Don't Be a Menace to South Central

By Shawn Wayans
What up, y'all?
Yo. I'm fixin' to tell you
how it is in the hood.
- See, 'cause in the hood,
everybody's a target.
No, it ain't like that.
I'm goin' tell you the real deal
what it goes on in the hood.
See, in the hood, most of us
won't reach the age of 21.
Happy birthday, homie
- For me?
- Yeah. Happy birthday, homeboy
- For me?
- Yeah. Make a wish.
- Agh!
No, Lord! No, Lord! Not my baby!
I know You didn't do me wrong, Lord!
No! He done--
Oh, my Junior!
I nursed him with these!
Lord, why?
- Not my baby!
- Yo. Yo!
- Yo, yo! This ain't your baby.
This ain't your baby.
Mmm? Ah. Ain't that some shit.
I'm outta here.
I'm gonna tell you what
it's really like livin' in the hood.
I moved back into my father's
house after livin' with my moms
for most of my life.
Tray, I don't want you
hangin' out in the streets.
I want you to finish school,
'cause without an education the only
work you're gonna get is sellin' drugs,
pimpin' women or workin'
security for Eddie Murphy.
Now, I've done all I can.
I got my education;
I worked two jobs to support you.
But I can't teach you
how to be a man.
Only your father
can do that.
Now gimme a kiss
and be a good boy.
- I love you, Tray.
- Love you too, Mom.
So, will I see you again?
Sorry, baby.
You know there ain't no positive
black females in these movies.
- Sorry.
My father tried
his best to give me advice.
The problem was, he was only
a couple of years older than me.
Fool, I told you I don't
want no damn Watchtower!
Hey, what's up, nigger?
- What's up, Pops?
- Oh, how you doin', man?
- How you doin', man?
- How's it goin'?
- Oh, man!
- Look at you. It's goin' be on!
- Look at you, man!
Look, you got big, man!
- Oh, you know.
Last time I seen you,
you was about this tall.
They wouldn't even let you on
the rides at the amusement park.
Had to take you to kiddie land.
- Remember that?
- Yeah, but it's all good.
- I was just about to eat
breakfast. You hungry?
- No, I'm full, man.
- I had some Red Hots.
- Oh, is that right?
Cool. Hey, man, come on in.
Oh, please allow me.
You're the guest in my house, man.
Make yourself at home.
Hey, are those your Bo's?
- Yeah.
- Hey, I'm gonna be sportin' them, man.
It's good to have you
up in it too.
- I'm gonna finish gettin' my
swollen on right. Have a seat.
- All right. Cool.
Hey! Make sure your
ass is on that plastic.
Look, Tray.
So we're not bumpin' heads.
Man, if you gon' be stayin' here,
you gon' have to follow some rules.
No smokin' my shit.
Don't let me catch you drinkin' my shit.
And if you bring any of them ho's up
in here, make sure I fuck 'em first.
And, uh... you gon'
have some chores.
- Chores?
- That's right. Chores.
Nigger, this ain't gon'
be no free ride!
Uh, you gon' have to
keep track of my Matchbox cars.
You got to organize the damn
Sega Genesis cartridges.
Do my homework, since you want
to be such a smart ass.
After that, in the nighttime,
cut the hair on my balls.
- Can I ask you a question, Pop?
- Yeah.
What you gon' be doin'?
Hey! Look, nigger, I ain't got
to do nothin'. My mama take care of me.
-I know you think I'm bein' hard on you.
What the hell. I guess I'm tryin'
to teach you some responsibility.
- You right, Pop.
- No shit.
Hey, could you do me a favor?
Could you line me up in the back?
That's gon' run you about $13.
Thirteen dollars?
Come on, man. The Spanish dude down the block only charges six.
- Well, take your ass to him and let him fuck your head up.
- Nah, I'll let you cut me up.
Hey, Tray, let me ask you a question, man.
- What's up?
- You still a virgin?
Of course.
Well, there was this one dude who rubbed up against my butt one time, but I ain't like it.
Hey, man, I'm talkin' about girls, man!
Oh! Girls? C'mon, Pops.
Now, you know I be gettin' mine.
- Mmm. I mean, you gettin' it, or you gettin' it?
- I'm gettin' it.
- I didn't tell you about that little honey dip?
- Uh-uh. What honey?
- Oh, Pop, I met the finest little brown-skinned cutie...
down at the corner market, man.
She had big breasts and big legs. Ass was-- Pow!
- Ghetto booty! Yes.
- Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.
So, you know, I knew she liked me, 'cause we locked eyes.
- Mm-hmm.
- So I started to get into my mack daddy Denzel mode.
You know? Yeah. So I start fixin' my eyebrows, make sure they was straight.
Fix my hair, make sure it was slick and greasy.
- Makin' sure my breath wasn't stinkin'.
Hey, get to the fuckin' part!
Oh. Okay. So anyway...
I went over to her house
one Sunday mornin'.
Her moms had
just gone to church.
And we had the place
all to ourself.
So you know, we got to kissin',
lickin', slobbin'.
You know, doin' the wild thing.
- When we got up there,
it was like heaven.
Better than
my wildest fantasies.
Well, apparently, her moms must have
forgot her purse or somethin',
'cause she came back home.
-I guess she could smell sex in the air.
I got a surprise for you.
- And that's when things
really got freaky.
- Come on.
-Before I knew it the door burst open...
-Huh?
and there was her mama!
Ohh! Hold him down, baby.
Let Mama have him.
- I grabbed my things and got out
of there the best way I could.
- [Girl Groans]
Yeah. Hmm. I sure do hope
you got her number.
- The girl?
- Hell, no. Her mama. She the freak.
Hey, hey. Pops, don't go up
too high in the back.
Man, don't worry about this.
We all done. There we go.
- Yeah.
- I got something for you
to make the girls...
think you're smelling good.
- All hooked up, partner. Gimme my $13.
“All right, give it up! It's a jack move, fool.
- J-J-Just don't shoot.
- Hey, come back here with my truck!
Will you-- Come here!
Son, gimme that truck back!
Man, you got
any spare change?
Sorry, bro.
I'm all out, man.
