rugged, you know.
It's dangerous. And if something
happen to you I might....
Exactly why I didn't say anything.

Somebody's stealing your money.
The drop's done. I gotta go.
Thanks.
We gotta close this case
before it get her killed.
Yeah, no doubt.
You ready to go back to the station,
get our asses whapped?
I think we gonna be all right.
Fellas.
What's your job description?
No, you two.
What is your job description?
I'll tell you.

TNT:

Tactical Narcotics Team.

Keyword:

'Displaying finesse and subtlety
in achieving a goal!'
Tell me, gentlemen...
...what was subtle about your work
today?
Twenty-two cars...
...and a boat, totaled?
How did you sink a boat?
We didn't sink it.
Whoosah.
All right, the positive.
Thank God no cops died.

The negative:

commissioner so far up my ass...
...if he spits it's coming out
of my mouth.
But I know that there's
always two sides to a story.
So, what's yours?
Well, I was at a family barbecue.
We got a tip that the Zoepounders...
...were gonna do a hit on cash or
drugs from this big-time X-Man.
That's what they call

a ecstasy dealer on the streets.
Marcus, I know what they call them.
That's why I'm captain. It's cool.
So you got the drugs.
No drugs. Oh, okay. All right.
How about the money?
-No money.
-Nope.
Then who is this X-Man?
Captain, I was at a family barbecue.
So I--
We don't know,
but we are going to find out.
Well, then all that...
-...was for nothing?
-We didn't do all of that.
If you look close--
Watch. Hold up. Let me s--
There's DEA all over.
Wait, the-- Wait, hold up.
The DEA? Without consulting me?!
That's a DEA car right there.
Christ! Fuck!
Cap. No. Remember
your pressure points.
Do my.... My exercises.
-Holler at your boy.
-Whoosah.
Twenty-one thousand?
What?!
Oh, kiss my black ass.
It was the dashboard.
-You know what?
-Better.
Yeah, you'll get your money.
Somebody's on they way
with your money.
Is it possible we could discuss
potential reimbursement--
We don't cover personal property.
That's why we drive police cars.
So where do we go from here?
Zoepounders knew exactly when
to hit the drop, where to hit the drop...

...so we figure they know
where the cash is.
We find the cash, we find the X-Man.
Hey, I'm through playing games,
all right? I have three cops critical.
I got kids dying on my streets
from souped-up X.
I do not want these animals
taking over my city.
Do you understand?
So I want you guys to do whatever you
do, whatever it takes, but do it now.
It's not good, boss.
Oh, my God.
Fucking ratones eating
my fucking money.
Carlos, this is a stupid
fucking problem to have.
But it is a problem nonetheless.
Rat fuckers.
Rat fuckers.
Boss, it ended up crazy.
This black chica working for the
Russians was a maniac lunatic.
She saved your money.
She wasted some Haitians
and got the load to the drop.
Also, Roberto saw these two
crazy gangbanger homeys.
-Oh, shit.
-Yeah. Chasing and shooting.
Old days, did I have
this problem? No.
Just fly the drugs in
and ship the money out.
Now American security's
so goddamned tight over the water...
...and in the sky...
...that the rats eat my money
before I can get it to Cuba.
-You see?
-Fiery crash....
I can't even get my money across town
without making the news.

Hey, man. Man.
Tell me...
...should I be worried?
-No, boss.
-Shut the fuck up.
People is trying to jack my loads
here in Miami.
I own this fucking town. You see?
This is my town.
Oh, my God. Pink.
Pink, nia, pink. Pink.
No powder blue.
Pink is prettier.
But the lady at the store
said I look like a model.
You're lucky your mother
was my mother's cousins.
Don't pay attention to Roberto.
Besides, models are filthy creatures.
You look more like an angel.
-What do you think, Carlos?
-Of course.
-Roberto, what do you think?
-It's fucking beautiful.
Talk polite in front
of my little bonbon...
...or I'm gonna chop your balls off.
For real, I'm straight with all your
spiritual enlightenment and that shit.
But I need to know if a crackhead rolls
to me with a .9, you'll cook that fool.
No question about it.
Shoot him in the leg.
Come on with that leg shit.
-Everybody deserves a little dignity.
-What about my dignity?
Your crackhead will be missing
a kneecap. I'll be in a body bag.
-So sad.
-What's so sad?
Your untreated control issues.
It's not your fault.
What in the hell
is that supposed to mean?

Your mama probably refused you
her tit when you were a baby.
You grew up a malnourished
high-school softie.
Got your gun, little tight T-shirt...
...and became
a overcompensating tough guy.
That is the last time you will ever
refer to my mother's titties.
I don't even want them
up in your head.
You know, I said all that, Mike,
and all you heard was ''titties.''
Man, you can't keep suppressing
my spiritual growth, Mike.
You need to suppress my mother's
titties out of your psychoanalysis.
You just remember one thing,
my friend. I may not always be here.
What's up, Icepick?
Jesus is the way, my brothers.
Step inside.
You just went number one
on Uncle Mike's shit list.
-We got two lousy bags, man.
-My brothers.
Haitian blond with dreads.
Where is he?
Blondie Dread?
He's very expensive.
You and you
have to do something for me.
Oh, you trying to get gangster
on me like that?
-Yeah, he went gangster.
-So we should probably--
-So we want to do the-- You got them?
-Yeah, sure.
Me and my partner, we're on
the Miami PD tandem dance team.
We got a routine.
We won all the local talent shows.
We thinking about going national.
You want to show him

some of the routine?
Warm it up. Don't hurt nothing.
Yo, yo, watch this. Watch this.
This the shit right here.
This is the shit.
-What you doing to my shop?!
-Watch this spin.
Wait.
-What are you doing?!
-Oh, give me some.
You're ruining my shop. Stop!
-Do the dance thing.
-I'm gonna bring the house down.
Stop! Stop!
He lives in a pink house
eight blocks from here on Carl Street.
One....
-Police! Get down.
-Police!
Who that? Who in my house?!
-I'm the devil, who's asking?!
-The devil is not welcome here!
You got to call yourself the devil
in his house?! Shit!
You're in my house!
This is all your fault!
-You're in my country, though.
-Fuck you, how's that?
-I'm gonna kill you, motherfucker!
-Your country, my ass!
-Fuck you.
-Fuck me? Fuck you!
You no problem!
Mike, do you have to be
so combative?
Fucking--!
You calling me a bitch?!
Do or die, man!
A bullet in the head'll
really mess up your extensions.
Take your bullet
and eat that shit, man.
How about that?
What the fuck?

