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Friday After Next

By Ice Cube

'Twas the night before Christmas,
and all through the house,
not a creature was stirring,
not even a mouse.
Goddamn, Day-Day.
Take it all.
One, two, get up, three.
That's what I'm talkin' about.
Damn! That's an ugly-ass baby.
Eyes cocked like a pistol.
All I want, Santa Claus,
is two fat bitches and a bag of weed
and two bags of chips
to give to the fat bitches.
What the...
Damn, these niggas are broke.
No Christmas ham in here. Nothing.
It's a damn shame.
All I want is two fat bitches
and some cheeseburgers
so Cheeco can lick on them
and two years' supply
of rolling paper.
Two pieces of bologna. Yeah, baby.
This gonna be good right here.
I'm so hungry.
What the hell
you doin' in my house
eatin' a big-ass sandwich and shit?
Nigga, I'm Santa Claus.
Where's the milk and cookies?
Santa Claus!
Shit!
You better get your ass outta here!
Goddamn!
Day-Day! Day-Day!
All I want is a fat bitch with
a name belt that say ''Glitter'' on it.
Day-Day! Help me, man!
Merry Christmas, motherfucker!
As you can see.
I got my black ass
back in the ghetto.
the only place

where you can get robbed
by Santa Claus
on Chistmas Eve.
Shit!
I don't know if I can handle
another goddamn Friday.
This shit hurt.
Day-Day! Wake up, man!
We just got robbed!
Get your scary ass up, man!
I know you heard that shit!
Get out of here, man!
Wake your ass up!
Come on, man,
I gotta call the po-po!
What you say? Damn.
We just got robbed, Cheeco.
Unit 415. man
in the middle of the street.
Then what happened?
Then I caught him.
I hit him, like, four times.
I would've been a boxer,
but I was in Special Education.
I'm telling you,
I was whooping his ass!
Craig got to fightin' with him,
he beat his ass.
- Go check out the bedrooms.
- Sure.
What else did he get?
Like I said,
he took all of our presents,
he took my CD collection,
he even took
Day-Day's baby pictures.
And he got our speaker
with all our rent money in it.
Rent money!
- Sit your ass down!
- Who got the rent money?!
You ain't about to do nothin'.
Jumpin' up like you Mr. Get Bad.
Where was you when he was

beatin' my ass with that tree?
- Craig, my leg is hurtin', man.
- Good!
Yeah, he got
the rent money. All of it.
You're positive he was dressed
like Santa Claus?
Jolly white fat guy,
little red suit,
couple elves packin' the bags.
He's a project Santa Claus.
Picture Ol' Dirty Bastard
in a Santa Claus suit.
Can you picture that?
Do you know who
Ol' Dirty Bastard is?
I'm not big on that.
You oughta be nervous.
You a black cop.
You two motherfuckers huddle up
or something and find this dude.
Stay right there.
I ain't goin' nowhere.
- Calm down.
- I'm calm.
- You're gonna sit in the car.
- Do your fucking job!
You're pushing the wrong buttons.
We the victims, man.
That victim shit is way overblown.
Just sit there and shut up.
Asshole.
Santa Claus strikes again.
Makes me want to go home
and lock up all my shit.
You gotta stop talking
to the police like that.
Shut up! You better stop
talking to me like that.
I could kick your ass
for the way you actin' this morning.
We gonna have our Christmas party?
How we gonna have a party
with our apartment looking like this?

We can't cancel the party, man!
What about the hos we had coming?
I invited some nice-ass girls.
They gonna fuck for a buck,
do something strange
for a little piece of change,
and I know we gonna
make them holler for a dollar.
One said they was gonna
suck my dick from the back.
I ain't never had that
ever happen to me.
I'm trying to go see
what that be like right there--
Look, man, I don't give
a shit about you, that party.
All I got to worry about is the rent,
and it was your idea
to use half the rent money...
Dix, I think we got something here.
Well, well. Whose is this?
Actually, it's both of ours.
No, it ain't!
It is, but it's for
medicinal uses only.
I mean, he got cataract,
lazy eye, a little glaucoma.
- See that eye right there?
- Little shot of gonorrhoea, see?
Do you guys have any idea
what we could do to you for this?
- No.
- Juvenile center?
We can make your Christmas
worse than it already is.
Being that it's Friday,
that means you're not gonna
see a judge till possibly Monday.
Maybe.
But, since we're nice guys,
we'll just confiscate this plant,
take it with us until we find
this Santa Claus character.
That's fucked up, too.

Oh, hey,
and when we find St. Nick,
what do y'all want us
to do to him, you know?
Cracked ribs, fractured skull,
little eye gouge?
Fractured skull,
beat the shit out that motherfucker.
- Eye gouge, that's the shit.
- And an eye gouge.
I say stick a plunger in his ass,
like they did in New York.
Fractured skull.
This is Officer Brian Dix.
I'm Officer Alvin Hole.
We'll let you know
if anything develops.
Officer A. Hole and B. Dix.
We'll call you...
if we find anything.
I like them police right there.
You got a big pile of dog shit
in the middle of your bed.
You might want to check that out.
Merry Christmas.
He's the dick.
What the hell
is going on around here?!
Happy Holidays, Miss Pearly.
Police running in and out!
What the hell is going on?
Somebody broke in
and stole all our stuff.
That bullshit security.
I sure hope they
didn't get the rent money
'cause you two niggas
been ducking and dodging me
for about three weeks now.
Me--
Today is the day
you motherfuckers is gonna kick in!
Why you always bring your ass
up here harassing us?

With that big ol' wolf pussy?

You come here all the time
smelling like that.

- You don't even own the place!

- You just the manager.

And I'm gonna manage

to evict your skinny-punk black ass
out of here today if you two
motherfuckers don't pay up your rent.

Man, get that lined up.

Don't you worry about it, bitch.

I know somebody like it.

Take your ass back downstairs,
'cause you ain't evictin' nobody
unless you got

a motherfucking army with you.

I don't need no army, Mr. Smart-Ass!

My son Damon home right now.

Damon!

I had a nightmare

about that fool last night.

Day-Day!

Craig!

Which one of you bitches

want to wash my drawers tonight?

- That'd be him.

- Him.

Okay.

I wash on Sundays, anyway.

Starch or press?

Starch, nigga!

Move!

Come on in, Miss Pearly.

- When did he get out?

- Last night.

And I'm gonna let you two bitches

in on a little secret--

when you spend 12 years

on a level-4 prison yard,

you become quite fond

of little ol' girls like yourselves.

