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Friday

By Ice Cube

l know you dont smoke weed.
l know this...
but lm gonna
get you high today...
cause its Friday,
you aint got no job...
and you aint got shit to do.
Give me the two-piece special,
lots of hot sauce...
and all the fries
you can give me.
Thank you.
For most people...
Friday is just the day
before the weekend.
But after this Friday...
the neighborhood
will never be the same.
Shit.
Whats up?
Good morning.
Are you prepared
for Jehovahs return?
Because if youre not,
l have a pamphlet here that--
Fuck you.
Half-dead motherfucker.
Come on, sister.
l gotcha.
Gotcha milk.
Thats right.
Damn.
Aint nothin in this house.
Every time
l come in the kitchen...
you in the kitchen...
in the goddamned refrigerator,
eating all the food--
all the chicken,
all the pig feet...
all the collard green,
all the hog maws.
l wanna eat some chitlins.
l love pig feet.

When I went to bed last night...
didn't I tell you
to take out the trash?
Why didn't you?
I fell asleep.
I wish you was sleeping now.
I'd knock you
upside your head...
make your ass wake up
and take out the trash!
What are you doing?
Throwing this away.
We ain't got milk.
Put some water on that.
All right. I'll eat it.
Take the garbage out, son!
Dizem.
What's wrong with him?
Hurry up!
I got more work for you!
What's up, Craig?
Don't "what's up" me.
I need to whoop your ass
for knocking over these cans.
Don't knock these over.
Nobody gonna knock over
your stupid trash cans.
You better not.
Get your ass to school.
-Shut up, punk!
-What?
I'm gonna knock over
your trash cans anyway.
Better run...little bastard.
-Hey, Mama.
-Hi, baby.
-How you doing?
-Fine.
What you cooking?
I'm making
eggs, bacon, sausage...
pancakes,
and leftover pork chops.
Cook it up.

Mama, you got some glue?
For what?
My track slipped out.
Look in my dresser.
You need a wig.
You need a job.
You didnt tell Daddy what
happened yesterday, did you?
You know I wouldnt
tell on my baby.
Cool!
Come in here!
Where you at?
In the bathroom !
I'll wait till you come out.
Get in here. You'll wait?
I smelled your shit
for 22 years.
You cant smell mine
for five minutes?
Shut the door.
Your mama told me what happened
to you yesterday.
What?
That was stupid.
How the hell you get fired
on your day off?
I dont know.
You need a trade.
Take a look at that paper
on the counter.
I aint trying to be
no dog catcher.
Why not?
I dont like dogs.
Thats the beauty of it!
I grab a dog...
choke him,
kick the shit out of him...
and all day,
my foot up a dogs ass!
Just bang up his ass!
Thats my pleasure!
I dont think so.

l tell you one thing...
around here,
you gonna work or go to school.
The first of the month,
the rent is due.
lf you got nothin
on the table...
you aint got to worry
about catching a dog.
You gotta worry about a dog
catching your ass!
-Telephone!
-Damn.
Whod you go to the show with
last night?
l didnt go to the show.
You aint got to lie.
Aint nobody lyin.
-l didnt go to the show.
-You did.
My sister-in-laws
baby cousin Traci...
she told me
she went to the show...
and she saw you
all hugged up with some tramp.
Tell me who she was.
Your sister-in-laws
baby cousin Traci is a goddamn--
She a liar.
She aint seen me
hugged up with nobody.
Let me tell you what.
You just tell the bitch
when l catch her...
lm gonna beat her ass!
That girl gone.
l dont know why you messing
with that fast-assed girl.
That other girl--Debbie.
Shes cute!
Shes in school,
has all her teeth.
l dont know

what her sisters doing.
Im trying to get with her,
but Dana wont hook me up.
I told you to hook yourself up.
You need to hook up
with clippers for that neck.
Dont talk with all the horses
missing their hair around here.
Its too early!
You know what your problem is?
You have no game.
What you know about game?
I got all the game.
Your father, he got game.
Nobody go in the bathroom
for about 35, 45 minutes.
Somebody open the window.
You call that game?
My ride.
-Bye, Mama.
-Bye-bye, honey.
-I got to go, too.
-Bye, Daddy.
Bye-bye, baby.
Bye-bye, baby.
You listen to me.
I want you
to get your ass up today...
go out and look for a job.
The word for today is "job."
J-o-b.
You hear me?
Go look for a job today.
Im not kidding.
Open all the windows.
It stinks.
Where mine at?
I didnt say
I was cooking nothin for you.
Have some cereal.
We aint got milk.
Use water. It wont hurt.
Aw, man.
Nothing.

