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Get Rich or Die Tryin'

By Terence Winter

Let's do this.
Where the fuck you been, kid?
I'm starving here.
Oh, shit!
- Relax. Take it easy.
- Shut your fuckin' mouth!
Nobody move, nobody get hurt.
Put the money in the bag.
Lay your ass fucking down!
Put the money in the bag!
Where the 100s at? Where the 100s at?
In the fucking bag. Lay it.
What you got over there?
Only ones. Fucking fives.
Check the back, man.
You make one move
and I'm gonna blow your head off.
You, stop fucking moving, all right?
Lay down.
Where the big bills?
What y'all got in there?
Come on, hurry up, hurry up.
- Yo, where's the rest of the lottos at?
- Hundreds.
See now, I'm trying real hard
with you motherfuckers!
I'm trying to understand you!
Where's the fucking lottos at?
Where's the money?
You know Delgato?
You know who you're fucking with?
Yeah.
You know who you fucking with?
You fucking with Majestic's crew.
- Bitch, come here.
- No. Let him go.
- No! No!
- Come here.
Which one's your fucking mama?
Hey, bitch, this your kid right here?
Now, I'm gonna count to three...
and then I'm gonna
blow his little head off, okay?
- One.

- That's enough. Let's go.

Two.

- Where's the money?

- Let's go! Let's go!

I said, let's go.

Oh, baby, come on!

How you gonna do this shit right now?

I told you, don't shoot nobody.

The first thing you do when we walk in
this motherfucker is shoot somebody.

'Cause that's what I do!

I kill motherfuckers, you know that!

You know, till I met you...

I didn't even get no respect
from anybody, you know?

None worth, you know, mentioning...

But I fucking love you!

I'd do anything for you.

- This motherfucker's crazy.

- I'm your fucking man!

- Where's the fucking money?

- I said, let's go, nigga!

Now you go

and call me a fucking nigga, man.

You gonna call me a nigga in front of
these motherfucking Colombians?

- Where's the fucking money?

- I said, I don't know.

I said, let's go.

All right. 'Cause that's all I am?

A nigga?

Take your fucking money...

and you shoot this nigga

and go on with your bitch-ass life!

If you gonna be a man, be a man

and shoot me, motherfucker!

Do you understand?

- No, no, please.

- Take it easy.

Please.

- Then calm the fuck down right there.

- Take it easy.

Get your ass back in there.

Please.

- Come on.
- Fuck that bitch, let's go!
You coward. I'll kill you.
Fucking crazy-ass bitch!
I fucking love you!
Come on.
Yo, yo, yo.
Lying there...
staring down the barrel of that nine...
I knew I was about to die.
I don't know why I was
expecting my father to rescue me.
I realized I had been looking for him
all my life.
Marcus!
This is my search.
That's my mom.
Those were the days.
Things you do
That keeps me satisfied
Problem was,
everyone was in love with my mom...
so anyone could be my dad.
One thing I was certain of,
I didn't have a white daddy.
And sure as hell, he wasn't a cop...
black or white.
Spent a lot of time
at my grandmother's.
That was a crowded house
with eight mouths to feed...
not including me.
Anybody know
how these things work, huh?
Hey, Marcus.
Hey y'all.
Help your granddaddy.
Show me how that work, huh?
- What you want, football?
- Yeah, football.
There you go.
Boy's a genius, huh?
Can you watch him for an hour?
Katrina, you know I'll watch him.

Thank you.

- I don't want that money.

- Come on, Mom.

Katrina, I said I don't need that money.

He's family.

Why you keep

leaving him like this, Katrina?

Bye.

- Bye.

- Take care.

That's my Uncle Deuce.

- You look after him, okay?

- Pay you back.

He was the oldest and the meanest.

What's going on, homie?

You okay?

It's Saturday.

Mama's gotta work

to buy you those sneakers.

Smile.

Smile.

Oh, baby, I love you.

- I love you, too.

- I gotta go, okay?

Okay.

- Hey, Marcus, you coming out?

- Can I go out?

- Go on.

- Yo, Marcus!

Come on, Marcus. Come on.

Hey, how you doing?

Come on, let's go, Marcus.

Bye, Mom!

- Bye.

- Bye.

That boy got the bug bad.

Hey, right here. I'm open!

I knew my mom sold drugs...

but it didn't mean nothing to me

but good sneakers and school clothes.

Yes!

She always made sure

I had the best of everything.

You know what's really happening

It's happening
'Cause this is my crew
and it's happening
And this is how we do
when it's happening
Cause it's happening
Couldn't get next you
Listen
When you're ready I'll be ready
So you let me know
Any way you want to go, girl
I'm down to go
Young Caesar busting through
with the incredible flow
You ain't never heard an MC
like this before
Turn the boombox up
Let the sounds play
Run DMC, Cool J, NWA
If I was your best friend
I'd want you around all the time
Best friend
Girl, I wanna make you mine
Best friend
Girl, you know I think you're fine
Best friend. Together, me and you
Hey, Mom.

It's 3:

It is?
- So who's your best friend?
- Nobody.
Anybody.
A girl.
Promise me...
that you are gonna treat the girls right.
- What?
- Promise me...
that you're gonna treat the girls right.
Okay.
Are you all right, Mom?
But I know I can't live without my radio
Fucking Slim. What's he doing here?
That's the purest coke right there.

Don't get out of the car.
What's going on? What you doing, huh?
- I'm handling my business...
- You handling your business?
Get the fuck out of here!
What the fuck are you doing?
I got shit on my boot, bitch.
What the fuck are you doing?
Get the fuck out of here!
- Get your ass...
- What the fuck?
- Stay there.
- Get the fuck off!
I'll kill your ass! You hear me?
- I'll shoot your ass, bitch! You hear me?
- Kill my ass?
I'll kill you.
I'll chew your ass up and kill you, bitch!
Majestic told me
I could work this corner.
- You hear me, bitch?
- Stay off my fucking block!
- I said, fuck you!
- Hang on. Hang on.
- I said, fuck you! Fuck you.
- Get the fuck out of here.
Fuck out.
Rick James-looking motherfucker!
- Hey, what's wrong with you?
- Fuck you, bitch.
Katrina, calm down. Look...
- Get the fuck off of me!
- Katrina.
- Shut the fuck up, Majestic!
- Hey, wait.
Go back to prison.
Why did you get out of the car?
Why did you get out of the car?
I was going to protect you.
Baby boy...
don't grow up too quick.
Come on, let's go.
I don't know.
That motherfucking nigga Slim,

trying to play me...
and then Majestic's bitch ass
tried to come in and...
I mean, where the fuck has he been?
The thing is,
parents think you see nothing.
You see everything.
I think you're fine
Mom, that's private.
First we get to talking
Then we get to touching
When we get past the phone games
We'll be humping
When we get past the phone games
We'll be humping
I kiss like the French do
Put my tongue in your ear
Do it like the dogs do it, girl
and pull on your hair
For me different scenery
just means a different position
In the bushes, hide and seek
I could get next to you, listen
When you're ready I'll be ready
So you let me know
Any way you wanna go, girl
I'm down to go
Young Caesar busting through
- Where did you get this?
- Marcus.
I hate you.
- See you later.
- Okay.
I'll be back tonight.
Charlene's stepdad sent her away
to live with her grandparents.
My mom was supposed to
come pick me up that night.
But she never arrived.
Neighbors said they heard
voices raised in a jealous rage.
Soon after that,
the dogs were heard barking.
And after that...