So either I'm gonna

get my rent money today,

or somebody getting

their salad tossed tonight!
Damn!
That ain't even necessary.
Sure ain't!
We start our new job today,
and I swear to God we're gonna
have your money later on tonight--
cash...in your hand!
You better!
Either you fixin' to come see me,
or Damon gonna come see you.
Simple as that.
You like 'cause your son is a fag?
Shut up, bitch!
Tell your fine daddy I said...
I hate that bitch!
Tight-ass pants, man! Shit!
Look how tight
these motherfucking pants are.
I can't even do
the James Brown in these pants.
Good. I don't want
to see you do the James Brown.
We ain't never gonna get
no pussy in these clothes.
I'm gonna get some.
Tasha, how we look?
Like a couple of rent-a-cops.
What about them rent-a-tits?
See, the clothes don't make the player,
the player make the clothes.
Rent-a-cops get pussy, too.
I'm not no rent-a-cop,
I'm a Top Flight Security
and don't you never forget it.
I swear, the first motherfucker
get out of hand...
- I'm gonna beat the--
- Shit!
Craig and Day-Day.
Just the niggas I need to see.
Yo, what's up, O.G., triple O.G.,
O.G. triple, triple...O.G.?
You got out last night?

I ain't seen y'all
in about 12 years, nigga.
I was little. I was about--
You're grown up now, though.
Give a nigga a hug, dawg.
I'm about to go--
It's cool, dawg, it's cool. Come here.
Yeah, right there.
- Group hug, nigga.
- Come on, Craig.
All right, come here.
Get your ass over here.
Talk to you for a minute.
What's up, dawg?
It's good to be home,
'cause in the prison, dawg,
ain't nothin' but the fellas, nigga.
- That's what I heard.
- I swear, man.
We got to care about each other.
That's right.
Somebody go get my mother!
I heard you motherfuckers
ain't paid your rent this month.
Ducking and dodging
my moms and shit!
Get your tittie off my chin!
Show up here tonight
without that rent money,
and we gonna get
real motherfucking acquainted.
You dig?
- I can't breathe, I swear to God!
- He can't breathe!
Do you dig?!

I'm feeling you, dawg. Trust me.
- Digging it.
- Good, good.
'Cause I'm gonna
only say this shit once.
Come on, man, let's go.
Y'all look good in your little
tight-ass rent-a-cop outfits.
Merry Christmas, niggettes.

Shit, man! That's bullshit, man.
He's gonna try and do
something strange to us!
I'm gonna think of something.
That's fucked up, man.
He might do something strange
to you, though.
Puff-puff and give, motherfucker.
This is good shit.
I ain't gonna be your mother--
- Damn!
- Hurry up!
About a yean ago.
my Pops quit his dog-catching job
and went into business
with my Uncle Elroy.
They opened up a spot
called Bros. Barb-B-Q.
' 'Tastes so good.
make you wanna slap youn mama. ' '
You might've
seen the commencial.
Y'all tired of that barbecue
from up the street.
where they give you
more sauce than meat?
Bning youn big ass down
to Bros. Bar-B-Q.
That's right off Manciesten.
Bros. Bar-B-Q. Tastes so good.
make you want to slap youn mama!
Don't it. Willie?
Yeah. boy. Hey. Mama.
What the hell you want?
Ain't but one location.
so it's nearest you.
You might've missed it.
They only had enough money
for a 15-second spot.
But. anyway. my Pops
got me and Day-Day
thesejobs
at the same strip mall
as Christmas-help security.

Look, Day-Day,
we only security guards, okay?
Ghetto security guards at that.
We ain't Cops.
we ain't America's Most Wanted.
NYPD Blue.
none of that shit you watch.
We something like them.
No. Nothing like it.
All we gonna do--take it easy,
make this money,
you're gonna watch your temper--
I ain't got to watch shit!
You gonna treat people right,
talk to people right.
You can get your ass kicked
around here real quick.
I don't care about it
getting out of hand.
I ain't getting into shit
because of you.
This is a job, man.
This ain't an adventure.
This is real, and I'm gonna
let you know, I'm not having it.
Everybody's a suspect today.
And I told you, I'm a player.
I don't care about none of that.
Damn!
Get your ass out, player.
Fuck, you remedial!
- What does that mean?
- Retarded!
- That wasn't nothing.
- Dumb-ass, let's go.
I mess up all the time.
Come here! Look!
- That's him!
- Let's get that mother!
Get him! Kick him!
- Craig! Day-Day!
- Uncle Willie!
What the hell you doing to me?
What's happening?

Man, I didn't know!
Pop, I thought
you were somebody else!
Willie, what are you doing
to them boys back there?
Nothing! I'm counting
money at the register.
These fools
knock the hell out of me...
We made a mistake. Day-Day
ran in and jumped on Daddy!
He's lying!
Why you boys
beating up on Santa Claus?
He broke in our house
and stole our presents.
- And Craig let him do it!
- Why, Craig?
- Why blame me?
- 'Cause you did!
I tried to fight him, and Day-Day...
I was screaming,
he wouldn't even help.
What did you do, Day-Day?
Nothing!
He stayed asleep the whole time.
Can I tell my story?
I ain't done shit, but he could have
did something about it!
What did he look like?
Like Bobby Brown
in a goddamned Santa Claus suit!
I heard about him.
They call him
the ''Santa Clause Crook.''
He robbed a lady
in the parking lot last week.
He called her
a ''ho ho ho'' and kept running.
Who the fuck are you?
I'm Cookie, the new waitress,
and, um...
Elroy's new girlfriend.
You got another one?

You're gonna catch something!
You should have kept
Sugar's nasty ass. What happened?
I kicked her country ass
to the curb.
Hooked up with her little sister.
That's how we players roll!
Elroy, read my lips--
you ain't no player!
You don't know nothing
about being a player.
Betty done had your ass
pussy-whipped for about 30 years!
Nobody got me pussy-whipped.
l...whips...pussy!
You boys look really good
with your rent-a-cop outfits on.
Yes, very attractive.
This is Top Flight Security.
We ain't no rent-a-cops.
Daddy, how I look?
- Like a damn snitch!
- Man, that's cold!
Look like you're ready
to tell on somebody right now!
Where's your flashlight at?
You're supposed to have one.
You've got to shine some damn body!
We're supposed to get handcuffs,
flashlights, taser guns--
Two German shepherds.
Y'all must not know what happened
to the last security guards.
Mama's in the kitchen with the sauce.
Aw, shit! The sauce! Move, girl!
What happened
to the other two sec--
Wait a minute!
Go say hello to your grandmother.
Come on, let's go. Move your big ass!
What happened with
the last two security guards?
- Wake up, Mama.
- What the hell you want?

You burned the sauce again.
Give me the spoon.
Nobody's gonna hit you.
You've lost your mind
since Willie slapped you.
Damn, what happened to her?
You should never have let her
into the commercial, anyway.
Got no business working.
You're the one
gave her a concussion, Willie.
- You were supposed to be acting.
- I should have smacked you!
How's she doing?
Hey, Big Mama, you all right?
- Who are you?
- It's Craig, Mama.
- Who Craig?
- Don't worry about it.
Your oldest grandson.
The smart one, not Day-Day.
She's still having blackouts
and blurred vision.
Bet you remember Day-Day!
Why you always
playing with her all the time?
That's enough
damn salt there, Willie.
I know what I'm doing.
Don't nobody want all that salt
in their potato salad!
Y'all argue too much!
What's wrong with y'all?
Y'all should get married.
Why are you in so much
competition with me?
You jealous, Willie.
I can't help it!
I look better than you do!
You don't.
- I cook better than you.
- You can't.
- My dick is bigger than yours.
- It was cold that night.

