

Title: The Eye Of A Doughboy
Written By: William Thomas Whitney
Pen Name: ExcuseMe, Legend

PREFACE

I got a text message on my hitted at 5:00 in the morning. In all caps its read GET YO ASS OUT HERE BEFORE I STOMP A MUD HOLE IN YO ASS

I wiped the cold out my eyes, threw my white buffs on, and grabbed the twin glock 19's resting on the nightstand. I looked over at my boo Tiara laying beside me and slowly rolled out the bed. She was a light sleeper and I didn't want to awake her. It would had been all types of hell. Cussing. Fussing. And probably fighting if she was having a good dream. And 9-times-of-ten she was. It was pitch-black outside when I got out there. I founded light from a cordial tone. I walked towards the voice and there a man stood or shall I say leaning on his car in my driveway. I knew him and he knew me. The look on his face told me something wasn't right. His opening statement came off so foul. He talked about how he had a couple bodies on me and how he was coming back later on in the day to serve me indictment papers. He gave me a heads-up the indictment would have drug charges attached with the bodies also. The guy was a undercover federal agent I had comings and goings with in the pass. Don't get it twisted I ain't no snitch. I just know the nigga from coming and passing like I said.

"DAWG.... You come over my house in the middle of the night to tell me this? How the fuck you get my number? And how the fuck you know where I live?" I asked click-clanking the two glocks muzzles together. Dawg was a federal so I wasn't gone shoot. I just wanted to scare him a bit. He proceeded to tell me don't worry how he got my number and address. He told me to hand over my guns and I did. That was some stupid ass shit but I did it. Afterwards he whipped out a cell phone and showed me a video off that bitch. Sure ass shit it was me standing over a nigga pumping led in his ass. It was a nigga name J-Rock I killed six-or-seven-months away. Dawg had owed me some papers so I had to body his ass. The video fucked me up. So much so that I asked "That shit happened a minute back and you just now coming down on me about this shit?" I asked scratching my head and my neck.

The agent answered "I'm in the business of capturing not catching. There's more" He warned with a wink. He then showed more videos of me doing dirt in the streets. Selling bricks here and there. And making a few sucka niggas bleed here and there.

"So you got all this. What's in it for you. Why you come tell me the day before that my life is about to come to a end. What? Why? What's in it for you?" I pouted. I ain't gone lie I got mad ass hell. I'm was more confused then anything and I just wanted to know what the fuck he really wanted. After getting down to the nitty gritty the penny loafer straight up told me "Jamal... There is nothing in it for me. I really was hoping it wasn't you in these videos" "What?"

"Like I said. I really was hoping it wasn't you involved in these shootings or drug deals?"

"But it is me so what you-you-you really saying?"

"I ain't saying nothing. I'm just saying mann" The cop shrugged and handed me my two

handguns back.He opened the driver side door and starting his car up from standing outside.He stalked the darkness with his funny colored eyes and drove out squeaking his brakes.I just stood in my driveway watching him drive off.After his taillights disappeared in the cover of darkness,I sat the two glocks on the cement and just put my hands on my face.I was pissed and mad and confused.I picked the guns up and made way back into the crib.There Tiara stood by the stairway.My boo looked mad.She asked me what was going on and I told her everything.Tiara way more than my boo.She was my wife.And I loved her and trusted her dearly.I called her my boo because that what we nicknamed each other.Don't get it twisted Tiara was my real wife.Tiara damn near had nervous breakdown once I told what the agent had on me.I really didn't want to tell her from the jump because her aunt had just passed two days ago from cancer.She was already in a emotional state.After breaking down and catching hella attitudes on the stairs I picked her up and carried her to the bedroom.I sucked her pussy and she fell asleep with tears in her eyes.I took and shower and I dipped out to the streets.It was bright and early and the birds were chirping.It might sound crazy but I be damn if a agent was gone scare me out my daily routine!!!And far as I'm concerned~I GOT THE EYE OF A DOUGHBOY~

CHAPTER 1

~I feel like EL Chapo minus the Sinaloa Cartel.I got binoculars on my Cartier's,I can see the soul of a brick~

I'm light-light-skinned but I'm black.I'm frail but I'm strong.I'm mid-heightened but I'm a giant in stature.The Hennessey tint on my frames help me block out the haters.And the patch over my right eye only makes me see ten times harder from my left eye.I sport the patch under my Cartier buffs to remind niggas of my struggle.My buffies iced the fuck out and the white legs match the guts of my Hellcat.The rally stripes offset the big ass F in the middle on my 26's.And don't get the freckles and my pump-waves twisted.Just because I look like a pretty boy don't mean I didn't get this shit out the mud.Or that I'm soft.Cause as the story told,I came up off a skun of raw and I'll pop yo ass faster than you can count to 1.2.3.BANG.BANG IS THE SOUND OF MY GLOCK!BANG.BANG NIGGA.

My Hellcat spinned the block and everybody was pointing and looking.It feel good to have all eyes on me and I ain't gone lie it feel good to have a pocket full of money.I rode up each block twice just so I could recieve double the love.I stuck my wrist out the window for the hood to get a glance of my roly watch.It was just a little plain jane but just know I paid my dues and I was no beginner to this stunning shit.

After spinning some blocks,I even made time to hop out and grab a little thot digits.I knew she was too young so I deleted it as soon as I saved it.When i got back into my car two little young niggas I knew followed me all the way up the block.I don't how the hell they managed to reach the trap spot before me.These nigga was riding bikes.The shit amazed me so much I had to ask."How the fuck y'all get here before me?"

"We hit the alley"They replied.That made sense but it still shocked me.I was so impressed I dug

in my pockets and peeled them a sleeve a piece off. A sleeve is a crispy hundred dollar bill. They happily took the hundreds and peeled off on their bikes. They made it half-way up the block and I called them back. I asked them did they want to work for me and they said yep before I could even finish the sentence. I gave them instructions and instruments. The instruments was the Glock 19s. The instructions was simply. Any unmarked cars that come through spark at it. The little homies was down. I gave them some extra clips and sent them on their way.

Eighteen minutes later, I was in the trap selling dickhead raw through my bulgar bars. That dogfood was doing me justice. I use to sell weed pills and dope but I said fuck all that shit once I touched the dogfood. That's when I was 13. I'm 19 now and I got the hood in a chokehold with my special recipe. Fentanyl and Droperidol did the job. I knocked em up side the head and they drop-dead off my shit!