Man, I got these
cheeseburgers, man.
I don't want any cheeseburgers.
Please, man?
I'll suck your dick.
Ill. Get outta here, man!
Get outta here!
It hurt me to wake up and see
my beautiful black people suffer,
victimized by the oppressive,
harsh realities of the hood.
I guess, even though we were free,
we were still slaves...
in the mind.
Message.
Luckily, I wasn't alone
here in the hood.
See, my cousin Loc Dog
lived right across the street.
Loc Dog was America's
worst nightmare.
- Raised in a house with three
generations of hopelessness,
- poverty and profanity.
- Loc Dog! Turn that loud-ass
motherfuckin' music down!
You wakin' up the fuckin'
babies, motherfucker!
This still my motherfuckin' house!
Who the fuck is that
on my porch?
- Hey, Mrs. Dog.
- Hey, Ashtray.
- You come to stay
with your daddy for good?
- Yeah.
Come on in.
You tell your pretty-ass, motherfuckin' daddy I said hello?
Uh, yeah.
Mmm!
Baby, do me a favor and pass me that shit over there.
Hey!
- Care for a little soup?
- No, thanks. I'm cool.
- Oh. Is Loc Dog here?
- Yeah, that lazy-ass motherfucker is in the back, doin' nothin', as usual.
- Okay. Well, I'll see you later.
- All right, babe.
Hey, Grandma.
Ashtray! You little bitch-ass motherfucker!
Come over here and give your grandma a hug.
Ah, that's my nigger.
- You been wearin' them jimmy hats like Grandma gave you?
- Yes, ma'am.
- How are you?
- Oh, my old stinky ass is fine, 'cept for my arthritis in my trigger finger.
- But I can still stick and move.
- I bet you can.
That beatin' the police give me didn't slow me down a bit.
C'mon, motherfucker.
Gimme your best shot.
C'mon, Grandma.
I don't wanna do nothin' like that.
- Aw, c'mon.
- Come on, Grandma. I don't wanna do that. Stop. Come on.
Ooh.
Damn, them fake teeth
are hard.
Bye-bye.
You still hit like a bitch,
motherfucker.
Loc Dog was
gonna teach me to survive in the hood,
-even if it killed me.
Tray, is that you?
Hey, you better start
announcin' yourself...
before you get smoked
up in here, nigger. Damn!
You know that chronic
make me paranoid, baby.
Come here, you old fool-dog,
mark-ass trick. Gimme some love.
- What's up, cuz?
- All right. That's enough of that love.
I don't play that sentimental shit.
Come on. Come in.
Quick fashion question.
Should I wear this Tec-9
with the high-tops?
Mmm? Mmm.
Or should I wear this Uzi
with my low-tops?
Mmm. Mmm. Mmm.
- Uh--
- I'll just wear these then.
Hey, Tray, scoot over. Rumor has
it your bitch ass is in town for good.
Yeah, man. Moms is beeping'.
She says time for me to become a man.
Oh, nigger, my mom said
the same shit! Sweatin' me, nigger!
Yeah, man. Hey. I don't care though.
You know, I told her,
I don't wanna be on welfare my
whole life; you know what I'm sayin'?
For real, nigger. I got bigger and
better plans. You know what I'm sayin'?
Figure I'll get me a job at the
post office. You know, maybe at a bank.
- That's all good, man.
Work real hard.
Work my way up to manager.
We need more black people
like this, man.
Learn the system a little bit,
then I'll rob that motherfucker blind.
Break all yourselves.
Hey, Loc, man. Whatever happened
to your pops anyway?
Oh, that old mark-ass nigger ran out
on us like a little biz-nitch.
You know, it's--
- You know, it's kinda tough--
growin' up in the hood
without a--
without a positive male role model
to look up to.
Message.
Aw, nigger, come on.
Let's go get Preach and Crazy Legs
and go to this picnic real quick.
Come on.
Damn!
This is some good shit.
- You have your black ass
back here by Friday,
'cause the social worker's
comin' on over here and
I'm still claimin' your ass.
Quit sweatin' me. Shoot.
And Grandma, you better stay out
my lndo, 'fore I smoke your ass!
Aw, go fuck yourself, nigger.
Our friend Preach was a former
gang member turned activist.
- But now he's just plain confused.
- Preach. What up, nigger?
- Y'all need to stop usin'
the word nigger.
You see, it's terms like the word nigger
that the white man uses...
to take away the self-esteem
of another race!
- Word.
- Oh, yeah. Remind me
to pick my laundry up...
from that chink motherfucker
up the street.
Crazy Legs used
to be the best dancer in the hood.
But now he's paralyzed from
the waist down after a drive-by.
What's up, Crazy?
Hey, what's up, y'all? I be right
there, all right?
Whoo!
- That's the way to start the day.
How you doin'?
- Hi, Crazy.
-Hi, yourself. How's my little partner?
-Hello, little pygmy brother.
- All right, African brother.
- Hey, hold that.
Loc Dog didn't
have the flyest ride in the hood,
but it was reliable
in rain, sleet or snow.
Hey, you guys.
Y'all want to see a dead body?
- Yeah! Of course.
- Come on.
- I told you he was dead.
- Man, he stinks!
- What's up, baby boy?
- Hey, where you goin', girl?
Damn! Hey, Tray, if you can't
get nothin' up in here,
- you gonna straight die a virgin.
- Shit, man.
Hey, y'all. Look at them
freaks gettin' busy on the dance floor.
There's all kinds
of bitches here!
What did I tell you about disrespectin'
my Nubian princesses?
- Aw, come on!
- Quit disrespect-- You need--
Oh, my God. The mother of Mecca
is right here before me.
Do my eyes not deceive me...
or am I lookin'
at the goddess lsis herself?
Can you, uh--
Can you do me a favor,
my brown-skinned angel?
Can you tap that white girl for me?
My milk of magnesia. Ohh!
Oh. After the devil made you
he broke the mold.
But maybe you and I could, uh,
make a little jungle fever?
Hey, this one to all my dead homies,
you know what I'm sayin'?
I remember the first time I saw Dashiki.
She was fine enough
to be Jet beauty of the week.