Think--last year at this time,
you had won the Lotto,
over \$1 million.
Anybody else would be living
in the French Riviera.
You're back here
cooking pigs' feet with me
at Bros. B-B-B-Bar-B-Q.
You tied-tongued dog catcher!
You best check on the sauce.
Mama's out on her feet again.
Dumb-ass dog catcher.
'I'm a Lotto stud.
Lotto fucking stud.'
So after Pops and Unc argued
for another 15 minutes.
it was time
to meet our new boss.
His name is Moly.
He ran the whole strip mall
and owned Holy Moly Donuts.
But trust me. don't even. even. even.
even. even. even. even eat there.
We'll take the usual, Moly.
How you doing, boy?
Good, buddy.
Merry Christmas, buddy.
Happy Hanukkah. L'claim.
These are my boys.
I'll be with you
in just one minute, buddy.
Take your time.
Just be still.
What's up? How's business?
Everything is wonderful. Yeah, boy!
Have you seen our commercial?
Barbecue so good, makes you
want to smack your mama.
- What the fu--
- Hey, buddy!
What the fuck wrong with you?
Sorry, buddy. Reaction.
Hey, guys, I hear
someone's looking for a job.

I want to ask a question.

1...okay.

When we get our guns?

No guns. You are Top Flight
unarmed security guards.

- What about walkie-talkies?

- And flashlights?

Whoever catch the girl back there
giving head behind the trash can?

I have to come back there
with the flashlight and catch her.

You are supposed to be tough guys.

You don't need gadgets, huh?

All you need is this here.

If there's any problems,
you just blow. Toot-toot!

These guys are here
all the time. They come running.

Goddamn, Craig!

- Can we have more donuts?

- Please.

See? Very quick
response time, huh?

You guys ready for tour of property?

Give me a twister. Make it two.

Hold the flies.

Keep up. Come on.

One-two, one-two, one-two.

Come on.

Since you've been here many times,
I'm gonna make it short and sweet.

Buddy, come on.

As you know, this here is my place.

This is
the Holy Moly Donut Shop, huh?

Say it with me, guys--

' 'Holy Moly Donut Shop.' '

Very good. You get one
free bear claw every lunch break.

- Come on, guys.

- Come on, come on.

Okay.

Over here is the Chrome Dome.

You got cars, they got rims.

This, of course, is your
family business, Bros. Bar-B-Q.
That's check cashing.
No I.D. required.
This one here
is a brand-new store.
It's Pimps and Hos--
some kind of flashy clothing.
- Damn!
- Damn!
Who is that?
That's Donna.
She's the owner's girlfriend.
He's a funny-dressing kind of guy
from out of town or something.
He's kind of a pig, though.
He treat her like shit, man.
I would love for her
to be one of my wives, huh?
Damn, how many wives you got?
Me? 12, buddy.
Yeah. All of them freaks, too, huh?
Freaks come out at night,
what, what, what? #
Freaks come out at night... #
Whodini. You know Who--
Yeah, buddy! Okay!
He's a character. Real big character.
He's short but big.
Hold up, wait a minute,
let me put some pimping in it #
He's funny-looking, huh?
I don't know. Why he dress like this?
How are you? Doesn't matter.
Get the trunk.
Thank you.
He's got problems.
Quickly, now, quickly.
Got a business to run.
Hey, buddy.
And don't drag that coat.
It costs more than you do.
Okay, and over here,
this is a liquor store.

Don't let nobody hang out
in front of liquor store.
Nobody, buddy.
Nobody.
And this is your booth.
Any questions?
- I've got one question.
- What's up, buddy?
What happened to the last guards
that worked here?
You ask too many questions, man.
It's time to get to work.
Remember, you guys are
Top Flight security guards,
best in the whole world, huh?
You have to defend this whole place
with your own life.
And I'll die for this shit, too.
Remember, Christmas Eve
means lots of shoppers.
If there's any trouble,
you come get me--
when you take care of it,
then come get me.
Okay, go, go. Come on.
Come on. Keep it real, huh?
When are you gonna ask him
for an advancement
on our first week's pay?
Don't worry about that.
I'll ask when the time is right.
Just keep your rabbit-ass mouth shut.
- Remember what Damon said.
- You remember what I said.
Don't start trying to outthink me,
because you're gonna hurt yourself.
Where you think you going?
- It's small in here.
- No, you're big in here.
Get off my foot!
- Just scoot over there.
- You scoot over, man!
This shit is uncomfortable, man.
Can't even move in here.

So what? Just deal with it. I got to.
What are we gonna do now?
Sit here and wait
for something to happen.
Not me.
That shit is boring, man.
Good. I like boring.
Easy money for us.
I hope
don't nothing happen all day.
We can sit and watch these females
shop till they drop.
Matter of fact, watch out.
Ain't this a bitch?
I'm waiting on some action to jump off.
You heard what Mr. Moly said.
We Top Flight
security of the world, Craig!
Shit! Not just the city, the world!
Been jacked by Santa Claus,
all kind of shit.
They need security
in the world, Craig!
Shit!
For one thing, calm down.
Slow your roll.
Don't let that man pump you up
and get your ass shot out here.
We ain't no damn
Top Flight security of the world!
We Craig and Day-Day,
so just kick back, relax--
You heard what happened
to the last security guards.
You didn't even hear what happened,
so how the fuck was I gonna hear it?
Just do your job,
and I'm gonna do mine.
- Shit.
- No problem.
- I'm gonna do my job.
- No problem.
Get your damn feet
out of my f--

Joy to the world,
the Lord is come #
Bingo! I got action.
What's up?
Let every heart
prepare him room #
And heaven and nature sing... #
Heaven and--
fuck all that shit!
Y'all hos got to get off
this corner with that!
Excuse me, sugar,
what did you just say?
You heard me what I said.
Y'all hos got to move off this corner.
You better watch
your little filthy mouth.
You are talking
to children of the Lord.
That's right!
I want you to know
who you're talking to, too--
Top Flight
motherfucking security!
You can't talk to these
old-ass ladies like that!
Just back me up
and do your damn job!
Y'all movin' on
and take that shit--
Wait a minute, bitch!
I ain't no killer, you understand me?
But don't you push me,
don't you touch me!
You gonna make me blow this.
I'll clear all this shit out with this.
Joker, fuck you and your whistle!
Y'all trying to use the Lord
to sell pussy on this corner.
Shut your little filthy mouth!
Calm down.
Let's go on to church, and we
gonna pray for these niggas.
Have mercy, Jesus.

