I just read that money as we know it is dead. Soon the world is only gonna buy and sell products using Bitcoins. It's like a complicated math equation. So, one day we're gonna buy things with numbers from a math equation? Dope, right?

Malcolm Adekanbi is a geek. Malcolm lives with his single mother and has only one memory of his father. Malcolm lives in Inglewood, California, in the Darby-Dixon neighborhood referred to as The Bottoms. Give me your bike, nigga!

Malcolm's friends, Jib and Diggy, are also geeks. Yo. Shit. All I want to do is a zoom, zoom, zoom and the boom, boom. Word. Malcolm, Jib and Diggy... are all deeply obsessed with '90s hip-hop culture, submerging themselves in the music, watching old Yo! MTV Raps episodes for fashion tips... and using the slang. Huh? Bro, that shit was whack.
- What?
- They were biting Brand Nubian. That's not even possible.
Jackpot, niggas.
Gushy, gushy.
Mmm!

Oh, did I mention that Diggy was a lesbian? Although from the way she dresses, you might not have noticed she's a girl.
Save her, Lord! Yo, hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Every Sunday, her grandmother asks
the church to lay their hands on her...
in order to
pray away the gay.
Praise the Lord!
- So, did it work?
- You know.
I was watching Justin Bieber the
other night and I got a little moist.
Yeah?
So maybe.
- That's just because he's a little ho.
- That's true.
He's a very pretty nigga.
Yes, he is.
What's up, boss?
For most geeks, a bad day might be
being the butt of jokes in class,
the occasional food prank and the worst
- being beat up by a jock.
But when you live
in The Bottoms,
a bad day might be
accidentally getting killed.
Like Wytony Johnson, who got shot
buying a pastrami cheeseburger...
from Jimmy's Burger
on Centinela.
Hey! It's the Rollin' 60s,
dumb-ass niggas!
The real tragedy is...
that he was seconds away
from defeating Ganon.
He had a hell
of a comic book collection.
Jib has been trying to talk Wytony's
mom into giving them to him...
for the past two weeks.
Malcolm, Jib and Diggy don't play
sports and they aren't in a gang.
They're always getting ridiculed by their
peers because they're into white shit...
like skateboards, manga comics,
Donald Glover...
and for listening to white shit
like Trash Talk, TV on the Radio...
and for doing white shit like getting
good grades and applying to college.
Malcolm, Jib and Diggy used to
be in the school marching band,
but quit in protest after
refusing to play the Harlem Shake.
They arranged to use
the music room during lunch...
for their recently formed
punk band, Awreeoh.
One, two.
One, two, three, four!
Hey-hey!
You know the program, niggas.
Shoe program.
Turn around.
Let me see what the fuck
you working with.
Oh, shit, man. All these motherfuckers
get small feet around this bitch.
Goddamn. Nigga, I don't know
why you was looking.
Hey-hey!
My nigga, my G.
Oh, man. Where the fuck you goin', man?
Goddamn.
What's up with you?
Hey, them last shoes you gave
me, man, I was feeling them.
Classics. The Force 2s?
Yeah, I was liking those.
What's these you got on?
Bro, these are straight
from the flea market.
Shut the fuck up, nigga. These
the J-3s with the red mark on 'em.
Oh, yes.
Come up out those right now.
Right now, nigga!
You speak English?
Do I gotta beat the shit out
of you again and take them?
Damn.
This nigga's speaking African or some shit, like he don't speak what we speak.
This nigga always—
Hey!
Go, Dig! Come on!
Dig! Go!
Come on, Dig!
Oh, shit!
Hey, hey. Hold up, hold up. Get your fuckin' hands off me, man!
Don't think I won't beat your ass, Marquis!
I came up with your daddy.
You better ask him about Stacey.
And see what's what around this motherfucker!
Let's go, man.
I'm gon' get the other one, you little, bitch-ass nigga.
Go, man.
Malcolm, when I see stuff like this personal essay, I think you're not taking the process seriously.
I'm - I'm taking it seriously, Mr. Bailey. I promise.
I'm talking about something that I love.
I mean, it's well-reasoned, supported with historical data, it shows creativity, critical thinking.
If Neil deGrasse Tyson was writing about Ice Cube, this is what it would look like.
I suggest you go in a different direction.
Write something personal about you.
Your family, your life.
I mean, I- I could write about the typical...
"I'm from a poor,
crime-filled neighborhood,
raised by a single mother,
don't know my dad" blah-blah.
It's clich.
This here, this-
This is creative. This
shows that I'm different.
This is the kind of essay that
Harvard wants from their students.
Malcolm, I'm gonna be
honest with you.
You're pretty damn arrogant. You
think you're gonna get into Harvard?
Who do you think
you are? Hmm?
You go to high school
in Inglewood.
To the admissions committee, your
straight A's, they don't mean shit.
If you're really serious about this
exercise and you're not just wasting my time,
or yours,
then it's gonna be about
your personal statement,
your SAT scores,
your recommendations...
and most importantly
your alumni interview tomorrow.
- Are you ready?
- I'm ready.
You'd better be.
I just found out you're
interviewing with Austin Jacoby.
He's from Inglewood too, so he'll be
able to relate to your circumstances.
Jacoby Check Cashing?
Harvard? Really?
I'm sorry. They don't all
go on to be president.
On this day,
their usual route home
is blocked by a Blood gathering.
They were shooting a video
for their YouTube channel.
Well, where do you want to go?
Some nigga really needs to invent an app
like Waze to avoid all these hood traps.
The only way to get home
is down 104th Street.
But that's where
the dope dealers are...
who, for sport, routinely
try to steal their bikes.
- Go!
- Hey, little nigga.
- Such is the life of a geek in The Bottoms.
- Come here.
A daily navigation between
bad and worse choices.
Come here, little nigga.
Yo, man.
I be seein' you and your little friends
with y'all flattops and MC Hammer pants,
riding around in this shit, looking like