- Yo! Yo, yo, Loc. Loc, come here.
- What's up, nigger?
- Yo, man. Who's this
fine girl over here?
Oh, nigger, that's Dashiki.
Stay away from there. Everybody
in the hood's been up with her.
Shoot. She got more kids
than Mrs. Wayans.
- Damn!
- Yeah.
Anyway, that's Toothpick's ex-girl. You
don't want any of that boy's old scraps.
- Toothpick
got used to bein' in jail.
- Damn!
So much so that even on the outside, he
lived like he was still on the inside.
Gimme a knife, boy.
Keep it down. Keep it down.
Hmm? Bone check, homey.
Bone check!
Five dollars a head!
Five dollars.
- I got top!
- Go fish!
What they in for, man?
Five dollars, buster!
Oh, I got that.
I can cover that.
Here. Here you go.
What?
Oh, my money ain't good?
Do you know how many crumb cakes I can get for that?
How many chocolate milks?
How many bars of soap?
Deal my cards! Just hurry up and deal my cards. Deal, deal, deal!
- All right, nigger! One up, two.
- Shit.
Mmm.
Hello.
- She wants me.
- Why you keep wastin' your time with that trick?
Tellin' you, you need yourself somethin' with some class.
Someone you can take home to Stepmama.
You know what I'm tryin' to say?
Get yourself a real woman.
A real woman.
Hey, Tray, you see that bitch over there?
- I see her.
- Now, that's a lady.
I bet you I can get her number.
- Nigger, you ain't gettin' nobody's number.
- Fool, watch me.
- Hey, sweetheart.
Break yourself! Gimme your goddamn number. Come on! Hurry up!
Cool, cool, cool. So, um, I'm gonna give you a call about 5:00, all right?
- I said all right?
All right, sweetheart.
Take care of yourself, all right?
I told you
I'd get her number.
Hey, beautiful.
- Please!
- Hey, mister.
- What's up, little man?
- Aw, you're just tryin'
to get some from my mama.
Oh, ho! Snap. No, little man.
Actually, what I'm tryin'--
Gimme a dollar,
and I'll leave you alone.
Cute little kid.
Oh, by the way, my name is Ashtray.
My name is Dashiki.
That's swahili for "doggie-style."
- Ooh, that's pretty.
- Those are my kids.
Hello, everybody.
Now, children. What do you say
when you meet a nice man?
Are you my daddy?
Ooh. All I know is I'd
really like to take you out.
Oh. You and your seven kids.
That sounds nice, but I'm leavin'
the hood in a couple of days.
Really? Man, I can't wait for the day
I can move out of the hood.
Well, look, I know I just met you,
but you're welcome to come along.
I mean, I need somebody
to help me change all them diapers.
Is that it? Diapers?
I used to change my father's
diapers all the time. Ain't no thing.
Listen.
You think about it, okay?
And if you're serious,
let me know.
Mmm.
Hey, man, ain't that Dashiki
over there kissin' that fool, man?
Man? Right there!
Yeah.
Oh, damn!
I'se gon' shank that fool right now!
Pick, you trippin', man. Damn.
Nigger, that's old news!
Think about it, nigger.
You been in jail five years now.
Man, it's only been 1,825 days, six hours and 13 minutes!
She could've waited!
Yeah, yeah, whatever. I'm just sayin'
why go back to jail. You know?
I ain't worried about jail!
What the fuck-- You sound like a bitch.
- Bitch!
- Man, I ain't worried about jail!
Shit, I-- I don't give a damn about goin' to jail.
- You can take me to jail!
- Take me to jail!
- Shit, lock me up!
- Lock me up!
- Throw away the key!
- Throw away the key!
I ain't afraid to fuck somebody in his ass!
- Whoa!
- Oh, Lord!
- This fool is trippin'.
- I'm outta here.
You on your own there, bro.
Yeah, y'all. Come on, man.
Y'all ain't never been in a shower with a man?
And you see the suds crawl down the crack of his ass...
and you just...
be, uh, tou--
I was foolin' y'all, man!
I was foolin' y'all!
Those was jokes!
Whoo! Whoo!
Hey, man, fuck this. I'm goin'.
I don't usually be kissin'
like that when I first meet someone.
But you special. Uh--
- Cigarette?
- Ashtray.
Yeah. Ashtray.
- Come on, kids.
Hey, stupid.
You realize you just kissed
every nigger in the party?
Now come on. I gotta go to the store
and get some more forties.
Okay. Yeah. All right.
Whoo! Now, that there
is somethin' special.
How come you talk all that noise
about white men, and then
go date white women, fool?
No. You see, I'm just
tryin' to do to white girls...
- what the white man's been doin'
to us for 400 years!
- Yeah? What's that?
Fuck 'em. Amy Jo!
Oh, you cold. He cold.
Yeah, yeah.
Forties and Nines.
Oh, that's
my favorite store.
Hey. I'm gonna go in here
and get me a malt liquor Slurpee.
Run across the street
and get me some barbecue potato chips.
- Ooh.
- Can I keep the change?
Hell, no, fool.
That's a ten-dollar food stamp.
Better bring me back
my change.
- Cheapskate.
- Stupid.
What's up now,
you pretty punk trick?
Hey! What's up?
We got a problem, Toothpick?
I said,
don't we have a problem?
We got a problem for ya.
Right here. This a problem.
Right there. Right there.
- All right. We'll play a little game.
Right here.
I said do... we...
have... a... problem, huh?
Oh. "U.S.S.R."
You better get your stinky asses
outta here before I cause
a nuclear holocaust, fool.
Well, let's go!
Fool, come on!
It'll be Hiroshima
and Nigger-saki.
- Fool, let's go! Let's go!
- That's right, boy!
You better get on outta here!
And don't come back!
- Punk!
- Tray, bring your simple behind on!
- Hello?
- Hey, yo, man. You page me?
- Yeah, yeah. You ready to be out?
- Yeah. Let's move.
- All right.
Niggers
I go and check them.
Hurry up and buy!
Hurry up and buy!
Hurry up and buy!
- Break yourself!
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!
You dropped something.
- Yeah! Break yourself, fool!
