

The Messenger (Skit)

Krayzie Bone

Aw Shit. Excuse me man, excuse me.

Uh, yes sir?

Could you tell me where the payphone at in here, or somethin'?

Certainly. Back there by the wine racks.

All right, thanks a

lot. Thank you, thank you.

Oh, you're welcome sir.

Shit, it's a classy-ass, muthafuckin' restaraunt. Know this muthafucka got t
he money, punk-muthafucka. Shit.

[Pick's up phone. Dialtone. Puts in

money and dials. It rings at the other end.] Hello?

Yeah, hello!

What's happenin'?

Yeah, I'm in the muthafuckin' spot now, man.

He there?

I don't see nobody yet, but I know the nigga'll be here. He got reservations

.

All right, handle your business.

I think I see his broad comin' in right now.

Right on, Time.

So, don't worry about shit. I'm a handle this nigga, man. This nigga in a cl
assy-ass, muthafuckin' restaurant. I know this nigga got the muthafuckin' mo
ney. Don't worry about shit, I'm a have it. All right?

No mercy nigga.

All right.

Excuse me

Uh, yes ma'am?

I have a reservation. It's for Jones.

For Jones? Let me see here for a minute. Oh yes, Mr. Jones called, he said h
e is running late, but I am to seat you now.

Okay, thank you.

Follow me this way. Here you go ma'am. Um, would you like to start with some
thing to drink while

you wait?

Do you have a Chardonnay?

Most certainly, coming right up. Oh, and uh, here is Mr. Jones right now. Hi
, Mr. Jones how are you this evening?

Hey, what's up? What's up? What's up?

Hi Baby.

Hey, baby. Damn!

Baby, what took you so long? I been just waitin' and waitin'. This is a nice
place.

Yeah, its cool. It's cool. Did you order yet?

No, baby. I was waitin' on you. . . . Baby?

What? What's happenin'?

That guy's been staring at me since I've sat down.

What dude?

You know him?

What dude?

That guy over there

Over where? Aw Shit!

Baby, whats wrong?

Damn, don't worry about it! Jus' Damn! Just', just be cool, just be cool.

Baby, he's walkin' over here now!

Mr Jones:OH, Shit!!

Baby, he's, baby he's goin' in his jacket.

The Messenger:Message for Mr. Jones, Muthafucka!

OH, SHIT!!

Cover your head

Fuck you! Get the fuck out my way! Get the fuck out my way!

Fuck you! Get the fuck out my way. Get the fuck out my way.

My leg! My leg!