Forgive me, Lord.
What's wrong with you?
You can't talk to people like that.
That's somebody grandmama, fool!
I can talk to people
any fucking way I want to,
and I'm the law around here.
And I'm gonna write your ass up
for insubordination.
Let me do my job and you do yours.
Top Flight!
Man. I couldn't believe
how Day-Day was acting.
Even since he got
that whistle around his neck.
He been acting like
a neal asshole rent-a-cop.
Look at him!
Where you going?
I'm trying to park so I can go
in the check-cashing place.
You can't park right here
because there's a new policy.
Give me the number,
or you can't park here.
I ain't never heard
of no policy like that.
You ain't never met a Top Flight
security nigga like me!
Give me the number
or get to fucking rolling.
Look at that fool.
I've got to put a stop to this shit.
...no parking spot, okay,
'cause I'm married!
- Get this piece of shit out of here!
- He's just playing.
No, I'm not playing.
You better not park!
- Bye-bye.
- Bring that car back here!
Man, what did I do?
I got this.
Why every time you get

a little position of power,
you abuse your authority?
You need to work
on your people skills.
That's bullshit. My people skills
are way better than yours.
Just sit down and relax.
Bingo! Got more action!
Get y'all little bad-ass mo'
over here!
Leave them damn kids alone!
They ain't messing with you!
Stop blowing that goddamn whistle!
What's wrong with you? You tripping!
Some L.A.P.D. shit.
You know what?
Don't hate...appreciate.
You're just mad
'cause I'm always on the...
...crime whistle!
I'll calm your ass down
one way or another.
- You ain't got to calm me down.
- Fire that up.
Not on duty. Not on duty!
You better fire this up!
I ain't no grocery-store bouncer.
I'm a Top Flight security guard.
You got to recognize
the difference between the police--
- Light the shit.
- We are not little no more.
- Come on!
- What?
You know what?
You're not gonna be punking me
when we get 40.
This shit gonna stop one day, dude.
Well, it ain't
gonna stop today, so light it up
before I beat that ass.
- Whatever.
- Yeah, yeah.
This Barney Fife shit.

I'm thinking of something right now.
That's some good shit, right?
no. You're a bad-ass influence
on my life.
Ever since
I've been kicking it with you,
my life
has been a shambles, dude.
Give me my goddamn joint.
Hold on.
Let me hit it one more time.
One more time,
let me hit it, man!
You gave it to me to smoke!
I ain't no bad influence on you.
I'm the best cousin you've got.
If it wasn't for me, you'd be
getting punked all the time.
And I keep you safe
and I keep you warm,
'cause you know
how little timid you are.
Look. Look.
Whatever.
Man, it's just us,
Craig and Day-Day. Damn!
I was about to Barry Bonds
y'all's black asses!
You almost made me
catch a heart attack!
I ought to hit your ass
and give you brain damage.
Let me hit that before Willie
bring his old square ass out here.
You can go to jail
for some shit like that, for real.
He been real brand-new today.
How's it going out here so far?
It's been boring and quiet.
Just wait around.
Them young thugs don't come out

till about 1 :

They coming. I just pray to God

I'm here when they come.
Uncle Elroy gonna beat
the shit out of 'em!
Ho ho ho, motherfuckers!
What you looking at
before I shoot you in your mouth?
Up against the wall!
Jesus!
Shut up! What you got, toothpick?
I ain't got nothing.
Done shit on yourself!
What you looking at?
Don't I know you?
You gonna know a bullet in your ass!
This all you got?
I ain't got nothing
but 20 funky-ass dollars.
I ought to shoot your broke ass.
What's up, Al Green?
You remind me of them old players
that be clubbing with young girls.
You remind me of a young nigga
fucking with the wrong old nigga!
He's gonna shoot your ass!
Get up against the wall!
Shut up! Give me the watch!
No, not the Rolie.
Now it's a ''stoley.'''
Looking like a Mississippi pimp.
Bitch better have my
sweet potatoes. Top Flight Security!
Merry Christmas, motherfuckers.
Santa Claus got my Rolex!
Let's get him!
Do something! Do something!
- Don't just stand there. Help me.
- Shit! How?
Move, move, move!
...three quarters,
two dimes, and a nickel!
Y'all didn't hear me
blowing this whistle?
What is it, buddy?
We just got jacked by Santa Claus!

He almost tied us up and fucked us!

- He pulled out a pistol...

- Dodo, you on crack, buddy?

- Hey, man, just let it go.

- Get your goddamn hands off me!

Me, my cousin, and my daddy--

we just got jacked by Santa Claus!

But you're security guard, buddy.

That's why I asked your ass

for them two flashlights.

These guys!

That's why I hate the fuckin' law!

Get your fat ass up and do something!

You get up, too!

Give me flashlights,

or we gonna get killed around here!

Jacked by Santa Claus

on Christmas Eve!

Twice in one day!

You wanted to grab somebody,

you should've grabbed that nigga!

Security! You need to

turn in your damn whistle!

Where you going, Mama?

I'm going to make my daily rounds.

Could you make me a sandwich

when you get back?

Make your own damn sandwich.

Tupac. Tupac, Tupac!

Goddamn, you fine!

Ooh, the way

you talk gangsta, nigga!

Yoo-hoo!

Anybody home?

Ain't nobody here.

Oh, my goodness.

What in the hell

done happened to the mail?

I ain't the only one they owe.

Dirty bastards.

This child is filthy!

Wishful thinking.

Weed!

Got me some weed!

That's why they ain't paid
their damn rent!
So what happened after that?
I don't want to talk about that.
Y'all ain't gonna catch no damn body.
I just want you to stop and whip
some ass on the way to the station.
Least I'll feel better then.
What were you doing
in the alley, anyway?
I was emptying the trash!
- I had already taken it out.
- Well, it was full!
Don't you mess with this b-b-barbecue.
I'm gonna keep my eye on you.
I don't give a damn 'bout your lazy eye,
you Popeye-lookin' son of a--
Nah, wait a minute!
I started this barbecue shit!
Is this the motherfucking
thanks I get?
That's enough! Calm down!
I just appreciate you
even blessing me with your presence.
Bishop Magic Don Juan
and Money motherfucking Mike!
What they know about that?
Let me get this straight--
for the second time,
y'all got jacked by Santa Claus?
Black guy, wasn't it?
Nah. This was a nigga that did this.
If I build it, the hos will come.
Learn from the best.
God bless you, Mike.
Keep your game tight, hear, player?
Absolutely.
...got Daddy's Rolex.
Dashing through these hos
in a one-horse open sleigh... #
Everything is 25% off.
Everything must go.
Maybe even you.
Explain yourself now, player.