Yeah! Recognize.
- Gimme my money back.
Oh, word. Candy bars.
Hey! Ms. Lady Bitch.
Hey. I'm talkin' to you.
How much for this candy bar?
Five dollar.
Better give me some sucky-sucky
with that for five dollars.
You don't like;
you don't buy.
Hey. Look here.
Just charge us for the chips
and the ice cream. All right? Shoot.
Hey, let's raise up outta here
'fore I loc up on these people.
Quit lickin' that damn ice cream
like that 'fore I put you on the
corner to make me some money!
I feel sorry
for your mother.
What'd you say
about my mama? Hmm?
I don't want trouble. Just go!
Go home! Don't come back!
What'd you say about my mama?
Break yourself!
- No!
You break; you buy!
Soda, five dollar!
Loc, what are you
doin', man? Come on!
- Ah! Pickles!
Ten dollar!
Come on, gimme money!
- Gimme money right now!
Right-- Shirt!
Nineteen ninety-five!
On sale! Come on!
- Oh!
Yo, Loc! Are you crazy?
What the hell did you do?
- Hey, fool. It wasn't me!
I ain't hurt nobody!
Catch.
The man!
Have a nice day.
Oh, yeah.
- He's good.
Mm-hmm. Come on, Tray.
Let's get outta here!
Hey, man,
check out that 6-4.
- What up, nigger?
Aw, damn. What up, Grandma?
Tell your daddy to page me.
All right, then. All right.
Play or stay up?
- Peace.
- Now, now, I realize
that every now and again,
some of you womenfolk,
you get hot.
You get bothered. And every now
and again you get hot and bothered!
- Amen!
- Ha! Well, what I want you to do...
when you get that hot and
you need a little... relief,
I want you to-- I want you to...
Call me
Hey
- Don't ask no questions
- Good to see you today, Gloria.
- Abraham was asked by God
- Good to see you too, Mrs. Williams.
- To sacrifice
- Tired heifer.
His only Son
Didn't He do it
- Abraham didn't ask no questions
- Thank you, baby.
And that's what God
expects from His sheep
Here at the Greater Ebenezer
New Revival Tree of Life
Institutional Double Rock on
the Side of the Road to Jericho
Missionary Baptist
Church of Zion
And I say Mount Calvary
Y'all gon' help me
- Preach on, Reverend!
Ain't that the truth!
God expects you
To do what the Lord
wants you to do
Like those of you
who realize that
That the Lord wants you
to give generously into His church
- Amen!
- Don't ask no questions
Don't ask how come
Or, or, or why come the pastor
have to have him a nice house, humph
Or why come the pastor
got to have a nice car, Humph
Don't ask
I said don't ask, I said
Don't ask no questions
- Just give the money
Amen! I got $100 right here!
Brother deacon, get the collection plate
around on that side.
Nigger, get it around on that side.
We will now have a--
a "B" selection from the choir.
I feel the Spirit!
Whoo! Yes.
Ain't that the truth?
All right, Grandma!
- Yes, Lord!
- Praise the Lord!
- Whoo!
- Oh! Yeah! Whoo!
Well, Malik, kid, man.
How's it feel?
- Your first day of college?
- Aw, it ain't nothin' dope.
You be up in there next year.
I'm thinkin' about goin'
away to college myself, kids.
- Thank you, brother.
Thank you. Hey, hey!
Loc, you better stop clownin',
get your G.E.D. before you
end up like that brother.
- There you go, brother.
- Thank you, man.
Bro, I'm gonna get me
my "G-O-B." A job.
Yeah, I heard they hirin' down at B.M.
Motors, Tray. Come down there with me.
Ah, not today, Loc.
I gotta take my driver's test.
This is what fresh air
smell like, huh.
Yeah. You livin' it, man.
Wow. That's great.
- All right, man.
- All right, man.
- Stay up.
- All right, man.
All right. That's enough of all
that sentimental stuff.
Yo, Malik.
Don't forget about us, baby.
- Hey, one love, baby.
- Big baby!
- You know, Malik is the first one
in the hood to go to college.
- Yeah.
- Finally, someone from
the hood is gonna make it.
- Yeah, there is hope.
Yeah!
Hello, I'm Mr. Walker.
I'm your examiner for today.
Put on your seat belt,
check your mirrors; let's begin.
Okay.
Make a right, right there.
And... make another left here.
Park right there.
Wait here.
- Come back here!
Somebody call the police!
Drive, motherfucker! Drive!
- It was nice meeting you.
We'll be in touch.
Thank you very much. Okay.
My God!
Hey!
Uh, yes? May I help you?
Yeah, I heard y'all niggers was hirin'. What's up?
Oh, yes. Here. Why don't you fill out this application?
Tsk. Make me write and shit.
If I was white, wouldn't be makin' me write.
Well, actually, originally I'm from the East Coast.
But after my master's I thought I'd take a break, so here I am.
I was tired of living off of Daddy.
"Age." Nineteen.
"Height." Six-deuce, babe.
"Father's name." I don't know.
"Sex." Hell, yeah, nigger.
"Salary desired." Three million dollars.
Cash.
You know, being an Ivy Leaguer can be such a leg up.
You know, I spent five years at Harvard.
Oh, really? I just spent six months at County.
Anybody ever try and take your manhood? Hmm?
Then he sees the warden comin', so he hides you, but you still got that plunger in your ass.
- So you just squeal and cry.
- Um, uh--
- Don't you hate when that happens?
- Let's get outta here.
- Hey, where y'all goin'?
- Uh, Loc Dog?
- Uh, uh, Mr. Loc Dog?
- That's me.
- You're next.
- Uh, Mister, uh, Loc Dog?
- Hey, what's up, baby? All right!
- Yeah, right. Ha-ha.
- You all right?
- Yeah! No.
- Yeah.
Yes, I-- I like that.
Right this way.
Uh... Loc Dog.
Heh. Uh. Let me just move this.
Ahh.
So, uh, let me see.
Hmm. Very interesting, um--
I see your hobbies are drinking,
smoking weed and all types of ill shit.
Yeah.
- Uh, do you drive an automobile?