flames were seen
coming from the window.
Class, move right in. Move right in.
Hey, Mr. Matthews,
I brought my homework.
"Yea, though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death...
"I will fear no evil, for thou art with me...
"thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
"Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine..."
I was wondering whether
my father would show up to the funeral.
"...my head with oil,
my cup runneth over."
Maybe even her killer.
"...mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life...
"and I will dwell..."
For all I knew,
they were the same person.
...concludes the service
for this afternoon. Thank you.
You okay, B. G?
She was a special lady.
You gonna have to let her go.
I'll never let her go.
You're a good son.
Come on.
- He looked like Rick James.
- Who?
Slim.
- What size are you?
- Six.
- Who did these belong to?
- Your Uncle Deuce.
Dear Lord, thank you for this food,
and bless it to our bodies.
- Amen.
- Thank you, Ma.
Smells good.
Hey! Come on, man! Yo!
You gots to be quick.
Gimme some of that food.

More bread, Ma.
Move over, man.
Take your foot out my face.
I don't have any room.
- Calm your ass down.
- Shut up.
- Come on, move over, man.
- Calm your ass down!
- I said, come on, man!
- Calm your ass down!
- Move over!
- Go to sleep. Sleep!
Oh, fuck! What the hell!
Shit! I'm gonna skin your ass!
- What was that?
- What happened?
Hey! What the hell is going on here?
Cut it out!
- Look, get up.
- He poured a bucket of water on me!
Kid's crazy, just like his damn mother!
- Shut up, or I do it again!
- Just like your damn mother!
Hey! Hey! Get upstairs, Deuce!
Come on!
Tell me now,
who's your daddy, Marcus?
Get upstairs! Go on, you, upstairs.
Don't know who your daddy is, huh?
You gonna be all right here
for a few years?
Yeah.
Don't worry about it, Marcus.
You'll get those shoes one day.
- Don't worry about it. They're jerks.
- I'll see you later, Antwan.
It was time to join the family business.
- What's up, man?
- Two dimes.
All right.
And he said, no way!
- Here you go.
- Thank you, man.
- Where you from?

- Jersey, baby!

I can tell, man. I can tell.

Hey.

- What you want?

- What you got?

- I got dime bags.

- Twenty.

All right. Here you go. Yo, man!

What the fuck you doing? It's my corner!

All right, man. All right.

What you want? You want some of this?

You fucking through, nigga!

- You fuck off...

- Fuck off, man.

Hey, hey, hey.

- Come here, Jake.

- He's stealing our corner!

- Cool it. Hey, come here.

- Get off!

- Matt, get out of here.

- Yeah, I'm gonna kick your ass!

Come here.

- What the fuck are you doing out here?

- Come on, we out.

Look at me.

You know what time it is, huh?

Where'd you get this shit?

Where'd you get this shit?

I can't tell you that.

Oh, you can't tell me that?

Get in the car.

You know what you are, kid?

- You're an entrepreneur.

- Just like his mama.

But you can't just go walking up
on other niggas' territories like that.

Respect is the most important thing
in life.

Your respect can go a long way.

What you doing out there, anyway?

You still going to school?

You know what you gonna get out there,
don't you?

It's full of long, lonely nights. Hard days.

- Is that what you want?
- I'm in it for the money.
- How much you get?
- Enough.

Enough?

- For what?
- Sneakers.

You need anything else?

A gun.

What you need a gun for?

I don't know.

I didn't know what I wanted a gun for,
but I got one anyway.

- What's up, little man?
- What's up, man?
- Looking for some heat?
- Yeah, what you got?

This is what I got for you.

You like that.357, huh?

That's gonna run you \$250.

All right. It's all there.

Yo, hold up, hold up.

Let me tell you something, little nigga.

You get busted,
you didn't get this from me.

Listen to my 9 millimeter go bang

Gangsta, gangsta

That's what you looking at

Gangsta, gangsta

That's what you looking at

They call me Uncle Deuce

After Tupac, everybody wanted to be
a gangsta rapper.

And if Tupac wasn't dead,
Deuce's rapping would've killed him.

I might take your bones
and suck your marrow

Suck your...

Man, that's fucking wack, yo.
Give me the damn fucking weed.

Fucking "marrow" shit.

Cannibal bullshit.

Yeah.

I can't take this.

I'm gonna do the laundry.
Ready to pop off my deuce deuce
'Cause I'm a gangsta gangsta
I'm the realest shit
I'm from the Bronx, yo
Don't make me have to come up
and run up on you, yeah
It's Deuce Deuce running this live
Yo, yo!
Passing through.
Okay, where's the detergent?
Goddamn detergent.
Ma, where's the detergent?
- Why are you going through my stuff?
- What?
Why you going through my stuff?
What are you doing with a loaded gun
in my house? Come back here!
I wasn't thinking straight when I went
back to school that afternoon.
You'll pay a fine of \$500.
I hope you're proud of yourself.
- It's your fault I got caught.
- My fault?
If I didn't have to hide who I was,
I wouldn't have got caught.
- Then who are you?
- I'm in fucking hell!
Living in a basement
I can't even stand up straight in.
You'll wind up just like your mama.
At least mama's not here on her knees,
washing floors like you.
- Roy, stop!
- Don't you speak to me like that!
I've got her blood in my veins. My mama
ain't live like no second-class nigga.
I'm a gangsta, Grandpa,
and I'm proud of it.
- You son of a...
- Let him go, Roy.
If you really want it, you can have it.
Are you related to Mr. Majestic?
No.

I had my own space...
and I could concentrate
on my dream of being a rapper.
Young Caesar, first tape, first song.
Gotta Get Outta Hell.
Fire at my feet, fiends all around
Don't cross the yellow tape
Homicide's in town
Homicide's in town.
Fire at my feet, fiends all around
Don't cross the yellow tape
Homicide's in town
Homicide's... Homicide's in town.
Why the fuck I ain't write it down?
Damn, I'm fucking hungry.
After three hours,
I gave up my career as a rapper...
and went back to selling coke.
The thing about being a coke dealer
on the corner...
it was lousy pay.
And if you added up all the hours
and time spent waiting around...
it was like minimum wage.
And if you added in the time
you were likely to spend in prison...
it was less than minimum wage.
But then, one day...
- Baking soda.
- ... everything changed.
Good.
Watch that shit.
- Add that shit to that.
- What you gonna do with that, yo?
Done fucked up now.
See how she moves?
Dance for daddy. That's right, baby.
Put in some ice.
Yeah.
- Stir that shit up a little.
- What the fuck is that?
It's a refreshing drink, that's what it is.
Make that shit chill.
There you go. That's right.