Sir, we just want to talk.
You want to talk?! Well, go ahead.
Go ahead.
We're not Immigration.
They can't hear you because
they're still shooting at you.
Fucking Haitians in
a fucking little-ass room...
...with fucking guns. Shit!
Got to make it home to my babies.
Damn, now.
Motherfucker! You killed my brother!
That's a bitch!
Shoot them. Fucking shoot them.
They shot me.
They got me, man. Yo!
Got you.
Oh, shit! Motherfucker!
They killed the boy!
They kill me!
They're killing everybody!
Motherfucker!
My eyes!
I'm gonna kill you, motherfucker!
Come. Come kill me, motherfucker.
Come. You don't take me alive.
You got three seconds
to drop your weapon!
I got a present for you!
-A nice present for you!
-One!
-Two!
-I'm gonna kill you.
Don't shoot. Don't shoot, man.
Don't kill me.
-Bullets and all-- Excuse me.
-You all right, man?
Apologize to that man.
Apologize to that man.
Apologize! Apologize.
Hey, listen, I owe you--
It's just that, you know,
you was disrespect--
But that don't mean it give me

the right, though. It don't.
Excuse me. Whoosah. Whoosah.
Whoosah, motherfucker!
See, the interesting thing is he's
the one of us that's not pissed off.
-I don't know nothing.
-I didn't ask you no question yet!
-I don't know nothing.
-Lying already?
-No, get--
-How'd you know about the drop?
-I don't know nothing!
-Stop lying!
Do you know anything?
I'm gonna be nice about it.
Do you know anything?
Let's ask some other suspects.
-Hey, look, man, fuck it.
-Let's try this. Let's talk to his homeys.
Hey, look here, man.
Can you tell me who was driving
the black Suburban?
Oh, he don't know nothing.
His brains is under the end table.
He can't tell us shit, Mike.
-He's all fucked up.
-What's your point?
Dead suspects can't say shit.
It seems like live suspects don't say
shit either, so I'll hot this dude here.
-Save us the paperwork.
-I don't know nothing!
I don't do motherfucking surveillance,
man. He do surveillance.
He don't let nobody
touch his camera.
-What's on that camera?
-Trigger Mike strikes again.
Hi, welcome to Phat's.
How can I help you?
-Miami PD.
-Whoa. Cops. I love that show.
-We need to see what's on this video.
-Absolutely.

You got a little bullet hole in there.

You guys tell me about it?

Guess not. We'll put this
in our central floor model.

It has kick-ass bass.

You like hip-hop? I love it.

We freestyle in the break room. If you
guys ever want to kick it, we'll flow.

We're gonna set you up on
the wide-screen. Correct ratio.

There you go.

'Spanish Palms Mortuary.'

Why would they be doing
surveillance at a funeral home?

Is that a Cuban flag?

Right there. See the gun?

Never knew guards at funeral homes
needed to carry them kind of weapons.

It just seems like

we should turn it off...

...because my dad owns the store.

She got a tongue ring.

-This is like a porno. We're not--

-Dude. Dude.

-All right?

-Yeah.

Okay. Okay.

It's just, you know,

my dad's gonna be--

I just need to-- I think I--

-I think I screwed this up.

-Relax.

-My dad's gonna-- This is like a porno.

-Oh, yeah. I want more.

-Okay.

-This is official police business.

-What the fuck's going on here?

-Out of my way.

My dad is coming.

My dad is coming.

What the hell is going on
in my store?

Son, how did this porno crap get
on my videos in my store?!

What the hell is going on in here?!

-You all right?

-No, I'm not all right, Mike.

Three days of this shit.

Got my nerves all rattled.

My ass still hurts...

...from what you did to it

the other night.

Oh, my Lord.

Yeah, it got rough.

You know?

I mean, we got caught up

in the moment, shit got crazy.

You know how I get.

When you popped me from behind,

I think you damaged some nerves.

Okay.

Now, I can't--

I can't-- Now, I can't....

-Can't what?

-I can't even get an erection.

What's an erection?

I tried taking Viagra, you know,

pop one, pop two.

Been eating them like Skittles.

That poor man is pouring out

his heart.

And I'm still flaccid.

Okay. I'm comfortable talking

to you...

It's got 5.1 Dolby.

...about what I did to your ass...

...but you not getting an erection...

...that's a real problem for me.

-I just figured I could talk to you.

-Yeah. No, no.

We're-- We partners, but we are

partners with boundaries.

We got a new rule.

From now on you can't say

the word 'flaccid' to me.

He's a mean fuck.

Look here.

This is our little boundary box.

So we gonna take the word
'flaccid'...
...and we're gonna put it in there
with my mom's titties...
...with your erection problems,
and we're gonna close this box...
...and we're gonna throw
this bitch in the ocean.
And the only way that you can
get to this box...
...is you got to be motherfucking
Jacques Cousteau.
We cool?
Oh, shit.
We gotta go.
In front of my babies you got porno
and homo shows up in here?
What kind of freak-ass store is this?
And you two motherfuckers
need Jesus.
Cover your ears, baby.
Palm Mortuary, owned by an offshore
holding company...
...which, after 17 layers of bullshit...
...turns out to be registered
to Donna Maria Tapia...
...mother of Hector Juan Carlos Tapia,
who calls himself Johnny.
Johnny Tapia. Shit.
Every time the PD goes after him...
...he sues for wrongful arrest.
And, oh, does he win.
Last year he was awarded \$9 million.
And got a dozen dumb-ass officers
like you fired.
Well, he hasn't run across us yet.
We'd love to hear what's going on
in that house.
Use your computer brain
and tap the phone.
Well, that happens to be
highly illegal without a judge.
We were thinking of something more
along the lines of a training operation.

No, I can't do that.

-Get you tickets to the Heat game.

-I need floor seats.

With thick-ass glasses
you don't need floor seats.

He can see the game
from the parking lot.

-I can't work under these conditions.

-Floor seats to the Heat. You got it.

-Lakers.

-Yes, Lakers.

Okay. Watch me work.

Hello? Is this the pest control?

Yeah. We got a fucking problem.

You know where we live.

-Yeah, South Miami.

-We got it.

Got our way in.

-Illegally?

-You got to put a word to it.

It's like, secret.

So y'all want to kill roaches?

-Illegal.

-We'll plant a couple gypsy wires...

...find out what Tapia's up to.

These are your basic household bugs.

Dog, this is what we do.

-What's the sprayers for?

-The roaches.

-Roaches? We got rats.

-Say what?

That's not an issue.

We can handle that.

We'll just have to slightly adjust
our approach a little bit.

Nope. Nope. I don't mess
with no rats.

Hey. Stop it.

-We're in. Get your head right.

-Mike, I'm a grown-ass man.

Get your grown-ass self together
and let's do this.

-You got a beautiful house, sir.

-Well, start looking.

They're all over.
Those ain't normal rats.
What he means is that they're
obviously a special breed.
-What kind of breed are they?
-Big motherfuckers.
Disposing of the rats isn't a problem.
But we should ensure there's no
breeding elsewhere in the house.
Yeah, at Zook...
...we like to work from the outside in,
you know.
So we gonna leave these--
Excuse me.
We'll leave these here
and send in a special unit.
It'd be better to begin
in the rest of the house.
You're not getting
in the rest of the house.
We won't be able
to guarantee our work.
The only thing that we can
guarantee...
...is that these rats will keep fucking.
Giving off offspring
until we find the colony.
Rats don't got no stinking colony.
Well, actually these are colonial rats.
What they do is they send out
worker rats that are called....
Marsupials.
Marsupials.
These drones, they're explorers
of the rat world, you know.
They just looking for rat pussy.
-You know.
-Are you fucking with me?
Hold on. You called us.
We can leave.
But what you should understand is
that these rats will hump twice a day.
All right. Down there. Just kill them
and bring me the bill.

That's that bullshit.