The raw heads got up bright and early so I got rewarded for being on the same page. It's 6:53 going on the top of the morning. And I bet you I'm gone knock off about 300 grams before 8:00. 8:00 hit I did well over that. Why sell it whole when I can break it down and do the damn thang. I had a pocket full of money and I headed out to my stash house. It was only five houses from my trap so all I had to do was hop a few back gates. When I got there shit wasn't looking right. The door was ajar and the door knob was off. I'm talking completely off. I upped a .40 and darted into the crib. I made it upstairs where two niggas was mauling my mans Darnell. They was beating him with the pistols sideways and pouncing his face in with deathly kicks. I'm talking the heel of a timberland boot kicks. I ain't gone lie my heart got to pounding like Nick Cannon on drumline. It fucked me up once I laid eyes on the jackboys. It was the two kids I just gave the two pistols to earlier. I ran in that bitch with the mag pointed at one kid and I ordered the other fourteen year old to drop his mag. Once they handed over their pistols, I backed them into the corner and went to check Darnell to see if he was still alive. ~Damn~ I mused. Darnell was up out of there. They beat my mans to his last breath. The bitch ass kids got to crying and shit. They went into a story how Darnell forced them into the house because they wouldn't stop riding up and down the alleyways on their bikes. The story was believable. It sounded like some shit my nigga Darnell would do. Plus the little kids was soft ass Charmin or Cottonelle tissue so I knew they didn't have the heart to pull a kickadoe. With that said, I still wasn't about to chance it. They killed my mans and they deserved to get mugged. I sent their ass to the pearly gates execution style and burnt the stash house down. I got all the money up out the safe and half of the work. I couldn't afford to get caught so I panicked and left the scene once the smoke started to manifest. I called my niggas Pizza that lived up the street. I called his phone over and over but the nigga wouldn't answer the phone. I even posted outside his house and blew the horn and the nigga still wasn't answering the phone or coming out. Then all of sudden, I looked in my review and spotted the geeky ass federal agent from this morning. I wrapped around the block and stopped at a stop sign and he pulled beside me. He flashed his phone showing off some footage. I took my yays off and the cop had footage of me running from the burning house into my car. I couldn't believe the balls of this nigga. I mean mugged his bitch ass and spun off. Once I lost him I called my boo Tiara. She answered on the first ring "Hey boo."

"Boo.. Listen to me. Meet on northwestern highway at that place we always met--" I talked fast.

"Whoa Whoa Whoa slow down Jamal. Tell me again. What happened?" Tiara yelled. I told her I

didn't have enough time to tell her over again and to just meet me. I hung up on her ass and hit the freeway quick. This had to be the shittiest day of my life. Well now because the shittiest day of my life was when my pops got knocked off. But it surely the shittiest day I had ever started off having. First a bitch ass federal agent had the balls to show up at my crib. Then my mans Darnell got killed. And I had to kill two kids at that. Just when things couldn't get no worse the federal agent called my phone talking reckless. He told me to paid him in cash right now and he would make the video go away. I told the nigga to kick rocks. He had already had videos of me murking cats so what was the difference. The agent retorted. "I'm in the business of capturing not catching"

I hung up on his ass kept punching the dashboard. It took me a minute to grasp his words but it hit me. He was looking for a payout or a buyout for the videos. He really was a dirty call. I called him back and told him I had apprehension taking on the jack so meet me in person. I gave him the hotel destination but he declined. He gave me a address and showed up at someplace outside the southwest area. When I hopped out I glanced and every which direction.

I just knew this shit was a set up or something. I just knew uniformed cop cars and unmarked cars were going to pull up and surround me with they guns drew. But none of that happened.

"You know them kids you killed back there wasn't even old enough to buy juicy giants at the gas stations? Them fuckers were still pissing on they balls with the midas touch man? I got all that shit on video too. It will amaze you what the hell a flying drone can capture. Now listen to me and listen to me close Jamal. I have enough shit on you to put you under the jail. Most the shit you did was flat-out cold deliberated and calculated. Man you on these videos going buck-wild. But all that can change. All you have to do is say that's not you on the videos. Feel me? Just sit there and wrap your mind around all this shit I just said." The dweeby cop sprawled out on his Laz-E-Boy with no cares in the world. I already had it in my mind I was gone turn his head to spaghetti if he tried something. I had a Tec-9 with a speed-loaded-30-round-clip in my draws. But first I wanted to hear this bitch nigga out. I still couldn't believe what I was hearing after I finally did hear him out. I was waiting for some people to come popping out of the walls or something. Like a hidden-camera show for the dumbest criminals. But that never happened. Instead the agent pulled out some white papers. The papers had my name printed in big bold letters. The indictment included Darnell. My mans Earl. My mans Pizza. And, last but not least, my boo Tiara. I don't mean to sound mushy and shit but I started to get lightheadedness and my eyes got watery when I seen my boo name printed in black ink. I asked him how much he needed and he told me a quarter milly. I smirked at the ticket because I had that stashed away for a rainy day. A quarter of a mill was nothing to me. I had the block in a headlock with the dogfood for the past three years. That was 6 months of work. I told him I got that for him and he agreed to rip the indictment papers once he got the cheese in his hand

"I thought you were serving the papers to me at evening?"

"Evening haven't hit. Get me my money" The cop winked. I did doughnuts from the agent house and made it back to the hotel. Tiara pulled in seconds right after me. I was glad about that

because she would had been tripping hard if I was late. I had already purchased the room via telephone we went straight there and kicked it. For hours we planned on getting the agent his money. It wasn't that I didn't have it. It was all about what I had the cheese in. I had cheese in set up in different places. But I mostly had assets. I'm talking Bonds. Homes. Jewelry. Cars. And all kinds of other shit. Come to think about it, I had this ranch I cashed that I had never been to too. A friend of mine name Mike Deport got into a tight-fight with money so I loaned him the cheese. He got into a motorcycle accident and the property was in my name. His widow was down and out so I left her to take care of the property. I had never even been there. But clearly it was time to pay the ranch a visit!!!!

