



"I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT'S GONNA TAKE."

GLURGLE



DROP THE FUCKING GUN!

NOW!

POLICE



"OR WHAT'S FINALLY GONNA LIGHT THAT FUSE..."

HUG THE GODDAMN PAVEMENT!



NAH.

I DON'T THINK SO.

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"BUT WHAT I DO KNOW, FOR A FACT..."



NOW, YOU LISTEN HERE... BITCH.



I'MA LET YOU PICK UP YOUR MEAT, HERE, AND CRAWL THE FUCK BACK FROM WHERE YOU CAME.

AND WHEN THEY ASS' YOU WHAT HAPPENED, YOU TELL 'EM. YOU TELL 'EM THAT THIS HERE BELONGS TO ME.

W-WHAT BELONGS TO YOU?



THIS NEIGHBORHOOD IS MINE. AND YOU AIN'T WELCOME NO MORE.

"...IS THAT IT'S COMING."

"IT'S COMING." YOU COME IN HERE ONCE A GODDAMN MONTH-- FOR THE LAST SIX YEARS--AND TELL ME ABOUT YOUR FUCKING POWDER KEG. I GOT NO TIME FOR THIS SHIT, GREY! WE ARE DROWNING IN *REAL* CRIMES.



LOOK, CAPTAIN. THIS IS NO GOOSE CHASE. THIS IS REAL--



A *REAL* WASTE OF FUCKIN' TIME. YOU GOT A PILE OF CASES ON YOUR DESK WIDER THAN MY WIFE'S ASS.



I AM A KID PLEADING WITH MY PARENTS TO BELIEVE THE MONSTER UNDER MY BED IS REAL.

ELEVEN YEARS WORTH OF DATA: DISSECTED, ANALYZED, CATALOGUED, AND CROSS-REFERENCED. IT ALL SUPPORTS ONE THEORY.

A THEORY TO WHICH ONLY I SUBSCRIBE.



COME OUT, COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE...





YOU TWO CAN COME ON DOWN NOW.



GET G-TRON OUT HERE. TELL 'EM TO GET THIS BLACK N' WHITE OFF THE STREET AND RIG IT. WE GON' NEED IT LATER.

AND HAVE YOUR BRUH HACK ME INTO THEIR COMPUTER.

AIGHT, DEE. WE ON IT.



DESTINY... YOU SHOT DAT DUDE LIKE SHIT WAS PERSONAL.



IT WAS...



IT WAS THE END OF ONE THING. AND THE BEGINNIN' OF SOMETHIN' ELSE.



GET EVERYONE TOGETHER. RIGHT HERE. RIGHT NOW. WE GONNA HAVE US A GOOD OL' FASHION TOWN MEETING.

Y'ALL KNOW ME. YOU KNOW WHO I AM. I GREW UP ON THIS STREET. MY PARENTS DIED ON THIS STREET. HALF THE PEOPLE WE KNOW GOT THEMSELVES POPPED ON THIS FUCKIN' STREET... BY OTHER PEOPLE ON THIS FUCKIN' STREET. WHY?

THEY WANT US THIS WAY. WE A CANCER TO THEM, AND THEY HAPPY TO SIT BACK AND WATCH US EAT OURSELVES ALIVE.

FUCK. THAT.

I WANT A CRIB WITHOUT BARS ON THE WINDOWS. I WANT MY MAN TO DRIVE HIS CAR WITHOUT THE FIVE-0 BUSTING HIS ASS FOR NOT BEING WHITE. AND THOSE ARE THE GOOD COPS.

I WANT A PLACE OF MY OWN. YOU WANT A PLACE OF YO' OWN.

LOTTA PUNKS 'ROUND HERE RUN THEIR MOUTHS. I DON'T TALK. I DO. WHILES BACK I ASKED YOU TO TRUST ME. I TAKE THAT SHIT REAL SERIOUS.

OUR TIME IS NOW.

SO HERE'S WHAT I'MA DO. DECLARE MARTIAL LAW IN THIS MOTHERFUCKER. NO MORE CALLING 9-1-1. I'M YOUR GODDAMN 9-1-1.

THIS PLACE BELONGS TO US. AND WE GON' KEEP IT.