That's that bullshit right there.

-You see these rats?

-Plant your wires.

-You're not leaving me with them.

-Plant your wires.

Gentlemen. Alexei, Josef.

Oh, I really like that word, Johnny.

'Gentlemen.'

I'm just trying being civil.

This is business, we can all relax.

-Alexei, would you like a Cohiba?

-Why not?

Of course. And you? Josef.

I'm told you're a wine connoisseur.

I am.

Carlos, have Josef pick a wine and Alexei and I will have a cigar. Come.

-Where the fuck you going?

-Pretty bad problem you got here.

I'm gonna head down to the truck, get some poison pellets and stuff.

Come straight back.

No screwing around.

They're all over.

Nice place you got here.

It's Mama's. And it's a shithole.

Built a fucking million years ago.

-Expensive shithole, eh?

-Oh, no.

My new place I'm building in Cuba.

Esto va a ser tremendo, brother.

Almost finished. Everything fucking shiny new. Come on upstairs.

Oh, shit.

Oh, shit! Look at the balls on that motherfucker.

Roberto...

-...the general's office camera is out.

-Everything in this house is broken.

My wire's planted.

-How about yours?

-Almost got three wires planted.

Mike!

There's a papa rat humping
the shit out of this mama rat.
No, he's straight pile-driving her!
Now, how is that information
gonna help me do my job?
They fuck just like us.
Where's the pest guy?
There's something going on
down here.
Goddamn rats.
Yeah, they everywhere.
Just like cockroaches.
No disrespect...
...but I do not wish to talk business
until my partner return.
It's baffling. You secretly decide to pay
me less and you talk about respect?
Let's wait for Josef. You know,
me and digits.
Carlos, could you bring Josef in?
So...
...your partner is here.
Would you like to talk now?
Carlos, another box.
So you sign over ownership papers
for all the Florida clubs you own...
...and I will control everything...
...from point of origin to sale. Okay?
No middleman. Especially Russian
middleman.
With all due respect, Mr. Tapia...
...in my country, I see such things
all the time.
I'm sorry for your country.
That must be some Cuban stupid
tradition to put them in a tortilla bin.
Now, listen to me, you Russian punk.
I, me, Johnny Tapia,
will sever your head off!
You kill me and you will have
a shit-storm.
Should I screw your young wife...
...or visit your son,
the soccer player?

My daughter knows your son.
-You're gonna regret this.
-I hope that we can remain friends.
Because at the end, what else
do we have but friendship, trust...
...honor.
Without this,
we are no more than beasts.
The kitchen monitor's out.
What the hell's going on out there?
Shit.
I found something.
-It's a guy's finger.
-What, did the rats eat the rest of him?
-What the fuck are you doing?
-Hey, I was just looking for you.
I think I figured out your problem.
Y'all a bunch of filthy motherfuckers.
Blow out!
-What's going on? Shit!
-Get out of the house!
This shit's got to stop.
Fuck!
We should go.
Go! Go!
Just another day with Mike Lowrey.
-Damn! Go!
-Come on!
Roberto thinks they were
the gangbangers...
...that tried to hijack the drop, boss.
How did this thing happen?
I don't know. We called the rat people
and these guys showed up.
Maybe you're the rat, huh?
They tried to steal from me, and
you let them into my mother's house.
Johnny. Hey, no.
I would never....
Nobody puts in danger
my daughter, my mother...
...or my money.
Send him to the mortuary.
Johnny. Johnny,

what happened to Roberto?
He killed himself, Mama.
-Very sad.
-Write a nice letter to his mother.
I'll do it.
Okay. Bye.
-Yo, run the print.
-Mike, stop playing, man!
-Run the print.
-Don't touch me with no dead finger.
Excuse me, run this print.
I need to find the owner.
Thank you.
Think you can find out
what's on these shreds?
Of course.
We're thinking about ordering lunch.
Should we put you down for some extra
crispy and a couple of grape sodas?
' 'Couple of grape sodas.' '
-Very funny. That's hilarious.
-Isn't it low tide?
I think it is.
-Don't you have relatives to pick up?
-What?
Yo, now you crossed the line, man.
Okay, no, that's not funny.
We're fucking with you. We planted
wires, we need some help. No bullshit.
I want you...
...to find out...
...who those two black
puta de mierda are.
And I want them lying right here...
...in Mama's garden
in these coffins!
And our mystery finger

belongs to:

Josef Kuninskavich.
He was a lieutenant in a Russian mob.
Owned a couple dozen
Florida nightclubs.
Tapia's starting to knock off

Russian mob bosses.
Got something.
What you got, dickhead?
The computer matches half tones,
gray tones, densities.
Sort of like a visual code-breaking.
Little something I put together.
The shredded papers was a photo.
Some kind of boat. ''Dixie 7. ''
Dixie 7.
-It's registered to a one Floyd Poteet.
-The Poteet brothers.
One of the KKK guys we busted.
You blew his ear off, remember?
Mike, can you teach me
how to shoot people?
Listen to what we got at Tapia's.
The second-in-command is talking.
He's telling him, ''Yes, boss. We
found a bunch of fat doe fuckers...
-...and we're getting them emptied.''
-Fat does emptied?
-The hell does that mean?
-He has a meeting this afternoon.
-You know who I am?
-Name sounds familiar.
Sense of humor. I like that.
Meet me on the sand,
-She has no idea. Let's roll.
-Y'all come with us.
I ordered a couple
of Bacardi Mojitos.
Miami.
Okay, zoom in on nine.
A little more audio, please.
So, why don't we take a swim?
Cool off.
Or we could just stay here
and get drunk. How about that?
Or we could drink this later.
Unless you have a reason...
...why you don't want to get
that beautiful body of yours wet.
Why not just ask

if I'm wearing a wire?
I'd rather go swimming.
-What the hell's he doing?
-Son of a bitch.
Shit. He's taking her into the water.
This guy's smart.
I want you to work for me. Why waste
time on this unnecessary talking?
It's very unnecessary. What do
you need with another banker?
For the same reason
as your previous employer.
But now I own all the Russian clubs.
No middleman.
I'm about to be the biggest importer
and distributor of X in North America.
You're gonna be a very rich young
woman. That's why I thought--
I know what you thought, Mr. Tapia.
As long as you don't think it
more than once...
...I'm happy to be in business
with you.
All right.
Let's do business.
What are you,
a cop or a model?
What do you mean? I threw something
on. I like looking good. What?
For who?
Don't hate the player.
Hate the game.
I hate the tailor.
Good job. We'll get him.
Your brother would love to talk
to you down the street.
Whoa, what's going on?
You trying to blow my case
or you just insane?
You're the one taking a dip
with the Cubano maniac.
-How'd you know that?
-We had a wire in the house.
-You two have a warrant for that wire?