- Um, with or without the boot?
Doesn't matter.
Well, congratulations.
You got yourself a job.
Right on, huh?
Hey, where the seat belts at?
Don't worry.
They won't be necessary.
Hey, man, how you
work this radio?
Whoo!
One more time!
- Mmm, boy! Mmm. Yeah!
Yeah! I told you, you ain't
got no game for me, boy!
- Now I'm gonna wear you out,
you little punk.
- What's that?
- My gat, fool.
Where you learn
how to use a gun, anyway?
Cartoons and hood movies.
Doo Rag, don't you know that you
and I are an endangered species?
- Why, because we're black males?
- No!
Because all the rappers
are takin' all the good actin' jobs!

Listen, Doo Rag. Havin' a gun
doesn't give you any power.
- You wanna know where
the real power is?
- In the bullets.
No! In the books.
See, Doo Rag,
your mind--
it is like a gun!
And you gonna load it up...
with little, itty-bitty...
bullets of knowledge.
Message!
Hey. What are you doin'?
Writing a poem.
See, my poetry, it helps me escape the
harsh realities of livin' in the hood.
Ah. That's deep.
Hey, you wanna read me one?
Okay.
Let me see.
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
"Love is by far...
the most precious thing on earth,
like a rose's fragrance...
- or a child's birth.
Love me...
and leave me;
that's the story of my life.
But it won't happen again, see,
since I bought
a butcher's knife.
Yeah, see, the next man
who loves me,
and leaves me so quick, mm-hmm,
- I'm gon' cut off his balls
and I'm gon' chop off his dick.
I'm gon' shoot
that motherfucker.
I'm gon' kill him!
I'm gon' stab that motherfucker!
Shit! Fuckin' with me?
Oh, no!
I'm gon' run him over
with my car, see.
He fuckin' with the wrong motherfucker.
You don't fuck with me!
- I will kill that motherfucker--"
- Baby, baby, baby, baby.
- I get the point. It was-- That was--
- You liked it?
That was good. I mean,
it touched me in a... really...
special place.
Look. You wait right here.
I sure will.
Psst.
Dashiki was far
more sexually experienced than I was.
She taught me
all about foreplay.
Until then, I ain't
never done foreplay before.
But then again, who needs foreplay
when you're jackin' off?
- Mmm.
- Ah.
- You thirsty?
- Ah.
Nuh-uh, fool!
That's the baby's lunch.
- Agh!
- Ah. Agh! Agh! Aghh!
- Huh?
- Hmm?
- Ooh.
- Damn, girl. You're so tight.
Wrong hole, fool!
Oh. My bad.
I couldn't believe this
was happening to me.
I was losing my virginity
to the woman of my dreams.
Talk dirty to me.
I'm coming! Uhh! Uhh!
What did you say?
Never mind.
- I'll tell you when I wake up.
- Ohh!
- Ashtray, wake up!
What? What's up, baby?
I need to tell you something.
What's up?
- I'm pregnant.
- Already?
- Are you sure?
- I got seven kids. I think
I know what I'm talkin' about!
Dashiki, l-- I'm not ready
to be no father right now.
Oh, so you man enough
to come up in me,
but you ain't man enough
to take care of what comes out,
get my nails and hair done,
pay my rent
and get me a new car?
You know what?
You ain't nothin' but a little boy.
Ain't all about the size of the boat!
It's the motion in the ocean.
That's not
what I'm talkin' about.
As a matter of fact, get out!
- Get outta my bed!
Get outta my house! Get out!
- Wha-- What's-- What's up?
- And take your shit with you!
- Why you trippin'?
I don't wanna see you no more.
I don't wanna talk to you.
- How-- Hey!
- Take your shit!
Aw, girl, come on, now.
This-- Hey, this ain't mine!
- Get outta my house!
- Oh!
Get out!
Ohh!
Order up!
Fool, Dashiki was born pregnant.
What else is new?
What else is new?
It's mine.
- Whoo! Thank you.
- Aw, man. Are you sure?
She said I was the only one
she been with in the past 20 minutes.
- Damn!
- Yes! Yes!
And you believed her, huh?
Here you go, sucker--
I mean, brother. Ha.
- That'll be $10.38.
- Wash them filthy hands.
So what you gon'
do now, Tray?
I don't know. I'm thinkin' about
movin' outta the hood with her.
What? Aw, fool!
Look here. Let me tell you
somethin', Tray.
You could take Dashiki
outta the hood,
but you can't take
the hood niggers out of Dashiki.
- Hmm?
- Aw, damn! Five-O.
- Man!
You there!
Get out of the truck...
and put your hands
in the air.
- Stand on one leg.
With the tip of your finger,
touch the tip of your nose.
Now in a circular motion,
rub your stomach and pat your head...
while saying,
"Rubber baby buggy bumpers."
Rubber baby buggy bumpers.
- Strike a pose. Now vogue.
Now walk slowly
toward the car.
We didn't even do nothin'.
What? You think you're tough?
You don't look so tough now,
you little nigger.
I hate you black bastards.
You stink!
I hate your black skin.
I hate your black pants.
I hate black pepper!
I hate black keys
on the piano!
I hate my gums,
'cause they black.
I hate Whoopi Goldberg's lips.
I hate the back
of Forest Whitaker's neck.
Aah! And most of all,
I hate that black-ass
Wesley Snipes!
Move it!
- Come on.
- Let's go.
- Move it.
- We got arrested...
for bein' black
on a Friday night.
Don't try me, all right?
It was a misdemeanor, so I
thought we'd be out right away.
- Oh!
- Yeah!
- Right there, right there!
- Oh! Oh!
- There you go!
All right. Get in there.
- What's up, youngblood?
- What's up?
Swine, my brother?
- Nah. No, thanks.
- Let me tell you something.
If you hit a man,
in time...
his wounds will heal.
And if you steal from a man,
you can replace
what you steal.
And always cross in the green,
ever in between.
Because the honorable
Elijah Muhammad Ali...
floats like a butterfly
and stings like a bee.
Just thinkin'
about spending another minute...
with Farrakhan-vict made me never
want to do time in the joint again.
Boy, am I happy
to see you, man.