- Damn, nigga.
- What is it called?
- See that?
- What's that supposed to be?
- I don't know, man.
- Go figure it out, man.
- Pure crystal.
- Yeah.

Now the nigga got his own
drug-manufacturing company...
just like Merck.

See this shit?

This gonna take us out of the ghetto.
But there are rules to the house.

Rule number one:

Never leave this product in the house.

Rule number two:

Number three:

your crew, trust. Gotta be tough on 'em.

Rule number four:

Don't praise a nigga too much...

otherwise he gonna think you soft.

Rule number five: Don't show no love.

Love will get you killed.

See this?

It's like a bitch.

You fuck a bitch,

don't let a bitch fuck you.

You a man?

You don't need nothing

or no one to get you through.

This bitch...

This bitch will take your soul.

Y'all niggas ain't got no family,

all you got is respect.

Don't ever forget that.

Don't ever forget that.

Rule number six:

take the panties off of this bitch.

All right, let's get out of here.

Everybody had their own territory.
Ours was right next to the Colombians.
What the fucking hell are you doing
on my fucking block?
What the fucking hell are you doing
on my fucking block!
What are you doing
on my fucking block?
What the fuck are you doing
on my block?
What the fuck are you doing
on my fucking block, I asked you!
Hey, hey, hey.
Yeah, that tough guy shit's
out the window now, right?
Get the fuck out of here.
I kill you, motherfucker.
Hey, I like what you did back there,
but if you need me to...
- What?
- Know what I mean?
You trying to threaten me?
No. I'm just saying if you want me
to do something for you, I'll do it.
He know me.
You know this nigga?
Seen him around?
Justice.
What's up, boy?
Good to see you, Antwan.
The last of my crew was a fat nigga
named Keryl, who was fast on his feet.
So that was the crew.
Antwan, Justice, Keryl and myself.
Four niggas dedicated to one thing
and one thing only...
getting paid and getting laid.
- It's pumping out there? Huh?
- Voil.
- What the fuck y'all doing?
- What it look like, man?
- What the fuck is this?
- What the fuck?
You smoking crack up in here?

What the fuck's wrong with you?

- Get the fuck out.

- It's all good, man.

- Come on, let's go.

- What the fuck's your problem, man?

What the fuck, man?

We got it going on, man.

- What the hell's your problem?

- What the fuck wrong with you, nigga?

Relax. Back it up.

Calm down, nigga.

You know where you at?

You sold me this shit.

What the fuck's your problem, man?

Relax, man.

We sell it. We don't smoke it.

Get the fuck out. Come on.

Sit your little ass back down
and enjoy your brew.

Nigger, this Marcus' place.

Don't ever disrespect this shit.

- What the fuck wrong with you?

- All right, nigga. All right, man.

Peace.

Is this the Dangerous CD?

This guy is ill.

You don't wanna battle me in the street
with my heat

Them things'll bust

with Dangerous

I need some space...

'cause y'all are riding Dangerous' nuts
a little too hard over here.

This is street life, all right

The only life I know

Bag it up, hit the block

Watch the product go

I got supreme clientele

So it's sale after sale

Fire at my feet, fiends all around

Don't cross the yellow tape

- Let's go.

- Why?

Y'all gotta go, too. Come on.

We gotta go to work.
I was always the first up.
No matter how hard we partied...
I made sure my crew worked
twice as hard.
The busiest days for us
were the 1st and the 15th...
when the welfare checks came in.
Hey, hey, man.
You're damaging my merchandise.
- You like cars?
- Yeah.
You know, we could use some help
around here, maybe washing cars...
since you like
putting fingerprints on things.
- No, I ain't washing no cars, man.
- So what you wanna do?
- I wanna buy it.
- Yeah? You got a license?
- No.
- I tell you what.
You get you a license, you get you
some money, come talk to me.
Oh, I'll get the money.
Crack meant money,
money meant power...
and power meant war.
Yo, come here, man. Come here.
We shot the Colombians.
They shot us.
Crackheads robbed the Korean store
so many times...
poor guy went crazy.
Things got so hot after the death
of those innocent kids...
that even Levar Cahill
had to show up to the funeral.
But his real intentions were
to cool things down...
with the Colombians.
Listen, everything's gonna be all right.
Look at this nigga Odell.
How much money you think

his motherfucking teeth worth?
\$100,000? \$200,000?
I got someone I want you to meet, man.
Yo, Marcus.
There's the nigger motherfucker, man.
- You know who this is?
- How you doing, Mr. Cahill?
- Who's this little nigga?
- This here our employee of the month.
- Yeah, he a worker bee.
- He looks familiar.
- Remember Katrina?
- Katrina?
Trina.
This here her baby boy.
Ain't this a bitch?
So you out there grinding,
making some money for me, huh?
Yeah.
Mr. Cahill...
you like a god to me.
Like a god.
Son...
I am God.
God, Allah, Buddha...
all rolled up into one big nigga.
Five-0.
Motherfuckers got more shit on me,
put me away for 20 or 30 years.
That's why I got to pay them
so much money.
Levar put his arms around Delgato...
and just like that, the war ended.
Yes, that is it.
That's what I want, right there.
Okay, ladies, this time what I want,
you're with Dangerous...
And how did you get involved
with Dangerous?
Kid lost his chain, man.
Out here in the streets,
lose your chain, lose your balls.
I found it, gave it back to him.
That's what I do.

I protect him, you know?
Try to look out for him.
- What about those guys?
- Right there is your American dream.
- What about those guys?
- Right there is your American dream.
Hey, yo, Marcus!
Go take a picture.
- Dangerous.
- Yeah, what's up?
- Mind if we take a picture with you?
- All right, man.
Ladies.
All right, you guys
are the baddest gangstas in the city.
Do your thing.
Let's see what you got.
That's it, be hardcore.
- You want to...
- Hey, hey.
- I gotta talk to you.
- Can you look this way?
All right. That's enough. We got it.
We got it.
Deal with the fucking crackhead.
What's up, buddy?
How you doing, man? Come on.
- Come on with me. That's cool.
- I can't right now.
Get your fucking bitch-ass over there.
What the fuck you doing?
Hey, man, I got money, see?
You know I don't take no coins, man!
I would take coins.
Hell, I'd take pennies
if that's all a fiend had.
Back again?
Hey, you need anything else?
Go get some dealer plates.
That's what I'm talking about, man.
Can't wait till niggas see me in this.
What?
What you say?
What the fuck did you say?