y'all came out of a DeLoreian or some shit.
You know, the '90s was like
the golden age of hip-hop.
Everything from
It Takes a Nation of Millions...
to The Blueprint
was killing it.
I guess me and my friends
just wish we grew up back then.
It Takes a Nation
came out in '88.
Blueprint came out 2001.
What the fuck are you
talkin' 'bout right now?
Technically, um-
But, you know, the spirit of the
music was definitely still '90s.
I mean, It Takes a Nation,
Straight Outta Compton...
Paid in Full
was ahead of their time.
And then you got
Snoop, Biggie, Wu-Tang.
They took the game
to the next level.
Blueprint was kind of like
the punctuation mark.
Let's not forget,
the '90s also gave us...
Vanilla Ice, MC Hammer...
and we can't forget
about the Fresh Prince.
Everything in the '90s wasn't great, but
- Oh, shit.
But you gotta admit
"Summertime" was a classic.
What's your name,
little nigga?
Uh, it's Malcolm.
Look here, Malcolm.
I want you to do a favor for me.
You see that green apartment
there in the middle of the block?
There's a nice little piece
over there.
I want you to go up to her and tell
her that Dom wants to talk to her.
Uh, th-that's- that's it?
Yeah, nigga.
Can you handle that?
Uh... y-yeah.
Get to pedalin', nigga.
Drop that up here.
Yeah.
You gonna say something
or just stare at me?
Um, Dom says...
that he would like you to
come over and talk to him.
Well, why don't you tell Dom
that if he wants to talk to me,
he can come over here
and be a fucking man...
and not send a little kid
to talk for him?
Tell him just like that.
She said that shit?
And that Dominique was way cooler before he became Dom.
And, um, that if you think that she cares about your dope money, sh-she doesn't. Listen, tell her that I'm throwing a birthday party at Verse tonight...
and I would really enjoy the pleasure of her company. Go ahead, nigga.
You should, uh-
You should work inside out. Do the stuff in the brackets first and then square the sum. Yep.
Okay. Thanks.
Oh! Uh...
Dom says he's throwing a birthday party tonight at Verse. Mm-hmm.
He said he'd really love the, uh - the pleasure of your company. That nigga did not say that.
He did. I s-
I swear. He-
Lord. Well, I'll go if you go. I'll save you a dance. You are going. We are going. She metaphorically showed you her pussy and said, "Come and fuck me. " Jib, um, this is Dom we're talking about. We're not going to a drug dealer's birthday party. That's- You're trippin'. We're in our senior year, bitches. Okay? - It is time we started expanding our horizons. - No.
Call your mom and tell her you're - you're studying late at my place. Come on. Dig? Huh?
Look, it's better than what you normally do at night, so-
Mm-hmm.
Looking beautiful. Oh!
One, two and tres.
Been working on my Spa-
Whoa, whoa, whoa!
- What you doing?
- You let them in without checking the list.
What's up?
Okay, let me educate you
real quick.
I am the gatekeeper, I'm the
grandmaster, the authority...
in keeping
a proper nigga-to-ho ratio.
You understand
what I'm saying?
So unless you little niggas got some
pussies, I'm gon' need y'all to get the fuck-
I have one.
I know y'all some bitches, but you
ain't gotta say you got pussies.
She- She's a girl.
What?
This little nigga's a bitch!
Like- Like Boys Don't Cry
like a motherfucker.
Remember when we was seein'
that shit? Yeah, I remember that.
Nigga, what the fuck.
Let us in.
Oh, well, yeah, yeah.
You know, it's 21 and older.
I'm gon' need some ID,
some verification.
- Uh-
- Oh.
Wait.
Y'all don't have no IDs?
Aw! Sorry! I'm gon' need y'all
to get the fuck off.
Come on.
Get the fuck off.
There's a Baskin-Robbins down
the street. Enjoy yourselves.
Hey, man, don't this dude look like the dude that danced in Santa Monica?
- Breakdance?
- Don't he look like- What the fuck.
You're coming in, right?
Get the fuck outta here, man!
Get the fuck outta here, man.
Old Coolio-looking motherfucker.
Hey, baby. You're looking good.
Thank you.
Come on, come on.
Hey. Hey, w-wait- Hey!
Yo, yo, yo. It's cool.
It's cool. Let 'em in.
Look, I ca-
I can't let you do that.
These kids are underage and I cannot lose my license tonight.
Not tonight.
I don't mind having this discussion with you.
I actually enjoy the thoughtful exchange of ideas.
And you do bring up a valid point. Know what I'm sayin'?
But see, you put me in a bit of a spot, nigga.
'Cause I can't have you back-talkin' me in front of my niggas...
without at least fuckin' your ass up.
You feel me?
You don't have to do that.
I kinda do though. I don't want to. It's my birthday and shit.
But there's principles to this shit, and I'm a principled man.
- They in, Dom. It's all good.
- I know they got in. That's my point.
But I got this nigga telling me what he can't let me do and shit. Like I give a fuck.
Man, if I let this shit slide, we got what they call a slippery slope.
You know what
a slippery slope is, nigga?
No. I don't— I don't
know what a slippery—
Anyone?
Do it got anything
to do with skiing?
Nigga, sit your ass down, man.
I know using your brain
is a challenge and shit.
You use skis on a slope
—You might fuck around, give yourself a concussion.
It's a small event that leads to
a chain reaction of events...
with unintended consequences...
that were unforeseen at the time
of the inciting event.
See, this is a smart little
nigga right in here, bro.
You probably got one of them
"photogetic" brains or some shit, huh?
You mean photographic memory?
—Nigga, what I just say?
—I mean, yeah, y—you said it.
I'm reiterating that—
I'm still a little shaky
on the concept.
Basically, if I let
this nigga slide, man,
then I'm going to have
the next nigga coming along,
thinking they can pop off and
shit, you know what I'm sayin'? And so on and so forth.
Damn!
—Oh, shit.
—Hey, little nigga, you coming in?
Yo, it's cool.
You coming in, Malcolm?
Nigga, come on.
Yeah.
Nigga, school's out. What the
f**k you doing with a bag on?
Hey, throw this behind the bar
for my little homey.
Yo, let me get a round of shots. Cheers.
Hi.