- Day-Day!
- Ow, Daddy!
You talk too damn much!
He didn't want to blow
his whistle, so I blew mine.
Pay attention!
That's the reason we got jacked
in the first damn place.
We'll make out our report
and get back to you.
Guys, y'all have to get dressed.
The kids will be here any minute.
Back to work.
I didn't know you can make
a snowman in 80-degree weather.
Anything is possible.
All you need is a can of snow.
What's cracking? My name's Craig.
- I'm Donna.
- What's up, Donna?
What kind of stuff y'all sell in here?
We got everything--
FUBU, Sean John, Dada.
What are you looking for?
Anything's better than what I got on.
What, you don't like the flashlight look?
I see you got jokes.
Well, you can always buy
your girlfriend something.
We have ladies' wear, too.
Yeah, y'all do, huh?
I don't really got
a girlfriend, you know.
I usually get rid of them
this time of year.
That way, you ain't got
to buy them shit.
For real?
Yeah, why not?
I'm just playing.
- I see you got jokes.
- A couple.
So that's your little
midget boyfriend?

Little micro-mini pimp
up in there?
Oh! What's cracking, baby?
My name is Day-Day, right?
This is my big-head-ass cousin.
You know, beevo-latte, got
more head than he got body.
Check this out--
I just spotted you
way across from the lot,
and I'm gonna let you know,
it ain't your booty, it's your beauty.
If you see anything
suspicious around here...
Let me know, 'cause
I got my eyes on everything.
Let's start off with your number.
That's the only way we're gonna
be able to communicate.
No, you gotta get your ass
back to that booth.
But, man, she like me!
Come on, woman.
I can't move that fast
with this stomach.
Why you got to bring
your ass over here?
I was trying to see if she seen
a Santa Claus with a suit on.
- What your ass doing over here?
- You know what I'm doing over here.
I just don't want no bullshit.
You know, all that
'my hair retain heat.'
I don't know nothin' about that.
I'm sorry.
I have to go help them.
Fine piece, boy.
She fine.
She liked me, didn't she?
- No.
- Yes, she did.
How she gonna like you
when she like me?

'Cause she hadn't seen me yet.
I wish I hadn't seen you yet.
Can I help you?
I just walked in the store.
Let me look around a little bit. Dang!
I could use some help over here.
In the men's.
Burn a pimp,
see what happen to you.
That's all you gotta do,
just burn a pimp one time.
I'd like this FUBU sweatshirt
with some socks.
Are you all right?
I'm fine, I just--
This can't be happenin',
this can't be happenin'.
Oh, no, player!
- You see that?
- I seen that.
Turn him off!
What the hell's wrong with him?
Come on, Bill, let's go.
I don't see nothing in here I like.
No, you ain't sick no more.
That ass is got. Come on!
Baby still kicking?
Yeah, feel like twins.
- We saw that shit!
- Saw what?
Let me go!
Get ahold of her, man!
Stop letting her kick your ass!
Y'all going to jail!
For shop-stealing
and stealing everything!
We ain't stole shit!
What about this?
Uh-huh!
Aw, damn!
They done got a player?!
- That ain't nothin' you like?
- You going to jail, Cicely Tyson.
Girl, I can't believe you did this!

I'm appalled!
You ain't Paul!
You a nigga that steals!
Y'all got the game messed up!
Huh? You gonna steal from a pimp?
Where is Elroy?
He's in the back.
He doesn't want to come out.
What?!
Keep your voice down.
Merry Christmas, everybody.
Come on out here right now
for these kids, Elroy,
or you and I are gonna fight!
All the money we spent for these.
Get your butt out here, man.
Aw, Elroy, you look cute.
Oh, he's a cutie-pie.
We ought to be celebrating
Kwanzaa, anyway.
Messing with these kids' heads
with this white man's holiday.
Oh, shut up, Elroy.
Prance your ass over
and let them kids pet on you.
Oh, hell, no, Willie!
That's where I put my hoof down.
Ain't nobody pettin' on me!
Will you shut up?
Prance your ass over there!
Let them kids pet on you.
What's wrong with you?
That ain't prancin'. It ain't Easter.
I ain't know no damn reindeer.
Prance! Look, like this.
Go!
Go!
You ain't gotta do this.
You just mad 'cause--
Shut the fuck up!
- Little punk-ass bitch.
- Y'all fuck and make puppies.
It's Christmas Eve.
Have some holiday cheer.

Holiday cheer these nuts.
Get back.
Hey, player.
- Mike. Mike!
- Get back!
Player!
Nah, nah, let him through.
You little shrimp motherfucker.
I'm gonna sue your ass!
Come on, cut me!
No, no, no!
Give me that, give me that.
I guarantee I wanna do my thing!
- Think about your mama, man.
- I'm thinking about your ass.
Think about what
your mama would say.
- You all right?
- Yeah, I'm fine.
You know what I'm saying?
I got a little razzle-dazzled.
My name is Money Mike, player.
How you doing?
All right, don't squeeze hard.
All right, what's happening?
This is my young girl Donna.
Say hi, woman.
What's up?
That'll be quite enough.
Thank you so much.
See, the thing is,
we just opened up around here,
you know what I'm saying?
And we've been having
some problems, obviously, as you see.
I appreciate what y'all did
'cause these cockroaches
would've cleaned me out.
Speaking of cockroaches,
where was your antennas
when them niggas were stealing
my shit out the store?
- I didn't see them take anything.
- You didn't see 'em take anything.

Well, look next time! Use your eyes!
They ain't supposed to just be hazel,
they supposed to do some damn work!
This ain't for play.
I don't do this for fun.
I'm sorry.
Don't be sorry.
Ho, be careful! Lord Je--
You know what?
I'm tired of your presence. Dismissed.
Nice meeting you guys.
See you later.
You got her trained, nigga, damn!
You can lead a ho to water, player,
but you can't make 'em think.
You dig what I'm sayin'?
I got to keep it
breezy around this bitch.
Anyway, I need to take care of y'all.
I appreciate
what y'all did for a player.
I can't be everywhere at all times.
No charge.
- What about our rent money?
- No charge.
Y'all sure?
Positive. We just doing our job.
We can't charge you, man.
Don't argue with ''no charge.''
You can come to the store
anytime you want.
Can we get some clothes,
- A FUBU short set?
- You don't need shit.
Man.
Look, we just having a little
Christmas party tonight.
Why don't you and your lady come or
hang out with us and our folks?
Let me check my Palm Pilot.
Look like I ain't doin' shit.
Bring a bunch of bitches--
I'm talking about
a busload of them hos if you can.

I was gonna get drunk and watch
The Grinch. so I'll be there.
I'll get the address from y'all later.
I'll see you later, too.
Yo, yo, player, hold up.
Never know
what I might need this for.
Might want to shave.
Might want to shave somebody else!
Never know.
I like that nigga! I like him!
Look, that's real pimpin'.
Now, that's pimpin'.
Get off his dick, Day-Day.
What do you want
for Christmas, young fella?
I want a X-Box with all the games,
all the new gear,
a new Lexus
with a banging system
and chrome feet on it.
Here's my address, Mr. Jones.
Mr. Jones?
No, Santa.
- I'm Santa.
- Bullshit! You Mr. Jones.
I know where you live, too,
so I expect everything by tomorrow.
You feel me?
Put everything in my mom's name.
He don't look like no reindeer,
he look like a pit bull.
Giddy-up, pit bull.
You better stop jumping up and down
before I have to bite your little ass.
Can you lock your jaws
and shake like a pit bull?
Yeah. Want me to show you?
My brother said if a pit bull
locks his jaws like that,
you're supposed to do this to him...
I didn't have to take anything.
It was all her. Come on, man.
Take her! Let me go! Come on!