Break yourself, fool!
Look what you did to my curtain.
You better watch
before you get blasted.
With what?
You aint got nothin.
With this.
-Where you get that?
-Your mama.
-Fuck you.
-Fuck you.
Come on outside
and stop playing.
Gotta get dressed.
-Hurry up.
-Dont tell me to hurry up.
Damn.
Whats up, Big Worm?
How much you got left?
A lot.
You still aint sold that weed,
Smokey?
Im trying to.
Niggers are broke these days.
I dont think
youre applying yourself.
You smoking my shit?
Fuck with your shit?
Hell, no.
You smoking my shit?
Why would I do that?
I dont wanna have
to fuck you up.
Playing with my money is like
playing with my emotions.
You the last brother money
I'd mess with.
I'll steal from my mama
before I mess with your shit.
You know this!
Well see.
Florida Evans-lookin
motherfucker.
Whats up?

How come you aint at work?
Got fired yesterday.
For real?
I thought you had the day off
yesterday.
I did.
I went in to pick up my check,
came home...
supervisor called me

about 4:

talking about they got me
on videotape stealing boxes.
What the fuck you doing
stealing boxes for?
You trying to build a clubhouse?
I know you aint
go out like that.
Hell, no.
Aint got me on tape.
She said they did,
fired me on the spot.
Talking about pressing charges.
Goddamn!
You got to be stupid
to get fired on your day off.
Pops talking about
kicking you out again?
Goddamn!
Look!
Hi, you guys.
Man.
Her mama got ass, too.
Just give me three and a half
minutes, maybe even four.
Shell be wanting
to marry a nigger.
Who? Her mama?
Older the berry,
the sweeter the juice.
Its the blacker the berry,
the sweeter the juice.
She blacker
than a motherfucker, too.

l aint fucking with you.
She wanted to give me the ass
one time. l had to go to work.
Wonder where she going?
She probably going to that
new health club on 108th.
They opened that already?
l heard they hiring, too.
You need to go there
with your out-of-work ass.
Hold up.
My moms in there.
She about to go to work, though.
l know you dont smoke weed.
l know this...
but lm gonna
get you high today...
cause its Friday,
you aint got no job...
and you aint got shit to do.
Anyway,
what you doing up so early?
l tried to catch you
before you went to work...
let you know what happened
to Red ass.
Whats up?
You know Deebo had his bike
for three weeks, right?
Right.
So Deebo...
l won. Gimme my money.
-You what?
-l lost.
Roll the dice.
Deebo.
Hold my money.
Watch him.
Can l talk to you?
Shit.
Pops tripping.
He want me to ask
for my bike back.
You know l wouldnt trip.

What bike?
Beach Cruiser--
the one I let you use...
the one I been asking about.
Oh, that bike.
I didnt know you wanted it.
Its right here.
Follow me, holmes.
Its like its both of ours.
We just keep it at my house.
Shit!
Thats my bike, punk!
You got knocked the fuck out!
You want some of this, too,
old man?
Get in this car.
I dont know why you come here
messing with these people.
Hurry up!
They got in the car
and boned out!
You lying.
I swear to God. We was rollin.
Damn.
Tell that little girl
to stop playing on my phone.
What little girl?
Joi. She keeps calling
and hanging up.
Its her cause I star-69ed her,
and she hung up again.
I dont like her
disrespecting my house.
You tell her I said to stop it,
all right?
Hi, Mrs. Jones.
Hi, Smokey.
What time your mama leavin?
In a little while. Why?
Cause I wanna smoke this joint.
Lets go to my house real quick.
Cant do shit here.
Damn. Lil Chris got you, too?
Got me, too,

little bitch ass nigger.
lf l catch him,
lll beat him like his dad.
Excuse me.
Could stay off my grass, please?
Thank you.
Stanley be actin
like an old bitch sometimes.
l know.
Nothing but dirt anyway.
Remember this?
Hey, man!
Shut up.
Damn.
Mama!
Damn! What you doin
knockin like you the police?
lm on the phone!
l left my key.
Always talkin shit.
Just open the goddamn door.
Stop slamming my goddamn door.
Sorry, Joann.
Lets go. l know you dont
wanna hear that shit.
l did!
Get your ass up and cook
or clean up or something!
Talkin shit.
Damn.
All you do is smoke weed.
Thats all right.
Dont worry about what the fuck
l be doin.
What lm tripping on
is how you gonna sell bud...
and you smoking it.
l dont know.
Thats my only problem.
Worm gonna end up
fucking you up.
Big Worm aint gonna do a thing!
All right.
Look, he need me.