I'll kill you, nigga.
Hey, why don't you get
the fuck out my car?
I had it all...
but still something was missing.
I'll tell you one time,
don't sleep on Dangerous, though.
That's all I'm saying...
is he's hot, so you should stick with him,
all right? That's all I'm saying.
- Yo, yo. What's up?
- It's cool. It's cool.
- Hold on.
- I just wanna give you my tape.
It's my demo, man. It's good, man.
Check it out.
- That your ride?
- Yeah.
- Hold on a second. \$500?
- Yeah.
- Check it out, man. You gonna like it.
- All right.
- Where he get that fucking ride?
- Where do you think?
Hey, nigger, what's the sense of getting
money if there ain't nobody to see it?
- What's up, baby?
- Hey, what up?
- What?
- Are you for real?
Think about the pussy
we all gonna get with this.
I should have
put some panties in the window...
so they know this is not my mama's car.
Whatever.
I think I still have it.
Look at that right there.
She got her shit all...
Hey, yo!
Hey!
Stuck-up bitch.
- I guess she too cool to talk.
- I'll be right back.

Charlene!

Yo, nigga,

we're in the middle of the road.

I'm gonna drive.

Charlene!

Charlene!

- Marcus?

- Yeah.

- Marcus Greer?

- Yeah, what you doing around here?

- How you doing?

- Hi.

What you doing around here?

I just came to see my mother.

We were teaching a dance class

over at Charlene's old school.

Wanna introduce me to your friend?

Oh, yeah. This is Destin.

Destin, Marcus.

- What's up, man?

- How you doing?

So, you hungry?

You were so shy.

You didn't wanna play me

that song you wrote...

in front of me, remember?

It's a miracle.

- Praise the lord.

- Hallelujah!

- You all right?

- You get a nurse?

- What?

- He's not working.

What you did to the boy, huh?

You okay?

- Yeah, I'm all right.

- I mean, you okay?

I'm all right.

Usually, he driving us like slaves.

- Y'all work together?

- No, we work for him.

- You the boss, Marcus?

- Yeah.

This is Justice, that's Keryl,

and you know Antwan.

- Yeah, man. Wha'gwan, baby?

- Wha'gwan.

- So what do you do?

- I'm a gangsta.

No, really. What do you do?

I'm a rapper.

- Seriously, Marcus, what do you do?

- I'm a gangsta rapper.

Marcus is the gangsta-est rapper
there is.

- So what do you call yourself?

- Young Caesar.

- Still?

- Yeah.

- Really?

- Yeah.

- Justice.

- Maxine.

- Justice used to work here.

- You still do.

- Sorry about your daddy, Charlene.

- Thank you.

What she talking about, your stepdad?

No, my real father.

You should let me take you out.

- I should?

- Yeah, you should.

Forget Levar, he's too slow.

- Five minutes...

- Hey, Majestic. It's Marcus.

I'll give you a call. Yeah.

Fuck Levar, man.

- What's up, man?

- Come on. You seen me at the window.

What take you so long
to open the door?

- I was opening the door.

- What you got for me, man?

- There's \$20,000 in here.

- \$20,000.

- Need to count this?

- No, you don't need to count it.

- Yeah, how much you need?

- I need a full bird.
- Yeah, how much you need?
- I need a full bird.
- Full bird.
- Yeah.

Full bird.

You deserve a drink.

This is the hardest-working nigga
in drug business.

- Working that crew hard, huh?
- Oh, yeah.

Come over here, Junebug.

- Little Henny?

- It's 10:

What, you planning on flying a plane
or something?

No, but he planning on driving
that Mercedes he just bought.

What you talking about?

I got me a new... New joint.

- Fuck, where is it? Out there?
- Yeah, out front.

What the fuck is this shit?

Look at him all bashful and shit.

Let's see, let's see.

Shit, what's my nigga got?

You got that? Come here.

Take them shades off, man.

- Look at that shit.

- Shit.

That nigga making me look good.

We're going all the way
to the top, right?

- Oh, yes.

- Shit.

- Nigger, you got your license?

- No, dealership plates.

That's 'cause you the dealer, right?

See that, Junebug?

You work your ass hard,
that's what your ass get.

Yeah. You can be like me.

I'm big in the hood with this right now,

man, I'm telling you.
I don't even know my name no more.
They calling me "Handsome."
Make a right up here, man.
Where we going?
Levar's.
- That shit ain't right, man.
- What?
Cops sitting on Levar's house
like he's some kind of punk.
What can you do about it?
- What do you think?
- Sit tight. Let it blow over.
Damn right.
Let it blow over.
Taught your mama how to drive.
Parking lot out by the beach.
Used to come out there in the winter.
It was all icy and shit.
She'd be sliding that thing
all over the place.
You heard anything more about Slim?
No, nigga went
down south somewheres.
Tell me again what happened
that night...
I told you
a million fucking times already.
Why don't you stop thinking about it?
The minute you see him,
you gonna let me know, right?
Listen, either stop talking about it,
or do something.
How am I gonna do something
if I don't know where he at?
Then let it blow over.
- Get up.
- What?
Get up, bitch. Move.
- What's up, man?
- What's up?
You all right?
- Who your girl, man?
- Who, Charlene?

Charlene?

Why don't you bring her backstage,
meet Dangerous, man?

We're straight right here.

We gonna hang out for a little bit.

- All right, man. Do your thing, boy.

- All right.

Hey, yo, man.

It's that fucking spic, Raoul.

Where's Keryl and Antwan?

Come on, girl, let's go!

- I'm all right. I'm all right.

- Just don't try to move him.

- Lay back.

- I'll get a ambulance.

Lay back.

Forget about that.

Just bring the car, man.

Doctor said he's gonna make it.

Amen.

Put your arm around me?

Want me to take you home?

I don't wanna go home.

Can you turn a light on?

It's grimy in here right now.

It's cleaner in my room.

I can see why

you wouldn't turn the light on.

Watch your step.

- You like Rick James?

- No.

- Is this okay for you?

- Yes, thank you.

Your mother was so beautiful.

- That's me and you.

- Yeah.

I can't believe you framed this.

Young Caesar.

Don't go.

- You remember the words to that song?

- What song?

If I was your best friend

I'd want you around all the time

Could I be your best friend?