-Look, fuck that, okay?
You don't know the kind of danger
that you're in, Syd.
I am fully aware and I am fully capable
of what I am doing.
I am not your baby sister anymore.
For the DEA you ain't nothing
but a honeypot.
What'd you just say?
That's why you got the job, because
you look good in a bathing suit.
All right, let's sit down somewhere.
All right, look, Syd, there's
some shit you need to know.
Johnny Tapia is cutting up Russian
mob bosses in his mom's kitchen.
In the kitchen, Syd.
He found a severed finger
by the crock pot.
You're about to be in the middle
of a drug war.
Miami PD has arrested this guy
Why don't you just hang back
and let us bring him down?
Guys, look, I need this, okay?
And I am this close.
What's ''this close''?
I'm in charge of money laundering
for his entire operation.
In a month or two we'll have enough
for a conviction and it'll be over.
What about a day or two?
Sound better?
Marcus and I think we found the key
to Tapia's whole operation.
You have nothing to say now, huh?
-Just stuck, right?
-Okay, time-out, y'all. Damn.
We got this peckerwood
that'll put us down...
...with the transport end of Tapia's
operation. Do you want in?
-Why would you--?
-When?

-Tonight.
-Page me.
Should I bring my thong?
Get your bitch hands off.
I'll knock you the fuck out.
Mike, we're trying to keep her
out of trouble, man...
...not invite her in.
Man, I just figured, you know,
if she with us...
...that's just less trouble
she could get into.
I'm gonna keep it real with you too,
man. I think she can handle herself.
I'm gonna keep it real with you.
Don't nobody know my sister like I do.
Okay? She doesn't
make good choices, Mike.
-She's not street-smart.
-Doesn't make good--?
-Like, what kind of choices?
-Men, for one.
She's attracted to these dumb...
...flashy, just musclebound dickheads,
Mike. You know?
Cock diesel motherfuckers that can't
even fucking turn to wipe their ass.
-You feel me?
-Yeah.
You know? Just dumb
as a bucket of shrimp.
Yeah. Yeah. That shit's crazy.
I mean, you don't think maybe you--
Maybe you didn't, like,
get a chance to know any of them?
I'm gonna give the next one
a chance.
A chance to whup his ass.
-Whup the shit out of him.
-Oh, you gonna fight him?
What I'm gonna do
ain't even gonna be legal.
I might be up in here
with these motherfuckers.

Do you know what I mean?
The fuck you looking at?
Thank you kindly.
Thank you kindly.
-Who sprung me?
-Hey, Cousin Floyd.
-Oh, you.
-Remember me?
Cheese.
Y'all look great together.
-What the fuck you doing?
-Just a little insurance.
You gonna help us find Dixie 7...
...and tell us what that boat
has to do with Johnny Tapia.
-I ain't no snitch.
-Oh, you ain't no snitch?
-Oh, damn. That's a shame.
-Know what I'm gonna do?
I'm gonna send a special 8 x 10
to his KKK buddies back in jail.
You know what,
it's a digital photo too.
So we can do
whatever we want to do with it.
By the time we get done with you...
...you gonna be in the next
Busta Rhymes video on BET.
Tuck ass.
I got my rights.
I'm worried. There's too much heat
around in Miami.
I can feel it. I can feel it.
We need to put my money in coffins
to Cuba faster.
You should tell the mortuary
to speed things up. All right?
That's the channel marker
way out there.
They make the drop mostly at dawn,
but there'll be one today, though.
Syd, you talk to Mama?
She's got hives.
Oh, and I told Mama

about your Cubano boyfriend.
He ain't invited to Christmas dinner.
Change the station.
More music, less Marcus.
If you open the door he'll be a black
Dr. Phil for the next 40 minutes.
Syd, you might not want to get
too flirty with Mike.
Your boyfriend might cut off
his trigger finger.
Maybe Mike's been flirting with me.
Did you ever think about that?
Trigger Mike?
Not like this. Don't play
with that boy.
-Seriously. Don't play with that boy.
-Just tell him about New York.
-Do it.
-Tell me what?
Oh, shit. Is he walking
down the steps?
Oh, shit. He coming down.
-It's okay.
-Yeah, you done fucked up.
You done fucked up.
You remember....
Remember I went to New York?
You remember?
And...
...I said, ''Syd.''
I ran in--
Syd ran into me in New York
on the street in that place.

And I said:

''What's up?''
And we was hungry, so then...
...she had fish.
It was grouper.
And then I had some chicken.
Remember I was supposed
to come home?
But I didn't.
We went out on a date.

Five, actually.
Now we're seeing each other.
Hold up.
You know, really out of respect
for you, Marcus, nothing happened.
Hey, Mike, why you tripping, man?
I mean, we wanted to make sure
you was cool with it.
Doesn't matter what I think, you know.
Hey, I had to find out like this, right?
Don't matter.
Let me ask you, y'all gonna have
babies? Little bunch of mini Mikes?
Bunch of little lying, violent
motherfuckers?
Marcus, nothing happened.
I just want to say,
Mama's gonna be thrilled.
All right, you know what, you need to
'whoosah' or something for a second.
Hey, here comes the Dixie 7.
Whoosah.
Just leave it alone.
-Why you acting like that?
-Go on about your business, man.
-We gonna talk about this.
-No. Get out of my face.
-I'm trying to talk to you.
-Get the fuck off me, Mike.
What the hell is your problem, man?!
Why you acting so stupid?!
This is a dysfunctional partnership.
That's why I'm acting like that.
-You know--
-There ain't no trust.
I didn't lie to you!
I was waiting for the right time
to tell you. But that ain't your issue.
Why don't you bring it to me real.
What is your problem with this?!
You know what? You a dog, man.
-That's it. There it is. I said it.
-Oh, okay.
You like a pit bull with that little

pink thing hanging out.
Oh, it's like that.
Oh, okay.
I'm not good enough for your sister.
Guys, enough. The boat's coming.
Okay. We gonna handle that shit.
Go ahead, man.
In about an hour,
the drop boat's gonna come.
We got them.
Wonder what mortuary
that coffin's going to.
Keep going straight by.
You seeing what I'm seeing?
Get the load to the mortuary
and don't screw up.
I got it.
Load up.
They're getting away!
Stop! Stop!
We need your car. All right?
-Get out the car.
-Can't you get a better car than that?
Let that man go!
-Don't be coming at me with that tone.
-Freak.
-Small cars don't hurt the ozone layer.
-That's what I'm talking about.
-Stop the car.
-Get-- Yeah.
-Pop the trunk. Get out. Get in.
-Get out. Get out.
-Get your ass in.
-Okay.
-I am in the middle of a sale.
-Do I have to pull my gun?
Oh, shit. Dan Marino. What's up?
Back up, Dan. Hey, you're the truth.
-Whatever you need, officers.
-That's Dan Marino.
-Hey. Back up.
-Let me know how it rides.
He's gonna test-drive the shit
out this.

Go. I don't want to blow my cover.
Got them. Got them right there.
Why you gotta get so close?
-I won't let that coffin get away.
-But they're all around us.
Shit, those are the gangbangers.
Relax, they don't know us.
Boss, we got a problem here.
We're being followed.
This is a big problem, Carlos.
-Sorry, boss. I'll take care of it, okay?
-Kill those black bitches. All right?!