And always remember,

my brother:
one fish, two fish,
red fish, blue fish.
Nick, nack, paddy-wack,
get a dog a bone.
Two thousand,
zero, zero, party--
Oops, outta time!
My bacon smellin' fine.
- What's up, Toothpick?
- What's up?
All ready, we gon'
jump this fool in.
Let's do this, AI Dog.
What's up there, little homie?
'Bout ready to do this?
- Yeah, man. I'm ready.
- What's up?
- What's up?
- You been hangin' with the homies
in the hood for a while now.
- It's about time we
jumped your punk ass in.
- That's right.
Let me tell you somethin'.
In this world, if you can't swim—
- You bound to dr-z-own.
- Yeah. And if you fall,
- you better pick your punk ass up!
- That's right.
And the rest of y'all,
don't cut him no slack!
Y'all fools get busy.
Let's go.
Work him, Dog, work him.
G, that is his name
If he can't hang
He's got to get out the game
Yeah, get out the game
- G, that is his name
If he can't hang, he's got to get
out the game, get out the game
He's little G, if he can't hang
If he can't hang
We're gonna have to
play Monopoly again some time.
- All right.
- No.
You ain't winning nothin' anyway.
- And the money that you do win,
I'll jack you for it, fool.
- Tie your shoe.
Hey! Which one of y'all
is Ashtray?
- I--
- What's up, partner?
Heard you got my boy Toothpick's
girlfriend pregnant, partner.
- Me?
- Yeah, you.
Uh, hey, brother, man.
What's up?
I don't want any trouble, man.
You know, I'm just taking Crazy Legs--
You must not have
heard me, partner.
Tray, let me handle this
like a gentleman, all right?
Hey, my man, you know. My man
sayin' he don't want no trouble.
You know what I'm sayin'? - But I do! Come here!
- Yeah, Loc!
- Show that fool!
- Yeah, here!
Get... your... body... down!
Huh, partner?
Huh, partner?
- Stay right there. We shouldn't--
- Aaah!
Oh, yeah, nice execution.
I'm gonna give that an eight.
Yeah, yeah!
Make him a cripple like me.
- Stomp him!
- La-la-la-la, la-la-la-la.
- After stompin'
one of Toothpick's boys,
we knew we had to go get
some backup.
- So we went over to
our homie Old School's house.
- Hey, Loc, man.
Are you sure this guy's
 gonna have our back?
Hey, Tray, let me tell you somethin'
about Old School, all right?
He's the most dangerous
O.G. on the set.
Let me tell you
young punks somethin'.
I been down in this hood a long time.
I seen a lot of things.
I survived the Watts riots,
gang wars.
You know how I did it?
How?
By standin' my ground
and havin' my homies watch my back.
-Word!
-So don't let nobody mess with your set.
- Yeah!
- And like me, don't let
nobody give you no shit.
- Yeah, Old School.
- Bartholemew?
Bartholemew!
- Come here, boy.
- Oh, shit.
- What did you say, boy?
Didn't I tell you
to clean your room?
Oh, Ma, come on. The gang needs me.
I'm their leader.
Gang?
You better get in there and clean
that room in the next ten minutes...
or else you gonna be walking
down the street with three shoes--
two on your feet
and one in your ass, sucker.
Thank you, Mama.
- Yeah. So you gonna roll with us?
- I can't.
Why not? Oh, the police
is after you, huh?
Nah, I'm on punishment.
My mom says I can't leave the porch.
- Oh, man!
- Come on. Let's hold the porch down.
Say, that's a nice walker,
lady. Cough it up.
Turn around! Give it up!
Man, I need to get out
of this place.
Fool, what you talking about?
Leave the hood?
Fool, this is
home sweet home.
I love the smell of gun smoke
in the morning.
Yo, Preach.
At least Ashtray got a dream.
That's more than I can say
for half the homies in the hood.
- Why, little foots, you got a dream?
- Yeah.
I got a dream.
- Yeah.
Aaah!
Hey, Loc, I hope you ain't sellin' out on me with no jive-ass dream.
Ah, hell, no. You know
I ain't got no self-esteem.
I ain't gonna grow up to be shit, just like you, baby.
Where them pussies hiding at?
- They're probably over at that trick's house.
- What trick?
Dashiki, fool.
- Ooh, I miss makin' love to her.
- Me too.
- What you talkin' about?
- I was helpin' you out.
- How was you helpin' me?
- You was locked down, fool.
Man, just give me the book.
Nothin' I can read.
Hey, baby.
Man, can you hook me up with directions to Crenshaw, man?
Fool, you better get your crusty behind away from me!
Man, I'll suck your dick, man.
- What you say to me?
- I'll suck your dick, man!
- Ah, man.
All right, so what you want to do, my man--
Go to the corner, go about three blocks down and make a right.
- You'll be right there on Crenshaw. All right.
- Check it out Hibbidy-hibbidy and a hop-hop Hibbidy-hibbidy and a hop-hop Hibbidy hop
- Aaah!
- What should we do?
- Run like a bitch, fool!
Mama! Mama!
No, man, we gon' die!
Aaah!
Aaah!
Let's go!
I'm hit. I'm hit!
- Hey, Legs!
Legs, you okay, man?
You got hit
by the bullets, man?
No, I got hit by a car.
Come on. Hey, nigger.
Let's help him get-- Let's get him
in the truck. Hey, get his baby shoe.
Nigger, I know you're crippled,
but help me out. Come on.
- Why?
- Bring your simple ass, Tray!
Oh, my head. My head!
J-Nug, you all right?
Answer me, man. You all right? J-Nug!
- Fuck it! Help!
- Sister, sister!
- We need a doctor fast!
- You know, I went to see
Jason's Lyric this weekend.
Ooh, yeah, G Money-- wasn't he cute?
Did you see his butt? It was hairy.
- I know you didn't think
that "ass-fro" was cute.
- We need a doctor right now!
- Yeah, I'm gonna have to
call you back, okay?
- Right now, sister!
- What I'm gonna need you to do
is fill this form out.
- Thank you.
May I have a pen, please? Thank you.