If you promise you'll be mine
If I was your best friend
I'd want you around all the time
Best friend
Girl, I'm gonna make you mine
Best friend
I remember.
I've been thinking about that song
for 10 years.
Sing some more.
First we get to talking
Then we get to touching
When we get past the phone games
We'll be
I kiss like the French do
Put my tongue in your ear
Do it like the dogs do it, girl
and pull on your hair
Did you know what that meant,
back then?
No.
My stepdad did.
- Are you my best friend?
- More than that.
Hey, yo.
- What up?
- Hey.
- What's up?
- Spinal cord.
He ain't gonna walk no more.
Who told you that? Doctor told you that?
Yeah.
Man.
- Let's go take care of this shit now.
- Oh, we gonna take care.
He can't walk. Can't walk no more.
Look at him, man.
He's crying all night and shit.
- I don't wanna hear that shit.
- We gotta send a message.
- Damn, man.
- It's your crew. Your own crew.
All right. All right. Charlene.
- What's up?

- I gotta go handle something.

- What?

- I gotta go handle some business.

That's not gonna

make him walk again, Marcus.

Come on, give me my hat.

Hey.

- Is that clean?

- Yeah.

- Where'd you get it from?

- Majestic.

- Majestic cool with this?

- Yeah.

Pull over to the left.

I don't got a good feeling about this shit.

- There's four of them.

- Yeah. It's fucked up. Let's go home.

- Go.

- Give me the gun.

- Huh?

- Give me the gun!

What the fuck...

Who's this nigga?

What the fuck you want?

Don't do it, please!

Please don't fucking do it!

Don't fucking do it!

Don't fucking... Papa!

Oh, fuck!

- You okay?

- Drive.

... we were complicitous,

as a country, in narcotics traffic...

at the same time

as we're spending countless dollars...

in this country to try to get rid

of this problem.

It's mind-boggling.

What's up?

In 1987, Oliver North was investigated...

for his role in a covert

money-for-arms operation.

You're all right.

Breaking out.

It's time for bed, huh?

- What happened?

- Nothing.

Don't lie to me.

You got blood on your shoes.

Maybe this life isn't for me.

- Did you kill him?

- No. I should've.

Men hide their emotions.

You bury yours, Marcus.

You're you and I'm me, Charlene.

The cops didn't find that gun
they came looking for.

They found something else instead.

- What's this?

- That's your shit.

My shit?

Why would I keep my shit here?

You're fucked, man.

Man, that shit ain't ours!

What the fuck, man!

Never seen him before.

Yeah, never seen him before.

All right, y'all, settle down.

Listen up and pay attention.

My respect has been taken from me.

Who authorized the Colombian hit?

All right.

Without getting too biblical and shit,
violence only begets more violence.

It does not beget more money...

which is the reason I thought we were
all here in the first fucking place.

Now, I'm going away

for a short period of time...

to pay a political debt

to our illustrious police department.

And while I'm away,

I don't want no fucking drama...

on our streets...

about anything...

by anyone that's going to draw heat...

or attention to us in any way...

unless you have my fucking permission.

Is there any nigga here
in Pelham Hall...
that is unclear about
what the fuck I just said?
Good.
So now, for all you
hearing-impaired motherfuckers...
while Levar's down...
I'm number one.
So now, if you have any problems...
come see me.
Marcus. Come here.
Well, then...
my brothers.
Now, next time you have a problem,
you come see me.
See, now you gonna have
to take the fall for this bullshit.
- Cops, man, they planted that shit.
- No, they didn't.
We know who's doing what.
See, now be careful
who you let in your house.
'Cause someone close to you
is using.
Soap up.
Being real cheap on the soap.
And y'all can turn the water up
a little bit in here.
Yo, man! Guard!
Fight! We got a fight over here!
You saved my life.
Let's go.
Hmm-hmm.
This way. Keep going.
Why?
I don't know.
Looked like you needed saving.
What's your name?
Marcus.
Bama. Nice to meet you.
- Bama. You from Alabama?
- No, North Carolina.
North Carolina?

So why they call you Bama?
I didn't want folks calling me Lina.
Somebody wanted me to kill myself.
Thought about it.
Thought about my mother.
I was in a tomb, just like her...
and I had to find a way out.
I went forward...
made my mark.
It was either express myself or die.
I know I did a lot of bad things
in my life...
but from that moment on...
I decided to tell the truth.
And I wasn't gonna back down.
Levar was not expecting
things to change.
Deal with it, okay?
But after the shooting, he wasn't
gonna pay a little political debt.
He was gonna pay with his life.
Majestic set him up...
and blamed it all on Odell.
This nigga been working
for the Colombians.
Betrayed Levar. Cost us money.
Now, how he gonna pay?
Let's pay him in diamonds and gold.
You right, motherfucker.
Them shiny-ass motherfucking teeth.
I can't trust you?
Are you working with the Colombians?
Nigga, you the one set up Levar, nigga!
That was you who set up Levar, nigga!
Come on, man!
That was you that set up Levar!
Oh, shit.
Everybody relax. We're all friends here.
Levar fucked your bitch!
You got a lot of mouth on you, Odell.
Levar fucked your bitch, nigga!
- Yeah, babe?
- Levar fucked Katrina.
Majestic began his rise to the top...

and Dangerous crowned it all
with a song.
People got shot.
People disappeared.
And Majestic felt like
nobody could touch him.
Yeah, turn my music up.
Turn it up in my headphones
a little bit, son.
Yeah, we're gonna have to see.
What up? Yo, Majestic! You!
What up, baby?
Yeah. Yeah. It's like this. Come on.
Niggas that pull their heat
And get shook, die on the streets
You can't look weak
Niggas'll lay you down six feet
And when you lay down
You keep an eye open when you sleep
We took the food out your belly, nigga
How you gonna eat?
You want me
You can find me on the block
See you in the morning.
And I will squeeze off rounds and watch
them slugs split your hairpiece
We run these streets
Where murderers and gangstas meet
Black skull, nigga
We pull the ice and gold
Straight out your teeth up in the NYC
Now you listen, gangster. Listen.
- Where's Majestic?
- No, man, no, man!
Tell Majestic we called.
You know, I ain't never trusted folks.
See, where I grew up...
there was a whole bunch...
of jealous cats.
They used to be mad
'cause I was light-skinned, you know?
They used to grab me after school
when I was in first grade and be like:
"Smack him and watch him turn red."

So I got me a screwdriver and started
carrying that with me to school.

They ain't smack me no more.

- What's wrong with you, man?

- I just wanna kill somebody.

- Who?

- Anybody.

There's a whole lot of anybodies
in the world, man.

You know,

I had this image in my head...

of Rick James killing my mama.

I mean that.

I know Rick James ain't kill my mama.

He just favored this dude named Slim,
you know.

Well, what you got in your head now?

All kinds of images.

It usually goes down
over money and whores

But lil' homie, in my hood

When it rains it pours

This is real

Lil' homie, when it rains it pours

Hollow-tips and Talons

When it rains it pours

You caught in lead showers

Just because

Niggas ain't playin'

When it rains it pours

The Colombians hit back at Majestic

by cutting off his supply of drugs.

