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# Gimme the Loot

By Adam Leon

Shit.

Hey!

- Oh, shit!

- Hey!

Yo, Champ, get out of here!

Pull out!

Pull out, Champion!

Now! Now! Now! Now! Now!

# Shimmy, shimmy, shimmy

# Get ready, everybody

# Let's shimmy

# All the shimmying

that we do #

Right now, it's time for our  
latest tales from the street,

and I'm here with my man

the legendary Speedy.

What's going on, Base?

How you doing?

I'm good.

How are you?

- Chillin', chillin'.

- All right, cool.

So what's this crazy-ass shit  
that happened out in Queens  
last week?

Yeah, so me and my boy Rox,  
we go out to Shea Stadium  
to catch a Mets game, you know,  
but for us, it ain't even about  
watching the Mets.

We bring in these cans

'cause we trying  
to bomb the apple.

Why are you trying  
to bomb the apple?

Explain what the apple is  
for everybody.

Well, anybody who's living  
up in this fine city knows  
anytime someone on the Mets  
hits a home run,  
this goofy-ass apple  
pops out of the-

pops out of the stands,  
and everybody goes crazy.  
It's corny,  
but I'm a fucking Mets fan.  
- No, fuck the Mets.  
- Don't disrespect the Mets.  
All right, all right,  
it's your show,  
so I'ma let that slide.  
But seriously, yo, you know,  
I mean, we've hit walls.  
We've hit subways before.  
But if you hit the apple  
when it pops up,  
the whole crowd sees it.  
Everybody watching on TV  
sees it.  
All of New York  
will see that shit.  
That's gonna be, like, forever.  
We had to wait until about,

**like, 4:**

We go over there  
to center field,  
we hop the fence,  
and there it is-  
boom, the apple.  
You know,  
I'm right underneath it.  
I can see it.  
I can touch it.  
We're ready to go,  
and then, man,  
flashlights are all over us.  
There was mad cops,  
so we just bounced, right?  
I'm running one way.  
Rox is running the other way.  
I think I'm in the clear,  
but, like, I had to-  
I caught a charge.  
You gonna try to bomb  
that apple again?

Hell yeah, I'm gonna try  
and bomb that apple again!  
Yo, I'm a constant opportunist,  
so if the situation arises,  
then hell yeah.  
But honestly, even if it's not  
Speedy or Rox that do it,  
somebody's gonna bomb  
that apple,  
and they gonna get mad props  
in the game.  
Their names are gonna ring out  
in our world.  
# Ah, the shimmy  
is what's happening  
# To everybody  
# Shimmy  
# Shimmy, shimmy, shimmy,  
shimmy #  
A'ight, yo, let's go.  
Buffing our shit?  
Who the fuck  
they think they are?  
Yo, that's what I'm saying, man.  
I gotta get me  
one of those Queens boys, man.  
You gonna get you one of them  
Queens toys and do what?  
I'ma fuck-yo.  
I take care of my shit.  
You don't know.  
Gus, let me get two slices.  
You know, I don't know.  
What, you a gangster?  
What, you a thug now?  
When I need to be.  
Yo, don't let me catch  
one of these motherfuckers  
buffing our pieces.  
I'ma come up behind 'em  
with some GoodFellas shit.  
They not gonna see it comin'.  
Put, like, two  
in the back of they head.

Easy, just-  
First of all,  
nobody in they right mind  
is gonna give you a gun.  
It's not funny.  
And second of all,  
if you gonna shoot somebody,  
you shoot them in the eye  
like a fuckin' man.  
Be the last thing they see  
before they drop,  
not like them fuckin'  
"GodFellas" pussies.  
Yo, whatever, as long as they  
get got, yo, I'm fuckin'-  
Stupid-ass Mets fans, yo.  
I'm tired of them and that  
fucking buffing our shit  
with that dumb-ass Mets logo.  
And I'm really sick  
of that fucking corny  
blue and orange on everything.  
That shit... that shit is...  
We gotta do something.  
We have to.  
All right,  
listen, listen, listen.  
So this is what we gon' do.  
Don't your brother  
train some boxer  
that work at Shea Stadium?  
You mean Citi Field,  
where the Mets play at?  
Citi Field?  
I'm not calling it  
after some stupid bank.  
It's called Shea Stadium.  
And do you know  
the nigga or not?  
- Who?  
- "Who?"  
Fucking Pedro or some shit?  
Yeah, yeah, Pedro,  
he works, like, at Shea, like,

off-game security when the Mets  
is out of town and shit.  
But who the fuck cares?  
Fuck Pedro.  
- And fuck the Mets too.  
- Fuck the Mets.  
That's exactly  
what the fuck I'm saying.  
So look,  
this is what you gon' do.  
You gonna call Pedro.  
He gonna sneak us in.  
We gonna bomb  
that stupid-ass apple.  
Then when they get a home run,  
everybody gonna see our names  
on that shit, right?  
And who gonna be on our dick?  
Them Queens niggas.  
Yo, you fucking crazy!  
No, I'm fucking serious.  
Yo, that's brilliant.  
That's brilliant.  
Yo, we gonna be so famous  
off this shit.  
We gonna be legends.  
They gonna make a fucking statue  
of me in Central Park,  
holding a spray can,  
holding my sac like this.  
You're retarded.  
And I'ma get so much ass  
off of this, Sofia.  
I'ma get so much pussy, like...  
If I never got pussy before,  
now is the time.  
Like you said,  
never got it before,  
and you never gon' get it.  
What?  
All right, Pedro,  
we gonna get it done.  
We gonna get it done.  
We'll meet you at the stadium

Friday morning.  
All right.  
Yo, good looking, Sal.  
Okay, take care, huh?  
You too.  
Yo, what happened?  
You already know  
I got it done.  
Come on.  
We just gotta do it before, like-  
we gotta do it  
by Friday morning,  
'cause they come back.  
A'ight, that's, like, what,  
two days?  
- That's no problem.  
- Word.  
Why don't we just do  
that shit now?  
Oh, 'cause he-  
no, he not around today.  
We can't do it today.  
But, um, yeah,  
everything's good.  
He was like, just-  
you know what I'm saying?  
Just show up, you know,  
just meet him across the street,  
and we gotta give him \$500.  
\$500?  
Yeah.  
Where the fuck  
are we supposed to get \$500?  
I... I thought we would  
bless this nigga, like,  
with some weed or something,  
but fuckin' \$500?  
Look, you don't understand, man.  
This nigga owes so much money.  
He fuckin' heard about  
a fix on a fight  
at the Blue Horizon in Philly,  
and guess what.  
I don't give a fuck.