- Later, Moly.
- Okay, buddy, take care.
A-Team!
Bad boys!
What you gonna do? #
Dodo! Good job, buddy.
- Thanks.
- You, too, Clyde.
- Take lunch, one half-hour.
- That's cool right there.
Don't be late.
That's a dirty motherfucker.
He blowin' smoke in our face
on the first arrest?
That's bullshit.
I told you there ain't no future
in being a company man.
- Let's just go to lunch.
- Let's go. I'm hungry.
Ain't that...
Get them niggas! Come on, sugars!
- Come on and get them!
- Dude, I think--
Represent for your mama.
That's what I'm talking about.
I'm gonna
bust in your head, boy!
Run!
Come back here!
Go, man, go!
Run, Day-Day! Run!
Good kind of ass whipping!
A whole lot of ass whipping!
These fools went down the alley!
- Watch out! Watch out!
- Slow down!
Yo, Big Pimpin', can you hide us?
What's happenin'? Oh, yeah.
I'm good in a crisis. Hold on.
Donna, code red.
Come on, in the back.
Sure has been
a lot of work today, player.
Pimping ain't easy but--

can I help you, player?

No!

No? Well, this ain't the Baby Gap.

Get your fake ass out of my way!

Oh, this is bullshit.

I'm in between

a pimp and a hard place.

Donna! Man down!

Oh, Lord, where the hell is Donna?

- Can I help you?

- Yo, move!

- Who do you think you are?

- What's your problem? Move!

- I can't let you back there.

- Why? Who back there?

Did you hear me?!

Go, go, go!

Come on, come on!

Let's go.

What you doing? Get back!

They in one of these stores

or somethin'.

- Check over there.

- Come on.

Go! Go! Go!

Let's jump. Let's jump.

Yo, Moly! I heard

you hired two security guards

that's been harassing

my grandmother and things.

Two new guys--Clyde and Dodo.

You remember what we did

to the last security guards?

Yes, I do, buddy.

When you see them,

you tell them we said this...

Help! Somebody, help me!

Help me, please!

Somebody, help me, please!

Did you see

what they just did to Moly?

They gonna kick our ass

when they catch us.

That's why

they ain't gonna catch us.
Where them rent-a-cops at, huh?
What you looking at, old man?
Mind your own fuckin' business.
Come on. Let's just jump
on Moly's car.
Craig, I'm scared, man.
So what? Me, too.
Oh, fuck this.
I'm not about to get my motherfuckin'
ass kicked over no job!
You smart as a motherfucker today.
Shit.
This way.
Oh, shit!
Wow! Oh, my God!
Damn!
Someone call 91 1 !
Moly, you got knocked
the fuck out!
Oh, good observation, buddy.
Where were you, buddy, huh?
We was on our lunch break.
Trying to get something to eat
so we could secure this nasty-ass lot.
Good, you were eating
while I was getting beating.
Look like somebody beat the bricks
off your motherfucking ass.
You're supposed to be
security guard, no?
We are security. Ain't that a bitch?
We are security guards.
Oh, no, not anymore.
You're both fired.
Oh, man!
Man, what the fuck?
Oh, hell, no!
We just got this job!
How you gonna fire us?
- Turn over your whistles.
- We need to be whipping his ass now.
- Whip his ass, daddy!
- I'll sue you.

- Whip him!
- Just give me the whistle.
- Give him his whistle, Craig.
- Go on and blow that!
- Take your stinky-ass whistle!
- Good, Dodo. Now it's dirty.
Get out of here!
- L'claim!
- Take your flies!
I hope your camel
got a ticket outside.
Get outta here!
Daddy, do something!
What you gonna do?
Can't just come up
in here like that!
Oh, I got it, I got it!
Y'all stick around here. Yeah, boy!
Damn, you a better snitch
than we is, Uncle Willie.
Yeah, boy!
Yeah, boy!
Help!
Help me, please!
Somebody, help me, please!
So, Craig, you gonna
still have the party tonight?
I don't know. I'm not
even in the spirit no more.
Don't let nobody ever take
your spirit away from you!
It's Christmas!
Supposed to be happy!
That's right, baby.
Listen, it's not what you get,
it's how you feel.
You want us
to bring some ribs tonight?
No. I'm sick of ribs.
So what we gonna do, man?
Now. willie everybody
was just worried
about getting they boogie on.
me and Day-Day

still had a problem to solve.
That's when I came up
with the perfect idea--
a rent party.
We'd just change
everybody in the 'hood
to come kick it with us.
you know!
Elroy, this stuff is weak.
What the hell else you got? Damn!
There you go.
Aw!
Damn!
Merry Christmas, merry Christmas,
jingle bells, noogah!
Hey!
Hey, hey, it's good
to see you, baby!
Hey, man, I feel good. How y'all?
Everybody, Merry Christmas,
noogah, from Pinky, noogah!
Hey, look here, look here.
No hard feelings about
what happened out at the shop.
Everything's copastetic, noogah.
Every time I see you,
you're talking about the same shit.
Be straight, man!
Merry Christmas.
Check this out, man.
Since you got a lot
of money in your man-purse,
we doing a little kick-in party,
so I'm gonna need you to kick in.
I got something for you
that's better than money.
Better than money?
I brought you and Day-Day
a little somethin'-somethin'!
- Check it out!
- Better than money?
Ladies, come on in and say hi
to my friend Craig, noogah!
This is Mo' Wet.

How you doing?
Oh, yeah, show him
what you're working with.
Shake it! Shake it!
Right here is
one of my little Spice Girls.
I calls her ''Cinnamon.''
Cinnamon, huh?
You so cute.
Do it again, do it again.
I ain't playin'.
She been on Soun Train. noogah!
And last but not least,
this is Lollipop.
I calls her Lollipop!
Hey, baby.
Whoo, Lordy!
Uh, look here, uh...
- Lollipop is all mine.
- All right. That's cool.
Hey, Day-Day!
Hold this for me, baby.
Day-Day, what's up?!
Hey, you better watch
that jheri-curl juice!
Damn, Pinky! Shit!
Boy, you look good, man!
Merry Christmas, boy!
We still slinging records
out there at the shop.
We miss you down there!
Man, I know y'all do.
Why'd you fire me, Pink?
I had to! You was always late, fool!
Say it again!
Say it again!
Damn, girl, you eating again?
What's up O.G., triple O.G.?
- What's up?
- How you doing, man?
Everything all right?
- I'm cool, dawg.
- Good.
Got my shank in case

shit jump off in this motherfucker.
Relax, homey, ain't nothin'
about to jump off in here.
That's my people, man!
That's my folks.
My grandma, my uncle.
What you need to do, man,
is grab one of these females
and get your boogie on.
I don't want to dance
with none of these hos.
You're a fool.
Ooh, what's up?
Merry Christmas.
Who is that?
How are you?
Oh, I'm all right.
You look great.
That's, uh, that's Donna.
You the greenest
little troll I ever seen!
Who the nigga she with?
That's just Money Mike.
Little Lucky Charms,
little micro-mini pimp.
Oh, that nigga look
magically delicious, nigga.
That's right.
Perm and shit.
Craig, look who here!
Yeah, bring him over here.
Bring his ass right here.
Oh, man, thanks
for coming through, man.
I appreciate that.
No problem.
Thanks for inviting us.
We had to show y'all some love
after what y'all did for us at the store.
Don't she look good?
Introduce me to your friend, Craig.
Oh, that's Money Mike.
- That's Donna.
- Hi. Merry Christmas.