Eventually, just like Levar...

Majestic had to go

shake hands with Delgado.

But neither were happy about it.

One shot, one kill, what's the deal?

Yo, what's the deal?

Listen, lil' homie

When it rains it pours

Hollow-tips and Talons

When it rains it pours

You caught in lead showers

Just because

Niggas ain't playin'
When it rains it pours
Niggas get set up
'Cause when it rains it pours
End up wet up
'Cause when it rains it pours
What's up?
- You need a manager.
- A manager?
In my hood, when it rains it pours
Ain't nothin' changed
Niggas doin' the same old shit
Them new hollow-tips
And them same old clips
These folks feeling you, man.
- Come on, let me get in my house.
- Let me be your manager.
Man, let me in my house.
Stop playing and shit.
I'm telling you, this shit hot, man.
You're looking good.
Thank you. I did it for you.
- Did you miss me?
- Yeah, I missed you.
Yeah?
How about you? How you doing?
I'm cool. Been staying to myself.
You know.
I ain't been doing much talking.
You always have so much to say
in your music.
How come you're quiet now?
It's a different part of the brain.
The part you never let anyone see?
I let you see.
- Do you love me?
- You know I love you.
- Are you still in love with me, though?
- Yes.
I'm pregnant.
- You sure?
- Yeah.
You gonna keep it?
Do you want me to?

Yeah.

But, you know, I was just thinking,
what about your career?

I just know you love dancing.

You won't be able to dance.

I could always dance for you.

- Yo, Marcus! I'm out, man.

- You out?

Yeah. If you ever in Cleveland,
you look me up, all right?

Take care, man.

Turns out I didn't have to go
to Cleveland to meet with Bama.

Yo!

My nigga out?

- What's up, man?

- What's up?

I want you to be my number two, man.

I'm out the game, man.

- What out?

- I'm out.

- You out of your mind, you know that?

- I'm gonna rap.

Justice, tell your boy, man. He talking
about he wants to be a rapper.

A rapper?

Yeah, I was writing music
while I was in there.

Bama.

So, they let the big old
black buzzard out, huh?

Yeah.

They don't know what they did.

Shake up the world.

- Who this nigga?

- He's my manager.

First of all, I ain't nobody's nigga.

I'm his manager, okay?

- Marcus.

- Chill, relax, yo.

- Get in the car, man.

- Shut the fuck up, nigga.

- Who the fuck you talking to?

- Just relax, man.

- You don't know me.
- Relax.
- You all right, man?
- Yeah, it's cool.
I see you got that
little Napoleon thing going on.
I'm gonna be in the car
if you need me for anything.
- You all right?
- Yeah.
I just wanna, you know, just do my thing.
You know, when you get out that chair...
Junebug gonna sit in it.
You know that, don't you?
I need to watch my back?
You know, you're like family to me, yo.
What's up?
He's rolling with Levar.
- Why don't you let me deal with that?
- Shut the fuck up.
Whatever we do,
we gotta be sensible about it.
Yo, man, now that we out of the game,
how we gonna eat?
We gonna eat. Don't worry about that.
- Management gonna handle all of that.
- Management?
Yeah.
- What you doing back there?
- What?
What you back there fidgeting for?
It's your car, B, I'll be still.
You're moving again.
What?
There you go. You still at it, man.
You still fidgeting.
I don't like people moving behind me,
sitting behind me and shit.
You gonna sit back there,
you gotta sit the fuck still.
- I don't like that shit.
- This motherfucker's crazy, man.
Hey, I just wanna talk to him.
I just wanna have a word with him.

- Talk to him, Marcus.
- Relax.
Why is he moving around
in my back seat?
It's like, man, a motherfucker fidgeting
in your car, you shoot first...
- and you ask questions later.
- Shoot?
You shoot first
and you ask questions later.
You just met him.
He fidgeting, man, I'm right about him.
I'm always right.
It's like, when I'm right, I'm right, and
when I'm wrong, I could've been right...
so I'm still right
'cause I could've been wrong!
That make sense. Come on.
Say that again?
- Come on, get back in.
- It's like, when I'm right, I'm right.
When I'm wrong,
I could have been right...
so I'm still right
'cause I could've been wrong, you know.
And I'm sorry,
'cause I could be wrong right now.
I could be wrong right now. But I'm right.
- It's beautiful.
- Yeah, it's nice.
I used to come here
with my moms when I was young.
After the baby's born,
we gonna get our own place?
- Promise?
- Yeah.
- Can we get rid of him?
- Yeah.
You sure?
Hi.
Thank you.
How is little Antwan?
He's doing pretty good over there.
You call him Antwan? After me?

Antwan.

Nah, nigga, I don't know

I don't know who got you

I don't know who stabbed you

I don't know who shot you

I don't know who cut you

I don't know who robbed you

But you think I know

'Cause you know how my squad do

Nowadays niggas snitchin'

so much in the street

That you gotta talk to them

like they the police

- And you say you got this from who?

- Dangerous.

- Dangerous gave you this contract?

- Yeah, I fucking told you that.

I don't know who hit the studio

And popped your man

Well, this is some slave-ass contract.

The same contract he's under.

You sure you didn't get this

from Majestic?

What the fuck you trying to say?

I think I'm saying it.

Nigga, you don't make no decisions.

This is on Marcus.

I ain't signin'

that motherfucking contract

I ain't a bitch like you

I ain't going out like that

Me? I don't play

them kind of motherfucking games

You got your answer, man.

- No.

- Let's see if Dangerous can take a joke.

Dangerous in the booth

But not in the streets

You a Jehovah Witness, nigga!

Your daddy a doctor in Riverdale,

nigga, you ain't from the hood.

This can get me killed.

He is talented.

You talk that shit,

you don't live that shit, boy.
We got to stop this
from getting out there.
"We?"
Fuck you gonna do
when I catch your ass without Majestic?
Up you come, beautiful. Up you come.
There you go.
There you go, beautiful.
Life is precious.
Tell Marcus to apologize.
It's best for everyone.
Motherfucker touched my kid.
Nobody touches my family.
I want security, 24/7.
Done.
Look, Marcus, man, I'm sorry,
I don't know how he knew.
I'm gonna kill him.
No, not that way.
I'm gonna humiliate him.
Bring him to me.
Let's see what he's got.
It's on now, nigga
Welcome to hell
My hood, there's no telling
What they do to you
Across the street from Lucifer, he's only
Man, who's he talking about?
Nigga, turn around and push the button.
You'll be losing your brain
And your boss is a bitch
He snitched on Levar
Junebug's a fucking flunky
I don't trust him, either
Eeney meeney miney mo
Catch a piggy by the toe
Click clack pow, officer down
- He ain't gonna like that.
- You know what? Fuck Majestic.
This song is about you.
"Click clack pow, officer down."
He the fucking snitch.
From this day on, he ain't nothing to me.

