

Smoke D

# *M'FAMOUS*

---

**Smoke D**

## M'Famous

M'Famous ©2016 Smoke D. All rights reserved.

No parts of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission from the author.

This is a work of fiction any semblance to any persons, living or deceased is purely coincidental.

Contact author at [Smoke.d.author@gmail.com](mailto:Smoke.d.author@gmail.com)

## *ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS*

I first have to thank my Creator for each and every blessing He's ever bestowed upon me. I've been blessed with the ability to write and now an opportunity to display it.

I have to send a shout out to everyone who's supported me. I want to give a special thanks to Flora Lee Blakeley for her encouragement and belief that a mess up like me could do the right thing. You've given me the mindset that there is no such thing as a good enough excuse.

To everyone who had a hand in helping making the dream come true, from the bottom of my heart thank you. Lil Jay, P. Teague, Moses, and Rob. Ya'll put ya hands to work when I needed you to.

M'Famous

*DEDICATION*

To my brother Darrell. Gone but never forgotten. Ever. RIP.

Smoke D

# *M'FAMOUS*



## TERRANCE

"You sho' you trying to be down wit this set?" Quack asked Terrance in his deep voice as the black Dodge Charger they were in pulled away from the curb, "cause once it's time to put this work in ain't no turning back."

Terrance just nodded looking into Quack's eyes through the rear view mirror even though he wasn't halfway sure himself. All he knew was that most of his friends were banging and that they had mostly been for a while. He mainly wanted to be down because they were and repping would give him street cred. That was very major to him since he'd just been signed as a gangster rapper with M'Famous Entertainment. He'd heard stories of C-Note wilding and shooting niggas at the club, and he wanted to be seen as the genuine gangster he portrayed in his raps for C-Note's approval.

Terrance took the blunt from Gizzle, who was riding in the back seat with him then took a long slow pull from it, and held his breath until the weed started to make his chest bum. Gizzle was the o.g. Quack's nephew, and though he was only four years older than Terrance at twenty-two he already had enough rank to put Terrance down himself. The only thing that had stopped him was the fact that Quack had said that he'd personally put Triggamane, as Terrance was called on the streets, down himself, which still amazed him. From the stories his friends had told him no one as high ranking as Quack had put either of them down, which also gave him a huge ego boost seeing as that a real o.g. had seen him as a gangster and wanted to be the one who blessed him in.

The car pulled onto the expressway following a black Nissan Maxima full of other already affiliated with the radio turned up to the max. Terrance took another pull from the kush they were

## M'Famous

smoking and then passed it to Quack. Though he could feel the potent weed his mind wouldn't let him relax as he wondered what they were about to do. He'd been told by his friends that all he'd have to do was fight a few of them for a few minutes and that was it. They'd mostly done that in Gizzle's backyard so he didn't have a clue where he was going or what he was about to be put through. All he knew was that Quack had told him that he wanted him to be his "lil gangsta" and that he'd have to pass a real gangster's test in order to prove that he was worthy and that he was a real soldier.

After about ten minutes on the expressway they got off and made their way through a few side streets. It was just getting dark and Terrance also wasn't familiar with this part of Memphis, so he wasn't sure of where he was exactly as they pulled up in front of a red brick house with a cocaine white Dodge Challenger on 26" deep dish Asantis in the driveway beside a new model Chevy Malibu. Just looking at the car made Terrance hope that his record deal worked out and that he could soon have something like it. Quack told Terrance to hold up before he was able to get out so he sat back and watched as the others from the car ahead of them got out and made their way up to the porch. Terrance took a quick glance out the front windshield and saw that there was no one out on the street. He looked out the window on his side too and by the time he'd looked back at the house the front door was wide open and all of the men from the other car were inside. A moment later, one of them came to the doorway and waved for Quack and the others to come inside.

"Ai'ight lil partna come on," Quack said looking at Terrance through the mirror again as he got out of the car.

Terrance's heart began to beat so hard that he thought someone would actually see his shirt moving as he made his way inside the house behind Quack and Gizzle, with Big Ball, the driver, behind him. They followed the man who'd signaled them inside to a bedroom. Terrance's heart almost dropped through his stomach



## Smoke D

when he saw all the blood that was on the floor and leaking profusely onto the bed from the young dude who was holding his leg while tears rolled down his face along with sweat. A young girl in a thong and no top sat on the bed whimpering as she watched her boyfriend moan in agonizing pain.