Excuse me. Do you know where
I can get some water around here?
Oh, God!
Here.
- Thanks.
- You're number 1,012.
One thousand, twelve.
One thousand, twelve.
Number 213. Now serving number 213.
- Damn!
- Damn, I hope I'm next.
- Come on.
- We're gonna do it.

Between
Crazy Legs being hit in the drive-by,
the Korean store shootings,
jail and Dashiki being pregnant,
- Dashiki, open the door!
- I felt like I was about to explode.
Whoo!

What are you doing?
Trying to win best actor
on the SoulTrain Awards.

Look, Dashiki,
I'm sorry about last night.
I thought about it and
I want to be a father to my child.
And another thing.
I also realized
how much I love you.
And I wanna leave the hood
with you.

But there's something
we need to do before we go.
Look, I'm taking the kids
and I'm moving out of the hood.
I just wanted them to come
say good-bye to their daddies.

Gimme the man.
You're a good brother, Tray. Yeah.

Me?
I've been in jail
a long time, T.
Sometimes I feel like
a caged animal.

How come you never
came to see me, man?
Nigger, I don't know you.
Oh, yeah.
You don't know me.
That's right. That's right.
But dig this here, Tray.
Teach my son
how to be a man, Tray.
How to be a man.
Gimme some.
Jif!
Hey, what's up, home? Hey.
Hey, man,
you got everything?
Cool.
- I'm gonna get some, right?
- Oh, nigger, don't even
play me like that.
All right. Come on, man.
Hey, what's up, Crazy?
Hey, brother!
How you feelin', man?
How you doin', brother?
Doctor say I ain't
ever gonna walk again.
- No, no!
- Oh, no!
- Homie.
- Homie.
- No.
- Fool, get off me!
You've been paralyzed
for the last five years.
Oh, yeah.
Don't worry, Legs, man.
When I find that Toothpick,
I'm gonna smoke him.
No! We need to put an end to
all this black-on-black crime.
- We need to call a truce.
- What about that time you shot Byron?
- Ain't that black-on-black crime?
- Yeah.
- No. Byron was light-skinned.
- Oh, yeah.
- Hey, you're about
to go to this party?
- Yeah.
- And, uh, you're gonna be doing some drinking?
- A little something.
Let me tell you about drinking and driving, man.
Boy, that shit is fun, man. Yo, what you do is get yourself a 40, right?
You get on the freeway--
bam-- punch it to 85.
Then you turn off your lights, let go of the steering wheel.
- Oh, it will bug you out.
You got to try it, man.
- Oh, man!
- I'm gonna try it.
- Hey, why didn't y'all invite me to the party?
- Come on, Pop. You know you gotta be 18 and older.
- Oh, man.
Besides, it's getting past your bedtime.
You brush your teeth?
- Yeah.
- Let me see.
- No. There we go.
- All right, I'm out.
- All right. Hey, hey, hey!
Before you go, why don't you read me, like, a bedtime story, like the good old days?
- All right. Just one.
- That's all I need.
All right.
Flip to a good one.
Here we go.
"This is the story of Dick and Mary.
Mary lies on the bed and spreads her thighs.
Dick thrusts his large member into her waiting vagina.
- 'Fuck me, Fuck me,' Mary screams.
Dick covers her head with a pillow 'cause she's too noisy.
- Yeah.
- Dick continues to pound her swollen opening...
'til he climates.
'Oh! I'm coming! I'm coming!
Oh! Oh! Ohh!
- Yeah. Oh. Oh.
- Oh. Oh.'
And he falls asleep."
- Mmm.
- Good night, Pops.
Domino, nigger! Yeah!
Hey, what's up,
what's up, niggers? Hey!
What's up, baby? Hey, what you making, some Jiffy Pop?
- What's up, bro?
- What's up, baby?
How you doin'? All right.
- What's up, nigger?
Black-on-black crime!
- What's going on?
What's up, man?
I got one question.
Who's got that chronic, nigger?
- Come on, nigger.
- Who got that chronic?
I got that ill killer shit.
Guaranteed to fuck you up.
Hey, nigger, light that shit up. Fuck me up.
Hey. Hey.
Ooh!
- Toke! Toke! Nigger, toke!
- Whoo!
- Look at that shit! Ah-ha!
- Hey, man, he's going into convulsions!
- Man, he ain't breathin'.
- He's foamin' at the mouth, man.
Yo, he dead.
Yo, pass that shit!
Yo, pass that. Whoo-hoo!
Hit it!
- Hit it, hit it, hit it, hit it!
Uh-huh. See, now, that's what
I'm talking about, Shabombool.
- So good, so good.
- Yeah, nigga's trying to
hide the good shit.
Ha-ha!
- Baby, you wanna dance?
Yes, I do, but not with you.
All right, all right
All right, all right
Hey, girl, how you doin'? My name is Loc Dog.
- What's your name?
- La Quanda.
Whoo!
La Quanda, do you have a boyfriend?
No. You know, men always seem
to be really intimidated by me.
But I don't know why.
- You know?
Well, you know, uh--
I can understand how a pretty girl like
yourself might make a man a little sick.
Oh, I mean nervous.
Yeah, well, it takes a really
special kind of man to be with me.
- Ooh.
- You know?
- Yeah, well, let me go find him.
- Damn, girl, you need to
slow down with that.
You ain't my daddy,
and you ain't payin' any of my bills.
- Mind your business.
Ooh! That my song.
- Hi.
Uh, my name is Loc Dog.
What's your name?
- Keisha.
- Keisha?
- You always this shy, Keisha?
- Mm-hmm.
Look here, Keisha, why don't we go back
to my place and have a little nightcap.
I don't know.
- Mmm?
- I just met you.
Hey, girl, the Dog don't bite
unless you ask him.
- Okay.
- All right. Come on.
I guess it'll be all right.
Baby, you really love me.
- You know I do, girl.
- Mmm.
Hmm.
Gu-gu-gu-gu-gu-gu.
Mmm-mmm. I really shouldn't.
Mmm-mmm. Come on, girl.
Ain't gonna hurt you.
- Mm.
- Mm-hmm.
