**Shrank**

Don’t buddy boy me, Action! I got a hot surprise for you: you hoodlums don’t own the streets. There’s been too much raiding between you and the PRs. All right, Bernardo, get your trash outa here. If I don’t put down the roughhouse, I get put down – on a traffic corner. Your friend don’t like traffic corners. So you buddy boys are gonna play ball with me. I gotta put up with them and so do you. You’re gonna make nice with PR’s from now on. Because otherwise, I’m gonna bear the crap outa every one of ya and then run ya in. Say goodbye to the nice boys, Krupke