I drove 2-and-a-half hours up north to St. Louis, Michigan. It felt like 5 due to the morning traffic jams. Tiara wanted to come but I had her go handle some other things. A big bright smile came across my face once I saw the big ass ranch. It was so many acres I couldn't count. It seem like I was in a whole nother country. A couple knocks at the door and Flow opened up. She welcomed me in and we quickly talked about the property worth. She shocked me with the number. She said the land was worth over a million dollars. I ain't no superstitious or religious cat but it felt like God wanted me to inherit the property just for this predicament. Lord knows he wanted me out the drug game. I told Flow I had some extra business opportunities on my plate and I wanted to sell the property. I told her I wouldn't leave her high and dry so I proposed that she look for a nice place and I would buy the home out the monies after the sell of the ranch. I got a response I didn't forecast. Flow snapped and told me to get the fuck off her property. She then threatened me and said she would cry rape if I came back. She even threw a George Foreman grill at my head. Luckily my good reflexes allowed me to duck. I got the hell up out of there but I told her I would be back.

When I did come back she had an audience outside. It was townsfolk and the local police. I didn't get a fuck I pulled back up and hopped out. I had papers to the house and they rested in my hands. After the policeman smoked over the paperwork he sided with me. He let Flow grab all her personal needs off the property and the policeman escorted her off the property. I wanted to feel bad for the bitch but I couldn't. She brunt the shit on herself. After she left, I went roaming around the property. I felt like a kid in a candy store. To much of my surprise, the ranch was loaded with all types of shit. There were a lot of collectable items inside. But the valuable things were outside. Mike had a whole motorcycle collection stored away. The darn area had sick Harleys and Kawasakis and shit. That's when I got to stratching my head. I wondered how the hell was Mike in debt when he owed all this shit. And that's when it hit me that my homeboy Mike lied to me. He just wanted to have something legal in my name just in case I got in a tough spot. Damn. It's a beautiful thing when you have white friends!

At that moment, I started to feel bad for Flow. I drove around town for hours and finally got the hit on where she might was staying at. It was a rinky dinky motel miles away from the ranch. I went door-to-door until I got to her. Luckily it was on the third try because them white folks were looking at me crazy. I was light but I wasn't light enough to fool them that I wasn't black. Me and flow had a constructive conversation about the ranch.

I told her that Mike never told me that he wasn't really in debt. She believed me and we shook hands to peace! We loaded my backseat and trunk up with all her personal items and drove back to the ranch. When we pulled up there was a big ole honky sitting on a motorcycle waiting outside. It caught me off guard because the honky looked just like my homeboy Mike. He had the leather biker get-up with the leather boots. He sported the Mohawk with the bad ass tattoos on his head and face like my mans Mike too. It was actually kinda weird. Especially when I spotted the guy skull head tattoos. He had them in the same spot as my mans Mike. He just was half of Mike age. I ain't the smartest man on the earth but Flow was on her cougar shit.

Flow kept quiet and went straight into the house. I introduced myself to the guy and we founded way to the back area of the ranch. The sun was beaming like we we're in the tropics so we founded shade under a awning.

"What cha say yo name was again?" The honky asked me the question so rude. I caught his vibes so I played him like he played me "My name the same name I told you back there. So if you wasn't listening that's yo fault. Dig this honky. I ain't here fucking sucking nor am I'm mucking yo FLOW dawg. I'm up here handling some business on behalf of my mans Mike." I spoked with a overpowered rudeness. I finished talking by looking the honky up and down with the biggest mean mug ever. I don't even be into that tough guy shit. But I had to put it on the floor that I'll bust his bitch ass. Plus I don't even like white people to began with. I ain't no racist or nothing. But I had my reasons why I hated white people. And that was an whole nother story in itself. "Mike?"

"Yea Mike. Flows husband. He passed in a accident months back."

"Figures!"

"Figures uh? Well look man. Like I said I'm just down here to figure some figures out."

"Well you don't need me to figure nothing out. All this belongs to Flow. She doesn't want to give me a apple off one of these trees. And I'm the one who planted the the sons of bitches. Can you believe her man"

"I got 99 problems but a apple tree ain't one nigga" I hawked a spit at his shoe and upped my burner on the side of me. With a heavy shuttle I founded space between us two just in case I had to bust his ass. He ain't want no smoke so backed all the way back and appeared in the house with Flow. Off bat, Flow tried to explain to me who dawg was. But I cut her off and told her let's get down to business. She was already on point because she had a piece of paper with all the items she was willing to give up. After 16 minutes of negotiations, she handed over heirlooms and five custom Harley Davidson's. All the shit came up to a total of 350,000. I drove away feeling like I won. Hell I only gave Mike 26 thousand before he died. So I didn't want to be greedy and put his wife out a home. I signed over the ranch and she owned a 100% of the shit.

The day turned night by the time I made it back to DETROIT. I called the federal agent and he agreed to meet up with me in spite of the day running out. I parked behind his Jeep and sparked a fat blunt. I stuffed that bitch with 4-grams of that cookie. I couldn't believe I was getting stiffed by a hoe nigga that wore a suit and tie with penny loafers. And it didn't make it no better he drove a fucking Wrangler. But I had suffered a few losses in my past and I knew I had to play into unconventional rules if I wanted to stay in the game. After facing the blunt, I walked in and

dropped the bag at his penny loafers. He smirked saying "I see you a little something-something for me. That makes me happy. Is it all there? The whole quarter?" He questioned with a litany of smiling faces.

"It's all there!! CASH"

"What took you so long? I thought we had an agreement that you would get me my money in the evening. You know time is money man. And I see you got lots of time on your hands. It's gone cost you for being late" The agent peered over the rim of funny looking glasses dancing his eyes at my watch adding "That's a beauty. A real beauty. I think it's worth your time and mine." "Man now you pushing it man. It's a quarter milly in the bag"

"I don't care what's in the bag. What's in the bag is in the bag. I know you had me waiting for 8 hours to get what's in the bag. So are you going to hand over what's mine or not" The agent slicked-talked with a smirk plastered on his face the whole time. I remember that smirk like yesterday. The cracks of his mouth was erecting so hard his lips were touching his ears. There was no smirk on my face though. The wristwatch he gawked over was priceless. It was a stainless steel Rolex. It had a nice little bezel lit with princess cuts. But that's wasn't the reason why the Rolex was priceless. The timepiece meant everything to me because it once was my dad.