Red told me he smoked a fool
for 50 bucks.
I dont give a fuck.
I need you to go to the store
and get me cigarettes.
Give me the money.
Wait a minute. Whats this?
This aint enough.
Make it enough.
Let me wash your car for 2.00.
All you gonna do is smoke it up.
I dont smoke no more.
Buy me a 40-ounce
for my birthday.
-Today your birthday?
-Whats today?
Come on.
-All right.
-Shut up.
Im shot.
Get your ass off me.
I need some papers...
and humps.
Get these for me.
Aint got no money.
You owe me 2.00.
Oh, my God! Im hurt!
Im suing yall!
Im hurt! My neck!
My back! My neck and my back!
I want 150, 000.
We can settle out of court now
for 20 bucks.
Get your punk ass up.
It aint even wet here.
Give me 10,
and I wont say nothin.
Get out.
Two fifty and a jawbreaker?
A dollar and envelopes?
What you doing?
You can get money for falling
in a store.
You need to stay off crack.

Get out.
You wrong.
Brother, stay black.
Shut up.
-Thanks.
-Thanks, my ass.
You better come by my house
and wash my car.
Im serious.
Goddamn.
Stop your shit.
Stop the mother.
Dizam !
Fuckin bucket.
Watch my car.
Make sure nobody mess with it.
Damn!
Mrs. Parker finer
than a motherfucker.
ld knock the dust
off that pussy.
Hi, Mrs. Parker.
Hi, boys.
When you gonna let me fuck?
What did you say, honey?
Nothing.
Mrs. Parker just dont know.
Needs some young meat.
Mr. Parker
aint hittin that right.
She know what she doin
with them little-ass shorts.
She know we lookin.
Im on my way to work.
Make sure if you leave,
you lock up.
And answer the phone.
The cable people
are supposed to call.
Look at her.
She ought to be ashamed,
coming out looking like that.
Hey, girl!
How you doing?

Fine.
Im on my way to work.
Call me when you get home.
Go in the house and get me
something to roll this up with.
Bring a radio, too.
Shit.
lts hot as hell.
You a hype.
-What?
-You a hype.
Aint nothin wrong
with smokin weed.
Weed is from the earth.
God put this here
for me and you.
Take advantage.
Put that up.
Here come the pastor.
For what?
He probably smoke bud, too.
How you doing, Brother Craig?
Im all right.
I see. By chance,
is Sister Jones in?
Neither is Brother Jones.
They both at work.
Where your ass need to be,
nigger.
Excuse me, Brother.
What we call drugs
at 7 4th Street Baptist Church...
we call a sinny-sin-sin.
Well, around here,
between Normandie and Western...
we call this here
a little twenty-twen-twen...
nigger.
Give me a little
for my cataracts.
You didnt put in on this.
lts better to give
than receive.
Look. She bendin over.

Lord have mercy.
The Lord is my shepherd.
He know what l want.
Excuse me.
Mrs. Parker?
Told you.
The weed be lettin you know...
evil lurks.
Hector almost hit his nasty ass.
Whats up?
Fuck you.
Why you dont like Hector?
Remember l was smoking weed
with that fool one day?
You decided to smoke
with the big boys, eh?
You aint showin me
nothin new, ese.
Shut up and take a hit.
Smoke Dog, baby.
Remember that shit.
Been smoking since l was two.
Take it easy, holmes.
l know what lm doing.
Shut the fuck up.
Yo, homestead.
Take it easy, ese.
Whats this?
lts angel dust.
l hit it real hard, right?
As soon as he said that,
l started feeling funny as hell.
Next thing l know, l was running
down the street in my drawers.
Get off me!
Goddamn motherfuckers!
Get off me.
lm in Deebos coop
sweating like a slave.
The only person who could
get me out was my mom.
l aint been right ever since.
Thats why l been,
"Fuck Hector."

l remember that.
Peep.
Damn.
Got a little prayer...
Listen.
Thats Lil Chris.
Lets go get his ass.
Quit playing!
Dont let me catch you!
Stop, man! Quit playing!
lm gonna knock them over
next week.
Yall some busters.
Yall cant see me.
You slow.
You run like a girl.
Fuck you.
Shit.
Here come Deebo.
Give me your stuff.
Shit.
Known for jackin a nigger.
Thats all he do.
Whats up?
Nothing.
What you got on my drink?
Nothing.
Dont lie.
Got nothing.
What you got?
lm broke as a joke.
Yall some high rollers,
and yall broke.
Whats up, Stanley?
Fuck you, then, punk!
l was telling Craig,
Stanley been acting funny.
Stanley left his window open.
Lets go in.
lm on probation.
l cant be...
Stop being a bitch and come on!
lf somebody comes, whistle.
l aint tryin to get involved.