This nigga bet the wrong guy.  
How you bet-how you gonna bet  
the wrong guy?  
What kind of stupid shit is that?  
How we gonna get this paper?  
Well, for starters,  
Ronaldo owes me \$80  
for that custom,  
and I got deliveries.  
Well, you gonna have to steal  
them deliveries.  
I'm not stealin' from Donnie.  
That nigga'll kill me.  
You not stealing from Donnie?  
What, you scared  
of Donnie's rich ass?  
Don't be a fucking pussy.  
- Man,  
it ain't even about that.  
Yo, so-yo, my fuckin' mom's  
getting on my nerves, man.  
Shit.  
Look, my bad.  
I'm just saying, like,  
she ain't trying  
to give us no loan.  
That's all I'm saying.  
I feel you.  
But I know one thing.  
You can sell-  
you can sell  
the rest of those cans  
to fuckin'- to the Kaps.  
I know you want to do that.  
Yeah, I could do that.  
Yeah, I bet.  
Don't worry about my shit.  
Why don't you focus  
on your shit  
and gettin' your shit  
straight?  
- Listen, I'm focused on my shit  
all day.  
- Oh, you focused on your shit



all day?  
So why you going  
the wrong fucking way?  
You supposed to be going  
to the train station.  
- Oh, shit, you right.  
Fuck.  
I'll see you later, yo.  
# Lord, send it on down  
# Straight on down  
# O Lord,  
let the Holy Ghost  
# Come on down  
# Whoa, send it on down here,  
Lord  
# Straight on down  
# O Lord, let the Holy Ghost  
come on down #  
Yo, Lenny, what's up?  
Malcolm, wow.  
It's good to see you, man.  
Word, you too.  
They got you workin' short pack  
today?  
Yeah, yeah.  
They downstairs?  
Yeah, yeah, you could go.  
All right, watch your head.  
All right.  
Appreciate it.  
- Motherfucker  
from down the block, man,  
and he talkin' about going-  
garbage cans and shit.  
Yo, what's good?  
Look at this motherfuck.  
Where the fuck you been?  
- Yo, I've been bombing  
like crazy, yo.  
Did you see that shit I did  
on the-um, on the Brooklyn?  
Nah.  
- Yo, a'ight, just load me up  
on some deliveries, then.

I'll sell all that shit today.

Nah, man, we good.

Come on, Donnie.

Fuck you, man.

Go pick up cans or some shit.

Listen, you come in Monday.

You work a whole fuckin' day.

Then maybe we'll talk.

- Man, look.

Um...

Yo, I need to borrow some money.

I need, like, \$500.

But, look,

it's an emergency situation.

Get the fuck out of here.

- Don't worry.

I'll work it off.

- I ain't seen you

in fuckin' three weeks.

You come in and ask for \$500,

man?

Yo, look.

Yo, this is-

- Fuck you.

Come on, man.

This is fucking

life or death, man.

Well, you're gonna be dead.

- You're gonna be dead,

so dress warm.

Yo, you a Yankee fan?

What about you?

Get the fuck out of here.

- You heard him.

Get the fuck out of here, man.

You're fired.

- Fired?

- Fired.

- Get the fuck out of here,

man.

That's why Ike Davis

sucks mad dick.

Nigga, fuck both of y'all.

Oh!

Jeter swallows, motherfucker.  
Clown.  
# Either that  
or a 50-cent ho #  
You set, Malcolm?  
Actually...  
They baggin' downstairs,  
so they said give me, like,  
ten of yours.  
Well, I don't have ten.  
I got five.  
You want 'em?  
- That'll work.  
That's good. That's good.  
- I mean,  
I just have one delivery, so...  
All right, word.  
All right, here, turn around.  
All I see on these streets,  
Malcolm,  
is guys wearing flip-flops.  
It's fucking disgusting,  
really.  
It's not a joke.  
I mean, what the fuck  
is this city coming to?  
Back in the '90s,  
you would have never seen a guy  
wearing flip-flops.  
I mean, if a woman wants to show  
her pretty toes, fine.  
I don't recommend it, but...  
You want to go to the beach  
in flip-flops, all right.  
It's a pass there, but...  
What's the address?  
- Yo, it's this girl-  
Ginnie.  
She's Donnie's sister's friend  
from high school.  
I don't know.  
Private school girl.  
Where does she live?  
She's all right.

Yo, Malcolm,  
could you just chill  
for a second?  
You know,  
I'm really bored out here.  
It's fucking hot as shit,  
and I just-  
just want to talk  
for a second.  
- Yo, it's not even like-  
it's not even like that.  
Look, Donnie just chewed my ass  
about how slow I am,  
and I'm just trying  
to speed this shit up.  
Yo, fuck Donnie.  
Chill and talk to your boy Lenny  
for a second.  
Yo, I gotta jet, man.  
Like, come on.  
I just need the address.  
All right.  
It's 34 East 10th Street,  
okay?  
A'ight, what apartment?  
- Six.  
- A'ight.  
I miss you, man.  
Thank you.  
- Be good.  
- Peace, Lenny.  
- What's up?  
- Hi.  
Hot out there, huh?  
Huh?  
- It's hot outside.  
- Yeah, it really is.  
Um, is Ronaldo upstairs?  
Yeah, I guess.  
Ronaldo.  
# Ronaldo #  
Sofia?  
Yeah.  
Oh, come on, nigga.

You still asleep?  
No, I'm depressed.  
Why are you depressed?  
They discontinue Fruity Pebbles?  
She dumped me.  
- Now, you know that girl  
was just fucking with you.  
You know  
that shit wasn't serious.  
- I can't stop thinking  
about her.  
I don't know  
what I'm gonna do.  
- You gonna give us  
that 100 bucks  
for that "Ronaldo loves Alyssa"  
custom we made you.  
That's what you gonna do.  
It's "A-Lisa. "  
Whatever.  
- No, get it right.  
And it's 80 bucks.  
So then give me my 80 bucks.  
I love her.  
You love her?  
You out your mind, son.  
- Yo, I never gave her  
this shirt.  
You could take it.  
- Uh-uh.  
What do I want with this?  
- I don't know.  
Resell it or something.  
Resell it?  
Nah, it don't work like that.  
What am I supposed to do?  
Find some other herb  
named Ronaldo  
who's fucking your girl?  
I don't think so.  
Hey, look, I can't pay you.  
Look, you can keep the custom.  
Give it to Alyssa  
to try to win her back.

It's "A-Lisa. "

- You need to get over this shit  
and go find some other girl.

I can't, though.

I got no money, I got no job,  
and I got no girl.

I got nothing!

What about your kicks?

- Yeah, I got my sneakers.

Big whoop.

- Nah, I'm saying,  
run your sneakers.

What?

- Look, nigga,  
you owe us money,  
and we need the cash now,  
so I'm taking your sneakers.  
But those are my favorites.

So?

Yo, what the fuck!

Bitch, why the fuck  
didn't you stop them?

I don't care.

Call your fucking friend.

I don't have a phone.

Call your fucking friend.

I don't have a phone.

You don't have a phone?

What the fuck is this  
in your pocket, then?

Oh, you don't have  
a fucking phone?

So what the fuck is this, then?

- He doesn't have a phone,  
though.

- Oh, he don't have  
a fucking phone.

Okay, and since you didn't have  
a phone,

I guess I'm not robbing  
your ass, then.

- I'm sorry.

- What the fu-

Fuck!

# I believe  
# I believe  
# I'll go home #  
Hello?  
Take off your shoes.  
I'm in the bathroom.  
Hey.  
You're not Donnie.  
Who are you?  
Uh...  
Sliced my toe really badly.  
Does it hurt?  
Yeah, like hell.  
I'm sorry.  
- It's okay.  
It's not your fault.  
Come in.  
So who are you?  
I'm Malcolm.  
Oh, okay.  
- You just asked me who I am.  
That's my name.  
- Come in. Come in.  
Into the bedroom.  
Where's Donnie?  
Come sit over here.  
- I don't know.  
He must be working.  
Look at my toe.  
It's really bad.  
Yeah, it is.  
You should put some Vaseline  
on that or something.  
My brother's a boxer,  
and they always use that for-  
- Vaseline?  
- Yeah.  
- No, it needs, like,  
hydrogen peroxide or something.  
Whatever works for you.  
- You know, you don't exactly  
seem like the Donnie type.  
I mean, I work for him.  
And we go bombing together

sometimes, but that's about it.

Like terrorists?

What?

Bombing?

Nah, yo, like graffiti.

You know, spray paint,

writing on walls,

climbing buildings.

- I know what graffiti is,

okay?

I'm not an idiot.

Um, look, I need a 50.

My wallet's in the other room.

Oh, I'm so broke.

- Yeah, I see you got, like,

a lot of cameras in here.

My uncle, he bought me a camera

just like that before.