This Damon. He live downstairs.
That was like The Matrix!
Got some testosterone problems.
Why don't you go get me
something to drink, please?
Thank you.
- Where is it?
- Right through here.
No, no.
Like to dislocated my shoulder.
Yo, homey, you ever been to the pen?
Hell, no, but thanks for asking.
Won't bother asking you, though.
- Uh, Craig?
- Yeah.
Where your bathroom at, player?
I got to piss
like a Russian racehorse
at the Kentucky Derby
with a glue truck behind him.
Yo, it's right through there.
I got to pee diddy! About to get it on.
Hey, don't piss on the seat.
What's up, O.G., triple O.G.?
You got that look in your eye.
Fresh fish on the line, nigga.
Ain't nothin' like that shit.
Yeah, baby! Yeah!
Have to drink a little bit more water.
Smell like ammonia in this bitch.
Come on. There you go.
One at a time, player, one at a time.
Busy right now,
working with a monster.
You know what this is, new booty!
- New booty?
- Don't fight the shit.
- Fight what shit?
- Let it happen.
Let what happen?
What the hell you doing?
Phone books? Nigga,
I ain't even in the phone book.
This ain't funny, nigga.

I'll bitch-slap your ass.
Come on, I ain't playin'.
No!
Here's my card right here
if y'all ever want to be pimped.
Day-Day.
Better not let Pinky see that shit.
We ought to give it to him, though.
That's a barbecue card.
Don't give a fuck. That's where
I'm pimping, out of the barbecue place.
Come and get
barbecue-slapped. Shit.
Sneaky son of a bitch.
Damn, he's been
in there a long time.
I told you he was sick.
He might be in there
throwing up anything.
Why don't we just step in here?
We can sit down
and wait for him in here.
All right.
You got a nice room here.
Pretty clean for a bachelor.
I got a nice bed, too.
Wanna try it?
- You funny, huh?
- I'm not trying to be funny.
I'm trying to spread
a little holiday cheer,
get close to you.
So, what brings you to California
with this little
half-a-Prince motherfucker?
You know, I ask myself
that same question.
What am I doing way out here,
away from my family
this time of year?
But it's just hard.
Shit, just leave.
You don't understand.
It's not that easy.

I mean, he got you
all the way out here
so he can, you know,
mistreat you,
do all them things to you--
you know, I want
to do some things to you
that, um...

You sure you don't want
to just, like, lean back?
What you think?
No!
Don't do it!
You got some condoms?
Day-Day, get the hell out of here!
You know damn well you got
all the rubbers in your--
Get the fuck out of here!
She liked me anyway, didn't you?
You're a trip.
You know what? Don't pay
no attention to Day-Day.
- That boy, he just a fool.
- You know what?
Let's just go before
Mike comes busting in on us.
And, Craig, a word of advice--
you should get a lock on this door.
I ain't never gonna get no pussy.
What if I tried to get
a lock right now and just--
All right. God!
- Come on out of there!
- Pop, what's the matter?
Who's in the bathroom?
That eggnog about
to kick back up on me.
You know I got them bad guts.
Man, Pops gotta boo-boo, come on!
Don't tell everybody!
Hey, you know what?
The lady will let you
use it downstairs, the landlady.
Miss Pearly.

Go on down. She'll let you use it.
Come on out of there, man!
Honey, where you going?
I'll be right back. Oh, boy!
All right!
All right!
I'm Craig's daddy--Willie Jones.
As you know, we're having
a little get-together upstairs,
and the bathrooms are jammed.
I like the way you got that lined up.
Mind if I use yours?
No. Come on in.
- Where's it at?
- Down the hall.
Thank you.
All right, there we go.
There we go. About time.
Oh, just what I needed so bad.
Yeah, there it is.
How you doing?
Show me what you working with.
- Oh, damn!
- What's wrong with you, fool?
That's my woman you're dancing with.
Hey, fool, your woman's
freaking with me!
I bought them titties!
What's wrong with you?
I'll bust a cap right in your fat ass.
Don't mess up the party, Elroy.
Dance with me, dance with me.
Come on, dance with me.
Did you pee on me?
Wake your bitch-ass up,
Lucky Charms.
I like my fish wet and squirmy.
I thought I was dreaming.
You almost drowned me, nigga.
Oh, you dreaming. This a wet dream.
Wet dream?
Wait a minute, I'm a pimp!
You lost your mind? What the hell?!
Am I in prison?

Donna! Pimp down!
You got a lot of balls!
Pimpin', pimpin', pimpin'!
You was just gonna take it,
wasn't you? Hmm?
You thought I was
play-pimping, didn't you?
Yeah, okay, okay.
- Could you just let me go?
- Say something.
I was just playing with you.
I was playing with you, dawg.
I was playing, man, okay?
I'm a nice guy
when you get to know me.
Shut up! What the hell
you talking about?
I am a boy!
You are not in prison
anymore, Damon!
That's not how we do it!
Say, noog! This is Pinky, noogah!
Look, I got to go pee-pee!
Uh, Damon, are you a music lover?
You are? Good. Have you
ever heard of The Nutcracker?
Oh, shit!
Have you, huh? Have you heard it?
Huh? Huh?
Yes. Yes.
Crunching on your balls
in a one-horse open sleigh... #
Mom, what's the matter?
Where did your father go?
He just went downstairs
to use the bathroom
over at Miss Pearly's, the landlady.
Oh, Miss Pearly. Hmm...
Excuse me.
Mama.
Oh, shit!
Hey!
Should be a law against
people with guts like mine.