You dont get involved,
lll knock yo ass out, too.
Make a choice.
Hurry up.
You bitch.
For some reason, l dont think
Smokey wanted to go in there...
but peer pressures
a motherfucker.
Come on, nigger.
Always caught in the middle
of something.
Get your big ass
on in the window.
Hurry up.
Shit.
lts on now.
Damn.
Hurry up!
Come on. Bring your ass out.
Get off my ass!
Hurry up!
Get off my ass.
l aint with that funny shit.
Come on! Goddamn!
Wait till l get you!
lm gonna beat yo ass!
Baby, we was just prayin.
lm gonna get you!
You!
lll kill him !
lm gonna kill him !
We was just prayin.
Fuck you!
Goddamn devil!
lt wasnt even that good, baby.
lm gonna kill you. l know.
Damn!
Come on.
Get your feet down.
Come on. Move.
What took yall so long?
This fools scary, man.
He didnt even--

Look, fellas.
I asked you nicely.
Now I'm getting very irritated.
For the last time, stay off
my frigging grass! Please!
All right. Sorry.
Thank you.
His scary ass
didn't want to touch nothin'.
We spent the whole time arguing.
Y'all didn't get nothin'?
We got about 200.
I got about 200.
One day,
somebody gonna kick his ass.
I been gettin' high all week.
Take a puff. Take a hit.
Watch out.
Aint like
you got shit to do tomorrow.
You don't have to go to work.
Take a hit.
I drink.
It'll stimulate your mind.
You aint got shit to do.
All right.
Put it in your mouth.
Shut up.
That's the shit, aint it?
Wet the motherfucker all up.
It's my shit.
I can do whatever I wanna do.
Stop hitting it so hard.
Hold up.
You fuckin' up the rotation.
Puff, puff, give.
You fuckin' up the rotation.
You can get killed
with somebody else.
That's some serious shit.
You lucky you my boy.
Shit.
Take your time.
Gotta crawl before you walk.

You high yet?
Craig fucked up.
You said this was Indo.
Smell like outdo.
Wait a minute.
I aint gonna supply you...
you gonna be talkin
about my shit.
Here come Felisha.
Shit.
Old begging ass.
I know.
Whats up?
Whats up?
Nothing.
What yall smokin?
Nothing. What you want?
I need to borrow your car
right quick.
What kind of shit is that?
Most people wanna borrow
sugar or even ketchup.
You want to borrow my car?
Hell, no! Get the hell on.
-Let me borrow a joint.
-You need to borrow a job.
Always trying to smoke up
somebodys shit. Get on.
Im gonna remember that.
Remember it. Write it down.
I dont give a fuck!
Bye, Felisha.
Yall stingy.
Shes a goddamn pest.
The bud is kicking in.
Dont start trippin.
Smoke.
I aint trippin.
Hold up.
I can hear my heart beating.
Thats what its supposed to do.
My shit is beating too fast.
Its the chronic.
Dont worry about it.

Listen!
You dont hear it?
I knew I shouldnt
have gave him no chronic.
You hear my phone ring?
Man, hell, no! Sit down.
Im on house arrest.
I aint supposed to be here.
Get a nigger locked up.
Come on!
Come in. Im thirsty.
You be trippin. Come on.
Shut up.
Sit yo skinny ass down.
You want some Kool-aid?
You know I want some Kool-aid.
You smokin my weed, too?
Im gonna kill you and Smokey...
cause you playin
with my emotions.
You heard? Hey!
What?
We aint got no sugar.
You aint got no sugar?
Damn!
Yall aint never got
two things that match!
Yall got Kool-aid, no sugar,
peanut butter, no jelly...
ham, no burger. Damn.
Youre a funny lookin
motherfucker.
What up?
I dont do that gay shit now.
You want me to get the sugar
from my house?
Shit.
Motherfuckin cops.
They know Im over here.
Shit.
Is it cops?
Whats up? Come in.
Is Dana here?
She aint came home from school.

You aint seen her?
-Debbie.
-What?
Come here. Sit down.
-Hi.
-Whats up?
Out of my way.
I thought you had a friend
for me.
-I do.
-Hows she look?
Shes nice.
She got a big booty?
I am not trying to look
at that girls booty.
You know you looked
at her booty before.
Just call her, all right?
-She at home?
-She should be.
Cheap-ass phone.
Why dont you come here
and sit down--right here.
You way over there.
There.
This is Smokey,
Debbies homeboy.
She said you wanted to hook up.
Whats up?
Are you high?
-Are you high?
-Why you say that?
You look like you been smoking.
For real?
No, Im cool.
Do I still look high?
Describe yourself.
Im about 52". Light skin.
Long hair. Im big.
People say I look like
Janet Jackson.
For real? No shit?
Janet Jackson?
Boy.