Uh-huh.

I broke that shit, though.

It was a nice one too.

Got a nice big flash

on the top.

Hey, do you have \$10?

I don't, actually.

I'll tell you what.

I'll give you \$60

if you smoke me up

out of your stash.

- I-

- Here you go.

I'm gonna go get my bowl

from my mom's room.

- Why is your bowl

in your mom's room?

Oh, she doesn't care.

And she's in Nantucket

for the weekend anyway.

What the fuck is Nantucket?

Holy shit.

Let's smoke this.

- Word, come on.

Let's do it.

So, uh, where's Donnie?



Is he golfing  
with that asshole Ben Brogan?  
Donnie does not golf.  
Yes, he does.  
You didn't know that?  
No, 'cause it's not true.  
I don't know what to tell you  
other than the fact  
that he was on the varsity  
golf team at Oornell.  
Get the fuck out of here.  
I'm not kidding.  
- Yo, my boys found out  
about this shit?  
You don't understand.  
This nigga Zerox golfs?  
That's fucking retarded.  
Zerox?  
Yeah, that's his tag name.  
That's ridiculous.  
- Yo.  
- Yo, Malcolm.  
Where Champion's spot at  
again?  
You mean the impound?  
Yeah.  
- Wait, you going to sell  
the cans?  
- No, we gonna talk about  
our feelings.  
- A'ight, it's on 134th,  
right by the underpass.  
A'ight.  
- So have you ever traveled  
anywhere?  
I've been to Florida.  
- That's not bad.  
It must be nice.  
I've never been to Florida.  
Where have you been?  
I've been to India.  
What?  
- Yeah, Oosta Rica,  
Mexico,

Paris, all over Italy-  
like, three times in Italy-  
Spain,  
elsewhere in France.

That's crazy.

- There's still so many places  
I want to go, though.

I mean-

- But, shit,  
you got a head start on me.

- Yeah, well,  
I'm sure you'd like it.

What are your favorite foods?

- That's easy.

Milkshakes.

What flavor?

Vanilla milkshakes.

Nah, fuck vanilla.

That's wack.

No, vanilla's fine.

I don't like chocolate and get  
shit for that all the time.

- I'm more interesting  
than that.

I like...

Mint chocolate.

Yeah.

Okay.

What's your favorite food?

- Uh, that's easy,  
two favorite foods:  
oysters, cherry pie.

**Oh, three:**

- That's-  
champagne is not a food.

All in combination.

The best meal.

You a drunk.

Yo, Champion, what's good?

What up, girl?

What's poppin'?

- Damn, still doing  
that nursing home scam,

robbin' them old ladies?  
That's fucked up.  
- You gonna question me  
on how I feed my family, man?  
This is how I feed my kids.  
If I gotta scam the old folk,  
I'ma scam the old folk.  
Right, right.  
Yo, I need my cans.  
You need all the fucking cans?  
All my fucking cans.  
- What the fuck  
you about to get into?  
Don't worry about it.  
What you scheming on, man?  
- It ain't got shit to do  
with you,  
so don't worry about it.  
Just go get my cans.  
- You gonna watch how you  
fucking talk to me too, man,  
before I make you go back  
outside and come back in,  
start this shit  
all over again.  
- Will you please  
go get my cans?  
A'ight, that's better, man.  
One minute, mama.  
Fuck up my work habitat.  
Yo, you got all 25?  
- Yeah, bitch,  
I got all 25 fucking cans!  
And you got my five montanas?  
- Yo, listen, I ain't touched  
your fucking bag, man.  
Take yo' shit, man.  
Let me see.  
A'ight, a'ight.  
Yo, Champion,  
I got this cell phone.  
It's brand-fucking-new.  
You gotta buy this shit from me.  
Look.

I don't do cell phones, man.  
Put it back in your pocket.  
Trying to set me up  
or some shit, man.  
- Ain't nobody trying  
to set your ass up.  
- You want to get rid of it,  
man?  
Go right there-  
172nd, Rosedale.  
Little corner store,  
close to the corner, man.  
Go right there to the back.  
They got you.  
They always send that shit back  
to they country, man.  
- So they give you the money  
straight up?  
No bullshit?  
- Yeah, man,  
I'm schooling you right now.  
I'm schooling you right-  
You don't know everything  
in this fucking-  
You a young girl!  
- Whatever.  
- Fuck, man.  
- You don't know everything  
either.  
- Still got a lot to learn.  
- Shut up.  
- Fuck, I'm trying to help  
your dumb ass.  
- Shut the fuck up,  
Champion.  
- Fuck wrong with these fucking  
young uns today, man?  
Fucking think they know-  
they fuckin' don't know  
they ass from they elbow.  
- Yo.  
I want-  
- You gotta do that shit  
outside.

A'ight.

So you just gonna give me  
my money here?

What?

What the fuck?

What, you call this nigga  
from the back to lock the door?

I didn't call nobody.

- Just give me  
my damn money, then.

What money you talking about?

- What you mean,  
what money I'm talking about?

You saw me go in the back,  
knock on the door,  
and give this nigga  
a \$200 phone.

You know you saw that shit.

- Yo, you need to go home  
with all-

- Don't try to play me  
like I'm stupid.

And this nigga right here,  
what, you a bodega bouncer?

Punk-ass nigga  
hiding behind a door.

A'ight, just give me \$50.

\$50 for what?

For coming into my store?

- No, \$50 for the fucking phone  
I gave him.

- I don't know what phone  
you talking about.

- You know what?

I'm sorry.

Just give me \$30.

What?

Don't fucking act stupid.

You know what the fuck

I'm talking about!

You need to go home.

Fuck you!

And fuck you too,

both of y'all bitches

hiding behind  
a fucking plastic door.  
You want to scrape me  
for a fucking phone?  
Here.  
Scrape that shit, bitch.  
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!  
You know that's real, right?  
That's fucked up.  
No, it's a good one.  
See how many teeth he has?  
That's how you price a skull,  
number of teeth.  
That shit is sick, okay?  
That can't be legal.  
It can't.  
Probably isn't.  
Here, sit.  
- Don't know if I trust you,  
crazy.  
So...  
Have you met  
Donnie's girlfriend?  
Yeah, I know Eleonore.  
She cool peoples.  
She's, like, a hippie and shit.  
You can't be a hippie, okay?  
What you mean?  
- It's, like,  
an olden times thing.  
It's like saying  
she's a Victorian courtesan  
or a Mayan princess  
or something.  
Anyway, he cheats on her.  
So what?  
- No, but he cheats on her  
with, like, vagabonds.  
What the fuck is vagabonds?  
Vagabonds are...  
Well, okay.  
So this one time,  
Donnie and I  
were getting cash

out of an ATM,  
and there was  
this old Hispanic woman  
cleaning the floor-  
like, the janitor or something.

And she was really old  
and really fat.

Okay.

And Donnie picked her up.

No way.

Way.

He picked her up,  
and he took her home,  
and he fucked her.

In his own bed!

No!

Yo, you serious?

I really wish I wasn't.

It's disgusting!

He sleeps with, like,  
semi-homeless girls.

- Yo, oh, my God.

He fucks old ladies.

That's crazy.

You don't even understand  
how much shit

I'm gonna give him for this.

Shit, this is gold.

Here, do you want some?

Vagabonds.

- I-

- I, uh-

- Go, go, go, go.

Go.

Um, no, you first.

- No, no, no.

Just go.

Mine was really dumb.

Mine was worse.

I bet you mine was worse.

- You will lose that bet.

Promise.

- Well, in that case,  
it's a bet.