They made us. Get some
undercovers to roll with us.
We're splitting up. Everybody
go to Third and Boxter, now!
Here we go.
I didn't sign up for no
goddamned car chase!
Have you lost your mind?
I see you got your mind set on doing
dumb shit, so please let me out!
I seen this in a movie once.
They didn't make it!
Oh, shit!
-Dump truck!
-I got it.
-Mike!
-I'm fine. I'm fine.
Right there! Oh, shit, Mike!
-Did you see that shit?
-No shit.
Dan Marino should definitely
buy this car.
Not this one. I'm fucking this one up.
But definitely one like this.
I almost missed that.
All right, that was almost fucked up.
I almost fucked up.
Shit!
This is not necessary.
Oh, shit!
-Damn!
-Dead man on the hood! Dead man!

-I'm trying to get it off.
-Get it off!
I'm trying to get it off.
-That shit's nasty. That's nasty.
-Get it off! Get--
That shit is nasty.
-Undercover police! Everybody move!
-Undercover police!
-Move!
-Move! Move! Move!
Coming around the corner!
Get ready, they're coming
around the block. Move!
Up top!
Shit!
Boy, if this was my car,
I'd be pissed!
Get down! Get down!
Trying to break the world record
for gun fights in a week!?
This is not the time to criticize!
I can't work with you
blaming me all the time!
-This is not your fault?
-This is not-- No! No!
Bullshit, Mike!
Everything's your fault!
Okay, let's go! Let's go!
-Clear around!
-Cool!
I'm going around!
-Mike, got him!
-They got the coffin.
Move!
Move! Move! Get down!
Police! Get down!
Move! Move!
Police! Move! Move!
Get out of my way! Move! Move!
Get down! Get down!
Shit! Open the door! Police!
No!
Whoa! Shit!
Mike! Mike!

That boy bit me!
Mike!
Move! Move!
Police! Move!
Police! Move!
He under there?
We lost the coffin...
...and you barbecued
our only lead, Mike.
This has got to be the worst, most
emotional cop week of my life.
Yeah, it's been a little rough.
-Where were these bodies going?
-I don't know. It's really strange.
All the John Does we found
out here are empty.
Empty Does. Fat Does.
Cut them open, took the organs out.
Sewed them back up.
Nice work.
The more you guys fuck up,
the more we look like rock stars.
The van you was chasing
is a transport for the city morgue.
The John Does were being delivered
to the university for medical research.
-Nice going.
-I can't believe you guys.
Do you both wake up
in the morning, call each other up?
'Good morning, Marcus.'
'Morning, Mike.'
'How you doing?'
'A'ight.'
'So how are we gonna fuck up
the captain's life today?'
'Gee, I don't know.'
'I don't know.'
'Ooh. Look, over there.
Let's kill three fat people...
...and leave them on the street.'
They were dead
before we ran over them.
It doesn't matter whether they

were dead or not, goddamn it!
Every time you leave a corpse
on the street...
...I have to get these forensic coroner
guys to come to see what happened.
Then I gotta get detectives.
See? They're detecting shit.
Then I gotta get these forensic guys
to stick them back in the fucking bag!
Jesus Christ!
You guys, you're like....
You're like a bunch
of bloodsucking ticks...
...draining the life's blood
out of this department.
-Whoosah.
-Damn the whoosah, captain.
-Did you just call me a tick?
-I was referring to him.
-Thought so.
-These aren't normal corpses.
If I threw you out
of a speeding ice truck...
...and then ran over your head,
you wouldn't be normal either.
Think about this for a second.
These bodies have been emptied...
...from a drug smuggler that just
happens to own a mortuary.
I got a bunch of bodies waiting
with plenty of room in them...
...I could smuggle some shit.
-Johnny Tapia has the perfect cover.
-Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa.
Johnny Tapia?
I want a warrant to go
into his mortuaries immediately.
No warrant. What?
For what? For what?
For a bunch of dead guys
on their way to med research?
No. Every time we go after him,
he sues us and wins.
This shit stops now

or they'll fire us, disband TNT...
...and stick me in a fucking coffin.
-This is over now!
-What happened to ''whatever it takes''?
That was pre-vehicular manslaughter.
Not to mention Johnny Tapia--
-What the fuck is that?
-Oh, shit.
Shut up. Shut up.
Shut up. Shut up.
This man has violated my rights!
Who the fuck is that?
Running people over is not enough
for you? Now you're into kidnapping?
That man is a criminal. Okay?
We busted him at the--
Excuse me, I have so much brass
up my ass...
...I could be playing
''The Star-Spangled Banner.''
I ain't cut out for this, man.
Come on, man. I can't do this
with you right now.
-I'm re-evaluating what's important.
-About what? Being a cop?
No, about you being my partner.
Is this about Syd?
God! Hey, Marcus, man--
That was messed up, but that
ain't what this is about, Mike.
Once we nail Tapia,
you and me, we're over.
I already signed my transfer papers.
Megan, what's the name of this boy
taking you to the movies?
Reggie.
Daddy, please don't embarrass me
and ask him a lot of questions.
Everybody knows you're a cop,
and it makes people nervous.
Well, why nervous? He on crack?
-It's cool?
-Yeah. Come in.
What'd you--?

I got a sneak and peek.
Judge Sinclair said we can go
into the mortuary tonight.
We can't touch nothing,
but if we find something...
...he'll give us a righteous warrant.
You love pissing Captain Howard off,
don't you?
It's what I do.
So when you start playing golf?
Hey, so you real serious about
this transfer thing, huh?
I mean, you been quitting for 10 years.
I just always thought it was...
...how you dealt with all this shit.
It's what's best for me and my family.
Look, I'm gonna get my stuff, man.
'We ride together,
we die together.
Bad boys for life.'
We getting old, Mike.
One of them young punks coming
to take my baby out on her first date.
-Who the fuck are you?
-Hi, Mr. Burnett. I'm Reggie.
-What you doing here?
-I came to take out Megan.
-What?!
-I came to take out Megan.
-How old are you?
-I'm 15, Mr. Burnett.
Motherfucker, you look 30.
-Show me some ID.
-I don't have none on me.
You don't have no ID.
Get your ass up against that wall.
What is your problem?
You think you know it all.
Little young Thundercats.
-Got joints on you?
-No.
-You smoke that shit?
-No, sir.
You trying to get my daughter high?

Do you smoke that shit?
-Nigga, who that is at the door?
-It's Reggie.
-Who the fuck is Reggie?
-Came to take Megan out.
-What you want, nigga?
-I'm here to take his daughter out.
-What's your name?
-Reggie.
I heard the motherfucker
say your name Reggie.
You taking Megan out?
-How old is you?
-Fifteen.
-Shit, nigga, you at least 30.
-This is Mike.
-Can you fight?
-Yeah.
You can fight? Motherfucker.
You can't fight. Look at you--
-Cut it out.
-I want to know if--
When somebody taking my niece out,
I want to know if he can fight.
Somebody might come say something,
the nigga can't fight, she can't go.
This is Megan's godfather, okay?
He just got out the joint.
Why you putting all my business
in the street?
-They call him--
-I got out of jail. I ain't going back!
I ain't going back!
What's wrong with you? You're
scared. You ain't seen a gun before?
Stop pointing the gun
at the boy.
Look, don't you disrespect me
in front of company.
Let the gun go off.
Nigga, you a big, tall, Ludacris-looking
motherfucker, ain't you?
-You rap?
-No.

Hey, Mike!

Now, listen. Have my daughter

home at 1 0:

If she ain't home at 1 0:01 ,

I'm in the car, okay?