“Lil partna you stand there and take notes since this yo’ first mission,” Quack said to Terrance, “the rest of ya’ll know the drill. Big Ball, get the door, and ya’ll niggas hurry up and find my shit so we can roll.”

The men slowly filed out of the room to search the house for money and drugs.

---

“Well, well, well, ol’ Yella,” Quack taunted, speaking to the bleeding man for the first time. “Long time no mothafuckin’ money. You could’ve called, text, or sent a damn postcard or something, but naw fuck me right? Just take that nigga shit and don’t pay him, he ain’t gon’ do shit. I bet that’s what you been thinking ain’t it. Or he ain’t gon’ do shit long as he fucking my aunt, she gon’ protect me.” Quack reached under his shirt and pulled out a nickel plated .357 causing the girl to let out a wail as more tears ran down her face.

Quack waved the gun around as he continued to speak. “Went and got you a new car, twenty sixes and shit. Hell I can’t even afford all that shit, but you can off the shit I was good enough to give you, cause you asked for it. You brought ya’ lil girlfriend a new car too, but I couldn’t get a second thought. See lil homie this what happen when you try to show love to a sucka ass nigga who ain’t on the set,” he said to Terrance who stood there stone-faced with knots in his stomach unsure of what he may have been about to witness.

## M'Famous

Quack turned back to Yella with a menacing scowl on his face. "I should've know you wasn't a real nigga when you had yo' aunt step to me bout something a real nigga would've been man enough to step up and ask for himself. I can't be mad at nobody but myself though, cause I always give her ass what she ask for when she sucking on my dick."

"Mane I swear Quack I was gon' pay you double cause I knew I'd fucked up the pack and the money. I just need some more time," Yella finally spoke with broken words in a shaken voice. "I wanted to have all the money at once mane, that's on everythang."

Quack let out a sigh. "You know what , if you'd have told me that a while back I might've thought about halfway believing you, but nigga it's been over two months and I ain't even heard ya' name no mo'. And it really sound like you tryin' to run game right now mothafucka, and I know you ain't got the audacity to be in my mothafuckin' face lying and shit nigga," Quack growled through clenched teeth pointing the pistol at Yella sideways with his palm up.

"Nooo, Puh-leeesse don't hurt him. He'll pay you double, I promise," the girl whined barely above a whisper, "puh-leeessee."

"Shit you gon' pay me too," Quack said to the girl. "Ain't no point in you tryin' to play innocent 'cause you been living off my shit too. And you know where the money come from 'cause you was with this nigga when he got my shit. So you definitely owe too and you gon' pay me ain't you?"

The girl quickly nodded her head.

A mischievous and knowing smile spread across Quack's face. "As a matter of fact, you can pay me back yo' part right now. I'mma even let you keep ya' lil car," he said as he made his way around to the side of the bed where the girl was. "You finna suck my dick for a few minutes while I wait on these niggas."

## Smoke D

“Puh-leessee, nooo!”

“No my ass bitch!” Quack barked. “Either you gon’ suck my dick as payment to me, or you gon’ suck a mothafuckin’ bullet!”

He grabbed the girl by the hair with his free hand and told her to pull his dick out through the zipper.

“Get it hard first, and then suck it,” he instructed her as she held his dick in her hand. “Ohh that feel so good baby girl. What’s yo’ name wit yo’ lil pretty ass, and you betta not lie.”

“Kamisha,” she said barely audible.

“You know what Kamisha, I ain’t even gon’ make yo’ lil ass suck my dick. You remind me too much of one of my nieces, so this shit might fuck with my conscience next time I see her ass. Don’t get too excited though, yo’ lil ass ain’t getting away that easy.

“Lil homie come over here,” Quack said to Terrance.

“Lil homie hold the room down while I go through this closet real quick,” he told him as he handed him the .357, which Terrance thought he’d drop because of how bad his hands were sweating.

“Kamisha, you need to give my homie the best head he gon’ get in his life,” Quack ordered over his shoulder as he opened the closet door.