There the agent was sprawled over in his Laz-E-Boy like he owed the world. This nigga had the nerve to be wearing no shirt up top with some elastic pants with the spandex strap under the heel on the bottom. This nigga was a real joke. I wanted to bust his ass out so bad but I had to gather myself before I lost control. I had to constantly remind myself that he was not just a regular dude on the streets. This nigga was federal agent. Come to think about it I didn't even know his name. So I asked. "Man what's yo name?" "Does it matter?"

"Yea"

"My name is irrelevant. I got what I wanted and you got what you wanted. A mellow fellow like you do drug deals all day. Do you ask your fiends their names when you hand them smack." "U right"

"I know I'm right"

"Just know I'm coming back for that watch man" I guaranteed matching his smirk, placing the watch in a coffee cup sitting on the coffee table. I repeated myself for a second time and walked out with my head down.

~40 missed calls~ I eyed my phone resting in the cupholder. I adjusted my seat to my pleasing and relaxed. I press started the ignition and let the windows down half-way. The night breeze felt good hitting my face. I took my eye patch off and tossed my Cartier buffs on. I cracked a smile for a minute because it was like a big load lifted off my shoulders. I was really excited for this shit with the agent to just be over!! That bitch nigga got his money and I didn't want to see him for the rest of my life.

I strolled through my missed call log and noticed damn near, if not all, were from my boo. I texted Tiara back telling her I was on my way home and then I did a group text with the homies. Pizza

and Earl was happy to hear from me but they was mad as hell about the stash house catching fire. I perfectly swerved out from behind the agent jeep and pulled up beside it. I took pictures of the inside and sped the fuck off. Shortly after I pulled up on the block with my niggas. When I got there things was in pure chaos. Pizza and Earl was running around like a chicken with his head chopped off. "LET'S GLIDE AND SLIDE REAL QUICK" I told them to hop in the whip and they did. I made Earl drive with Pizza in the passenger seat while I played the backseat. I never let nobody ride in the back of me. That's how my pops got killed. Some nigga shot my pops two times in the back of his head and left him slumped. I learned from that shit. I wouldn't trust Jesus Christ behind me.

In minutes passing, we pulled up to a public library parking lot on 7 mile and blown down. While we smoked I came out and kept it real with the homies. I told them everybody that happened that morning from the federal agent to the killings in the stash spot. It was crazy because them niggas didn't believe me. I don't know if it was the weed but they really thought I was making the shit up. Moreover, Pizza and Earl fucked me up with some news. They told me the fire department showed up at the stash spot and put the blaze out fairly quick. On top of that, they said only two bodies were founded inside. The news spoke volumes. It didn't take no rocket science to know Darnell made it out the crib before the house erupted in flames. I knew for a fact I killed the two kids because I watched they brains scramble like eggs on the walls. And I knew for a fact I had to get the homies attention and put them up on game. "E and P listen to me dawg. Call Darnell phone and see if he answers. I didn't wanna leave the homey on stuck but I thought he was stir fry chicken."

"Man if you don't shut the hell up with yo Marvel stories."

"This nigga J don't get enough do he Pizza? This nigga need to be in filmmaking."

"He'll sell out box office quick" Earl and Pizza went back and forth scoffing me. I had to show them niggas I didn't have the roly on my wrist for them niggas to believe my story. That knew I wasn't playing after that. They knew I wouldn't take that watch off if my life depended on it. I eat sleep and shit in that watch. Once I had they full attention I told them niggas about everything. I didn't have to keep it real but I did because I'm a real nigga. But this what happens when keeping it real goes wrong. The nigga Pizza pushed up on me questioning me about the federal agent "So this dude. Thie ghost. This nigga you speak of where he live at? We need to know so we can cash him out ourselves. We need to get off them indictment papers to Ma. You know like I know that nigga coming back. As a matter of fact we need to wet this nigga up right now. 2night. You pay once you pay forever. And I'll ain't paying him shit but these clips" Earl pulled out a big ass bulldog.

"Yea where he at?" Pizza dickhandling ass hopped on Earl bandwagon. Pizza was Earl older cousin. Both was big scruffy-gruffy street niggas but Earl couldn't think for himself. Furthermore, Earl was more powerful than Pizza because he was the shooter. Earl was a flunkie and a killer. Last time I checked, that's a deathly combination. With that said, I knew I was dealing with two niggas on edge. Deep down I knew I wasn't gone drive Earl nor Pizza back to agent house. And I knew they was gone be highly pissed off if I didn't show them where he lived. So you know I had to rock them niggas to sleep. I played like I was totally down to go kill the agent and get the money back. I sold them niggas on a story that the agent lived in this juke joint on the eastside of Detroit. Them stupid niggas bought it too.

After hitting a couple freeways, then sidestreets, we made it to this vacant house, somewhere, in the middle of nowhere, on East Warren. We hopped out wearing all black with ski masks on gripping fully loaded pistols. We were ready to shoot some shit up. Well they was. I walked behind both of them fools the whole time we crept up to the house. Pizza kicked down the door and we all got to spraying and clapping through the doorway.

Bullets got to swimming in the air and guess who was dropping because it sho wasn't me. I melted their ass with shots to the back and to the back of the doom. Shit can you blame me. It's a dog eat dog world. I don't know where you been at for the last 30-plus years but it ain't soul to trust in the Det. I hopped back in my Hellcat and sped away from the scene. I wanted proof that Pizza and Earl was die so I spun around the block and came back. I ain't gone lie to you that Darnell episode had me kinda spooked. I ran out of bullets so I whipped out my knife I had stashed in my glove compartment. I slit that nigga Earl's throat first and then I slit the nigga Pizza's shit to the white meat. I went in a fit of rage and got to stabbing them niggas in the face and in the chest area. I remember stabbing Earl so hard that the knife penetrated his flesh and got stuck in the wooden floor. I don't remember too much after that because I blacked out!!!

When I got back home I asked Tiara to fall back and just give me some space for a minute. I disposed of the bloody clothes by tossing it over in a trashbin behind my house. I lived downtown and highways subway systems and a string of restaurants was close by. It was so many trashbins everywhere to get rid of anything. Afterwards, I hopped in the shower, turned the water on super hot and sat under ceiling sprinklers. I had three big ass ceiling sprinklers installed to catch all the parts on my body at once. But for some odd reason the water just flowed down to my head and rolled on my chest. Well at least it seem like no water was hitting my back because that's how I was feeling. I was feeling like nobody had my back out in here in these streets. I don't play the blame game or indulge in the victim roles but what happened today happened by committee. It happened by design so to speak. It was like the universe was saying kill or be killed. I didn't wake up asking to kill my home boys. But that's how it went down because I was born to live in this world I didn't make it.