And if I win,  
you have to give me free weed.  
- I don't know about that,  
but...  
Come on.  
All right.  
- Okay, now you have to pick  
something.  
If I win...  
You gotta give me  
your necklace.  
- What?  
No way.  
Um, look around.  
Pick something else.  
- There's a lot of stuff  
in here.  
What do you want?  
- If I win,  
you have to give me...  
A kiss.  
Okay.  
I was going to ask you  
if you've ever written your name  
in the sidewalks...  
Not that I recall.  
- When they pour  
the wet cement in  
and it's all new?  
Mm-mm.  
- I've done that,  
with a key.  
And I have my name in sidewalks  
all over the city now.  
I was thinking  
that's sort of like graffiti.  
Yeah.  
- Anyway,  
what were you gonna say?  
I guess I should leave.  
"I guess I should leave"?  
Wait, that's terrible.  
That's so much worse  
than mine.



- I know.

I won.

I guess you did.

Hang on one second.

So weird.

Donnie's here.

What?

- What's the matter?

- He comin' up?

- Yeah, he's in the elevator.

- Fuck!

The top lock.

- Where's your phone?

Fuck it.

That's my number.

Call me, all right?

Okay.

Bye.

Where the fuck is Malcolm?

I don't know.

- I got this.

I got this, yo.

# It began with an energy  
similar to intensity

# Brought by greater divinity

# Saw our missions

infinitely

# Same with this energy

# It's just rippin'

and killin' me

# My tango went

unwillingly

# Body moving frivolously

# Yeah,

I be standing visibly

# Yo, music is my life

# And just the choruses

are cold

# This rhythm is in my veins

# And for it,

there's no antidote

# Yo, music is my life

# And just the choruses

are cold

# This rhythm is in my veins  
# And for it,  
there's no antidote #  
- Shit.  
Let's go.  
Yeah, yeah.  
What up?  
That's right.  
Score, score.  
- Check.  
Check.  
Check.  
Yes, you did.  
What up, Al?  
How you doing?  
They letting you play today?  
Keep your head up, kid.  
Oh, yeah.  
Superstar got the ball.  
He don't want it.  
He don't want it.  
Damn!  
Who's talking now?  
You, obviously!  
You, obviously!  
- Shut up.  
Get off the court.  
- You talkin' all that shit,  
like you nice...  
Next!  
- Knowing damn good and well  
you ain't nothing.  
Talking shit like you can dunk?  
You can dunk?  
Let me see something.  
I got 5 saying  
you can't dunk right now.  
- I can't dunk?  
5 what?  
5 cash?  
- 5 cash, right now.  
Right now. Come on.  
Talk that bullshit.  
Talk that bullshit.

Come on.  
\$5, easy.  
Your boy gonna-  
- Okay, shut up.  
Let me dunk, then.  
- 5 right now.  
We'll see.  
We'll see.  
Money talks.  
Money talks.  
Yeah, but you shut up.  
Get the hell out of here.  
Get the hell out of here.  
Bullshit, man.  
Out of here, boy.  
I'm tired of him, son.  
Sofie!  
What's up?  
- What's going on?  
Ah!  
What you doing here?  
I'm looking for you.  
You looking for me?  
- Yes, you.  
- What's up?  
I need to push some cans.  
So we all business now?  
Nah.  
Oh, all right, I got you.  
Let me get this for you.  
- Thank you.  
- Yo!  
What's up, y'all?  
Yo, you smell that?  
- What you talking about,  
Rico?  
Ah, summer, baby,  
when everything in this city  
smells like ass.  
You know what I mean?  
The dogs smell like ass.  
The streets smell like ass.  
The food smell like ass.  
The...

Whoo! Damn, girl,  
you smell like ass too.  
- Your fucking breath  
smells like ass,  
so please get the fuck  
out my face.  
Oh, I know it.  
Yo, I heard you and your man  
were beefing  
with them WKO cats.  
He's not my fucking boyfriend,  
and who the fuck is WKO?  
- Kapo.  
ESJ.  
Woodside?  
That's what them dicks  
is callin' themselves?  
- Yo, regardless, I heard  
you was fuckin' with they turf.  
Fuckin' with they turf?  
Nah, they go around  
buffin' my shit,  
and I'm fucking with they turf?  
Fuck them niggas.  
- Yo, you shouldn't be bombin'  
in their hood  
if you can't handle the heat,  
mama.  
- I can handle  
every fuckin' thing I do.  
- A'ight.  
- Shut the fuck up.  
- A'ight, a'ight, a'ight,  
my bad.  
I'm just trying to look out  
for you, a'ight?  
I wouldn't want  
my future wifey's face,  
you know,  
gettin' all scuffed up-  
Dude, come on, son.  
Fuckin' asshole.  
- Get out of here.  
Stop acting all foul, son.

Yo, her mood is foul, man.  
- Yo, you the one  
comin' off foul, son.  
Yo, what's good?  
You left your dildo at home  
or somethin'?  
- Why, you need it  
to thrust it up your ass?  
- Wow.  
Look, look.  
Just tell your man to stop  
fucking with those cats.  
- I keep telling you that's not  
my fucking boyfriend.  
- Oh, really?  
Why not?  
What's wrong?  
He ain't giving it to you right  
or somethin'?  
I think you need some of this  
circumcised prize, baby.  
- Yeah, keep humping  
the fuckin' fence,  
'cause that's the only pussy  
you'll be getting.  
God, son.  
Damn.  
Why's he gotta go hard?  
Extra, man.  
WKO?  
Yeah, Woodside King Orew.  
Something like that.  
Toys, total fucking toys.  
- Yeah, they got some weak game,  
but they a'ight.  
They solid customers, though.  
They buy from you?  
They don't rack their own shit?  
Fuckin' bitch-ass niggas.  
I fuckin' knew it.  
- They just kids-  
youngsters.  
They'll get theirs.  
Don't worry about it.

Damn!

I'm not worried.

You're not worried?

- No, I'm not worried.

Do I look worried?

Sofie, you look worried.

I ain't worried about shit.

- You should've saw you  
back there, acting all crazy.

Yo, what's up, man?

We chillin' with my boy RX,  
in from Philly.

From north Philly, right?

Exactly.

Hitting all the freight trains  
out there.

Legendary, legendary shit.

You can check him out online.

Check him out

in old graff mags, man.

He's been around for a minute,  
for sure.

- You racked all these cans  
in one week?

- Something like that.

I had to step my game up.

Look, I got these sneakers.

I gotta sell these shits.

I don't know if you can do  
somethin' with them or...

- Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Where you got these at?

- Long story. I can't even  
get into that right now.

- Yeah, so, like,

\$70 for the kicks is good?

Perfect.

- No doubt.

I got you.

So that's \$60 for the cans.

And I got you with \$70

for the kicks.

But wait, I don't have change,  
so just take \$80,

extra \$10 for you.

It's cool.

Don't worry about it.

Thank you.

You're welcome.

Thank you very much.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

So you should come over later.

Oh, word?

- Yeah.

- For what?

Oh, we're having, like-

It's gonna be a lot of people,  
not only you and me, of course,  
but it's gonna be a lot of us  
just chilling,  
so I think you should  
come through.

- Thanks for the invite,  
but I'm kind of busy tonight.

- Ah, really?

- Got some shit to take care of.

- I mean, you can come anytime,  
so...

Oh, anytime?

Yeah.

I mean, so after that,  
even if the thing is done,  
you can just come over,  
so...

- Oh, okay.

- Yeah, so...

- Just-okay.

All right.

I'll see you then?

I'll think about it.

Oh, you'll think about it?

Yeah, I'll think about it.

I'll see you later, Sofie.

All right.

Yo.

Yo, baby, what's good?

- Yo, fucking check  
her pockets.

