

# Bino\$ Vs. Bree\$

Trinidad James

[Trinidad:] Real nigga shit,  
[Girl:] Real nigga shit  
[Trinidad:]  
Hey fucking shit in my fucking TV  
My mama would come right now  
[Girl:] Who you wanna follow with?  
[Trinidad:] My mama. Who else?  
[Girl:]  
Oh, all right. Baby can you fix the roof in the back?  
(Baby can you fix the roof?)  
[Trinidad:]  
Hey man, come out of shit man.  
I ain't no goddamn recorder roof man., alright?  
[Girl:]  
Baby can you fix the roof, baby?  
Oh, well excuse me then.  
[Trinidad:] Well, you excuse, I know. Aha.

Two days later

[Girl:] Hey baby. Can you call on me in the kitchen [?] I think is something wrong with the fucking scene.  
[Trinidad:] Hey man! I do not have the shirt to say: Solomon, the fucking sick man,  
I don't. I mean come on now. But fuck!  
[Girl:] Damn, babe. All right.

One week later

[Trinidad:]  
Well, damn. This motherfucking place look crazy as hell.  
Anyways man.  
[Girl:] Baby can you move the dishes off the table before you sit down?  
[Trinidad:]  
Man come off the shit, man. Hands on never mind. I always asked me somethin' fuck our lil life.  
Motherfucking dare the dish man to put your ass nigga. Fuck your [?] would.  
Fuck out here. Fuck these dishes.  
[Girl:]  
Man what is this problem now? I know he know I like him, right?  
Yeah he gotta know that. Like I don't have to deal with this? I mean to be honest I'm not dealing with this. I'm just not dealing with this.

The following week.

[Trinidad:]  
Oh shit! Goddamn. My girl didn't clean the motherfuck up. Damn! Mhm!  
Keysha? Keysha? Let me talk to you out quick.  
What's up, Keysha? What going on? The place is good, what's up?  
[Girl:] What's up?  
[Trinidad:] I mean I'm just sayin' I mean, what you mean what's up, I mean now?  
How the place get fixed up, you know what I'm sayin' like now, we ain't talking like a week?  
I'm just sayin', I mean wassup? Say is wassup with the shit.  
[Girl:] Oh well, the neighbour did it.  
[Trinidad:]  
What the fuck you mean it? The neighbor? Hey man.  
Hey, I don't know what the fuck you going on. What you? What the charge? What the charge? What the motherfucking charge?

[Girl:]

I mean he didn't charge just anything. He told me either I can bake em a cake.

Like I can have sex with him.

[Trinidad:]

What the fuck? Oh shit baby, baby I get up. Baby, baby. Man you [?] shit. Look baby baby.

I don't, I don't know what to say. What cake did you make him?

What do you want me to say? What kind of cake did you make him?

What kind of cake did you make him?

[Girl:] A cake, ey. Well unfortunately, my name is not Carrie, the cakemaker.

[Trinidad:] Real nigga shit.

[Girl:] Real nigga shit.