I was sick about the homies Earl and Pizza falling in early graves. Them niggas was cool as niggas and I got money with them fools. I was sick about Darnell too. I didn't know whether the nigga was died or alive. But, at this very moment, I'm more sick about my pops watch. This was no ordinary watch people. This was the watch my dad bought when he first came into some real money. Of course it was brought with drug money but whos judging. This watch sat on my pops wrist for years and years and years. The watch was his good luck charm. It might sound crazy but the watch was like the backbone of the family after he got killed. Moms would pawn the encrusted watch if we ever fell on hard times. If she needed some quick cash to pay a bill she used it as a crutch to fall on. So the watch has been with us through thick and thin. My pops was a Detroit kingpin who drove around in Porsches and wore gaudy Cuban link chains like the rappers you see today. He was most known in the city for being the guy with colorful minks dragging to the floor with the matching gators on his on toes. My pops was a bonafide rock star

and so was his pops. I come from a long line of dope runners. If you ask me why I sell work I would say I'm carrying the torch for something I'm destined to do. Yes I said it. Yes I truly believe killing and selling drugs is something that I know for a fact I'm destined to do. It's not like I'm selling drugs to be some petty pinching dealer. I have ambition. I want to be the real deal like my pops and his pops. Because as you see I have to follow in rather large footsteps!!!

Speaking of footsteps, I could hear Tiara 6-inch heels from a mile away. Or maybe it was the Gucci Guilty. Her perfume had a sweet scent. She opened the stand-up shower door and just stared at me. After purging my eyes from the soap suds I stared at her too. Tiara had her long curly hair down to her back. Her sexy nightgown was complementing her sexy lipstick. My boo a stallion and she looked good in anything because my boo had a banging body. I'm talking ass and titties. She has that golden brown skin that would light up the day and a smile out of a Colgate commercial so she was the total package. Even when she was about to get to bitching and fussing. "Don't scare me like that. I been up all night drinking like a fish" She gulped down a bottle of Circo and hurtled it across the marble flooring.

"You know damn well I was not ignoring yo calls on purpose boo. You know that." I kept it real. "I know you wouldn't just ignore me on purpose. But you still scared the living crap out of me when you don't pick up. You went from answering to not answering my phone calls altogether. What is am suppose to think Lorenzo" Tiara talked sadly. I knew she was sad for real because she got to calling me Lorenzo. That's was my middle name and she only called me that when she was sad. Tiara looked at me with the puppy eyes mouthing "So tell me what happened"

"Where do I start. I went up-north to see bout Flow. I left her the deed to the house and O she got a boyfriend--"

Tiff cut me off saying "Yo told me all that remember when you came back to the city. You told about how you killed the two boys and took a can of gasoline and poured it on them and lit they ass on fire too. I know all that. I wanting know why you came in here all bloody Jamal Lorenzo Smith"

"I came in here bloody because I killed P&E"

"Why?"

"Them niggas was playing roles boo and you know me like the back yo hand. I ain't holding no nigga up. I thought I was moving forward by telling them niggas about the federal agent but all along I was moving backwards."

"Stop beating around the bust. What happened Jamal?"

"Them niggas started pressing me to give them the federal agent whereabouts. I don't have to say the rest. And O' before I bodied them niggas they told me it was only two bodies founded in the stash house off 14th. I don't know how true it is but that's what they say" "I seen that on the news"

"See that's the shit I'm talking about. You just mentioning this shit."

"Calm yo butt down. I didn't mention it because I figured you did not set Darnell body on fire on purpose. I didn't know he was left in the house too" Tiara said tellingly. She grabbed my hands and pulled me closer with her eyes her pierced on my manhood. That was a sign she didn't want to argue or fight but that she just wanted some dick. I wanted to spazz on her some more but I

knew Tiara didn't mean no malice by not telling me what went down on the news. I was just bugging. And I knew she talked to me from outside the shower because she didn't want to get her hair wet. But she was gone have to make an exception for tonight. I pulled her inside the shower and ripped her nightgown off. "YOU LOOKING SO DAMN FINE GIRL. A WOMAN LIKE YOU DON'T COME AROUND A DIME A DOZEN" I whispered in her ear and covered her whole body in suds. I sat back and admired her by body. Her nice C-cups looked like grapefruits. Her pussy was so hairy you could barely see her pussy ring. The water was glistening off her teardrop booty and that shit had my dick hard as a brick. I waited til all the suds raise off her body then I got it popping. I hit it from the back for a nice minute then I turned her around so I could see her face. My boo had the best fuck faces on planet earth. The shower had a bench so she did reverse cowgirl on the dick. The whole time she kept her eyes on me too. Damn she dropped low and got her eagle on. After that we switched position. I lifted her in the air and she got riding it like a pony. I ain't the one to brag but yo boy working with a monster. Tiara was gliding up and down on the boa constrictor like she missed it. I knew she missed because she told me with her body language. Tiara knew I ain't play no roles when it came to sexing her down. I gave her dick and balls everytime. I didn't just give her dick. I gave her dick and balls. I bite down on her neck and she clawed her nails in my back. While she was scratching I was putting hickies all on her neck. She had a nigga saying "MY MY MY" like Johnny Gill. I dog walked her from the shower to the bedroom bed. I put her legs behind her head and went ten toes down in that pussy all night! MY BOO IS MY BOO!!

MONEY, SEX & MURDER is all my life consists of. The trap-house was back jumping and I ain't have no cares in the world. A couple months had pasted by and there was no mention of Earl, Pizza or Darnell. The hood wasn't even missing them niggas. I ain't feel so bad. To be truthful it opened the floodgates to alot of avenues for me. Darnell was my main mans so he use to sit trust him in the stash house to count up the earnings and weight all the work. I missed his eyes and hands but it still gave me the opportunity to look over my own operations. After a few days I was starting to see that nigga was stealing from me all along. I only had one eyes but I could see fuckery from a mile away. Darnell was skimming off the top. See I ran my spot by bundles. I only kept 50-to-75 grams in the spot just in case the police kicked the door in. See what the hood don't know is I had a little underground passage from the stash spot to the trap spot. It really wasn't underground but I called it underground because the work got passed through matchboxes and a ziptie string with the press of a bottom. It went unnoticed for so long because the houses were only 5 houses apart. The work was moving so fast that I lost sight of the exact weighting process. That nigga Darnell had to taking 5-if-not-6-grams off every bundle. It went unnoticed because cutting the work with Fentanyl and some other name that started with a D. I think he just made the second name up. I wished I had plugged him earlier!