With her head down Kamisha reached over to Terrance and pulled his dick out and started sucking it. He couldn’t help but to grab her head because it felt good the way she was flicking her tongue as she sucked it and she’d even grabbed it with both hands as his erection became harder.

Though she was scared out of her mind the length of the man’s dick she was sucking excited Kamisha and she dared to look

## M'Famous

up into his eyes as she secretly began to give him head like he was her man. Not to mention she kind of liked the fact that Yella had to sit there while she ate a stranger's dick since she thought he was messing around on her. She said to hell with it and went for a nut since she was told to make it the best he'd ever get.

"Aahh yeah, suck it bay, suck it harder and make me come," Terrance called out getting caught up in the moment.

Kamisha did as she was told and sucked harder and faster as she felt the man tense up and knowing he was about to come had her pussy getting wet. Moments later she felt his hot fluids filling her mouth, and she didn't even think of stopping she'd gotten so into what she was doing. She just swallowed the nut and kept sucking figuring she'd justify it to Yella by saying that she wasn't going to just sit there with a mouth full of cum and that she didn't want to aggravate the gunman by stopping too soon. Plus, this was all Yella's fault from the start.

"Okay, shit that's enough," Terrance said having to tug his dick to get her to let go.

"Damn, she got you to nut that fast?" Quack asked as he came out of the closet with a shotgun in one hand and what looked like a pound of weed in the other. "Girl you got some skills don't cha. Yella you don't mind if I get these gifts do ya'?"

Just then Gizzle came into the room with a shoebox full of large bills. "Yogi found some dope in the freezer and he still looking through the rest of the kitchen. Ain't nobody else found shit so far," he told his uncle.

---

## Smoke D

“Ai’ight, we gon’ take what we got, we out this mothafucka,” Quack said. “It’s just one mo’ lil thang I got to have before I go.”

Quack walked over to Terrance and put his large arm around his slender shoulder leading him back around to the foot of the bed to where Yella still sat bleeding.

“Now dig this lil homie, when you got into the car to come over here I asked you was you sho’ you wanted to be down and you said you did. I also said that once it was time to put work in it wasn’t no turning back. Now we’ve had a few discussions before and I like ya’ spirit, it’s a lil gangsta in you and I want you down with the right team. Ai’ight then, you say you gon’ rep the set to the fullest and I believe you, but see we got a problem, cause this nigga here don’t respect our set even though he know what it is. He calls his self taking somethin’, which means he said fuck us. Fuck me, fuck you, and fuck everythang we stand for, and I know you ain’t going for that is you gangsta?”

Terrance swallowed hard before shaking his head and trying his best not to shiver and show that he was actually scared of may have been about to happen. He looked back over his shoulder and saw Gizzle and the man he’d called Yogi, who was holding two large zip lock bags that had large knots of what looked like frozen biscuit dough. Terrance looked over at the girl who was balled up with her knees to her chest with her head down on them. He could hear her sobs as she begged God not to let her die, and swore that she’d do whatever He wanted her to if she could just live. Terrance then looked back to Yella who was visibly shaking. Suddenly he felt the weight of the gun in his hand as though he’d just picked it up and it felt as though he’d drop it.

Quack continued talking. “I know you ain’t going for it, cause the set ain’t going for it lil gangsta. The set got principles we live by and we gon’ die by, and any violations by niggas like this is punishable by death and homie this nigga got to die, today! Like I

## M'Famous

said before, you said you'd ride for the set and now it's time. Triggamane, you gotta kill this nigga. This yo' test to see if you can be my lil gangsta, and I know you gon' pass it. So gon' down this nigga so we can roll and get you put down proper like you supposed to be."

Since Quack had his left arm draped over Terrance's shoulder holding the weed in his hand, he used his right hand, which still held the shotgun to raise the pistol, which was still in Terrance's right hand, up towards Yella. "Go head homie and show this nigga yo' set ain't soft, and that this nigga can't just run over us," Quack said hyping him up.

Trying to buy time so he could think, Terrance swallowed hard and then cleared his throat before speaking hoping that his voice didn't crack. "O.G., you ain't got to kill this nigga, look at 'em, he scared as fuck. This nigga said he'll pay double, so let this nigga pay you,' cause I know you bout yo' paper, and I'll personally make sho' the nigga pay every penny, nickel, and dime," he said hoping Quack would see his logic and spare him from doing something he wasn't nearly ready or willing to do.