Lock, loaded and hunting

your motherfucking ass down.

-Do you hear me? Speak up.

-I'll go with him.

If I'm there, know what it'll be?

Chitty Chitty Bang Bang, nigga.

-That's what it'll be.

-Marcus!

Reggie, baby, I am so sorry. Forgive

Megan's dad and his silly friend.

-You a virgin?

-Yes.

Keep it that way. Ain't gonna be

no fucking tonight.

Baby, the red shirt's nice.

You guys have a good time.

-You ever made love to a man?

-No.

-You want to?

-No, sir.

-Hey, have a good time, baby.

-Go. Go.

-All right.

-I need to go.

That was cool.

So you ready to bust this case open?

Oh, yeah. Let's finish strong.

All right?

All right, ladies. We cannot take

a burn tonight or Tapia walks.

I need a good, clean break-in.

-Zank, eyeball.

-Eyeball set.

-Dex, high ground.

-Rooftop set.

-Fanuti, light your crack pipe.

-Got you.

Lockman, you buzzing?

We're up, baby.
-Hello, anybody home?!
-We got a stiff to deliver!
-What's going on here, man?
-We got a stiff to deliver.
-Nobody told me about any stiff.
-The guy's in the van now. He's fresh.
No deliveries tonight.
They told us to come right over
to the place. This is the place.
-We must bring him in here. I'm sorry.
-No one in.
-You get that body to the morgue yet?
-Morgue?
You said to get it to
the Spanish Palms Mortuary.
No, you dumb Latin fuck.
What you smoking
in that crack pipe?
Who you calling a Latin fuck, man?
Check.
There's burnt people down here, Mike.
Oh, fuck.
Damn, somebody's teeth.
Now that we're here, you need
to sign some paperwork...
...because the man is very contagious.
His contagiousness could touch you.
You guys have a nice evening.
Good night.
Might you see us inside
for some hot cocoa?
Cam one, I got a good signal.
Cam two, I got a good signal.
-Damn!
-Stop it. Do not do that tonight.
-You don't smell that?
-Oh, yeah, I smell it.
-It stinks.
-Stop!
I'm gonna have some Pepto.
-This dude hasn't been embalmed yet.
-What you talking about?
They stick a tube down your throat

and just suck out all the gunk and bile.
Because what happens is, your body'll
get gaseous and you'll decompose.
Don't want that to happen
before your family see you.
-I don't need to know that now.
-They sew your mouth closed.
They got to get it all out because
a lot of times dead people'll fart.
That shit'll clear a funeral home out.
-How do you know all that?
-Learning Channel. That shit got me.
Oh, shit.
You're not even gonna
warm up to it?
Hey! Do some cop work.
-He's a human being.
-Check the casket.
Why don't you check his spine
while you're in there.
I'm retching.
Mike!
-What?
-Have some dignity.
-I ain't doing nothing.
-Cover her titties up.
Like, what am I gonna do
with these big-ass dead titties?
But you're looking, though.
There's-- Something's wrong
with your brain.
Just cover the titties.
Goddamn!
Damn. This nicer than some cribs.
She's going to Cuba.
Who's top cop now? Huh?
That's what I'm talking about. See?
There you go.
That's it right there. Take a picture
of the money, then check this body.
Nah, I'm gonna count these.
You know?
Check the body.
I'm gonna check the body, Mike.

I'm not rushing into it, that's all.
This one's going to a mortuary
in L.A.
I'm gonna check this one.
That's that bullshit
that I be talking about.
Mike, the motherfucking head fell off.
Come here.
I'm back in the game.
Think I got something.
Feels like a bag.
Shit, it's his kidney.
I smell dead people.
Drugs and money.
We got him, baby.
This dude is loaded.
Bet he thinks he's a damn genius,
transporting them in dead bodies.
Let's get this body.
Mike, you got company, man.
Somebody's coming. Hide!
Give me the X. Give me the X.
You gotta stall them.
Hide! Hide! Hide!
Shit!
Punk kids do this? Go check it out.
Hide!
Marcus! Why would you--?
That's just not smart, man.
You tell Theresa, I'll kill you.
Bimbo's next.
Oh, God. Not that. Not the bimbo.
Let's hurry this shit up.
Shit.
We got a big problem.
We got a big problem.
Drive that ambulance
into the building right now.
-Crash it into the building!
-No. Not me, baby.
I got too many crashes on my file.
You do it.
No. You're kidding. I got red-flagged
last month for the thing.

You know how much the city paid.
I can't have another ding on my file.
Mike, my man, we want to help
you out here, you know...
...but we got a couple of administration
problems over here, you know?
So how about we give sirens
and some flashing lights?
Make a racket. How's that?
Negative! Negative!
Crash that ambulance
into the building right now!
We want to help the team out
and everything, but....
But I'm not getting suspended
for this.
Okay, I plan on whupping y'all
asses the second I get out of here.
-Crash into the building right now!
-Screw it.
Just the price of cop business.
Now, get her on the table.
Oh, my God.
Jeez! What the hell!
I'm so-- I'm so--
That's tragic, man.
Go, go, go. Back door's clear.
Go! Go!
Get up, Marcus!
The gas got stuck. I didn't mean to.
Oh, man.
Supple leather, you know.
You ever rub your leather?
You know, like, just rub it.
See how good it feels.
What does love mean to you, Mike?
Don't worry about me and my love.
Look, I got plenty of love in my life.
Like a woman's butt.
-Don't do that.
-Whoa, whoa, whoa. Mike.
Let's just concentrate
and get this warrant.
I need to express right now.

I want you to know, if this is
our last job, I really appreciate you.
Okay?
No, this is not gay shit.
This is man shit.
You know what I mean?
And you a beautiful man.
You know?
And when you let the beautiful side--
-What?
-Look at your pupils.
How am I look at my pupil?
What, I'm--
Yo, what are you taking?
Did you take some of that X?
-Hey, look, give me a hug.
-Hey, get off. Listen, listen. Listen!
We need this warrant. Do not
fuck this up. Pull yourself together.
Evening, captain.
Hello...
...''capteen.''
So how do you two plan to fuck up
my evening tonight?
Well, captain, believe me,
we would not be here...
...if it weren't seriously,
utterly important.
Get in here.
Get off me!
Cap, this is beautiful.
Have such a warm feel,
you know.
Sort of like a ''ving shwa.''
What's it, Mike?
-It was a V, like a ''von schwo.''
-Why don't you have a seat?
-Or ''ven wangs'' or--
-Feng shui.
''Von sway.''
You have a ''von sway'' home.
Make yourself at home.
All right, captain, I know you said
that Johnny Tapia was hands--

-Oh, no! No!
-Look, captain, we got him. It's a wrap.
Look, we messed up today,
but we got him. Please just look.
-How do I move it?
-Here, you flip through the pictures.
You can flip--
You can flip through picture--
This is horrible.
-Take the picture.
-You can look really close.
Listen, we got everything
that we need to take this dude.
Oh, God.
They're taking the organs out.
Right there you can-- You can--
Yeah. If you look there....
Oh, gosh.
This is good. That's horrible.
Look at this.
Everybody just needs to relax.
Whoosah. Whoosah. Whoosah.
What are you doing? Marcus,
it's 2 a.m. Get your hands off me.
Remember we said we
were gonna call Vargas and Reyes?
-No, I don't--
-Call Vargas!
Tell him the thing
we said to tell him.
-What thing?
-Tell him we said-- About yesterday.
And tell him about the thing.
So, captain, listen,
we've also got videotape.
Yesterday, we fucked up bad.
But we got him now.
Oh, shit.
-What?
-No, a lot of times with these--
Oh, shit!
-What? Did I erase it?
-No. We got video.
-We got fucking....