On the flip side of things, the deaths of Pizza and Earl brought other customers and endeavors my way. They wasn't pumping blow but they was selling zans and weed. And that little fucker Pizza had the hoes. After he got killed the little bitches started hitting my line up for guidance. The bitches really was trying to get me to trick but I kept it pimping with them hoes. It wasn't that I thought I was to good to trick. But I just never got into that shit. Plus I had the baddest bitch in city that opened her legs wide for me every night. And that was for free. So there

was no need for me to trick. But it was a need for me to put on my hustler cap. I started hitting the trick bitches up to meet me at the titty bars. I would feed them bitches doses of pills and sicced them on some balling niggas I knew. After a couple meet-ups I only fucked with these trick hoes name Cupid and April. It was easy to narrow it down to these two particular bitches because they stood out from the rest of the crowd. Cupid and April was young and pretty ass hell. These was the type of bitches that was suppose to be in somebody college. Or better yet somebody mansion as they housewife. Plus they wasn't from the city. They was from Ben Harbor. I knew them tricking niggas from the city would go crazy over they fresh faces. I told them up-front I wanted them to be on my team. They said they was down and I had them bitches fucking at high-end hotels for nice chucks of dough. I soon founded out the pimp-game wasn't like the drug game. I never had to chase a soul in the drug game. I just sat somewhere and the fiends was gone come regardless. But the pimp-out had me chasing bitches. I had to chase these bitch down for my fifties and hundreds. I wasn't even fucking these two bitches but if felt like they was my hoes. I had to listen to they problems and all this other shit too. The pimp-game was arcade-games in my eye.

It felt like me, Cupid and April had strings attached and everything because I had to keep tabs on these bitches. The pimp-game was too different for me.

Besides, the bullshit the money was great. So much so that I told my boo Tiara to watch oversee Cupid and April. She agreed and I became a free man to all the distractions and overwhelming girly shit. And it freed me up to get back doing what I was good at. Selling dogfood!!!!

My normal up-the-block-raw-heads came to grab they half-of-grams or a whole-grams at a time. I only sold grams so 75\$ came through my bulgar bars like clockwork. My white fiends copped 125\$ a gram. And if you came from flint or grand rapids or some other outta town cities I really knocked you up the head at 175\$ a gram. Sometimes more. And they knew they was paying for that grade-A shit so there was no complaints. I kept a good report with my 8mile raw heads too. They was the only ones I put on the books from the 1st to the 3rd. I never let they tab roll over into the 4th. And I never let it roll over 1,500 dollars. It was a risk but it was beautiful because they brought so many other fiends. That allowed the tabs to be spreaded out. My raw business was becoming a empire and it was making me a gang of cash.

~Binoculars on my Cartier's I can see the soul of a brick~

Today was a typical day in ghetto. It was the 3rd of the month in a what you call a Mid-Summer-July so the block was rumping and bumping like bad breathe. I trapped on the side of a bando under the blazing sun. I couldn't boom out the trap because the central had broken down on me. I was waiting for the neighborhood crackhead to come thru to fix it but it seem like Champ was never gone show up. I had some packs on me and I had some packs in the nearby bushes. After I founded out Darnell was stealing from me I decided to be a one-band-man. It was so hot outside that I had lost pounds of weight. I was already skinny with a bird chest or that was not a good thing. Dripping sweat rolled from my eye-patch down to my cuban linx bracelet down to my leg evaporating into my socks. It was so hot outside my balls was sticking to my thighs. I was free

balling with some cargo shorts on with some exclusive Max 95's with a white-beater on. The tank-top was sticking to me like a tattoo. And like I said trapping on the side of the bando was doing me justice.

Right when I was about to close shop I got a call from one my custos. I knew who it was from the caller id so I ignored the call the first time around. I got finish serving some foot-custos then answered on the third time around. The caller was Patricia and she said she wanted a fat 50-pack. I said bet and hung up on her. I served my last packs and I straight-up closed shop. Patricia stayed two blocks down so I put her a little something-something together with the shit I had in the bushes and went coasting down to her house. I handed her the 50 pack and she handed me my bread. I got mad off-top because I had to remind her that she owed me from last month. I knew she had just got her food stamps on the 1st and her disability check today on the 3rd. I knew her cash flow like it was mines and I was on her ass for my cash. Come to think about it I snatched the 50 pack back out her hand and went coasting towards the front-door. She called after me and gave me what she owed me out her sweaty ass bra. It wasn't shit but 35 dollars in credit but I needed all mines. Patricia was just gone keep spinning me if I didn't force her hand. And like I said I need my dough rain steep or snow like them Made West niggas. I walked outside and a little Neon came pulling in front of Patricia house. I stopped in my tracks on the sidewalk because a fine ass pretty chick hopped out the Neon. I said "DAMN" in my head then I did a double take and stepped to her with my pimp-walk because the chick looked familiar. It was "Cupid!"

"Jamal. What's up? What the hell u doing leaving out my mommy house DOUGHBOY?" She asked me batting her wig-thick eyelashes.

"Auntie Patricia yo momma" I asked pointing at the fucked up house. Patricia wasn't really my auntie. Auntie was just a name I called all my middle-aged fiends. Cupid seem embarrassed but she admitted Patricia was her mommy. At that same moment, Cupid pulled me over and asked me to not tell her mommy that she was tricking. She said "It would break my momma heart Jamal. I know my momma be shooting up. But that's her business and I'm her only hope. She love me so much and she thinks I'm hitting the books and staying away from the streets and the streetlife period. She even got me this car with her income taxes" She pointed at the Neon. The Neon wasn't busted but it wasn't crispy. The paint was chipping at the bumper and she needed to toss them bicolor-hubcaps where they came from. "How old are you Cupid?" I asked just to ask.