So, are you gonna ask me
to dance or what?
I think you said
something about me...
being man enough
to come talk to you.
Can I have this dance, Nakia?
It's my birthday, you know.
Hey, uh-
We were dancing, man.
Kids say the darndest things, don't they?
See, this is what happens when
you don't spank your children.
Anyways
- Why do you have to talk to him like that?
- You look nice tonight.
- Dom.
Boom!
Damn, nigga, that was ill.
This nigga doesn't know what
hit him. Check this nigga out.
He's walking his jihad dog
and shit, scratching his nuts.
Yahtzee, nigga.
Ooh, this shit crazy.
Yo, man, straight up, I really used
to think Obama was a bitch, man.
Drones though, nigga?
That's some gangsta shit. I
need one of those motherfuckers.
This shit ain't funny.
It's fucked up
if you really think about it.
How, nigga? He killing all
them Al-Qaeda and shit.
Nigga, that ain't all
that gets killed.
And that nigga's saying he
can drone-strike Americans too.
They killed an American working
with them niggas in Yemen.
Man, he was a terrorist, dawg.
So it's like set trippin'.
You can't decide
to be a Blood...
and then get mad if the Crips
try to kill you and shit.
Man, all I'm saying is...
this shit started somewhere
like Pakistan or some shit.
And before you know it, they'll start
saying that we're the terrorists.
They're gonna have planes
riding all around Inglewood,
droppin' bombs on Crenshaw
and shit, man.
Ah, slippery slope.
Exact, nigga.
Shit, I wish a nigga would
try to fly drones in my hood.
- Fuck that.
- Hell yeah.
I wish I would see one of them
motherfuckers in Inglewood, man.
For real. Don't let them
niggas come to my hood.
What you got there?
- Ah!
- Whoo!
Breakfast Club, nigga.
Molly Ringwald.
So, this the latest and
greatest shit, huh? Yes, sir.
Pure as a nun's pussy.
Know what I'm sayin'?
This ain't like that ghetto shit y'all
nigga been fucking with either, man.
This is that A-1 shit.
A.J. say you ready to move out the
D- league and move up to the NBA.
- Oh, shit.
- Jesus!
Get the fuck out of here!
Let's move. Go!
Nakia! Nakia.
Are you all right?
Yeah, I'm fine.
Malcolm!
Shit.
Come on. I drove.
Thanks for helping me.
Most of those niggas just saw me and stepped over me.
Luckily for you,
I'm not one of those niggas.
Oh, really?
- What are you, then?
- I don't know.
I'm just-
I'm black as fuck, right?
Uh, I guess I'm just used to hearing that, uh,
niggas don't listen to this,
niggas don't do that,
niggas don't go to college unless they play ball or whatever.
It's just time to accept it.
I'm just not one of those niggas.
Well, me neither then.
'Cause I'm going to college.
Just gotta get my GED first.
That's what you were studying for. Mm-hmm. Yeah.
If I pass, I'll go to El Camino or Santa Monica or something.
Transfer to Dominguez or Northridge.
Well, you shouldn't sell yourself short.
You could do better.
You hardly know me.
So how can you say that?
I can just tell.
You shouldn't settle for what's expected.
Like Dom, right?
I-
I didn't say that.
Don't try and be slick.
You're trying to block him.
So, you two-
Y- You guys-
It's complicated.
But trust me,
he's got nothing on you.
You probably got all the girls lined up asking you to prom and shit.
You making fun of me?
N- No.
I'm sorry.
Hey, I didn't go to my prom.
You didn't go to your prom? Seriously.
I had one guy ask me- Anthony Davis- and he fucking stood me up.
I didn't even care about missing prom.
I was more mad about not going to Six Flags the next day.
All my friends had dates.
I didn't want to go alone.
Would you want to go to prom with me?
I mean, I-
I know that I'm not complicated or- But-
It's just with studying and all,
I don't think I'll have time.
But thank you.
What if I helped you study?
And what if you passed the GED?
Would you go with me then?
I'll think about it.
Okay.
Oh, shit. Oh, shit.
Oh, shit.
Three words.
Did you fuck?
You're a pussy, nigga. Come on, man.
She let me feel her titties
and finger-bang her.
Bullshit. No, I'm dead-ass serious.
Smell my fingers.
I don't smell shit.
Just cream. You never smelled pussy before.
Wait. I have.
I don't smell shit.
See, she don't smell shit either.
'Cause you only know your pussy.
Exactly!
- Wait, wait, wait. Hold it.
- Whoa, whoa.
Wait a minute. You two go
back through, one at a time.
One at a time.
What's getting into you?
Come on.
Hey, hey. Calm down.
Go. Everybody else wait.
Turn around, go back.
We gotta do pat-downs.
The machine is broke.
Oh, shit.
Oh, shit. Oh, shit.
Yo, yo, yo.
Oh, shit!
What's wrong? What?
Oh, shit.
Fuck! Is that real?
Boy, how'd you get this shit? I have
no fucking clue, Jib. No fucking clue.
What do you mean
you don't have a fucking clue?
I have no fucking clue
where that gun came from.
Or the drugs.
Drop your weapons!
Get the fuck outta here.
Let's move. Go!
Last night at-
at the fucking party.
At the party. Dom put that
shit in my bag. Had to be.
Well, we gotta get rid of it
then. You know? Dump it, or-
Or take it to the police. Yeah.
Let's take it to the police.
Are you joking?
You want three niggas to take
a bag full of dope and a gun...
to the fucking
police station?
Like, "Here you go"?
N-
And- And you don't expect Dom
to find out who snitched?
- Well, what do you wanna do with it?
- Yo, that's a lot of weight.
It's like 20, 30 keys.
I don't know.
- It's a lot of shit, right?
- I don't know, Dig.
I don't know anything
about this shit.
All I know is Jeezy paid LeBron
and Jay paid Dwyane Wade.
What?
He was talking about dope?
Shit.
I- I-I-I answered it.
You did what?
I don't want that shit.
Shit.
- Hello?
- Who the fuck is this?
U- Um, who is this?
This the nigga that's gon' fuck
you up, you keep asking questions.
Now, who the fuck is this?
I prefer not to say.
Okay, I see how
we gon' do this then.
If this ain't a nigga named
Malcolm at Yukon and 104th Street,
then I'm gon' kill your ass.
How do you know where I am? Find an iPhone.
Steve Jobs a motherfucking genius. Oh, shit.
Now, if this a nigga named
Malcolm, say, "Damn right."