-Oh. Let me see.
Oh, shit.
He's shipping the drugs around
the country in bodies.
We found coffins of cash,
tagged for Cuba.
And you think Tapia's about
to move out with all this money?
I love it when you call me Bunny Nose.
Shit!
Yeah, I do, girl.
You should see this sexy shit
I got on.
Who the hell are you talking to?
I talked to Vargas and...
...Ru-- Reyes. They said that
they're down for whatever.
This is a nice fish, you know.
Big fucking eyes,
but a nice fucking fish.
We need this warrant, captain.
Let's take this scumbag down.
What the fuck is going on?
-He ingested X.
-You okay, pal? Take it easy.
Okay, thank you.
Poison lady says we gotta
keep him cool.
Otherwise, he's burning up,
he can get brain damage.
Nobody'll even notice that.
Mike, I got an erection.
Take me home.
Call the wife, tell her I'm on the way.
Hope you guys hear me.
-We got her. Loud and clear.
-She's in.
Showtime.
Palm Mortuary, Alpha team.
-Tapia's mansion, Delta.
-Dixie Boy boat dock, Bravo.
Coast Guard gunships,
anything that hits the water.
We hit all three places

simultaneously.

Tac up at 08:

We go hot at 09:

Bring the noise.

You're such a beautiful girl.

Thank you.

-Johnny.

-Yeah?

-Is she a Negro?

-Please, Mama!

Shut up! Get out of here!

You make your bed, you sleep in it!

Make way!

-Get down!

-Don't fucking move!

You take risks. I like that.

Or...

...maybe I'm the one

taking a risk on you. Huh?

-Yeah?

-Yeah.

Excuse me, boss.

We need to talk now.

Something's going on outside.

-Cops.

-What the fuck do you mean, cops?

Goddamn it.

DEA. You don't plan

on entering, do you?

-We have a warrant to get in there.

-A UC's inside. She's gotta leave first.

You got two minutes.

-Call her on her cell.

-Yes, sir.

Cut the power to the house.

-You got her? Well, let's go.

-No, sir.

We got a bogey.

God. This is for you, Josef,

and me and Mother Russia.

They're not gangbanger homeys.

They're cops.

Cops?!

They weren't trying to hit the load.

I think they were looking after her.

Now, you tell me...

-...where is the wire?

-They made her.

We gotta get her out. Go! Come on!

Hey, Tapia, you fucking mother.

The Russian Grim Reaper is here.

Everything's in here.

-Oh, shit.

-Goddamn.

Eyeball, has anything left this
mortuary in the past two hours?

A four-hearse funeral just left.

We trailed them to Miami Harbor.

Miami Air, Tapia's running his
money to Cuba. Get us a chopper!

Hey, Tapia!

You scared of me,
you little scumbag?!

-We got some heat.

-Pull the car back.

I'll fucking kill you!

Who the hell are you?

-Drop the weapon!

-Drop the weapon now!

-I'm with you guys!

-Put it down, now!

-I'm over here!

-Shut up!

-Drop the weapon!

-I'll kill that son of a bitch!

This is Alpha. Heads up to the
Coast Guard Sharks and Bravo Team.

Close the harbor.

Freeze any moving speedboat.

This is Bravo.

We got a go-fast slinging a high rate
of speed down Miami harbor.

Stop that boat.

This guy's moving us.

Think we're going for the bridge.

Coast Guard, we're going in.

Miami Police. Shut it down.
This is the police. Shut it down.
-Watch out, he got a weapon.
-Bail out!
Coast Guard, take him down.
Burn him.
Vessel is dead in the water.
Vessel is dead in the water.
This is what we do.
Oh, man, it's full up.
It's full up.
It's a righteous bust.
How the hell they slip away?
Give me the watch commander
on the horn.
Do you know her brother
on Miami PD? Find him.
Do you know anyone
who might want to save your life?
-Hello?
-Marcus, they--!
You have \$ 1 00 million of mine...
...and I want it back in 48 hours.
Shit just got real.
Jack Snell, DEA.
Agent Eames, FBI...
...who has just informed me...
...that satellite pinpointed Tapia's jet
in Cuban airspace 20 minutes ago.
Cuba?
United States does not negotiate
with hostage-takers.
Especially Cuban hostage-takers.
It's a delicate situation.
This is not just a situation.
This is my sister.
Off the record,
all State Department agencies...
...are using their back-channel
contacts for a diplomatic solution.
You know, by the time
y'all finish being diplomatic...
...my sister could be in
a fucking box. This is bullshit.

He ain't getting away
from us that easy.
We ride together...
...we die together.
Bad boys for life.
We just gotta do it ourselves, man.
I don't know you.
You look like you're about to do
something stupid. I'm in.
Dodd tell you how
crazy us ex-Delta guys are?
My brother, Tito, lives in Cuba.
He's a little crazy, but he's hooked up
with the underground.
Weapons, men, a safe house.
Whatever we need.
You can forget about passports
and all that stuff.
Because if the Cubans catch us,
we're all dead.
My brother Tito's in Alpha 66,
the Anti-Castro Underground.
What does that have to do
with Tapia?
Everything. Tapia's the biggest
supplier of drug cash to Castro.
So Alpha 66 will be all over him.
Brother, that is perfect. He says he
can get men on the tunnel right away.
Let me holler at him.
Tito, we need layout, security,
the whole deal.
We got info that Tapia's got a casket
coming in tomorrow at 4:00 p.m.
Yeah, that might be our way in.
Yeah.
Brought you a little care package
from my friends over at the CIA.
They want to help.
And don't ask me.
They're spies.
Former Delta Intel and Demo.
Requesting permission to tag along.
Ronnie, I hear there's a boat

on fire off the coast of Cuba.
Shouldn't we break
international waters to help them?
That's my dog.
Point of no return.
I want to thank y'all
from the bottom of my heart.
-Mike, look, I just--
-Tell me when we get back.
The target's in sight. I see the boat.
Roger. Target 1 2 o'clock.
Roper in the door. Stand by.
Go! Go! Go!
-Tito?
-Welcome to Cuba.
Damn. What's up with the safe house
across the street from Tapia's crib?
This is the last place
anyone would look.
We've been watching the place.
Guards play soccer each day at 3:30.
The bad news, everyone knows he
uses the army like his bodyguards.
-This is Tapia's compound.
-CIA hooked us up, huh?
Yeah. This LIDAR laser technology
even shows his escape tunnel.
The alarm security is wired
to the army.
We're screwed if we don't blow up this
security room before we make a move.
The tunnel we're digging
branches off.
One under his back yard
and the other into his escape tunnel.
We gotta hurry up.
See? I told you my brother
was a maniac.
-How we looking?
-Let me check it out.
Papi, you look like Jesus.
Why they call this
The Last Supper?
It was the last time they were all