"I'm not twenty-nothing like I told you. I lied to you Jamal. I'm sixteen. I just turned sixteen last week." She said lowly. I was shocked out my mind. She could had fooled me. Matter of fact she did fool me. Cupid was built like a brick house. Her hips were wider than outdoors and she had more ass and titties than a little bit. After she revealed her real age, I promised her I wasn't gone tell her mom. She was so happy that she unconsciously pecked me on the lips and bear-hugged me tight. That's when Patricia gone running out he house telling me I was to old for her daughter. I was only 19 and I looked younger. But people in hood treated me like I was older because I was beyond my years. Hell my family tree consisted of kidnappers, drug dealers, and killers. I had to grow up fast.

Patricia knew I was only 19. In some many words, she was saying stay away from Cupid. Before I

could reply back to Patricia Cupid kissed and hugged me all over again. Out the blue she told her mommy I was her boyfriend. I looked at Cupid crazy. She knew damn well we never dated. I mean don't get me wrong I wasn't too boujee to fuck with a hoodrat.

And on the real she was my type. Brown-skinned. Thick with natural hair. Cupid even had a decent smile. But I couldn't fuck Cupid because she was doing dealings with my boo Tiara. I didn't want to hoe her in front of her mommy so I pushed her off me in a low-key way. Cupid felt my vibes and played it cool. She got one last hug in and went running on the porch with her mommy. I was gone stick around for a minute to kick with Cupid. But Patricia fucked that up. She got to talking about giving her a family discount on the next hit. I tucked my money in my pocket and dipped.

"CD'S GOING 4 A LITTLE BIT OF NOTHING MAL.SUPPORT THE HUSTLE NEPHEW"

"Nigga I just told you a hunnit times I only listen to Yo-Gottiiii"

"Yo Gotti. I don't got no Yo Gotti right now. You caught me @ a bad time. This bad timing right here. But I do got that new Jeezy. Rick Ross. DoughboyzCashout. Young Dolph. T.I.

ExcuseMe, Legend. Future. Pusha-T. I even got that ATL-Ralo. That boy Ralo talk that dogfood like you" A local joker stood stuck his head inside my window spitting and foaming out his missing ass teeth. Let me take that back. He had no teeth. He had nothing but gums. And I was mad as hell because he just took upon himself to put all his shit on the hood of my car. I told him to get the shit off my hood but clearly he didn't want to hear me. He was too busy talking over me trying to sell some janky scratched up CD's. I scooted from the driver seat into the passenger seat and shoved him out the way with a opening door. Once I got out the car I stood on curb and swiped his shit off my hood. His box of Newports and stacked up newspapers went flying everywhere. Oddly enough loose leaf news clippings floated in its own dwellings. The newspaper clippings went flying and one landed right on the tip of my sneaker. I squinted in confusion because the clipping was a article about the two little kids that I killed and burned up. I took upon my self to gather up the other articles and it was nothing but articles about local murders. I questioned the fiend on why the hell he had the articles and got to stuttering like a lying kid that just got caught with his hand in the cookie jar. In the blink of an eye, I upped my girlfriend and asked him again. That's when he came to realization I wanted a solid answer. The fiend confessed to me that he kept the articles just in cause he heard something on the cases. He admitted that he be calling into Crime Stoppers A.K.A. 1-800-Speakup for the reward monies. I just shook my head and asked him "Where Champ?" "Champion over at the barbershop on Tireman fixing the sinks"

"When he say he'll be back?"

"Yo guess is as go as mines" He answered nervously. He was literally shaking in his boots from the pressure of the burner poking his lower extremity.

"Alright" I said shaking my head in disappointment. I knew that snitching shit was contagious so I got away from his ass quick. I hopped back in my whip the same way I got out and mashed off. I got all the way up the block then it hit me. That bitch ass nigga probably was the one who put the federal agent on me. I put my shit in reverse and punched that bitch down the one-way-street. I wasn't a good driver so I damn near side-swiped ever car in passing. The no-teeth bastard was

gone by the time I made it back.I burned rubber and shot in the air a few times.Whenever he was I knew he heard them warning shots.

Shortly after,I sat outside the barbershop and waited for Champ.Champ was the neighborhood fixer-upper and he could fix anything at the right price.I needed to bump into Champ so bad to get my central air fixed.I was determine not to have to trap out in the sun tomorrow.I was willing to pay that nigga top-dollar for his services.But I clearly wasn't gone get no service because Champ never came out.Thereafter,I rode around the whole hood looking for that nigga,to no avail!!!

Before hitting the crib I drove around the whole city listening to Yo Gotti.I never met that nigga but it felt like he knew me because he rapped about my life.I did all the shit he rapped about.Like when he rapped that he be standing in the kitchen cooking chickens.I be really on that shit with the pyrex.When he say he got 36 ounces I really got a whole brick of raw.When he say he turn two to four four to eight I really be doubling up like that when I be trapping on the block.I'm a real dougboy like Yo Gotti and that's why I fucked with him.

My boo had a nice hot meal on the table when I got home.I smoked a blunt with her real quick and ate my favorite.Baked chicken wings.Meatballed-spaghetti.With a slushy ass cherry kool-aid.After I got done she said she had a surprise for me.She walked me to the room with her hands covering my eyes.She uncovered my eyes and all my ice was laying on the bed.That shit was blinging me.I was so happy because mg jewelry finally did my shit."Mr.Detroit got together didn't he"Tiara threw all my chains around my neck one-by-one.My jewelry got me all the way together.All my pieces was custom.28 chains with the same chains and charms.The chains was cuban linx encrusted in diamonds.And the charm was a Pillsbury Doughboy holding up a sign that read "GRAM\$" in cursive.All 28 chains was flooded and dripping in all-white clusters!!

My boo asked me again did I like the jewels but I didn't respond because I was still speechless.I was a lost for words forreal.I don't mean to sound like a nigga that never had shit but I am that nigga that never had shit.I'm that nigga that came up off a skun of raw.I'm self-made and nobody gave me shit.So to see my neck so flooded meant I made it.It meant I was hustling smart.It meant I was living out the American Dream.I stood in the mirror for a hour straight admiring the pieces.I tried on like 20 different outfits with the chains and I wasn't even going for going nowhere.My boo had walked in and out the room like five times.She was so happy for me.Tiara jumped in my mirror view and placed her booty on my dick.I wrapped my arms around her and flipped the charms onto her chest with chains dangling off my neck.~We going club hopping 2night.Let's hit up Hardbody then Liv then wherever the night takes us~

I was gone off them zans popping bottles on the fourth-floor at a nightclub/titty-bar in Birmingham,Michigan.My boo had the skunky already rolled up so we blown down in our section.I was icy ass fuck and Tiara was icy ass fuck too.What the fuck you thought.My bitch was icier than me.She shut it down with like 10 diamond tennis necklaces.3 diamond bangles.2 ankle bracelets.And she had custom rings on each finger.It was her name spelled out.Not to

mention the studs in her ear was bigger than an elephant tooth. I swear on Jesus sandals I got the baddest bitch on the planet! She was a reflection of me so we both had on bust-downed Audemars. We was shining like a light house!!