Otherwise, click-click-boom.

Damn right.

Damn right, my name is Malcolm.

Malcolm. Malcolm!

How you feeling, man?

Dom told me there was a mix-up. You accidentally took my lunch. That true?

- Took your lunch?
- Yeah, my lunch.

A nigga hungry.

Yes. Yes, I-

Yeah. Uh-huh.

Baloney sandwich. Mm-hmm.

Baloney.

It got cheese on it?

Yeah. Mm-hmm.

We talking about the same sandwich, nigga?

'Cause I ain't ask for no cheese.

I find that my fucking sandwich got cheese on it, I'm gon' kill your ass.

I don't know.

You just- You know, there's a bag and-

What? What?

You're the one wanted to get all cute, talkin' 'bout baloney sandwiches and shit.

- I just asked you if you had my lunch.
- Yeah.

Yeah, you're right.

You're right.

Uh, your lunch. It's right here.

I'm looking at it right now.

Coolio.

Now, after school, you're gon' see a red El Camino parked... and this handsome-ass nigga inside.

That ain't Lance Gross, nigga.

That's yours truly.

Just walk up, hand me the baloney
sandwich and be on your way.
You have a nice, happy, productive
life with a hell of a story to tell.
You got it?
Yeah. Yeah, I got it.
Red El Camino after school.
Cool.
It's almost over,
little nigga.
You did good.
What the fuck did we
get ourselves into, man?
I don't see it.
Where is it?
Yo, he's over there.
- Where?
- To the right.
Oh, I see him.
You good?
Yeah. Yeah, let's go.
You good? All right. Yeah.
He asked for you alone,
you know?
I got your back and all. It's just I don't
wanna mess with his explicit instructions.
You'll be fine, bro.
Right?
You're just dropping it off.
You're good.
Uh, hey. Yeah.
I'm, uh-
I got your lunch.
I'm walking to the red El Camino right now.
What you say?
Who's this?
This is Dom, man.
Look, do you have
what I left in the backpack?
Yeah. Yeah.
You in the red El Camino?
What the fuck
you talking about?
Somebody called me earlier saying
I need to bring him the sandwich.
Nigga, why the fuck are you
talking about sandwiches right now?
The- The backpack.
He
- The guy, he said that I needed to bring it to him after school.
He'd be
in a red El Camino.
Yo, McFly, I want you to listen to
what I'm about to tell you right now.
Somebody snitched.
I'm in County right now. I don't
know who the fuck called you.
There's two possibilities.
Either the motherfucker
in the El Camino is POPO-
As soon as you give him the
package, he gon' arrest you.
Or that motherfucker's
the snitch.
In that case, he'll take
the package, kill you,
then I'm headed to Chino
with a price on my head.
I'm gon' need you to trust me
right about now, you understand?
Do not take that backpack to the nigga
in the whip, else we both fucked. Hear me?
I'm gonna text you
this address.
Go there, ask for A.J. Tell
him it's about the Boys Club.
Give him the package. Tell
him it's from me. You hear me?
Nigga, run. Get the fuck
out of there, nigga.
Run. Go now! Get the fuck
out of there! Oh, shit.
Go!
Oh, shit. Oh, shit!
Oh, shit. Oh, shit.
Oh, shit.
Go! Let's go! Come on!
Go, Jib!
- Get the fuck back over here!
- Oh, shit!
Let's go! Let's go!
Move the fucking car!
Let's go!
Come on!
Yo, man, what the hell happened?
Who the fuck was that?
Dom.
What?
Dom!
That nigga called me and said that the
nigga that called earlier isn't with him.
Well, then who is he?
Oh, shit.
How the fuck did they find us?
Yo, let's go.
Jib! Dig! Bus!
There. Right here.
Right ahead.
It's that bus.
It's that bus.
Right there. Right there.
They on that bus!
Let's go, let's go, let's go.
Open the fucking door!
Open the fucking door,
bitch!
You see three little niggas get
on this bus a couple stops ago?
I don't know. Lot of young
niggas get on this bus.
Don't get smart. I'm just asking you
a motherfucking question, all right?
I don't see shit
but the road.
He's here.
Is it you? Huh?
Is it you? Huh?
Is it fuckin' you?
Congratulations.
You have found your iPhone.
Damn.
Yo, Lily, what are you doing
opening the door butt-ass naked for?
Excuse my dumb-ass sister, man.
What up?
Are you A.J.?
No, that's my dad.
I need to speak to him.
It's about Boys Club.
Right. Right.
Well, my dad's at his office
for a couple of hours.
But y'all can hang out here
until he gets back if you want.
Um-
No.
You know-
Hey.
Yeah.
- You wanna come in?
- Yeah. Yeah.
Y'all come in.
You Piru?
Crenshaw Mafia?
Uh, I'm just Malcolm.
That's your hood, though.
Right? Right?
Yeah.
Yeah.
Yeah.
Yeah.
In the guest house
is where I got my studio.
That's where I lay down
my tracks.
I fuck around with it, you know.
I do my little thing.
My style is, I'm like a Dilla meets a No ID
with a little bit of splash of Rick Rubin.
- Right.
- Know what I mean?
I actually got something that I
did the other day. Check this out.
Yeah, what the fuck
is "bereal"?
Oh, shit. Look.
I meant "cereal. "
But that's how much
I hate crab-ass niggas.
'Cause my mind, it thinks these C-words,
but my mouth won't let me say them.
Okay, so, you replace words
that start with C's with B's?
- Like Crip dyslexia.
- Criplexia.
But only soft C's, because
you said "crab" no problem.
That's true. Why won't your mind tell
your mouth to say "brab" instead of "crab"?
- I don't know. It's a case-by-case
thing. - Not "base-by-base"?
See, you would think this hard
"C" would be the issue, but no.
That's interesting.
Fuck y'all. I'm just tryin'
to rep my set. That's it.
- Ladera doesn't have a set.
- What the fuck you mean?
Huh?
- Does that make me any less of a nigga than y'all?
- - No.
Because my dad was from The Bottoms. Yeah.
My uncle, everybody on my side
reppin' the Inglewood family.
'Cause that's where my heart is. Yeah.
Even though my-
my body's right here.
- Mm-hmm.
- - It's cool.
I- It's "bool."
Fuck all y'all. 'Cause I was
in a good mood and shit.
What was that?
A song that we
- You just reminded us of something we was writing.
"Was"?
Let's- Let's get to it.
- What you mean?
- Let's record.
- Let's record what?
- The song.
Quit fucking around.
Come on.
Randy.
Check this out.
Little niggas.
Got 'em.
I know y'all hungry. If you want, you
can just help yourself to my fridge.
Or I could have Marta
cook us up something.
- Can she cook chili-cheese
Marta! Yeah.
- Right?
- Where you get 'em at?
Jimmy's Burgers on Centinela
and Inglewood Avenue.
Yes, um- Cuatro rdenes
de chili-cheese fries...
at Jimmy's Burgers
on Centinela and Inglewood.
Niggas, let's roll.
You coming, Malcolm?
No, I think
I'm gonna stay here.
So...
you're a boy
from the hood.
Good thing you found the Boys Club and
have such an amazing mentor as my father.
I'm bored as fuck.
Will you play with me, my
little boy from the hood?
Yeah.
Yeah, we-
I can- Well, what do
you want to play?
How about we play
Mother May I?
You remember that game,
right?
Yeah.
S- Yeah.
Go ahead.
Ask me a question.
Um... what's your name?
Lily.
No, you're supposed to ask me something like, "Mother, may I take two steps?"
If I say yes, you take two steps toward me.
Or I may say, "No, you have to take three steps back."
Now it's my turn to ask the questions.
Okay.
- Got it?
- Yeah.
May I take off my clothes?
Yeah.
Yeah.
May I walk over to you?
Yeah.
May I touch you?
Yes.
Are you a virgin?
No.
Don't.
Don't do that.
There are too many liars and bullshitters in this house, Malcolm. I can tell you're not like that. Not like him. Don't start now, okay?
Okay.
Yes, I'm a virgin. I gotta pee.
Jaleel keeps rubbers over there.
I want you ready when I get back.
Go.
Can we get some chili-cheese fries?
Burgers too. All right, we'll get, uh-
Yo, can I get
a grilled cheese?
What the fuck is this?
We got a problem, blood?
Listen to this motherfuckin'
Abercrombie and Fitch-ass nigga.
