

DO YOU
KNOW HOW *QUICK*
NEW YORK WILL BURN
THROUGH THIS
BOOZE?



AIN'T CALLED
LIGHTNING,
'CAUSE IT'S *SLOW*,
MISTA PIRLO.



SPEAKING OF
WHICH, CAN YOU
LAY OFF THE GAS,
TUCKER?

I'D LIKE TO
MAKE THERE IN
ONE PIECE.



NO, SIR. AND I'LL GIT
YOU AN' THE HOCH
WHERE Y'ALL NEED
TO BE IN RECORD
TIME.



CHRIST,
TUCKER--
CAREFUL!





BLUM