I signalled the DJ to play I GOT DAT SACK by Yo Gotti and he did. We flashed are AP's in the air and our diamonds clashed off the club lights. People got to covering their eyes from the projections. You would had thought it was our birthdays how we rocked matching green Gucci suits.

As the night went by, stacks of money came our way with the bottle service following behind. We already had stacks of money on a tray and bottles was already resting in titanium buckets. But clearly Tiara wanted to stunt so more. She must've felt like Oprah because she got to passing gold bottles out like it was a sweepstakes. A bottle for you. A bottle for you. And a bottle for you. As soon as the bottle service left people came rolling into are roped-off section. We had armed security so it was people we knew. Out the corner of my eye I could see Cupid just staring at me. Cupid really been staring at me the whole time but I played it like I didn't see her. I was waiting for the bitch to a least speak to a nigga. Money got to flying into the sky from our section. The DJ got on mic and shouted me and Tiara out like we was Big Meech and Sugar living it up on Magic City Monday. The cameras were flashing and the video cameras were rolling for this movie we was shooting. While all this shit was going on April made her way over to me and spoke. That's when Cupid snuck her little Hey in. I told her she didn't have to be acting weird or nothing and she loosened up. I could tell she might've thought I told Tiara about her kissing and hugging on me. It was some bunch of bad bitches in the building but on the real my boo and Cupid was looking the coldest. See I'm a real nigga so I like real bitches. I don't mind a bitch fixing herself up with cosmetic surgery to feel and look better. But some bitches just go to taking this Dr. Miami shit to far. These bitches was walking around with fake everything. Fake hair. Fake clothes. Fake purses. Fake nails. Hell. Even fake eyelashes and fake eyebrows is becoming acceptable. See my boo was baddest in the club because she was all natural. No makeup. No highlights. No nothing.

The dancers danced and they picked the money up because they deserved it. The event went on without a hitch and the night couldn't went any better in my eyes. Tiara founded some clients for Cupid and April so the two girls had dipped out with them. The thrist buckets screamed for a encore but it was time for me and my boo to get the hell out the club. We had already ran the tab up. I had three shooters whenever I stepped out with Tiara. They went by the name of Goodfellas and they only came out for that high-ticket. And the beauty of it all the Goodfellas moved so incognito that nobody in the club even knew who they was. The sharpshooters was the exotic dancers dancing on the stripper poles. I winked at the goodfellas and they walked us out to our limousine. On my way out the parking lot I spotted Champ kicking it with some dude beside his bike. I told my Limo driver to pull over and I rolled the window down screaming Champ name out to the top of my lungs. He acknowledged me with a sniffed index finger and a head nod. He hopped on his bike and followed behind my limousine until we came to a stop at a Citgo across the way from the nightclub. He plopped his bike on the side of the gas stations and got into back of the limo with me and Tiara. Off bat, I introduced Tiara and Champ because they never had

met. Right after the introduction, Champ asked us to excuse his odor and clothes. He said that he was at the titty bar fixing the plumbing system so that's why he smelled and looked like he slept in a sewer. Tiara appreciated his honesty but she excused herself. The driver escorted her from the back into the front with him. Stinky shit was one of Tiara trigger points. But it was kinda of perfect because it left me and Champ alone to kick it like karate lessons "The one and only Champ. Where you been dawg? I been looking for you!" I asked with a raised brow. "I heard" Champ replied dryly placing a handle-free tool bag on his lap. The tool bag was soiled in dirt grim.

"U heard but you ain't think to ring my line Champy. I need you to fix the central air and rewire the bootleg cable you put in last summer. Shits on it's last leg Champy"

"No Jamal and let me tell you why. You killed my nephew J-Rock." Champ upped a dusty-rusty .9mm out the tool bag. I ain't gone lie my heart skipped a beat. Champ banged the heat sideways and talked with a sinister tone "I know you prolly don't know who I'm talking bout because you have killed so many. But just know I know you killed J-Rock. And do try to lie to me and tell you didn't. I hate lairs Mal. Everybody and they momm saw ya' Charger fleeing the scene--"

"Before you shot me let me a least tell you why"

"Who said I was gone kill you. I'm not gone kill you. I got this gun pointed at you so you want kill me. I got this gun pointed at yo face to let you know it's hard to lose a nephew man. It's hard to look you in yo eyes knowing you killed my family. I know all about you and J-Rock crack rock selling business. You must've forget I was the one who put the cameras around the house when you fronted him his first cutie. I know you the one taught J-Rock how to break 125 out of a eight-ball and light the plastic baggies and all that shit man. Like I said I was there when you fronted him his first cutie."

"So u know--"

"Yes I know he fucked the bag up but that was to be expected. You fucked up big-time when you moved him up in the business. You gotta know ya personnel Jamal. You should've kept J-Rock at three-point-five. No more than twenty-eight. You fucked up big-time when you fronted him that whole key man. I know you asked him for yo money and he played you like a bitch off the streets. He keep running his mouth and got to back biting you like you was the shady character. I know. I know. I know you was forced to make an decision. I know Jamal" "I just wanted my money Champy"

"I understand this. I understand this Mal. This was no two's & fuses. This was a whole key of soft. I know. And that's why I'm not gone kill you" Champ dropped the clip out the .9mm and tucked the .9mm and the unleashed clip into his tighty-whities. "I don't have a gun in my hand now. I told you I'm not fixing yo damn air or rewiring yo cable. So if you gone kill me then kill me now Mal." Champ got on all fours and started praying. I tapped him on his shoulder and gave Champ a serious look scanning my eyes to the door handle. He read my eyes closely and jumped out the back of limo. I knocked on the limo window and told the driver to pull off thinking~It's hard to tell who's a friend or foe around this bitch. I'm gone take care of Champ Dikembe Mutombo looking ass on a later date~

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