You know your sister
came by here today beggin.
Felisha?
She is a trip. I know.
Why dont you come over here
to my homies house?
All right.
You live on Debbies street?
You know Dana, right?
The other day, I had to stop
Deebo from beatin her ass.
What?
When he gets high and drunk,
he starts trippin.
One time he grabbed me.
Grabbed me like this.
For real?
Was it like this?
Or was it like this?
I think it was the first one.
You sure?
What the fuck?
Im trippin.
Whats wrong?
Am I trippin?
I got to go in here,
in the bathroom real quick.
Control...
-All right.
-Bye.
Gotta get her on the move.
Aint gettin high no more.
Shit.
Whats up?
Did you guys hook up?
Its cool.
Im about to go home.
You know my homie
wanna hook up with you.
-Who?
-Craig.
Craig already has a woman.
But he dont like her.
Ill see you later.

Why you tellin her
I wanna hook up?
She dont be believing me.
Im high.
What about you
and that chick in there?
Man. She said she look like
Janet Jackson.
You lucky.
You know this.
Man.
Hey, Dad.
What happened to you?
Got bit in the ass
by a stinkin ass filthy dog.
You shouldve seen it.
Biggest dog lve ever seen.
I said,
Please dont bite me!"
I turn around
to jump over the fence.
The dog grabbed my ass!
Told you.
You didnt tell me shit!
Get on the front porch
with all that noise.
Was it like--
How your ass feel?
Get out! Dont slam the door!
All right, man.
You kids quit slammin my door!
Damn.
Stop!
Wait!
Ice cream !
Shit.
-Wait!
-Ice cream !
What you gonna do?
Hi.
Damn.
-What you want?
-What you got?
What the fuck you want?

Gimme some chili fritos.
Come here.
Step aside.
Whats up, Big Perm?
I mean, Big Worm.
-You sell that bud?
-I sold some.
Give me the rest. Somebody want
a couple 20s around Compton.
I was bullshittin ya.
You know I sold that shit.
Then count out my money.
Hurry up!
Dont you see we havin
grown folks business?
Damn. Now shut the hell up.
Twenty...
forty, sixty, eighty...
hundred, hundred-twenty,
hundred-forty...
Thats 100.
Stop playin with me.
You know what happened?
You gonna laugh your ass off.
You know Craig?
Craig got fired yesterday.
What the fuck
that gotta do with me?
Let me explain.
We was talkin over
all our problems.
You know how we do it.
We started getting high.
We got fucked up!
Im gonna be here 10:00
on the dot.

Not 10:

If you aint got my money
or bud, Im killin you and him.
You gonna kill me?
Get the fuck out of my face.
Baby!
Can I have my chili fritos?

You cant have shit.
Im closed, fat boy.
Then give me my money back.
My money.
Mama!
I hate him.
Whatd he say?
He just said for us
to pay him at 10:00.
What you mean "us"?
That fool
aint gonna do nothin.
I know you didnt tell--
What you doin?
Damn.
Whats up?
Whatd you tell him?
I told him we were smokin,
and that we were chillin.
You were smokin!
I smoked half a little piece
of joint with you.
That fool
aint gonna do nothin.
Whatd he say?
If we dont pay him by 10:00,
he gonna bust a cap in us.
We need to pay him. He crazy!
Lets stick together.
I cant believe
you got me in the mix!
I didnt make you
smoke that joint.
Might as well.
"Come on.
Stimulate your mind.
"Its Friday.
Im gonna get you high."
Why you bringin up old shit?
I could knock--
I left my purse in your house.
Can I get it?
Come on.
Fool...where Craig at?

Fool?
He in the house.
Hell, no!
Who is that bitch?
Who was that bitch?
Who you talkin to?
Nigger, lm talkin to you!
Who is she?
Thats just Debbie
from down the street.
Whats she doin in there?
Just go in the house!
What you lookin at?
Get yo ass in the house!
Hurry up!
lm going in to straighten
this girl out.
lll be right back.
lm gonna go to my crib, man.
My stomach hurt.
Come back!
All right.
Shit.
Damn.
What the hell you want? Damn!
Can l use your bathroom, please?
What you gonna do,
number one or number two?
Number two.
Shit. You aint gonna drop
no stinkin loads here.
lf anybody drops a stinkin
load, its gonna be me.
Fuck.
Shit.
What the hell
you doing back here?
Nothin.
lm fixing something.
Stay over there.
l thought you wanted me
to wash your car.
Wash it later. Stay over there!
l aint the smartest man

in the world...
but from here it looks like
you takin a shit.
Ezal, get the hell off
my back lawn!
You been eatin corn?
Get out of my back--
Get on!
But between me and you,
when youre done...
l'll clean all that shit
for you for 2.00.
-What?
-You better not tell nobody!
-lm not.
-Keep it on the down low.
All right. lm not like that.
Well keep it down.
Smokey back here takin a shit!
l aint gonna tell nobody else.
You need to control
that funky ass temper.
l know. l be forgettin, baby.
You got to be reminding me.
lm sorry.
My mama know thats you
calling and hanging up.
What?
That aint me
calling and hanging up.
You know l love your mama.
You got some money?
What? Some, huh?
How much you need?
About 200.
l guess so.
What you gonna give me?
Can l talk to you for a minute?
What?
What?
Could l use yalls VCR?
l want to dub a tape.
Hell, no!
lts The Mack!