Yo, calm the fuck down.  
This bitch is crazy.  
Shit!  
Check that bitch-  
Oh, shit!  
- Oh, you suck dick for that,  
huh?  
God damn!  
Yo, buff her, buff her.  
- Don't fucking write  
on my shirt!  
Don't fucking buff my shirt!  
Yo, do it, yeah!  
I hope you enjoy that shit.  
That's the first time  
you ever touch titties?  
That'll be  
your fuckin' last time!  
Yo, shut the fuck up!  
- And tell  
your little girlfriend  
that we just fucked his bitch!  
Fuck you.  
No, fuck you!  
Fuck all y'all Queens  
motherfuckers!  
Y'all will never bomb like us!  
BX in the building!  
Come to BX  
and try that fuckin' shit!  
Punk ass!  
Oh, I know that's not  
that skinny fuckin' piece  
of Timon-looking...  
You fucking set this shit up?  
That's what the fuck you did?  
Answer me when I'm fuckin'  
talkin' to you!  
- Whoa, easy, little girl.  
I told you-  
- Don't tell me  
to fuckin' be easy!  
- I told you don't fuck  
with their turf, right?



- You fucking set this up?  
You fucking did this?  
Whoa, whoa, little girl.  
Don't fucking touch me.  
- I told you, stop fucking  
with those cats, right?  
- What, your mother taught you  
to go around beating up ladies?  
- Yo, first of all,  
you ain't no lady, bitch!  
Man, fuck you!  
Fuck you too!  
Get the fuck out of here.  
# Well, I say, if it wasn't  
# For the Lord  
# How would I know?  
# What would I do?  
# Tell me, what  
# What  
# What would I do?  
# Would I do?  
# I want to know  
# Oh, what  
# What  
# Would I do? #  
Yo.  
I'm in love, yo.  
I met this fucking girl  
today.  
Oh, my God.  
What the fuck happened to you?  
Yo, shit gotta fucking end,  
Sofia.  
I'm tired of this shit, yo.  
I'm fuckin' tired  
of these niggas, yo.  
I'm tired of them.  
I'm gonna fuckin' kill  
one of them, yo.  
Their fuckin' moms  
gonna be crying, yo.  
- Your fuckin' mom's  
gonna be crying  
that she even birthed you.

There's, like,  
12 of them niggas out there.

- Listen,  
they just fucking with us  
'cause I roll with a girl, man.

- Fuckin' with us  
'cause you roll with a girl?  
No, I think they fucking with me  
'cause I roll with  
a easy target like you.  
Always talking shit.

- Look,  
I'ma let that slide.  
Listen, let's just keep our eyes  
on the prize, man.  
Once we bomb this apple,  
nothing-  
yo, nothing they did  
is gonna mean nothing, man.  
We gonna fuckin' make history  
in their backyards.

- Look, you need  
to let that shit go.  
We don't have  
no fucking money,  
we don't have no plan,  
and if we did have some money,  
you gonna give it  
to some nigga  
that you don't even  
fucking know?  
That's stupid!

- No, I'm telling you,  
Pedro is good for it, man.  
You don't know shit.  
You're not even fuckin' wearin'  
sneakers.  
No-sneakers-havin'-  
What the fuck happened  
to your sneakers?

- I'm telling you  
I got something big, yo.  
No.

- No, listen-

- No!

- Listen, remember the fuckin' girl I was telling you about? My love, Ginnie? Listen, her fucking parents got that bread, like, that Nantucket money, like...

Look, and in her room, there was this case, right? It was a case full of jewelry, full of-

Yo, I know how to get it. You gonna have enough money to move out. You got five minutes.

- Yo, so all we gotta do is get the key, and we good.

- So is there, like, diamonds in there? Like, can you give me a little bit more information-

- Hell yeah, there was diamonds. There were fucking diamonds, rubies, pearls-

So what's the plan, then?

- The plan?

The plan is, I seduce her. The plan is, you seduce her? You serious?

Nigga, you couldn't seduce a prostitute if you had, like, hundreds all in your hands.

- You don't understand. This girl is on my dick. All I gotta do-listen. All I got to do is go upstairs, right? Get her naked, right? Fuck her real quick, you know-

- Sucker, you think I want

to hear this shit?

- Why you gotta hit me  
so fucking hard, though?

So did you even use a condom?

I ain't fuck her yet.

Wait, wait, hold up.

You telling me

you didn't fuck her yet

but she got you fucked up

in the head like that already?

It's not even like that.

- I thought you was harder  
than that.

You fuckin' soft.

- Listen, I'm a gentleman.

- You ain't shit.

If I fucked her,

I wasn't gonna wear no condom  
anyway, though.

- Oh, real smart, Malcolm.

Real smart.

- Whatever.

Oondoms suck, Sofia.

How the fuck would you know?

That one bitch that one time?

Meredith?

- Listen-

- She looked like a dude, son.

- Stop hating on my shit.

- Her name was "Man. "

- Stop hatin' on my shit

'cause you don't get no dick.

Her nickname was "Manny. "

Whatever.

The fact is, like,

everybody knows condoms suck.

You would think,

after all this time,

they'd have made

something better, like-

- How exactly do they wrap

your dick better?

Like, that's the dumbest shit

I've ever heard.

- Why does it have to go  
all the way down?  
See, that's what I'm saying.  
Like, why can't it just  
cover the tip,  
let the shaft  
get all the juices?  
- That's fuckin' disgusting.  
Shut the fuck up.  
- I'm saying  
they should just cup it.  
- Oup it like what?  
Like a little hat?  
Like a fitted?  
- Oh, no, but kind of-  
no, like a yarmulke.  
What the fuck is a yarmulke?  
One of those little Jew hats.  
I... I don't know what that is.  
- Yo, the shit  
that Mr. Donowitz wears,  
the little black thing  
on his head.  
- Oh, the thing  
with the bobby pins in it?  
Yes.  
- How the fuck was I supposed  
to know that's Jewish?  
What the fuck you think?  
He was trying to make  
a fashion statement?  
- I don't fuckin' know,  
but all I know is,  
until they start making  
little rubber Hanukkahs,  
I suggest you wrap your dick  
proper,  
or else that shit  
just gonna fall off  
and roll down a fuckin' hill.  
- Nah, yo, I bet you  
she's a virgin.  
So?  
Virgins can have babies,

Malcolm.

Whatever.

- We should just rob this bitch  
straight up.

Fuck that shit.

Nah, I already told you,

I don't want

no face-to-face on this.

And plus,

I don't want to scare her.

- What the fuck you mean,

you don't want

no fucking face-to-face

on this shit?

You just met this bitch.

Fuck that bitch.

Look, you always sayin',

"Oh, we gonna be

the biggest writers

in New York City. "

Well, do what you gotta do

to make that shit happen.

- You don't even understand what

I just went through earlier.

I got this.

All I gotta do is wait for her

to come out her building,

act like I'm bumping into her,

like, "Oh, shit. "

She's going to invite me

back upstairs.

- With no shoes on.

- Whatever.

She gonna invite me

back upstairs.

You know what I'm saying?

And I'm gonna get up in it,

take the chain,

and be out, so smooth.

It's gonna be so easy, yo.

- Malcolm,

you are so dumb.

- You don't understand, man.

I got this in the bag.

That shit right there,  
that shit remind me  
of the thing that we did  
with Scoop and Dash.  
Remember?  
- Oh, yeah,  
it does look like that shit.  
Fucking crazy face.  
Yeah,  
that's they signature shit.  
- Yeah.  
I like that blue shit too.  
- Tryin' to help  
your weak-ass book out.  
- Please, girl.  
You ain't all that.  
- Nigga,  
so why you jacking my shit?  
- Whoo!  
Guess who it is?  
My wifey wants another delivery.  
- Good.  
Go get that fucking necklace.  
That's not all I'ma get.  
You know what "delivery" means?  
Do you know what-  
It means dick.  
I'm about to get some pussy,  
with dirty socks on.  
Ha! Out!  
- NYPD!  
- What the fuck?  
You must be the drug dealer.  
Yeah, where's Ginnie?  
What's the magic word?  
I... I don't know.  
Nope.  
Um...  
- It's not "um. "  
It's not "I don't know. "  
- Look, I need to see her.  
She has my shoes.  
- You think she's cuter  
than me?