You little niggas were supposed
to deliver my lunch today.
After school.
Now, I need my shit.
Right now, nigga.
Right now.
What the fuck are you even
talking about, nigga? You hungry?
She's right there.
Order some shit.
Order some shit? See, first of
all, you do not know me, bro.
Let me tell you what's
going down. All right?
We're gon' order
our food.
And then you can order your
lunch or whatever the fuck else.
A'ight? Then we gon' keep it pushin'.
Where is my bag?
- Yo.
- What's in the backpack?
That's for my dad, right?
Fuck.
Lily.
Lily.
Lily?
What the fuck?
What are you doing?
Look-
You don't know what you-
This is your-
Oh, my God!
This can't even be happening.
Look- Look at you.
Come on-
What is wrong with you?
Have you ever fucked on Molly? I haven't fucked on anything. Remember?
Okay.
Okay. All right.
What the fuck!
You- You threw up on me!
It's everywhere!
It's all in my mouth!
Who the fuck is this?
Son of a
- Why are you yelling at me?
I don't know you,
Mr. Bailey,
but you're being
very rude.
What the fuck!
Bye.
Yes, this is Malcolm.
Malcolm! Come here.
Yes, can I reschedule,
please?
Mr. Bailey, come on-
Fuck!
Wait. Wait.
I have to go. I have to go.
Wait. We're not done yet.
Where are you going? Stop
being so mean. I have to go.
I spaced on
my college interviews!
I spaced on
my college interviews.
I only have 20 minutes to get down
there or my whole life is fucked.
I'll take you.
What?
I'll take you.
- Whee!
- Lily! Lily, get up!
Oh, Lily! It's a stop sign!
Lily, stop. Stop!
Stop!
Oh, shit.
Lily.
Lily!
Lily! I gotta pee! I gotta pee!
Get out of my house!
Let me use the toilet!
Lily! Get back!
- Lily!
- I gotta pee! I gotta pee! I gotta pee!
I gotta pee! I gotta pee!
I gotta pee! I gotta pee!
What the fuck?
Tell you what's going down.
We gon' order our food.
And then you can order your
lunch or whatever the fuck else.
A'ight? Then we gon' keep it pushin'.
Yeah?
Shut your fuckin'-
Diggy, fries, fries, fries!
I want my motherfucking dope!
I want my fucking dope!
Shit, where the fuck is Jaleel?
Fuck! That was our ride. What the f-
Run, run, run!
Freeze! Down on your knees!
Keep your hands up!
What the fuck?
Mr. Jacoby's just wrapping up a
staff meeting. He'll be a few minutes.
Dom?
Is that- Is that Dom?
Oh, shit.
Austin Jacoby.
Nice to meet you,
Malcolm.
Take a seat.
Come on, relax.
So, uh...
Malcolm Adekanbi.
Did I pronounce that
right?
Yeah? Great.
You're Nigerian.
My dad, um-
He- He went back to Nigeria
before I was born.
Sorry to hear that.
I know what it's like
to grow up without a father.
That's why I spend a lot of time and
a lot of money with the Boys Club.
Those, um-
Those kids-
A- Are they your kids?
Yes, they are.
Not too much older
than you.
So you know Dominique?
Excuse me?
You- You probably
know him as Dom.
No. Sorry.
Why do you ask?
Dom gave me something...
to deliver to someone.
As crazy as it seems,
I- I think
that someone is you.
This Dom person-
what did he say
that, uh,
I should have to do
with this, uh, delivery?
I don't know.
I just know that he told me
to deliver it to A.J., so-
And why did you do it?
- I didn't have a choice.
- Oh, come on, Malcolm.
Come on.
You always have a choice.
You could have done a lot
of things with that package.
You're a smart kid. I'm sure
you thought about all of them.
But you chose to make the
delivery for this Dom person...
because you thought it was,
what, in your best interest?
So, you should
take responsibility...
for the choice
that you've made.
Now, you know I'm not
the person or persons...
for whom this delivery
was intended.
Something happened
along the way.
It's like, uh, Amazon.
If you order a Rick Ross
or Macklemore CD-
I would not order
a Macklemore CD.
That wouldn't happen.
All right. Who, then?
Casey Veggies.
Casey Veggies?
That's- That's an artist?
Yeah.
Yeah, okay. All right.
So, you order a Casey
Veggies CD from Amazon, right?
No, you don't order
a Casey Veggies CD.
You just go online
and you download it.
Yeah, okay. All right.
But you are aware that
Amazon does ship discs, right?
And if you order that disc and it
does not come in a timely fashion,
you're gonna call them
and say, "Where's my stuff?"
And Amazon has to
assume responsibility.
But it's just one CD.
But what if it's 100 orders
and 100 CDs don't show up?
Or a thousand?
Or 10,000?
It's a slippery slope.
Slippery slope.
So, Amazon has
got to assume...
the full cost
of the loss.
But most importantly,
they have to deal with the loss
of their reputation.
A reputation that has taken
a long time to build.
You understand
what I'm saying?
So let's do this.
Let's reschedule
this interview...
for a few weeks from now.
Give it a little time.
Go out there.
Make the delivery for which you
have claimed responsibility...
to the appropriate
consumers...
so that the suppliers
of this product...
can be whole.
Metaphorically speaking,
of course.
If you're able
to do this,
it shows me more
about you...
than any interview
ever could.
And I would then
make it my business...
to make you
a man of Harvard.
I want you to get out of
The Bottoms just like I did.
I know from growing up there
it's very, very dangerous...
and that your family or your friends
could get killed at any moment...
just by being in the wrong
place at the wrong time.
I'd hate for that
to happen to you...
or any
of your family members.
Getting on?
Looks like you and I
had the same kind of day.
How'd the interview go?
Okay.
Well, sit down.
My shift's almost over.
I'll take you home.
Thanks, Mom.
The incident took place today
at Seven Bucks Coffee—
apparently the side effects of the
popular club drug MDMA, or "Molly."
Tannehill James was a witness
to this bizarre scene.
So, I'm here at the Seven Bucks,
drinking my vanilla chai latte...
and eating me
some pound cake.
'Cause you know niggas
don't eat scones, right?
When all of a sudden this crazy
little naked ho comes up...
and she squatted down right in front
of me and she pissed right there.
I swear to God.
Pissed right there
for a long time.
So, now, you tell me how am I
supposed to eat my pound cake...
after witnessing
something like that?
Reporting live, Karen Myetta,
Channel 10 News.
Up next, a fight over lunch
turns deadly in Inglewood.
Did he actually say, "I'll kill you and
your friends if you don't sell these drugs"?
Or just you? What?
Don't act like you weren't
curious too. Not directly.  
He was talking about Amazon and Rick  
Ross CDs not getting to their customers.  
Niggas don't even buy  
CDs anymore, dawg.  
Jib, that's not  
the fucking point!  
Are you gonna go and sell on the corner?  
'Cause we're a bunch of bitches, man.  
Speak for yourself, Jib.  
Yes.  
I am a bitch-ass nigga. I don't  
give a fuck. I own that shit.  
Who are you trying  
to impress, Diggy?  
We're talking about Molly,  
Jib, not fucking heroin.  
All we gotta do  
is find the white people.  
- Go to Coachella, Lollapalooza.  
- Yeah, yeah.  
We can backpack and hitchhike and sing Mumford  
and Sons songs and all that faux fucking shit.  
Fuck you. Okay?  
I'm just saying it could work.  
Yeah, yeah. Why stop there, you  
know? Why not hit Bonnaroo also?  
Bitcoins.  
That's how we do it.  
Do what?  
Oh, shit.  
There's these sites where you can  
- you can sell everything...  
from fake credit cards  
to illegal guns and drugs.  
And they use Bitcoins  
so they can't be traced.  
We don't have to  
stand on any corner.  
Dark Web. Could work.  
Way better than Coachella.  
Guys, the FBI can track us. The police  
- No, they can't.  
- Not if you use a Tor browser.
- What the fuck is that?
- Onion routing.
- Layered encryptions.