Wait a minute!
Who the fuck is that bitch?
Fuck you, motherfucker!
You think youre slick,
asking me for money!
Ask that bitch for money!
Damn.
Whats wrong with your ho?
Damn!
We had the money right there
in my motherfucking...
We aint have shit.
What we gonna do?
That fools just playing.
I aint sweatin it.
Thats your problem.
Aint nobody playin but you.
You walk up and down the street
all day playing.
He aint playin!
You think he playin
about his money?
You dragged me into this.
He know where our mamas stay.
He had a gun
when you seen him, right?
Name one person in the hood
that play like that.
I know, huh?
Look...
Im sorry I got you in this.
Im going to tell him
you had nothin to do with it.
I smoked up his weed.
Im gonna face the consequences.
If I get dealt with,
I get dealt with.
Have you seen my sh...
Whats that for?
Protection.
Protection?
Protection for who?
Me and Smokey.
I got to walk Smokey

to his house.
Your mother and I never would've
moved into this neighborhood...
if we had known you'd need a gun
to walk down the street.
You know how it is around here.
That's not the way it is.
Kids today are nothing
but punks, sissified...
so quick to pick up a gun.
You scared to take
an ass whippin'.
This is what makes you a man.
When I was growing up, this was
all the protection we needed.
You win some, you lose some.
But you live
to fight another day.
You think you're a man
with that gun?
I'm a man without it.
Put the gun down.
Put up your dukes.
Now you're a man.
Your uncle picked up a gun, too.
He had to find out the hard way.
Twenty-two years old.
You got a choice.
These are all you need.
All right?
What's up?
What's up, Red?
Get your ass up.
They was clownin' you
at work today.
-So what?
-I saw the tape.
We kept rewinding it.
It looked like your head...
but you can't tell
from the back.
-How your eye?
-It's cool.
Damn!

Put your glasses back on.
Whats up?
Smokey, sell me a dub!
I aint selling you nada.
Come on, holmes.
Lets let bygones be bygones.
Raise the fuck up before
Craigs father come.
-You need to go and do that.
-I aint selling him shit.
You better get your ass
off your shoulders.
You aint going
to get me shot up.
You better make that money.
Hurry up.
Ese.
This nigger got us in some shit.
You know that shit
was fucked up.
Its all right.
You have nice legs.
Shit, here come Deebo!
-Who?
-Dee-bo!
Im going to tuck mine in.
Whats up, yall?
Whats up, Red?
Thanks for the bike.
-What you got on my 40?
-I thought you had 200.
I do, but I want
to spend Reds money.
Im broke.
Give it up.
Come on, stall him out.
What you got on my 40?
I dont have nothin.
You got something.
Why you trippin?
Shut up,
or I knock your ass out.
Why dont you give him
back his chain?

What chain?
Yeah, what chain?
-Why yall didnt help me?
-Man, lm high.
Thats fucked up.
l would have helped yall.
What about when he tried to
choke me in Smokes backyard?
That was different.
Lets jump him.
Sit your ass down.
l got mind control over Deebo.
He be, "Shut the fuck up, "
l be quiet.
But when he leaves,
l be talkin again.
My grandmama gave me that chain.
He trippin hard.
Only on people he know.
He dont be pullin that shit
on them fools around the corner.
Fuck that!
He going to cry in the car.
Here come Dana
and her punk ass boyfriend.
What you doin
with that on your head?
Dont even ask.
Dont get homeboy fucked up.
Debbie came by here
looking for you.
What did she say?
She just said
to tell you she came by.
All right.
When we going to hook up?
Boy, please.
Alvita!
Thats OK! Shell be back.
Another Quaalude,
shell love me in the morning.
-Aint that right, Frank?
-Get off me.
Hes crazy!

Shit.
Hes going off.
Goddamn preacher!
-Daddy wants you.
-Look.
What Daddy want?
I dont know. Go see.
Tell me if anything happens.
Go see.
Whats up with me and you?
I was in there
on the phone with Debbie...
and whats up with Rita?
-Rita who?
-Rita thats coming at 7:30.
Thats my friend.
Anything else happen?
Look at Ezal.
Scandalous.
Damn!
Is Dana in there?
Just go on and knock.
Whats your name?
Shana. Excuse me.
Stop!
Dont come over here
with that attitude, girl.
Whats up?
Nothing.
Did you pick up the hair?
Daddy wants you again.
Damn!
What he want?
Go see.
Outrun the dog!
Go for the tree, Mr. Postman!
Go!
Get me a glass of water.
Its your ass, Mr. Postman.
I look like the Kunta Kinte
around this mother...
Go!
Took long enough.
I know.

