

Yes, life can be a barrel of disappointments, sometimes.

Seem like God didn't see fit to give the black man nothing but dreams – but
He did give us children to make them dreams seem worth while.

People have to express themselves one way or another.

Listen, I'm going to be a doctor.

One done almost lost his mind thinking 'bout money all the time

That's a whole lot different from having it come and being able to hold it in
your hands . . . a piece of paper worth ten thousand dollars . . .

That money belongs to Mama, Walter, and it's for her to decide how she
wants to use it.

Do you know what this money can do for us?

We ain't no business people, Ruth. We just plain working folks.

Something always told me I wasn't no rich white woman.

Well, Lord knows, we've put enough rent into this here rat trap to pay for
four houses by now.

Yes, a fine man – just couldn't never catch up with his dreams, that's all.

Why should I know anything about Africa?

Doctor say everything going to be all right?

We had even picked out the house.

He was one man to love his children.

New York ain't got nothing Chicago ain't.

We ain't exactly moving out there to get bombed.

Today I just walked. All over the South Side.

I paid the man thirty-five hundred dollars on the house.

Your daddy's gonna make a business transaction . . . a business transaction that's going to change our lives.

Whatever you want to be – Yessir!

Most of the trouble exists because people just don't sit down and talk to each other.

For the happiness of all concerned our Negro families are happier when they live in their *own* communities.

What they think we going to do – eat ‘em?

It expresses ME!

THAT MONEY IS MADE OUT OF MY FATHER’S FLESH!

Is it gone? All of it?

We are very proud people.

LET’S GET THIS BLESSED FAMILY OUT OF HERE!