It's like a game of Whac-A-Mole with thousands of computers-
What the fuck is a Whac-A-Mole?
Look, these dark Web sites run off these secret IP addresses.
Like LulzSec-level shady.
We need to find one somehow.
W-
William Ian Sherwood III.
Musician, scholar, rake, entrepreneur, conspiracy theorist.
Malcolm, Jib and Diggy met William at band camp three years ago.
Yo, if you niggas need some weed, I got you. Good shit. Fair prices.
William assured them that he used the word "nigga"...
only as a term of endearment...
as explained by Q-Tip in the classic song, "Sucka Nigga."
That's your room right there.
After that, they all hit it off.
Though he never used that word in front of them again.
The mission at band camp was to give kids from different backgrounds...
a chance to exchange music and experiences unique to their cultures.
W- W-Wait. Okay, so you're saying white girls will suck dick...
yet still claim they're virgins?
Yeah, man. I'm serious.
Really?
Dude, check it. I've been getting head since I was, like, 12, all right?
I've been hitting hos in the
ass since I was, like, 14.
It's true, man.
These chicks will let you fill
any hole, except the pussy,
with a dick, no problem.
So, technically,
you're still a virgin too.
- Yeah.
- Right.
But here's something
to wrap your brain around, man.
I've never had intercourse
with a pussy.
Mm-hmm? Only asshole and oral. Okay?
So the question isn't,
"Am I technically a virgin?"
What the question
could be is...
"Am I technically... gay?"
Oh. That's deep, nigga.
Yeah. I don't know.
William went to-
prep school,
where he smoked a pound of
weed a week, skipped classes...
and had a 1.9 GPA,
yet got a perfect score
on his SAT.
He was accepted to his father's
alma mater under academic probation,
which meant he had to maintain
a 3.0 grade point average.
So, William hacked into
the- database,
erasing all grades
from the entire freshman class.
Small-batch, craft-brewed,
40-ounce malt liquor.
That same year, he achieved his
dream of having sex with a black girl.
You ever fucked
on Molly before?
No.
Hey, nah, it's good, man.
It's like- It's like being fucked by God.
Everybody is going to Black Market Reloaded and a bunch of smaller sites.
But, dude, that shit is getting mad sketchy now.
If you nigga-
If you guys want drugs,
I can get you good shit way less expensive than online.
Nigga, we don't need to buy anything.
We need to set up a store to sell.
Wha- Nah, really, dude.
What can I get you, man?
I'm dead-ass serious, nigga.
Dead-ass serious.
Okay.
Okay.
All right. Wait. 'Cause this is ridiculous, man.
Why the fuck, after all these years, you can call me N-word and I can't say it?
Yo, look, we already went over this.
I'll have to slap the shit out of you again. I don't want to do that.
See, that's not even right.
I mean, like, really.
You know I'm not the one, all right? This is all love here.
Look, let's get back-
Hey, you asked me to do something for you.
I'm like, "What?" I'm down.
I don't give a fuck.
Because you're my people,
all right? You're my n-
And this is where
I would insert that word.
It's nothing personal.
You're still my nigga.
But I gotta slap the shit
out of you based on principle.
- Let's get back to what's goin' on.
- No, no, no. Wait. Principle?
Okay, you want to talk principle.
What about Jib here, man?
This dude isn't
African-American.
He's like fucking Latino
or Moroccan or some shit.
Where's this conversation going?
Technically, he shouldn't
be able to say the word.
- Why can he use it?
- Okay. Because I'm 14% African.
Four-Fourteen?
That doesn't-
Shit, I'm probably 14%.
I am 14% African.
Look, we don't
give a fuck.
- For real?
- Just say the damn word, okay?
- It doesn't matter. It's cool, right?
- I don't give a shit.
I give a fuck. Don't say that shit.
I will slap the shit out of you.
No, no, no. No, you won't because
you have been outvoted by your peers.
I'm George W. Bush. I don't
give a fuck what the vote says.
Dig.
What the fuck?
Let him say it.
- All right, you can say it.
- Thank you.
And I appreciate that.
I really do.
Now, like a nigga was saying-
What the fuck!
What the fuck?
What the fuck?
Yo, it was a reflex.
- Reflex? A fuckin' reflex?
- Dig!
It won't happen again.
I'm sorry.
Look. Will, we need your help to sell this shit.
That's why we're here.
- Whoa. How did you guys get this?
- It's a long story, man.
We need to know if you're gonna help us.
Why? I mean, you guys could set that type of shit up easily.
Nah, nigga,
not like you. Okay?
I need to go ghost. None of this shit can point back to me.
The type of protection I need for this shit requires a hacker.
Anon shit.
You broke into the fucking USC database.
Hey, hey. No, no, no. Okay?
Samo did that.
I don't know shit, all right?
Whatever, nigga.
Look, we don't know shit about selling dope.
Nothing.
Nothing about the units, the terminology, the pricing.
None of that shit. I don't even know how much this fucking bag is worth.
You do.
Okay.
But if this is a Samo-type job,
man, I can't just do this as a favor.
What do you want? A percentage of the profits?
Fuck that.
Pay me in Molly.
Cut up the shit. You're gonna want to measure it out...
so you can bag it up in grams, sell it that way.
But, you know, what a lot of the kids are liking nowadays is the pill form.
So, where we setting up shop?
Here.
Here?
Yeah. Here.
Are you fuckin' retarded?
No. It's actually genius, bro.
We have a science lab.
We want to enter the Google Science Fair.
All we need you to do is open up the science labs, and we can do everything else.
Don't lose that shit, okay?
We have a computer lab which nobody ever uses.
And all the supplies laying around the band room would be perfect for shipping.
And the best part—watch.
Nobody's going to suspect a thing.
We're just geeks doing what geeks do.
Right? That's what I'm saying, bro. You're into it, bro.
What's up?
Yo.
What's up?
Hey, congratulations on getting the store set up.
Now, uh, we gotta get you guys
some customers, right?
- Yeah.
- Check it out.
My house
is having a party.
We could use
a cool band.
Okay. Say we're, like
- What about if you're quoting, like, rap lyrics?
Say we're all listening
to The Chronic, Doggystyle.
We're all rapping along. Like,
what are we supposed to say?
I'm sorry. That's bullshit, dude. Yes.
- What about the artist's intent?
- Dude, that is exactly what I'm talking about, man.
Dude, I saw your bitch, Lily, on YouTube.
Okay. Well, Lily is not
my bitch anymore, so-
Then can I get at her, dude? 'Cause
I gotta find out what she was on.
Nigga, I don't give a fuck.
All right?
Go for it, dude. Hey, but
for real, she was using this.
Um- Mike check.
One, two. One, two.
Um, hi.
I'm Malcolm Ad-Rock
on guitar.
We've got diggity Diggy Dawson on the drums,
and we've got steel-faced bobblehead
Jibby right here on the bass.
Play something, Fresh Prince!
All right.
We are Awreeoh.
We're about to turn it up, okay? One, two.
One, two, three, four.
What the fuck?
Diggy, Diggy, Diggy!
Yo, fuck Molly, dawg!
It's all about that Lily, son!
How am I supposed
to eat my p-p-p-
pound cake?
Eat my pound cake.
My pound cake!
Is this Channel 10?
You're all out here, huh?
Hey, homey,
videotape this.
I want to tweet
this later, man.
Son of a bitch.
"Lily"?
I can't believe we're
really doing this right now.
No.
This shit better work,
Will.
Oh, shit.
Lily, dude,
that was unbelievable.
Principal Harris tells me that
there are three young men...
who actually joined
the Google Science Fair.
Please.
Proof...
that the public school system
is still a ladder...
to success.
Half an ounce
for Joe Patterson.
We have an ounce
for John Smith.
We have an eighth
for Ashley Down.
- Susan Thompson.
- Steve Burke.
Yeah, this popped up
about a few weeks ago.
Look at what they're moving.
It's major volume too.
I don't know why
they're calling it "Lily."
Maybe, uh, 2 Chainz
called it that on a mixtape.