She has my sneakers.  
You have no shoes.  
Yeah, I know.  
Where's your shoes at?  
She has 'em.  
- Well, you should probably  
take off your socks,  
'cause Ginnie's mom's  
not gonna want you  
bringing the street  
into the house.  
Wait, but you have on heels.  
I'm a lot cleaner than you.  
Follow me.  
Here's the drug dealer.  
Everybody say,  
"Hello, drug dealer. "  
Hello, drug dealer.  
What's up?  
Donnie's not here, right?  
- Why?  
You scared?  
Nah, just...  
Yo, you got my shoes?  
No.  
Donnie took them.  
Fuck.  
- Anyway, we need 100.  
Money's on the table.  
- All right, I got two 50s,  
but...  
Whatever.  
So what you been up to?  
- I'm good.  
You?  
I'm all right.  
That was fast.  
I called you, like,  
two seconds ago.  
You're not stalking me  
or anything, are you?  
- What?  
No.  
I was just doing some deliveries



in the neighborhood.  
Was it on Bethune?  
Was it that asshole Benny  
on Bethune?  
Um, I don't know.  
I think-  
I think it was on-  
If Benny shows up tonight,  
I'm not talking to him,  
no matter what.  
You're not either.  
No, not a word.  
Is Benny the blond one?  
No, no, no.  
That's Aaron Childs.  
- That's your blondie.  
- Yup.  
That's your boy,  
which, I can't believe  
that you like him.  
- It's just that we've known him  
way too long.  
He's not that bad.  
He's a monster.  
- Hey, don't offer him  
any product.  
- Aaron, like, called me out  
on it all of a sudden.  
- I mean, of course,  
have some.  
Here.  
- No, I'm all right.  
I'm all right.  
I was just joking.  
Don't be that way.  
Here.  
- Nah, really,  
I'm-I'm really cool.  
I'm good.  
You're really cool?  
He's really cool.  
- That's not what I meant.  
That's not what I meant.  
Yo, did I tell you

that I'm gonna bomb  
the Shea Stadium apple?  
- I think it's called  
Citi Field.  
What's the apple?  
- Oh, it's like,  
when the Mets hit a home run,  
it's, like, this big, goofy,  
like, plastic apple  
that comes up; it's crazy.  
- And you're gonna draw graffiti  
on it?  
Yeah.  
That's so stupid.  
That's fucking retarded.  
No, it's not.  
I'm a Yankees fan, so...  
My dad's a Yankees fan.  
Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay.  
Good-bye, drug dealer.  
It's Malcolm.  
Excuse me.  
Girls,  
say good-bye to Malcolm.  
- Bye, Malcolm.  
- Good-bye, Malcolm.  
- Yo, whatever, man.  
Whatever.  
- "Whatever"?  
We love you.  
Girls, say, "We love you"  
to Malcolm.  
We love you, Malcolm!  
Oh, well.  
We should bring him  
to Betty's party.  
That would be a riot.  
- And, like, I wanted  
to feel sympathetic,  
except, the whole time, he was,  
like, complaining about...  
- So you get the necklace  
or what?  
- You know

I take care of my shit.  
Let's rob this bitch.  
Oh, shit.  
Nigga, where you going?  
Why you mad?  
Now that I think about it,  
you was gone only two minutes.  
Still ain't get  
your sneakers back, mm-mm-mm.  
- I don't know, but he needs  
to get the fuck out here.  
Believe this shit, man?  
These fuckers ain't got  
no vanilla Dutches, man.  
They call this shit  
a cigar shop?  
Come on.  
We gonna go to this newsstand.  
- What you think?  
You didn't tell me-  
Like, you didn't give me  
an answer yet.  
- No, but I think-  
I like what I hear, man.  
Sofia, you follow that bitch.  
Once she leaves her spot,  
keep a eye out.  
Let us know  
when she's comin' back.  
Me and Malcolm sneak in.  
I pick that lock, easy-easy.  
Champion saves  
the motherfuckin' day.  
- "Champion saves  
the motherfuckin' day"?  
Nigga, don't forget  
this is me and Malcolm's deal.  
- What the fuck?  
Y'all jewel thieves now?  
Maybe.  
- So what the fuck  
you wasting my time for?  
Why you calling me up  
with this bullshit, man?

Yeah, that's what I thought.  
Don't worry.  
We gonna-I'm gonna break you  
off a nice cut.  
- Break us off a cut?  
Nigger-  
- Come on. Keep it up.  
- Fuck this shit.  
Malcolm,  
I'll do it my fucking self.  
- Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah.  
Fuck that.  
Look, when we pawn that shit,  
we'll give you 20%.  
- 20%?  
Nah, I pawn 'em; you get 20%.  
- Nigga,  
you out your fucking mind.  
Fucking crazy-ass nigga.  
- Hold up.  
Let me get a Dutch.  
You got vanilla Dutch?  
- No Dutch.  
- No Dutches?  
Come on, let me explain  
something to you, man, a'ight?  
Y'all get locked up?  
Five years probation.  
Y'all coming home the next day.  
No need to worry.  
Me, I get locked up?  
Three-time predicate-  
I'm going down.  
So if I'm gonna rob  
a rich white bitch,  
believe me, I'm gonna take  
my proper cut.  
Fuck it.  
We'll give you 50%,  
but that's it.  
- That's what I'm talking.  
That's what I'm talking.  
I like that.  
- A'ight.

- A'ight, I'ma keep  
one of them stones, a'ight?  
- Keep one of them stones?  
- For my bitch.  
- Nigga, that's coming out  
your cut.  
- Nah, you can charge that  
to the game, bitch.  
Just don't fuck it up.  
I'm Champion, baby.  
Champion never fucks up.  
I don't understand, like,  
why we don't just  
burst in there.  
What's wrong with you, man?  
You stupid or something?  
Relax.  
Calm down.  
- Well, turn on the fucking AO.  
I'm hot, nigga.  
- The AO drains my gas,  
and I'll be damned-  
I'm not turning on my car.  
Well, turn on the radio.  
- Damn, bitch,  
the radio broke too.  
What the fuck?  
Hello?  
Yeah, Ma,  
I can't talk right now.  
No, I've been working.  
I've been working.  
Nah, me and Sofie-  
me and Sofie  
are helping this guy out.  
We-yeah,  
but I can't talk right now.  
I'm gonna call you back,  
all right?  
All right.  
What the fuck are you doing?  
Jerking off  
in the back of the fucking car?  
No, yo, I got stickage, yo.

What the fuck is stickage?  
He knows.  
It's, like, when your balls  
and your dick  
stick together, like...  
I ain't never heard of that.  
You better go  
to the fucking doctor.  
No, I don't need a doctor.  
I'm all right.  
- Who's that stinking  
like that?  
Why would you hang your  
funky-ass socks in the window?  
- Stinking up the car, man,  
for real.  
- No, that's them funky-ass TVs  
in the back  
stinking up the car like that.  
- Listen,  
them shits work, man.  
So hook that shit up!  
You ready?  
We gonna do this shit  
right here.  
All these buttons...  
UPS?  
Come on.  
This is what I came here to do,  
baby.  
Come on, man.  
Stop playing, man.  
Oh, shit, easy as fuck, man.  
Come on, man.  
Hurry the fuck up, man.  
- Come on.  
We're on six now.  
- Six?  
We on seventh, man.  
Yo, we walked up six flights,  
so we on the sixth floor.  
- We on seventh, man.  
You start from two, man.  
- What the fuck you mean,

"start from two"?