Quack stood in silence as though he was giving the suggestion serious consideration before shaking his head no. "Naw, not this time. This nigga went too far, and this ain't 'bout the money no mo'. And anyway I could've flipped the shit he had all this time and made double 'bout three or four times already. Like I said the set got principles we live by and this nigga don't respect that, and disrespect will not be tolerated, period! See niggas either all the way with us, or they on the other side wit' niggas like this and they end up like this nigga and they get what he got coming. Now all you got to do is simply pull the trigger. They call you Triggamane for a reason don't they? It's not like you gotta cut the nigga body up or somethin', just squeeze three times and it's over. You said you'd do it and AIN'T NO TURNING BACK!"

## Smoke D

Terrance felt like he was trapped, and the menace in Quack's voice and words had his heart fluttering and his stomach in knots. With his breathing becoming more labored, and Quack's patience seeming to grow thinner by the second he took a deep breath, after which it felt like he'd already been holding his breath forever. He squeezed his eyes closed and pulled the trigger three times as he'd been told to do.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Once Terrance reopened his eyes he almost threw up at the sight of all the blood, and the sight of Yella's blank stare at the ceiling with lifeless eyes shook him. Terrance's mind and body felt numb as he watched Quack take the gun from his hand and give him the shotgun and weed. He watched as Quack made his way over to the girl, who had yelped with each bark of the gun, and was now shaking as she mumbled incoherently. He watched her eyes bulge out when Quack grabbed her by the hair and pulled her head back exposing the tears and snot that both ran freely down her pretty face.

"Now miss Kamisha," Quack said coolly, "when the police show up you ain't gon' know why we was here, are you?"

She quickly shook her head.

"Good," Quack said now stroking the girl's hair. "And we all had masks on didn't we, and you don't remember any names being called do you?"

Again she quickly shook her head now looking down at the stain under her from her pissing on herself.

"Kamisha, where's yo' i.d.?"

Unable to get any words out her mouth, she pointed to her purse sitting on the dresser.

## M'Famous

After Gizzle fumbled through it and found what he was looking for and a pack of Winterfresh gum, the men all left. Once they were back in their cars and on their way, Quack praised Terrance for putting in work for the set.

“My lil mothafuckin’ gangsta, Triggamane,” Quack said as he lit a blunt and took a pull from it before handing it back to Terrance. “Bout to get put down, got stripes, and got a record deal. You really are gone be infamous!”



*2 MONTHS EARLIER*

*SMOKE & C-NOTE*

Smoke watched his cousin, C-Note, walk out of the door of one of his own regular weed customer's house followed by a short, dark skinned girl, who filled out the white cat suit she wore. She had enough ass and hips to match Buffie the Body or any other video vixen. He lit a cherry Black & Mild as he watched his younger cousin shoot game at the cutie, then pull out his phone and apparently got her number. After another minute or so of talking, C-Note held out his arms and the girl stepped into his embrace. C-Note turned his head towards Smoke and smiled, showing the four gold teeth at the top of his mouth before he winked as his hands slid down over the girl's ass. After letting her go he walked the short distance over to Smoke's black Chevy Tahoe with the smile still plastered on his face. He pinched the inside collar of his wife beater and flicked his wrist out as if to say he'd popped his collar. C-Note never had a problem getting women-Smoke either for that matter- he was a borderline pretty boy with a peanut butter complexion covered in tattoos. The wife beater let most of the tats show along with the lean muscular frame he'd still had from playing both point guard and corner back the two and a half years he'd stayed in high school. At 5'10 and 180 pounds, he gave up 7" and 50 pounds to Smoke, but his hazel eyes and gold teeth along with his swag kept more panties around ankles than diarrhea. C-Note got in the truck and pulled a twenty dollar bill out his pocket, which he handed to Smoke.

"I bet yo' ass serve yo' own sack next time. I know you saw what you missed out on and I'm gon' beat that pussy down," C-Note said holding his hands in place in front of him like he was holding a girl's waist.

## 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