together before Jesus was crucified.
Crucified?
Hold your ears. Hey, you.
Listen to me. This is fucking
depressing! You understand?!
I mean, who had this fucking idea?
I just want little angels
looking down on me.
Okay, here's the ocean,
We're here. Safe house.
First tunnel comes through to here.
First team takes out
the security station.
Second tunnel comes through
into the center of the house.
Tito, your contacts inside
said Syd's in the last bedroom...
...on the second floor, right?
Lupe's one of us.
If she says your sister's there...
...she is there.
Three o'clock sharp, the bag of cats
and iguanas go over the fence.
Hopefully the motion detectors'll go
so crazy security'll shut them off.
My guys will watch the outside
for any military.
If they come, that's bad.
Let's make this count, guys.
We're in.
Goddamn it, it's the fifth time today.
Carlos, turn off the motion sensors
till we get it fixed.
-Look what I found. Can I keep them?
-No.
All right, guys...
-...sensors are down. Time to move.
-We are 100% go.
Let's go.
Left. Left. Yeah. There we go.
This is not as easy as it looks.
Okay, we're at the T.
Split right.
Good luck, guys.

Let's go. Come on, let's go.
Find the soccer game.
Sniff it out, baby. Sniff it out.
To the left. To the left. Oh, shit.
Oh, you did not see me.
-Ready to bust into the escape tunnel.
-There we go. Soccer.
Sorry.
Go, go, go, go, go!
Go!
Get me the American bitch.
Call General Santos.
Tell him I need him now!
Sorry, darling. Take her outside
to safety. Come on.
-Carlos, this is not good!
-I know!
-Where is General Santos?!
-He's coming, boss!
You fucking maricons!
I'm gonna blow your head off!
Fuck!
What's happened to this gun?
My son will slice you into chorizo.
-Mama, I'm very sorry.
-You little puta!
-Vargas, you in?
-We got Mama and the girl.
We're entering the house. Go!
Move! Move! Move!
Everything's clear outside.
You got 30 seconds max. Haul ass.
You got two rovers on the balcony.
I can't get a shot off.
See the rover? I missed him!
Get down! Get down now!
-Get down!
-Down!
Move! Move! Move!
-Marcus!
-Come on!
Move! We got the package.
Move now. It's turning
into a real bad day.

-Vargas, we're coming back. Cover us!
-We got you covered, baby.
Somebody talk to me.
What's going on?
The military is everywhere.
-This is bad, I have to go.
-Listen, you have a lot of company.
Get out of there now!
I'm hit! I'm hit!
Head for the tunnel. I'll blow this.
Go, go! Get out!
Mike, you gotta get out.
Vargas! Get out! Abort!
Vargas! Get out! Abort!
We won't reach the tunnel!
Go to plan B.
-We're going to plan B!
-What plan B?!
You don't pay attention to shit!
-What's the plan B?
-That's your problem!
Are you fucking shitting me?
Let's go!
-Follow me! Follow me!
-I will--
Plan B? What the hell is plan B?
-Tito, what you doing here?
-You need a Cuban guide, fool.
This way!
-They won't make it to the tunnel.
-Let's blow out of here!
Keys, keys, keys!
Oh, my God! No! God!
Oh, my God!
Plan B did not have
that big-ass gun in it!
You call this plan B?!
What the plan B stand for? Bullshit!
Do you want to drive?!
Yeah, pull over by the fuckers
with the machine guns!
Shit!
I am not to be fucked with!
I missed the part of the meeting when

you drive through the dining room.
And right out the front door.
Get in the truck!
Cuban army was everywhere.
-Gotta get us to Guantanamo Bay!
-No.
You can't drive onto
a U.S. Naval base.
Hey, we're Americans, okay?
Marcus, you know how when
we usually get in these situations...
...I'm always trying to make you
feel better, like we'll be all right.
-Yeah, yeah.
-I could say it...
...but that'd be a bunch
of bullshit today.
Military, military.
-Which way?!
-No, right! Right! Go right!
These are drug dealer shacks.
They make cocaine here.
Hope there's shit in there
that likes to blow.
Faster! I'll kill you, motherfucker!
I'm gonna go for it.
-This is a big-ass hill.
-Shit.
-Oh, shit! Is this still called plan B?
-No, this is definitely plan C.
Oh, Jesus!
God! God!
Everybody start shooting
at somebody!
Shoot! Shoot!
-Shit! I'm out!
-I got two rounds left.
-One in the chamber.
-I'm out.
All these guns
and none of you got no bullets?!
-I got one in my hip!
-Oh, God, he's hit!
There! Gitmo!

U.S. soil, baby. U.S. soil.
Come on! Go!
-Americans on the way!
-Whoa, watch--
Run it! Run it!
Go.
Go! Go! Go!
Fuck.
Mike!
We're Americans!
I pay my motherfucking taxes!
Shoot them!
Hey, fucking gringo. Drop the gun!
Put it down! Put it down!
They can't help you.
You're staying in Cuba.
You are standing
on a live minefield!
Do not move!
Look, why don't we all go home--
Well, we'll go home,
you go to a hotel.
Work this shit out another day. None
of us is having a good day right now.
-Give me the gun!
-Okay.
I'll toss it right at your feet...
...right next to the mine.
Now, that's how
you supposed to shoot!
From now on,
that's how you shoot!
Oh, I want my next partner
to shoot just like that.
It take a dysfunctional motherfucker
to bust somebody in the head like that.
That's some dysfunctional shit.
My next partner'll invite me
to his barbecues, though.
Come here, girl. Come here.
I came all the way to Cuba for this.
Come on.
Y'all gotta do that
around land mines?

Would you tell them that that shit is dangerous around these land mines?
You know, Mike, this ain't easy for me, but I was wrong.
I'll be very proud for you to date my sister.
-Thanks, man.
-All right.
You know, me and Syd thought about it...
...and your behavior was so crazy that...
...any magic we could've captured, probably best if we didn't.... You know.
You're just gonna take advantage of my little sister?
Already you breaking her heart?
-What you talking about?
-She not good enough for you?
Syd, Mike says you ain't shit!
Now, why would you scream out some crazy nonsense like that?
I don't appreciate you coming here, disrespecting me in my new pool.
I bought your new pool.
Why don't you hook this pool up to your Ferrari and drag it out of here?
First of all, I was joking.
And second of all, all this right here, smell yourself right now.
Because this moment is what's wrong with you.
I got the transfer papers in the trash can.
I'll get them and glue them the fuck up.
-Glue them up.
-What?
-Want some glue?
-We won't be partners no more.
I got glue in the car.
I'm trying to talk to you. It's hot, I feel like I'm cooking in this fucker...
...and I gotta hear shit out of you?

Then on top of that shit...
...you gonna dog my baby sister?
Oh, this that bullshit!
Dad!
Dad!
I kept the warranty.
I kept the warranty!
Bad boys, bad boys
What you gonna do?
What you gonna do
When we come for you?
Bad boys, bad--
Come on, you gotta learn the words.
Mike, you don't know
the damn words either.
Bad boys, bad boys
What you gonna do?
What you gonna do
When they come for you?