Hi.

Um, is that offer still on the table?

Help.

If you're busy, I can come back tomorrow or later.

No, um, no. They're about to leave.

Yeah.

Okay, cool. Thanks.

Bye. Bye, guys.

Have fun.

Thanks for helping me.

No problem.

You're a fast learner.

Aw.

Thanks.

Shit's been real crazy since Dom got locked up.

A few of his boys got smoked on the corner the other day.

I don't want to go back there.

Sorry. I just don't have people I can talk to about this stuff...

that understand, you know?

I know.

Thanks.

Dom called from jail the other day.

He asked about you.

That's why you showed up all of a sudden.

What's that supposed to mean?
It means that Dom sent
you here as his messenger.
All this crying on my shoulder? Bullshit.
You're supposed to put
your feminine wiles on me...
and find out
about the fucking dope.
Right?
Right?
Wait. I-
And here I was, stupid enough to
think that you were different...
than these other niggas.
Nakia, Nakia, Nakia.
Fuck you!
"Feminine wiles"?
Good morning. Today you're
going to take the SAT.
The SAT is your chance to show
how prepared you are for college.
You will have 25 minutes
to work on section one.
Yo, what the fuck
was that?
What do you mean,
you don't know?
Drug search, dawg.
They do it randomly,
like, every month or so.
It's all for show. I mean, it's not
like somebody is stupid enough...
to put some shit
in their locker.
Can I go to the bathroom?
Yes, but you will not
be given more time.
Man.
Come on, man.
What in the hell
are you doing?
Um, SAT's.
SAT's?
I had to use the restroom, and
I'm kind of late getting back.
You know?
Thank you. Good luck, little man.
Bring that beat back!
One, two, three, four!
Here it is!
The set ain't over!
Come on, y'all.
Let's get busy.
Come on. Say "Yeah!"
Say "Hell yeah!"
- Ain't it funky?
- I'm not doing this shit no more.
Bro, I can
fix this shit.
I can fix
this shit.
The bag is almost done.
The shit is almost gone.
I mean, I can't sell this shit no more. We almost just got fucking caught.
Look, I don't want to go to jail.
I want to go to fucking college.
I want to get a good job.
I want to help my mom!
Dig?
That's cool.
It's my fault,
my weight to carry.
Yo, that's bullshit.
We all wanted to go to Dom's party. Especially you, Jib.
It's our weight
to carry too.
We've got your back
to the end, right?
Right?
Fuck.
Ooh.
- There it is.
- Gracias.
All right, so, when we get
the Bitcoins, then what?
I need cash.
Well, you would have to
do a currency exchange...
to get the US dollar equivalent,
but, I mean-
that kind of defeats the purpose
of a non-fiat currency, right?
Okay, see, I don't give a fuck
about all that Aaron Swartz...
Occupy Wall Street shit.
Okay, well, you'd have to link your
Bitcoin account to a bank account,
and then there's this
infinitesimally small chance...
that it could be traced.
I mean, the Feds would have to know
exactly what they're looking for.
It's not something they could
just stumble upon randomly.
Basically, I would just have to make a
stupid-ass mistake for them to trace it.
And do I look like the type of
nigga that makes stupid-ass mistakes?
Um-
So, you want me
to set up that exchange?
I'm- I'm good.
I'll do it.
- Um-
- Huh?
What if I want
zero chances of trace?
Well...
if you want zero trace,
you gotta go
black market, homey.
Yeah, you got to put
the Bitcoins on a drive...
and make
a hand-to-hand exchange.
You get cash
minus the transaction fee.
If you really want to go that
route- and I really don't suggest it-
I know a dude
in the garment district.
Ask for Fidel.
If you pass his test,
he'll help you.
If you don't-
Well, just pass his test.
One of these alligator bags
was made here.
One is from the store.
Which one is which?
The right one,
I mean, 'cause it's-
Mm-hmm.
poofier.
They both
look the same.
The reality is...
I sell 90% of my stuff
to white hos.
Most are rich enough
to afford retail.
Why do you think that is?
I don't know.
They know. They know
the only difference...
between
these two bags...
is the person
rocking them.
So, when they rock 'em,
people are gonna assume
it's real.
And the flip of that is...
it doesn't matter if you had the
receipt from Barneys sewn into the bag.
People gonna assume
it's fake.
Only you know the truth.
So, what are you, man?
Are you a real?
Are you a fake?
That's what I need
to find out.
I'm just Malcolm.
"Just Malcolm"?
Who the fuck is Malcolm?
Show me. I want you to
hit me as hard as you can.
Hey!
Don't look at them.
This is between you and me.
I'm-a give you five seconds.
You can either man up or run
out like the little bitch you is.
- One!
- Malcolm, let's just go.
Listen to your friends, boy. Two!
You can't be serious. I'm more
than serious, motherfucker.
Three!
I need that money.
You ain't gettin' shit.
Four!
Yeah, you see
your pussy friends leaving?
They're running
like some little bitches.
Run, pussy.
Five! Five! Five!
Hit me, man!
Five, motherfuck-
Oh, man. You-
Drive.
Where?
Give me the drive!
Shit.
Come here, man.
Now I know
who you are-
A man that
does not give a fuck.
Hey, blood! Don't you owe
me another shoe, nigga?
Shit!
Get on the ground,