Nothing.

End it. And get rid of the manager, too.

I don't wanna get anybody killed, man.

Let's go.

Since Majestic couldn't get to us...

he made sure

we couldn't get a record deal.

It's Young Caesar.

Fuck, man. This shit is crazy, man.

They trying to shut us down.

Fuck it. Why don't we just go back

to doing what we do best?

- I can't do that.

- I ain't talking about crack.

- I got something else in mind.

- What you talking about?

And that's when I made

the biggest mistake of my life.

I'm telling you,

Colombians are like clockwork, right?

They got a nice little set-up...

to take care of

their little paper problems.

So we ain't gotta worry about no five-o

or nothing like that, you know?

'Cause these cats ain't trying

to draw no attention to themselves.

- See, just like clockwork, Delgado.

- Are we doing this?

Yeah, we gonna do it.

So, what you think, man?

This is a robbery.

We gonna go in there,

we gonna do what we gotta do...

- and we ain't gonna hurt nobody.

- For real, man.

- What the fuck is that, man?

- It's Spanish.

You don't know

no motherfucking Spanish.

What the fuck is qu ser?

What the fuck are you talking about?

Let that shit ride, man.

I thought I heard

my mother call my name.
I thought I heard
my mother call my name.
Turned out it was my grandma.
That's what saved my life.
Marcus!
I told you.
Don't never betray me! Never!
Show no love.
Love will get you killed.
You have a gift.
You're a poet.
Don't let nobody take that from you.
Papa!
Eney meeney miney mo.
Catch a nigga by the toe.
If I was your best friend
I'd want you around all the time
Could I be your best friend?
If I was your best friend
I'd want you around all the time
Marcus!
Marcus! Marcus!
Roy! God!
Marcus!
Call an ambulance!
- Where's the ambulance?
- I called the ambulance. Don't worry.
Fuck the ambulance.
Fight this shit, Marcus! Fight this shit!
Roy, he's gone!
I died in the back of that truck.
What happened? What happened?
He's gone! He stopped breathing!
- What happened to him?
- He's shot.
Check his pulse.
More towels! More towels!
Hold my hand.
- No pulse.
- Joe, that goes in right there.
Push!
Okay, breathe now. Breathe. Breathe.
Clear.

- Push now, push!

- I can't!

Clear.

- No. Nothing.

- Okay.

Push!

All right, his eyes are open. All right.

He came. My baby came.

He's okay. He's fine.

He's fine.

Come on, Marcus.

Be strong, man. Stay strong.

- Watch his head.

- Be strong, man.

- Can I hold him?

- Yeah, here he comes.

Look, they threw a party

for your birthday, Marcus.

Four-year-old kid. Drive-by shooting.

One bullet, he dies.

This guy, riddled with bullets,
gonna live.

- Roll of the dice. Yeah, his wife...

- Girlfriend.

Yeah, girlfriend, whatever...

she told me she doesn't want us
to perform a tracheotomy.

- Why?

- I guess he's a singer.

Rapper.

I can't find the bloody remote.

Where's the remote?

- You need to eat something.

- Just put on your shoes.

- Is it cold down there?

- I can walk!

Don't you ever pull a gun on me.

What are you doing in the slave ship?

What you got in the bag?

- Anything else on you?

- No, man. That ain't for you.

Oh, shit.

Watch out, little nigga, watch out.

- Where'd you get this?

- Robbery.
- Where's Marcus?
- He's dead.
- He ain't dead.
- What?
He ain't fucking dead.
I shot him, like, nine times.
You shot him nine times?
Yeah, Dangerous.
Running these streets.
Still got it. Top 40 on the pop lists.
I had nine bullets in me,
and Dangerous had a number-one hit.
I feel like I'm losing him.
He's given up.
Is this it?
This. This place? This life?
Is this it for us?
I'm lonely, Marcus.
I know you're in pain.
You've always had pain.
And I understood.
'Cause when I used to look at you,
it was like looking in the mirror.
Thought I knew you.
But when I look at you,
all I see is a weak person.
I feel sorry for your son.
He's just another little black boy
with nobody to look up to.
I don't want him to see you like this.
What are you doing?
What?
I can do without anything.
You can do without anything?
Can you do without me?
Can you do without little Antwan?
Talk to me.
Say something.
Charlene. Charlene.
I'm sorry.
No, baby. I'm so sorry.
Move it around some more.
- Feel.

- Feel what?
Your tongue?
Is that the fragment?
I wanna feel your body.
Whip your head, boy
With the back of the steel
I'll whip your head, boy
Your cap could get peeled
I'll whip your head, boy
Your ass could get killed
Two niggas in the front
Two niggas in the back
That's four niggas ridin' strapped
In Grandpa's Cadillac
Stop, stop.
- I sound like I'm slurring?
- Yeah, a little bit.
- It's the best one we got, though.
- Play it back.
Two niggas in the front
Two niggas in the back
That's four niggas ridin' strapped
In Grandpa's Cadillac
All right, let's do it again.
I'm up early in the mornin'
Tryin' to make a move
We coming in when your shorty
Take your lil' one to school
Even though she causes the drama
You love your baby mama
I hit her with the Llama
To get this cake
Give us the coke, the cash
The combo to the safe
Oh, she don't know it
Damn, okay, we'll wait
'Cause you can pray for a miracle
What's wrong?
My voice don't sound the same.
It's better.
- It's got more pain in it.
- For really.
Keep going, baby.
I'll whip your head, boy

With the back of the steel
I'll whip your head, boy
Your cap could get peeled
I'll whip your head, boy
Your ass could get killed
I'm up early in the mornin'
Tryin' to make a move
Comin' in when your shorty
Take your lil' one to school
Even though she cause the drama
You love your baby mama
I hit her with the Llama
To get this cake
I'll whip your head, boy
I'll whip your head, boy
Top feels so much better
than the bottom.
So much better.
Nigga, you's a window shopper
Mad at me, I think I know why
Nigga, you's a window shopper
In the jewelry store
Looking at shit you can't buy
Nigga, you's a window shopper
In the dealership
Trying to get a test drive
Nigga, you's a window shopper
Mad as fuck when you see me ride by
Summertime
White Porsche Carrera is milky
I'm on the grind
Let my paper stack when I'm filthy
It's funny how niggas
Get to screw-facing at me
Anyhow, they ain't got
The heart to get at me
I'll get down
Southside's the hood that I come from
So I don't cruise through nobody hood
Without my gun
You know the kid
Ain't goin' for all that bullshit
Try and stick me, I'm a let off a full clip
Everybody mad