One, two, three...

- Nah, nah.

- Four.

- You know what?

Come on.

We gonna start from scratch.

We gonna start from scratch.

I ain't gonna rob

the wrong house, man.

No, this is it.

- Come on.

We start from scratch, man.

- No, no, no, wait.

- Let's do it.

Come on.

I don't feel like fuckin'

walking all the way down.

- A'ight, youngster,

pay attention.

A'ight, simple shit.

Ground floor, second floor,

third floor, fourth floor,

so on and so on.

Understand?

All right, get to stepping.

Come on.

I ain't got all day.

- Why none of these

fucking people

got numbers on their doors?

- Fuckin' white people

don't take no stairs, man.

You ain't tell me there were

gonna be two locks, man.

Look at the size of that

motherfucker right there, man.

- I mean, you said

you could do any locks.

- A'ight, let me do my thing

right now, man.

Shut the fuck up.

Let me show you how I do it.

A'ight,

this is what I do, a'ight?  
Yo.  
Yo, fuck it.  
You got a phone?  
Let's Google that shit.  
Google how to pick a lock.  
- What, you trying to play me,  
nigga,  
like I can't do my job,  
nigga?  
Think this is a fuckin' joke,  
man?  
Think I'm here  
for fuckin' nothing?  
Trying to do this shit, man.  
Give me a fuckin' minute, man.  
You see me sweating, man.  
You ain't tell me  
this motherfucker  
wasn't no Concept lock, man!  
You ain't tell me about this  
motherfucker up here either!  
- What the fuck does it matter  
if it's a Concept lock, like...  
- Artie's Locksmith, that's  
probably the only motherfucker  
that can open that motherfucker

**right there:**

24-hour service.  
Not me, man.  
This right here is-is-  
I can't-  
I can't do it, man.  
This shit right here is-  
You can't do it, for real?  
- I could do it, man.  
I just need enough time, man.  
# Tonight  
# Tonight I feel cold inside  
# Tonight  
# Tonight I want you  
by my side  
# Tell me what to do



# Tell me what to do  
to feel better  
# Tell me what to do  
# Tell me what to do  
to feel warmer  
# The night  
# It makes me feel strange  
tonight #  
- Yo, what up?  
Where is she?  
- She-  
she's coming back.  
Fuck!  
And I think she made me.  
- Made you?  
Made you do what?  
- Made me.  
Like, she-she saw me.  
- Look, I don't think it works  
like that.  
She doesn't even know  
who you are.  
That's not the point.  
- Fuck that.  
Don't let her come.  
Like, you have to stop her.  
- All right.  
All right!  
Yo, excuse me.  
What?  
Um...  
Um...  
What?  
My bad.  
Um...  
Hello?  
Yo, Malcolm.  
What's up?  
I lost her.  
Ugh!  
Did you get in?  
Uh, hold on.  
Malcolm, don't put me on-  
- Ma, Ma,

I can't talk right now.

Yeah, I'm sorry.

A'ight, I gotta go, bye.

Hello?

- Malcolm.

- What the fuck?

What happened?

- What the fuck-

what do you mean, what happened?

I fuckin' told you.

I lost her.

Fuck!

Yo, we gotta hurry up.

- Hey, what's the problem,  
man?

Listen, she's-

Nigga, she on her way back,  
like, now.

Like, we gotta  
fucking hurry up.

This fucking shit, man.

I'm a professional, man.

That's not how I do things,  
man.

Come on.

Let's bounce.

We gotta get the fuck  
up out of here, man, but...

What the fuck, man?

- You gotta step  
your game up, man.

Come on. Let's get the fuck  
up out of here, man.

- Yo.

- Hey.

So where she at?

She on the roof.

- How the fuck you know  
she on the roof?

- 'Cause I followed her  
in her building,  
and she went up to R.

Where the fuck you been at?

- Oh, you know, I was just

getting my nails done.

What the fuck you think?

I was running

like a fucking track star

trying to get down here,

Malcolm.

- Oh, you can't keep up

with the white girls?

- Shut the fuck up.

I don't know this fucking area.

The fuck is she doing?

- Oh, shit,

this bitch is going in?

That's the ghetto

swimming pool.

- Let's go grab

her fucking keys.

You crazy?

Gonna take us, like,

ten minutes to get up there.

She not gonna be in there

that long.

I'm telling you,

that shit is crazy cold.

Crazy cold.

How you know?

- Listen, I know all about

the ghetto swimming pool, Sofia.

I'm a ghetto swimming pool

master.

- You don't know nothin' about

no damn ghetto swimming pool.

- For real, man,

that shit is dangerous, yo.

Did she eat or drink anything?

Like...

Yeah.

Yeah?

- No.

I don't fucking know.

I'm tired.

I'm hungry.

My feet fuckin' hurt

from running.

I got to pee.  
You not asking me  
if I ate or drank anything.  
- Yeah, but you're you,  
and she's, you know...  
- She's what?  
Pretty?  
Yeah, she's pretty.  
Interesting.  
Exciting.  
Fun.  
You know?  
But, yo,  
that ain't even my type, though.  
I don't even like chicks  
like that, man.  
- You said you was in love  
with her, Malcolm,  
so, you know,  
it is what it is.  
- You know  
I just be talking my shit.  
Like, just-  
You know I'm more into girls  
like-you know, like you.  
Like me?  
Like what,  
some weird-looking bitch  
that, like, isn't pretty,  
that isn't fly,  
that doesn't climb  
into fucking water towers?  
- No, I didn't mean it  
like that.  
I'm just saying I like girls  
that are more, like,  
you know, tough.  
Tough?  
What,  
tough like a fucking dyke?  
- No, Sofia.  
Yo, listen.  
You know-you know, I think  
you're fine as hell.

Like, I'm-I'm mad you even  
making me tell you this  
right now, like...  
I was just trying to make you  
feel better, man, a'ight?  
I know I piss you off  
all the time.  
But, you know,  
that's just me.  
You know, I just be trying to-  
I don't be trying-  
Shut the fuck up, Malcolm.  
I know what the fuck you mean,  
like when you be fucking  
with somebody,  
trying to make them feel better,  
but instead you make them feel,  
like, ten times worse,  
so it's cool.  
Yeah, man.  
Like my mom,  
she used to think  
that I was scared of flying,  
so she would tell me, like,  
I have higher chances  
of dying in a car crash  
than in a plane crash.  
And I'm just like,  
"What the fuck?"  
Like, now I'm scared  
to ride in cars now.  
Yeah, like that.  
- Man...  
Or like wet dreams.  
- Wet dreams, Malcolm?  
Really?  
What the fuck?  
- No, like they always  
telling us in phys ed.  
They always telling us, like,  
it's normal to have wet dreams,  
right?  
But, like,  
I don't have wet dreams.

Like, I don't come in my shorts  
in the middle of the night.

But all my parts work,  
but, like-I don't know.  
Maybe something's wrong  
with me.

- That's disgusting.

- I know, yo.

- No, I'm saying  
you're fuckin' disgusting.  
You don't say that shit  
to a lady.

- Oh, now you a lady and shit?  
Please.

Yes, I am a fucking lady.  
And, what, you think  
you gonna get that white bitch  
talking about,  
"I don't come all wild  
in my shorts at night"?

- I mean,  
I don't come in my shorts,  
so, I mean, that's a benefit,  
if anything.

A benefit?

Look, my fucking point is,  
you don't say that shit  
to a female.