It's just that when I drink,
sometimes I get a little crazy.
And that's what I want.
See, I don't want you to think
I'm a freak or nothin' like that,
because I usually don't even go home
with guys when I first meet 'em.
But I just feel
so comfortable with you.
Hey, and that's good, girl.
- Whenever you're with me,
- Mm-hmm?
I want you to just relax
and be yourself.
You are so nasty.
- I should be going.
- Hey, whoa, whoa, whoa. Come on, baby.
Relax. Okay? Just relax.
Don't you go nowhere.
You're in good hands now, girl. Loc
Dog's gonna take good care of you, baby.
You sure... it's okay?
Mm-hmm.
I want you to just be yourself, okay?
I told you I could get a little crazy.
Yeah, you get crazy. Come on.
Okay.
All right, motherfucker, let's get it on.
Oh, no, nigger, you ain't going nowhere.
- Ahh.
- Ahh, fresh air, fresh fish.
- Nothin' like the great outdoors, huh, Pop?
- No.
Pop, can we talk, teenager to teenager?
See, I met this girl.
She's pretty special.
She's moving out of the hood in a couple of days, and I'm thinking about going with her.
Man, who is this girl?
- Her name's Dashiki.
- Dashiki from over there on Penetration Avenue?
Oh, come on, Pop! Don't tell me you slept with her too.
Oh, no, no. It ain't nothin' like that, son.
- She sure could suck a dick, though.
- What?
Oh, nothing, son. Go ahead.
Tell me about this girl.
Anyway, I think I'm in love.
So, what?
You knockin' boobs yet?
- Yeah.
- Hold on.
You use a condom?
No.
Good! That's my boy!
That's my boy!
Yo, never use condoms, son.
They take away all the feelin'.
Yeah. Only thing is,
now she's pregnant.
- I don't know what to do.
- Man, look.
Let me give you the same advice
my father gave me, all right?
Give up hope. Look at me.
Dreams are for suckers.
Ain't no future for you.
And don't think about
gettin' no job, Tray,
'cause a black man ain't got no place
in the work force.
So let me get this straight.
What you trying to say is, don't get
captured up in the white man's system...
of self-perpetuating
unemployment...
and wind up trying to survive on
welfare checks and food stamps, right?
Wrong, man! Hell, ain't nothing wrong
with no welfare check.
That's called free money. Hell, our
family survived six generations on it.
Thanks, Pop.
- You always know what to say, man.
- I thought you knew, boy.
My boy Tray.
Gettin' himself some sex.
Yeah.
- See, man, right over here.
- Gettin' locked up
in the city ain't the same.
Get the map!
Fuck it. Let's go twist
these niggers in a cat bag, man.
Can't you read, man?
It's over here.
Read this. Come on. Let's go.
- Drive!
- Let's go.
- What's up, Loc?
- What's up, Tray?
Can't believe your mark-ass
is finally leavin' the hood.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Me and Dashiki's gonna tie that knot.
- You need to tie a knot
in that bitch's tubes.
- Naw.
- Really.
- I actually think we're
gonna be all right.
- Hey, why don't you come with us?
- What?
Take a road trip
in a mail truck?
Fool, that's the stupidest
idea I ever heard.
Well, anyway...
you just be careful.
Come on now, baby.
You're talkin' to Loc Dog. Ha-ha!
You know I'm gonna be all right.
Shoot.
Hey, Tray.
Never forget, man.
Either they don't know...
or don't show
or just don't care...
about bein' a menace
to South Central while
they drink their juice in the hood.
That's what it's all about, Tray.
That's what it's all about.
What the fuck
is he talkin' about?
- Hey, what's up, little homie?
- What's up?
How you doin', man?
Hey, you want some of this?
Make you grow hair on your nuts.
Say, man, don't be giving
that little kid no alcohol.
- You ain't his daddy.
- I ain't? Hold up.
Dashiki! Bitch, you better give me
back my child support money!
Yeah. Uh-huh.
- Hey, what's up, little man?
- Shh.
Like I was saying, what's up
with them "hos" tonight?
Take care of my baby, all right?
And my truck.
- What?
- Come on, Tray. You know
I'm only playing with you.
Just shoot everything
in sight. Everything!
- Hey! Hey!
- Hey, break yourself!
Somebody, help me!
Dashiki! I'll call you later.
- Page me!
Aaah!
I'm coming!
Is you okay, snowflake?
Oh, yes, my big
chocolate warrior.
Uh-uh.
- Doo Rag, take care of your mama!
Aah!
Break yourself!
Aaagh! Take that, motherfucker!
- Aaagh!
- Ugh!
Take that, motherfucker!
Hey, man, watch out! Aaaah!
Hey. You know
you fucked up, right?
- Yeah, you fucked up.
Hear what I'm saying?
Hey, Grandma,
you got the juice now.
- Oh, go to hell.
Damn.
Tray, I'll marry you.
I promise. Just wake up.
I know, sister. I know.
- You're gonna miss him, aren't you?
You damn right!
Where else am I gonna find
a pussy-whipped fool to take care
of me and seven kids?
Oh, Ashtray!
Listen, sister, listen!
You are a strong
African-American woman.
And it's because of that
I can't be with you.
- Oh, looky there. Time for me to
take out the poor white trash.
Oh, Ashtray!
Who you calling whipped, girl?
You're alive!
Ow! Ohh!
Oh, Lord, why You do this to me?
Oh, Christ, I can't take it!
I can't take it!
I can't take it!
Oh, my God!
Oh, my baby!
- Ohh! Ohh!
Oh, Mama.
Mama. I swallowed
my toothpick, Mama.
Oh, baby, you're okay! Ohh!
Now, where's my money you stole,
you little hoodlum?
Give me my money.
I want my money.
- I'll beat the shit out of you!
- Okay, okay!
Where's my money?
Well, that's my story.
As for Dashiki and I,
we got married.
Loc Dog went
into show business.
I just want to say: fuck y'all,
suck my dick, and, uh... Iick ass!
Preach, he settled down.
Crazy Legs' dream of becoming
a dancer finally came true.
And as for Grandma,
well, she's still Grandma.
Damn! This is some good shit!