When their paper don't stack right
But when I come around
Y'all niggas better act right
When we got the tops down
You can hear the system thump
Nigga, when we rollin' rollin' rollin'
Shut your block down
Who's your daddy, boy? Huh?
Nigga, when we rollin' rollin' rollin'
Nigga, when we rollin' rollin' rollin'
Who's your daddy?
I think I know why
Nigga, you's a window shopper
Mad as fuck when you see me ride by
You have to go back?
Yeah.
There's some things
I need the answers to.
I'd rather die like a man
than live like a coward.
Majestic really loved your mama.
One day he came to me and asked...
if there was anything
between me and your mother...
and I lied to him.
I told him
I was only trying to protect her.
It was far more than that.
Your mama didn't want
to take my family life from me...
but she gave me everything...
and I took it all.
In the end, I didn't protect her.
Sometimes...
I feel like I killed her myself.
When I first saw you...
you was a little baby.
I couldn't even look you in the eye.
What you saying?
One night, after midnight...
I was sitting here.
Word came through that you was gone.
You was dead.
For the first time in my fucking life,

I fell to my knees...
and I prayed to God
that nothing happened.
So I prayed to your mama.
I asked her to forgive me...
and to talk to God for me
to bring you back.
I don't deserve you.
Rocks that I copped
From proceeds from the spot
I got the energy to win
I'm full of adrenaline
Play the curve and get nauseous
Watchin' the spinner spin
I made plans to make it
A prisoner of the state
Now I can invite your ass
out to my estate
Them hollow-tips bent me up
But I'm back in shape
Pour Cristal in the blender
Make a protein shake
He's coming, y'all.
Our own Young Caesar
is coming back to Pelham Hall...

July 4, 8:

I want the finer things in my life
So I hustle
Nigga, you gettin' in my way
When I'm tryin' to get mine
And I'll buck you
I don't care who you run with
Or where you from
Nigga, fuck you
I want the finer things in my life
So I hustle
I don't know shit about gymnastics
I somersault bricks
Black Talons start flyin'
When a nigga flip
Yo, nigga, you gotta
turn this shit the fuck off.
What you want me to do?

I got this man in the back.

- Stop the crack!

- We don't want no more!

- Stop the crack!

- Give us back our street!

Papi, do you have any control
over your neighborhood?

Don't fucking worry about nothing,
all right?

- You gonna let him play this concert?

- You worry too much, Mira.

Man, listen to this.

- Stop the crack!

- Give us back our neighborhood!

Stop the crack! Stop the crack!

Does he have to do this?

I think he does.

Antwan. Remember,
you keep him covered, all right?

All right.

So what's happening, man?

Bye, Nana.

Last time I saw your mother, she was
saying goodbye in that front room.

You leave enough protection here?

Yeah, y'all gonna be all right. Yeah.

This one is legally owned.

If it comes down to it,
I got a knife in that drawer.

That's all I know.

That's all any mother knows.

I'll be okay, Nana.

You can't take that from a person,
being a protector.

That's all any man or woman is at
the end of the day anyway...

That's all any man or woman is at
the end of the day anyway...

is a protector.

Protector of a child
who will one day die.

Marcus...

when I look in your eyes,
I don't know what you thinking.

And you've been like that
since you were 12...
since the day your mama died.
- I'll be okay.
- No...
you will not be all right, Marcus.
I love you, Nana.
Yo, it's sold out!
The concert is sold out!
- Hey, come on, man, where you going?
- Chill, partner.
Easy. Easy. Easy.
No guns. No arms. We come in peace.
Everybody's friends here, right?
Everybody just relax.
Can I have a word in private
with you, man?
You really wanna go through with this?
You wanna go out there
and diss me in my own hood?
In front of my own people?
You know I can't let you do that, Marcus.
Here's what I can do.
I'll let you come out there,
take a picture with me.
- Show some respect.
- No.
He said no.
You know I love you.
You're a stubborn motherfucker,
just like me.
Rule number five: Show no love.
Love will get you killed.
You know, I really loved your mom.
Give me a hug, man.
But, you know, before she died...
I fucked her, and then I killed her.
This is how I killed your mama!
Beat him! Fuck him up, man!
Get your ass back, man!
He's just fucking with you!
He's just fucking with you!
This guy's a fucking joke!
How you know that shit's true?

Shut the fuck up! I can't hear shit!
- Marcus, calm the fuck down!
- I'll kill you, motherfucker!
Start the fucking show! Start the show!
- Get back, man.
- I loved her, man.
I didn't mean to hurt her, man.
I loved her.
Man...
I love you, man. I love you.
Let's do this.
I can't let you go out there, nigga!
I can't fucking let you go out there!
You kill me, Marcus. Come on, man.
You do it.
Come on.
I been looking for my father all my life.
I realized I was looking for myself.
I felt like I was walking away
from the old me...
and the new me was being born.
It's Young Caesar!
What's up?
America got a thing
For this gangsta shit, they love me
Black Chukkas, black skullies
Leather Pelle Pelle
I take spit over Raymo shit
I'm a fan
I take spit over Raymo shit
I'm a fan
Got the silver duct tape
On my .38 handle
The women in my life
Bring confusion and shit
So like Nino in New Jack
I holler "cancel that bitch"
Look at me, this is the life I chose
Niggas around me so cold
Man, my heart done froze
I build an empire on the low,
the narcs don't know
I'm a weatherman, I take that coca leaf
And make that snow

Sit back, watch it turn to dope
Watch it go out the door
O after O, you know
Homie, I'm just triple beam dreamin'
Niggas be schemin'
I fiend to live the good life
The fiends are just fiendin'
Conceal my weapon nice and neat
So you can't see
The penitentiary is definitely out
The question for me
I want the finer things in my life
So I hustle
Nigga, you get in my way
When I'm tryin' to get mine
And I'll buck you
I don't care who you run with
Or where you from
Nigga, fuck you
I want the finer things in my life
So I hustle
Its a hustler's ambition
Close your eyes, listen, see my vision
Mossberg pumpin', shotgun dumpin'
And drama means nothin'
It's part of the game
Catch me in the coupe, switchin' lanes
Or in the jeweler's, switchin' chains
I upgrade from 30 BS to clean VS
Rocks that I copped
From proceeds from the spot
I got the energy to win
I'm full of adrenaline
Play the curve and get nauseous
Watchin' the spinner spin
I made plans to make it
A prisoner of the state
Now I can invite your ass
out to my estate
Them hollow-tips bent me up
But I'm back in shape
Pour Cristal in the blender
And make a protein shake
I'm like the East Coast's

number one playboy, B
Hugh Hefner'll tell you
He ain't got shit on me
The Feds watching me
Icy, they can't stop me
Racist pointing at me:
"Look at Niggerace." Hello!
I want the finer things in my life
So I hustle
Nigga, you get in my way
When I'm tryin' to get mine
And I'll buck you
I don't care who you run with
Or where you from
Nigga, fuck you
I want the finer things in my life
So I hustle
SkyFury