It's manners.

You're mad disrespectful.

All right, man.

You gonna be all right.

- Don't touch my hand,  
Malcolm.

- I'll touch your hand  
if I want to.

Don't fucking touch my hand.

Nigga, you soft.

- You ain't so tough after all  
either.

- I don't know  
what you talking about.

Yeah, mm-hmm.

- Yo, she's been up there

for a minute.  
She has been.  
I don't know.  
The water level  
isn't always that-  
it ain't always high,  
and that ladder don't go  
all the way to the bottom.  
- Yo, I'm telling you,  
this bitch is fuckin' dead.  
Hey, don't say that shit, man.  
- What you mean,  
don't fucking say that shit?  
That bitch is-  
she's fucking dead.  
- Nah, maybe she got out  
when we was talking and shit.  
She didn't fucking get out.  
That's gonna fuck up  
they water system.  
Little fuckin' bitty pieces  
of flesh  
all cut up  
all in they water.  
- Yo, that's not fucking cool,  
yo.  
Don't say that shit.  
- Don't tell me  
what's not fucking cool.  
I'm telling you-  
- A'ight, man.  
Fuck.  
Nobody ever gonna find her.  
# Oh, the Lord  
is my shepherd  
# The Lord is my shepherd  
# I shall  
# I shall not want  
# He maketh me  
# Lie down  
# Lie down in green pastures  
# He leadeth me  
# Beside  
# Beside still waters

# He restoreth  
# Restoreth my soul  
# I know He  
# He restoreth my soul  
# He leadeth me  
# In the paths,  
oh, yeah  
# In the paths  
# Whoa, of righteousness,  
yeah, Lord, yeah  
# Whoa, righteousness  
# For Your name's sake  
# For His name's sake  
# I know for His  
# For His name's sake  
# Yet though I walk  
# I've got to walk  
through the valley  
# Through the valley  
# Of the shadow of death,  
oh, yes  
# Of the shadow  
# Of the shadow of death  
# O Lord  
# I'll fear no evil  
# I know Thou art with me  
# Thou art with me  
# Thy rod, Lord, yeah  
# Thy rod  
# I know Thy staff  
# I know that they  
sure gon' comfort  
# I know He'll comfort  
# O Lord  
# I'll be able to say amen  
# Amen  
# I'll be able to say amen  
# Oh, amen  
# Say it  
just a little louder #  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, Pedro.  
We got it.  
We got it. We got it.  
A'ight, so we'll meet you at



the stadium tomorrow morning.

All right.

You think it's gonna work?

- Yeah, all you gotta do  
is put a dollar on the top,  
put a dollar on the bottom,  
cut up some newspaper,  
put it in between.

That shit'll look legit.

A'ight.

Yo, he having a party?

- I don't know.

Something like that.

I don't even know.

Oh, well, look who it is.

If it isn't my favorite bitch.

- Yo, chill the fuck out, yo.

- Oh, shit, yo.

- Chill out.

- Shakes, my man.

I'm only kidding, man.

- Show some fucking respect.

- A'ight, a'ight, you got it.

You got it.

You got it.

# Roll it up, light it up,  
pass that

# Roll it up, light it up,  
pass that

# Hit the bud

# Hit it

# I found a way to heat up  
in a cold world

# I told a girl,  
put her feet up

# Let her toes curl

# Oh, girl needed pleasure  
through the pain struggle

# Never approach the game  
as if the game loves you

# But the game loves you #

- Yo, good-looking

on the sneakers, man.

I been walking around

in my socks all day.

- You know I got you, man.

Come on.

Yo, what's good

with you and-you and Sof, man?

You trying to bag that

or what?

- Nah, nah, that's my partner  
and shit, you know?

- You sure? 'Cause y'all seem  
real close, man.

Nah, nah, nah, we-

- I'm trying to make my move,  
man.

I'm gonna make my move tonight.

- Nah, nah, you good.

You good. You good.

I'm good?

I see.

I see.

Man, do your thing, man.

You ain't got nothing  
to worry about.

I got you, man.

You're my boy, yo.

- So your boy Pedro  
is good for it, huh?

# I am blessed

# Oh, I found

# Found Jesus

# I found Him

# Jesus

# Oh, yeah

# Jesus

# I am blessed

# Oh, I found

# Found Jesus

# I found Him

# Jesus #

- I'm telling you,  
fuck that guy, yo.

Yo, he fucked us up,

I'm telling you.

And, look, I need your help

in this situation downtown  
I got going on.  
I got into some shit,  
so I need your help  
in smoothing it out.  
What?  
Fuck, man.  
Are you serious?  
Damn!  
All right, all right,  
all right, all right, look.  
I'll make it up to her,  
all right, man?  
All right, I gotta go.  
Yo, I fucking missed  
my mom's birthday, yo.  
- What you mean, you missed  
your mom's birthday?  
You mad ungrateful.  
Yo.  
Fuck that shit, yo.  
I gotta get some flowers for her  
at least.  
A'ight.  
Hey.  
Hi, papi.  
Um, your flowers  
are absolutely beautiful,  
but what kind of plant  
is this right here?  
This is snake plant.  
Snake plant, right?  
So is it gonna get big  
or stay small?  
So big?  
Oh, okay, no problem.  
They're beautiful.  
I was just curious,  
but thank you.  
That shit was kind of fun.  
Yeah.  
You did good.  
Nah, give 'em all  
to your mom.

It's her birthday and all.

A'ight.

- All right, well,

I'll catch you later.

# Any day now

# I shall be released

# They say that everything  
can be replaced

# They say

that every distance

# Is not near

# Ooh

# But I can remember, yeah

# Everything

# Ooh

# On the face

of the people

# Who put me here

# I see my light

# Come shining

# Come shining

# From the west

# On down to the east

# Down to the east

# But any day now

# Any, any, any day now

# Any day

# Any day now

# I shall be released

# Be released

# Ooh

# They say that everybody

# Needs protection

# They say

# They also say

that everybody

# Got to fall

# Ah-ooh

# Ooh

# But wait, I believe

I can see my reflection

# Ah-ooh

# Ooh

# Somewhere so high

above the wall  
# Ah-oooh  
# I see  
# My light come shining  
# From the west  
# Way down to the east  
# Down to the east  
# Ooh  
# But any, any, any,  
any day now, yeah  
# Any day now  
# Any old, any...  
# Any day now  
# Hey  
# Any day now  
# I shall be released  
# I shall,  
I shall be released  
# Hey, hey  
# Understand somebody  
# Somebody in a lonely crowd  
# I shall be released  
# And somebody  
who say to me  
# That they are not to blame  
# I shall be released  
# Ooh  
# All day long,  
all day long  
# I can hear that voice  
so loud  
# Ah-oooh  
# Crying out  
that he been framed  
# Ah-oooh  
# I see, I see, I see,  
I see my light  
# My light come shining  
# Come shining  
# From the west  
# Way on down to the east  
# Down to the east  
# Ooh  
# But any, any, any,

any day now  
# Ooh  
# Any, any day,  
oh, hear me now  
# Ah, ooh  
# Any day now  
# I shall be released  
# I shall,  
I shall be released  
# Any day now, any day now  
# I shall,  
I shall be released  
# Soul  
# Got happy  
# Soul got happy  
# Oh, yes, sir  
# I stayed all day  
# All day  
# My hand got stuck  
# Hand got stuck  
# To the gospel plow  
# The plow  
# I wouldn't take nothin'  
# Wouldn't take nothin'  
# Said  
I wouldn't take nothin'  
# Wouldn't take nothin'  
# Oh  
# For my journey  
# Oh, yes, sir  
# Right now  
# For my journey right now  
# Listen  
# I believe, yeah #