

Coolio, Recoup This

Secretary: This is how we do it... this is how we do it
(phone ring)

Sec: Last chance records, may i help you?
Oh, what's up girl! Young nigga came over last night, and guess what.
He was a busta. But hold on a second.
Excuse me, may I help you?

Poison: Yeah, I wanna see Chester, I got an appointment with him.

Sec: Won't you have a seat, he'll be with you shortly.

(Door opens)

Sec: Mr Johnson, your 2:30 is here.

Mr J: Eh, send him in. Damn, your showing a little good today girl.

Sec: Mr johnson will see you now.

Mr J: He heey! Come on in here boy, see I told you you was goin' be
a star, didn't I?

P: Man, fuck being a star, I want some motherfucking money man, you ow
me
some money.

Mr J: Man, money! wha???

P: Man, my record went double platinum, what the fuck is you talkin'
about!

Mr J: Let me...

P: Fuck that!

(gun shot)

Mr J: AAOOWW! you didn't have to shoot me...

P: Yeah, muthafucka, now fuck that! It's too late for that shit!

(7 gun shots)

Sec: AAW, You shot Mr Johnson!

(2 gunshots)

P: SHUT UP, BITCH!