This is what were gonna do.
Im going to run over
and give you the gun.
Then Im going home to chill.
You wait for them niggers.
Later on, call me
and let me know what happened.
Youre making me nervous.
I aint scared of shit.
-Stop!
-All right.
Damn!
What car is that?
I dont know.
I dont know who car that is.
What time is it?
Seven forty-five.
Nigger, thats Janet Jackson.
-Who?
-Janet Jackson.
The girl Debbie
hooked me up with.
Hold up. Ill be right back.
See if she got a friend.
All right.
Whats up?
Not a damn thing!
We going to kick it, or what?
We can kick it...
but I forgot I had
to pick up my mom from work.
You know how that is.
Ill take you to get her.
She dont like a lot of people
with me when I get her.
Whos that girl
Smokeys talking to?
Some girl he hooked up with.
Shes a big one.
Humongous.
Why dont you go eat?
I know youre hungry.
Lord, let me go inside...
and see whats going on

with this crazy man.
Im right behind you.
Cause I ate twice
before I came.
Goddamn!
Where the iron?
Right there.
What?
Loan me 200.
Me and Smokey got into it
with Big Worm today.
We owe him 200.
He said if we dont pay him,
he going to kill us.
You going to loan me
the money or not?
Not.
You going to call me?
Im going to call you.
But if you come by,
I wont call you. OK?
Dont ever...
ever come by here. OK?
All right.
Bye, Smokey.
Damn it!
Telephone.
Who is it?
That girl.
Tell her Ill call back.
OK.
What?
Loan me 200.
I wouldnt feel comfortable
lending you 200 without a job.
If I was working,
I wouldnt need 200.
Exactly.
Yall aint never got no money!
I hate to live with
a bunch of broke-ass people.
Shit!
Come here!
What?

Why you hook me up with that
fat-ass, bald-headed girl?
Who? Rita?
Rita is not fat.
Shes big-boned.
Shit! That girl wider
than all outside.
Talkin about she looked like
Janet Jackson.
She didnt go there.
Bitch got out of the car
looking like Freddie Jackson.
Dont laugh. It aint funny.
Im sorry.
Im not trying to laugh.
I thought that you two
would like each other.
You knew she was baldheaded!
You knew she had no hair!
It aint funny.
Im sorry.
What Deebo doing here?
Hes in there
asleep with Felisha.
Felisha fucking Deebo, too?
Could you mind
your own business?
Where your mama at?
My mama is in Vegas
with her boyfriend.
So yall just parlaying up
in here, huh?
Party over here.
What?
Bye-bye.
You trippin.
Im out of here anyway.
Peace out.
Nasty motherfucker.
What are you doing here?
What the hell you doin in here?
I seen the window open,
so I said fuck it.
Get the hell out of here.

All right. Loan me 2.00.
Im clowning.
Janet Jackson ass
get just a little fat.
Forget that.
-I almost had the money.
-What?
Remember that money we stole
from Stanley house?
Me and Deebo?
Deebo was over Felisha
and Debbie house asleep.
I snuck through the back window
to get the money...
and Ezal come through the window
and woke him up.
I tried to beat his ass,
but he ran.
You aint catching
no crack head.
Forget that. Lets go over.
Hes probably still asleep.
You breaking in, though.
-You going to be with me?
-I got you.
Damn.
Forget that plan.
What time is it?
Eight fifty.
Im going in the house
and chill.
Now youre getting scared.
You want to go
in the house and lay down?
Nobody run me in my house
like no bitch.
This my hood. Fuck Worm.
Punk!
Yall busters cant catch me.
Papa!
Finally got him !
Do you know what we just did?
We finally got
that little motherfucker!

Calm down.
What?
Who car is that creeping up?
Drive-by!
Get off my ass!
Lets go in the house.
Slippin.
Wish you werent slippin today.
Shit!
Who was that?
Big Worm.
Somebody page Smokey?
Dont play dumb.
You know who this is.
You got my money?
You dont have to holler.
Not yet, but lm getting it--
What happened?
He just hung up.
We better stay in the house.
Damn!
-See anything?
-l cant see shit.
Too many trees in the way.
lm going to try again.
Dana told me about
that Big Snake situation.
Big Worm.
Big Worm, Big Hole--
l dont give a damn!
Get your ass out of this house!
You always got some shit goin.
You keep your ass here.
Big Snake, Big Worm--
what kind of name is that?
l bet yall drinking that wine
and smoking them tweeds...
wearing them clothes
all half-off your ass.
Whats going on today?
Weeds.
Your punk ass dad.
He always talking shit.
Wait. Hold up.