bitch-ass nigga.
- Get the fuck off me!
- Malcolm!
- Get off us! Malcolm!
Stay the fuck down, nigga.
Malcolm!
Bitch nigga. Yeah.
Yeah!
Jib, get the fucking bag.
Come on!
Oh, shit.
Hold on, hold on.
Hey, hold on.
Give me the bag.
Please,
just give me the bag.
I don't even want
that shit, blood.
Let's go, nigga.
All right. Come on.
We out, we out, we out.
It's okay.
It's okay.
Come on.
Let's go.
That's 10%.
Consider it a proffer.
The rest is in a Bitcoin account.
Bitcoin?
It's an untraceable
Internet currency.
There are Web sites
that sell a lot of things...
that people would get
in trouble for selling.
They use Bitcoins.
Kind of like Amazon.
So you sold on the Internet?
No.
No. You did.
Excuse me?
You set up a store
on Black Market Reloaded.
Very successful.
I mean, you moved
your entire inventory.
See, the market's
been pretty volatile,
but as of right now, you have $97,267 and 31 cents... in your Bitcoin exchange account. 10,000 in cash. Now, as long as your Bitcoins stay in the exchange account, they're safe, untraceable. Now, if you were to exchange the Bitcoins into dollars... and transfer that money into your Jacoby Check Cashing corporate account, there would be a really, really small chance of it getting traced... by the DEA or FBI. I mean, that would only happen if you were idiotically sloppy... while setting up the Bitcoin exchange account. So you want me to set up that exchange? I'm good. I'll do it. I mean, that- I mean, it would almost have to be... intentional. And why should I believe any of this, Malcolm? Is your Jacoby APS shipping account number... FX4578? California regional bank number 267856783? Federal Tax ID 95- Hey, you really should just upgrade your firewall, you know? I actually know a guy. He's kind of familiar with your system already. You're all out of toilet paper, hon. Courtside, okay? Courtside. Gotta have it. No, come on. Now, what if I report to the authorities... that my securities
have been breached...
and my identity
has been stolen?
As I've just learned,
it doesn't matter
if this bag is real or fake.
Because of where I come from,
everybody's going to assume it's fake.
So, since you and I come
from the same place,
what is the DEA going
to assume about you?
And because you and I are
from the same place, Malcolm,
you should know what a person like
me can do to a person like you.
Yeah.
But that's not what
a Harvard man would do.
Nah, see, a man of Harvard
is smart enough to see...
that would set off
a chain of events...
that would inevitably come
back and destroy him...
and everything he's built.
That would be a shame.
So, I think you should take this
opportunity before you very seriously.
Do everything in your power to ensure
that I become a man of Harvard...
and make sure nothing happens
to a hair on my gorgeous head.
Can you dig it?
Malcolm,
you forgot your bag.
It's fake.
Malcolm.
You're pretty damn arrogant. You
think you're gonna get into Harvard?
Who do you think you are?
Let me tell you
about two students.
Student "A" is a straight-A student
who lives in the suburbs of Los Angeles. He plays in a punk band with his best friends. He loves to skateboard and ride on his BMX bike. His favorite TV show is Game Of Thrones and his favorite band is The Thermals. He's a '90s hip-hop geek. Student "B" goes to an underfunded school... where teachers who would rather not be there... teach kids who really don't care. He lives with a single mother, doesn't know his father and has sold dope. Now close your eyes. Picture each of these kids and tell me what you see. Be honest. No one's going to judge you. Now open your eyes. So, am I student "A" or student "B"? Am I a geek or a menace? For most of my life, I've been caught in between who I really am... and how I'm perceived, in between categories and definition. I don't fit in. And I used to think that that was a curse, but... now I'm slowly starting to see... maybe it's a blessing. See, when you don't fit in, you're forced to see the world from many different angles and points of view. You gain knowledge, life lessons from disparate people and places. And those lessons, for better or worse, have shaped me.
So, who am I?
Allow me to reintroduce myself.
My name is Malcolm Adekanbi.
I'm a straight-A student
with nearly perfect SAT scores.
I taught myself how to
play guitar and read music.
I have stellar recommendations and
diverse extracurricular activities.
I am a Google Science Fair
participant,
and in three weeks, I helped make
over $100,000 for an online business.
So, why do I want
to attend Harvard?
If I was white, would you even
have to ask me that question?
Nice haircut.
I like it.
I'm- I'm sorry...
for all the stuff
that I said.
There was a lot going on
at the time.
And... that wasn't me.
Yeah, it was.
You might have all these
other folks fooled, but not me.
You're...
complicated.
Anyway, I just came by
to say thank you.
Thank you?
You- You passed?
Mm-hmm.
You passed.
You were supposed to
go to prom with me.
No.
I told you I wasn't mad
about missing prom.
Hey.
I was mad about
missing Six Flags.
I'll pick you up in the morning.