That was a monster--
Why it so dark in here, baby?
What are you about to do,
pray or something?
Did your son tell you I said hi?
No. Pertaining to what?
Your son Craig
ain't paid his rent this month,
and I'm about to throw him
out on his ass tomorrow.
So how much do you
really love your boy?
Not enough to pay his fucking rent.
I have enough trouble paying my own!
I'm not talking about rent,
Willie Jones.
Well, what you talking about,
Miss Pearly?
I'm talking about these nuts!
You're gonna give me
some of this dick today!
I don't even know you, woman!
I heard they call you
'Sweet-Dick Willie.'
- Who, me?
- Yeah!
- You heard that, huh?
- Yeah.
Yes, baby, I'm a bad mother.
- Can I have some of it?
- Let me go, woman! Hell, no!
I don't know you, woman!
Oh, Sweet-Dick Willie!
Willie, get your ass off that heifer!
Daddy, get your ass off that heifer!
Yeah, pimping!
That's right.
Hey, I want everybody back!
There's gonna be
ball juice everywhere!
Everybody get back!
Get back in the house!
Don't take anybody!
Y'all get the hell

out of my house!
My dick wouldn't get hard!
Whip his ass, Mama!
Miss Pearly, you ain't right,
trying to give my daddy V.D.
I'm calling the police on y'all, fool!
Well, get that lined up,
too, first, bitch!
Go to hell!
Player. Player!
What's going on?
Ain't nothin', player.
Thanks for inviting me. I appreciate it.
Donna, get the car.
Come on, player.
Hey, them my vise grips, man!
Yeah, that's his nuts, too.
You can have them both back!
Look, I'm just saying, man,
let him go, and there
won't be no hard feelings.
No hard feelings?
Have you ever seen
a rottweiler bite a chihuahua?
No.
Me, neither, but it
ain't pretty, I'm sure of it.
Now you hold on
till I get in the car.
Dude, I'm not about to touch
his nuts or them vise grips.
- Oh, yes, you are.
- No, I'm not.
- Yes, you are!
- Bullshit.
You invited me to this party,
ain't that right?
That's right. Whatever
y'all do, make it quick.
I think I'm gonna pass out.
No, no, no--
It's your party, your pliers,
his nuts in your hand.
That's how it's going.

Donna, get the door.
I'll get the car door.
Give me a call
when you get a chance.
Yeah.
I'll call you.
Hold on.
[SILENTLY] Call me.
- Hey!
- What?!
- Can you hear me now?
- Yeah.
Get these pliers!
All right. You ready?
I'm ready. I'm ready.
- You ready?
- Oh, I'm ready, player.
On the count of three--
- Here we go. One...
- On your balls...
- Two...
- Grab a handful...
- Three!
- Go!
Hey!
Donna, you can't leave me!
Hey, pimp in distress!
Bitch, I ain't--hold on!
How the fuck
you gonna leave me?!
He gonna fuck the lining
out of Little Prince.
Code 1 1-32--pimp missing!
What?
You see that mother?
That-that's--
He the one
broke in the apartment!
You see him?
Yeah, he just went
through there on the side.
- You ready?
- I'm not going in there, man.
Stop being so scary.

All our stuff might be in there.
Why you always
got to be a hero, man?
Take your--go over there.
I bet something bite you in the ass.
I'm not going.
No, I don't want
to get bit in the ass.
Ten more minutes before Christmas.
Ten more minutes.
That's what I'm talking about.
Lord have mercy,
I'm tired as a runaway slave.
Let's see what I got.
Don't nobody get me nothin', anyway.
Oh, snap.
Dada.
I always wanted me a Dada.
Hell, yeah.
Extra medium?
Extra medium?
Hell, got to have something
for the skinny niggas.
Day-Day, this could be
our last chance.
You keep your timid ass here.
I'm going to get my shit.
Yeah, I roll to the club
just like this, baby.
Santa Claus up here,
grabbing me some wallets,
cigarette lighters, some car keys.
Hold it right there, you crack baby!
Yeah, let's get his ass, Craig!
Beat him, Craig!
...break in they house,
hit them with trees!
Hold him, Day-Day!
Turn around!
Ho ho ho, motherfucker!
Move, Day-Day!
Damn!
Damn, Craig! Get his ass!
Shit!

Mother!

Damn it, Craig, get up!

- Top Flight!

- Get his ass, Day-Day!

Go!

Damn!

Shit!

I caught you, didn't I?

Sons of bitches! You don't know
who you're fucking with!

I'm one of the coldest
niggas in the city!

Get out of my collard greens
and my mustard greens!

I'd like to blowed another hole
in one of your asses!

Dirty sons of bitches!

Come on out of there!

Next time, I'm gonna shoot you
in the one that's winking,
not the one that stink!

Praise God.

Yo, dang, man,

what's up with that?!

I got a calling on y'all's life.

I'm here to deliver

the word of God, you know?

Please don't hurt me.

Beat that ass!

Get his ass, Craig!

Wait a minute!

Go, go, go! Move!

Get his ass!

Go, go, go!

Get out of my house!

Beat his ass!

Oh, shit!

I know you're in there!

Go, go, go!

Move, move, move!

Come on, you two-time haters.

Where you at?

Y'all know I ain't playin'!

Come on! Come on!

Respect my gangsta!
Open the door!
Fuck, I'll kill y'all.
Take your broke ass home!
That boy can take a fall!
Y'all niggas don't know
who you're fucking with!
I told you I ain't no freak!
I'll kill one of you young punks!
Can't catch me, baby.
Prime time.
- Damn!
- What the hell?!
Shit.
Goddamn it, C.W., what did you hit?!
Man, I think that was a dog, man.
I ain't playin' with you, noogah!
Didn't I tell you I was gonna fire you
if you hit something else?
Nope, I didn't hear that part, Pinky.
After you hit that little retarded boy
with the fucked-up walk.
You're costing me money, C.W.
He's still breathing. Get your ass
back in the car! Oh, noogah...
All right, motherfucker, let's go.
Come on, noogah!
Get your ass
in the car, come on!
You done hit Santa Claus!
That was Pinky's limo.
Look, he hit Santa ass!
Got your ass! Turn over!
D.O.A.
- Should I tell him or you?
- Let's both tell him.
You got knocked the fuck out!
Bitch!
Got his ass!
- Yo, Day-Day.
- What's up?
I'm glad we got
our rent money back, baby.
What are we gonna do

with that fool?
I don't know. Po-pos will get
his dumb ass sooner or later.
Ho ho ho, motherfucker!
There you have it.
Another Friday gone.
another problem solved.
We just took our stuff
back to the party
and left Santa Claus on the roof
for the police to get.
Fan as I know.
he's still up there talking shit.
Pimp down!
Pimp missing in action!
And Money Mike.
you know. he's still
getting chased by Damon
all through the 'hood.
There's a loud party upstairs
that's keeping me up.
Could you please send a unit?
Miss Peanly kept on hating on us.
We didn't even cane.
We kept on partying.
My uncle got drunk
and eventually passed out.
And look at Pops--
You know. he showed his ass
till the po-pos came.
- Open the door! Let's do this!
- Put down the b-b-b-b-barbecue.
But all they wanted
was some more weed.
So we looked them up.
and I even kept
Day-Day's dumb ass occupied.
And a German shepherd mix!
That's till
my moms walked in on him.
And me. you know how a player do.
I convinced Donna
to bring her fine ass
back to the party.

got her in my room.
slid the dresser
in front of the door.
and got myself
an early Christmas present.
You know!
I'll beat-box your ass!