Tell him to comb his hair.
Like spiders is having a meeting
on his head.
Im about sick of you.
Im sick of you.
Ill walk you home, punk ass.
You see him?
There aint nobody out here.
I dont know why Im trippin.
Nobody want to mess
with the Smoke Dog.
Whos that?
Shit!
Quick!
You dont know
who youre messing with!
Damn!
Hurry up!
See if theyre coming.
Hell, no. You look.
We both look
on the count of three.
One, two, three!
Thought you said on three.
You aint bullshittin me?
One, two, three!
-What the fuck you--
-You see them?
They coming.
I aint smoking weed again.
I love you, man.
Shut up. Let me go!
Shut up before
that fat ass cuts you up.
I shot one. I know I shot one.
-Hey, look again.
-Fuck you.
Whats going on?
I dont know.
It sounded like machine guns.
Lord.
Where Craig at?
I dont know.
Theres Joann.

Go ask if shes seen them.
Sounded like a bomb.
You seen Craig and Smokey?
I thought they were over there.
Deebo, you seen Craig
and Smokey around here?
Earlier.
Damn.
What she say?
She aint seen him,
and Deebo aint seen him.
See why you have to tell us
before you leave?
Look at your face!
-Itll be OK.
-No! Look at your face!
Who do you think you are?
What are you talking about?
You know what
Im talking about, punk.
You hit my sister
like she was a man.
She had no business
going through my pants.
My sister dont need to steal
nothin from your broke ass.
Take your ass home.
Im not scared of you.
All these niggers might be
scared of you, but Im not.
You take your ass home.
Fuck you.
Youre lucky Im not a man.
Otherwise,
Id kick your ass myself.
Shut up!
You trippin.
What you say, little nigger?
Thats a female.
Shut your punk ass up...
before I drop you
like I did this bitch.
I aint trying to fight you.
You dont want to fight me

cause you a bitch, too!
What you going to do with that,
besides make me mad?
Put the gun down, son.
Put the gun down, son.
Put that gun down...
and get knocked down
like your father used to.
This was all the protection
we needed.
You win some, you lose some.
But you live
to fight another day.
You think youre a man
with that gun?
Im a man without it.
Put that gun down...
and get knocked down
like your father used to.
Give me the gun, son.
Give me the gun.
Thats all you got?
Drop him, Craig!
Shit!
Get up!
Shit! God!
Goddamn.
Come on, baby!
Let him be a man.
Go to sleep!
Shoot him.
Hes not fighting fair!
I been down before.
I taught him better than this.
Come on!
Told yall! Yall want some?
Beat him down!
Beat you down!
Who else want some of Deebo?
Get up!
Get up!
Come on!
Stand up!
There you go!

Punk!
Yes, Mr. Big Shot.
-Fucking--
-Crawl, punk!
Crawl, bitch!
Whoop his ass!
Thats what lm talking about!
Thats my dog!
Take that.
Thats my dog!
Aint that right?
Thats my dog!
Cutie pie.
lf anybody got to say anything,
you let me know.
Thats my dog.
You OK?
No, Cupcake, leave him alone.
Let him be a man.
l taught him good, didnt l?
Now whos the punk?
-He think he a mack.
-Macaroni.
You got knocked the fuck out!
Give me my goddamn money.
Paybacks a motherfucker,
aint it?
Shana, come on.
My grandmama gave me this chain.
Man, you should have been
bobbing and weaving.
Look at you. Get up!
Since you aint,
lll take these shoes.
Big Foot motherfucker,
you can have your knife.
Cause l steal, l dont kill.
Hows your back feeling?
ltll be cool.
Bleeding and shit.
What time you waking up?
Eight thirty. Why?
l was wondering if maybe
you were feeling better...

then you could come over.
Im feeling better already.
Im going to call you tomorrow.
All right.
Eight thirty, right?
Seven thirty.
Thats right.
Hello?
Why you cant call nobody back?
Which one of your hos
has somebody shooting at you?
I dont know why I waste my time
on your stupid ass anyway.
I dont know, either.
Its over. Bitch!
I got your money...
and I dont appreciate
you sending your punk ass...
bust ass,
Jheri curl ass friends...
to shoot at me and my homie.
They liked to get dealt with.
Dont be calling here like you
some straight up G...
cause Ill cut your balls off
and hand them to you.
I had to warn you too many times
about my money.
Its the principle
of the whole thing.
Theres principalities in this.
I got your money anyway...
and you sell that shit yourself
next time...
cause Im going to rehab.
Im through with this shit.
I was just bullshittin...
and you know this, man!