Blood and Rock Story Of A Crackhead

Blood and Rock, Volume 1

johnnie thomas

Published by johnnie thomas, 2025.

This is a work of fiction. Similarities to real people, places, or events are entirely coincidental.

BLOOD AND ROCK STORY OF A CRACKHEAD

First edition. February 5, 2025.

Written by johnnie thomas.

For all the niggas hooked on crack. For the ones who lost themselves in the smoke. For the ones who got peer pressured into it or just got too curious. And for the ones who had to watch.

Yeah, that.

Blood and Rock

Story Of A Crackhead

A True Story

Johnnie Thomas IV

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- Prologue: The Last High
- Chapter 1: The Clown King of Atlanta
- Chapter 2: The Night It All Changed
- Chapter 3: The Climb To The Decline
- Chapter 4: I'm Feeling It
- Chapter 5: Names on a List
- Chapter 6: Day 1
- Chapter 7: Past Regrets Haunting
- Chapter 8: Boi I Aint Shit..
- Chapter 9: Welcome to Niggadise my friend
- Chapter 10: The Long Game
- Chapter 11: A Bad Man's Reflection
- CHapter 12: Woke up Feenin
- Chapter 13: Blood on the Rock
- Chapter 14: Hot Wings & Trouble
- Chapter 15: The Setup Unveils
- Chapter 16: Rock Bottom Ain't Got No Basement
- Chapter 17: Too Deep to Turn Back
- Chapter 18: The Choice That was Chosen For Me

"Your Only Friend" song by Phuture plays as the story begins

Prologue: The Last High

ATL, TRAP HOUSE, 2 AM.

Gun to my head.... "Fuck!"

The steel cold against the back of my head, pressing in like it was tryna kiss my skull. Sweat drippin' down my forehead, mixin' with the dirt and the last traces of clown makeup I ain't even bother to wipe off. Yeah, I'm still in my clown fit—red nose somewhere on the floor, blue and white paint smeared on my cheeks like war paint. "Guess that's what I been my whole life, a clown to the end, huh? Ain't that some shit."

I'm slouched, legs stretched out, glass pipe in hand, takin' one last pull. The crack rock sizzlin', smoke floodin' my lungs, drownin' out the fear, the pain—all of it. I ain't beggin'. Ain't cryin'. Ain't tryna talk my way out. Not this time.

I already know how this ends.

What's funny is, I ain't even mad at nobody but myself. I'm right where I need to be...shid. I made every fucked-up decision that led to this

moment. I betrayed the wrong people, stole from the wrong niggas, and fucked over the only ones that gave a fuck about me. I threw away everything—my job, my kid, my dream—all for a high.

"Hahahahaha!"

"Damn, this some poetic shit, ain't it?" "Nigga like me spent his whole life clownin' around... now I'm 'bout to die as the punchline."

Before I tell you how I got here, we gotta start from the beginning.

Chapter 1: The Clown King of Atlanta

Lights, Laughter, and Lies

Atlanta.

Not the Atlanta they put on postcards, where outta-town niggas eat lemon pepper wings once and start callin' it "the A" like they been here since Freaknik. The real Atlanta. The one where dreams get made and broken in the same damn week. Where every nigga got a hustle—some legal, some not. Where the police don't come unless they tryna lock somebody up.

And me?

I was Clown Joe, the King of the Carnival.

Every weekend, the Atlanta State Fair lit up like the Fourth of July—ferris wheels spinnin', roller coasters screamin', smell of fried oreos and funnel cakes thick in the air. The kinda place where a broke family

could come, spend they last twenty dollars, and forget they problems for a night.

And right in the middle of it all? Me.

"Ayyy, make some noise for Clown Joe!" The ringmaster's voice boomed through the speakers as the crowd gathered.

I was already in position, perched on top of a trampoline, painted up, suited up, energy on a hundred.

Then—BOOM.

I launched myself into the air, did a wild-ass backflip over a fire hoop, landed smooth as hell, then hit my clown dance—somethin' I made up that had the kids goin' crazy.

"OOOOHHH SHIT!" Some teenager yelled from the front row.

Laughter. Cheers. Phones up, recording me.

I was a legend in this bitch.

I made the crowd forget. Forget they bills, they stress, they bullshit. I made 'em laugh—not just 'cause I was funny, but because I was free. For those few hours every weekend, I wasn't some broke-ass nigga from the hood. I was a star.

But when the lights went out and the crowd went home, real life was waitin' for me.

Back at Home...

"Boy, you still out here making a clown of yoself?"

My pops stood in the doorway when I got home, arms crossed, eyes full of that same disappointed-ass stare he always gave me.

I sighed, pullin' off my clown wig. "Damn, pops, I just walked in the door."

"You damn right. Walked in late," he muttered, shakin' his head. "Actin' a damn fool at that circus instead of gettin' a real job. You damn near 23, Joe. What you tryna do with your life?"

I already knew where this was goin'. Every time we talked, it circled back to the same shit.

"Mom's cool with helpin' me out with rent," I shot back, knowing that'd piss him off more.

"A grown-ass man still takin' money from his mama. Ain't that some shit, sorry lil nigga" he grumbled.

My mom, bless her heart, walked in just in time to stop the argument from goin' nuclear.

"Leave the boy alone, David," she sighed, shufflin' toward the kitchen. "He makin' his way. He got a gift."

"A gift?" Pops laughed. "That ain't no damn gift. That's some circus, rudolph shit. Ain't nobody gettin' famous wearin' a red nose."

"Tell that to Ronald McDonald," I muttered.

He ain't laugh. He never did.

Mom just shook her head and fixed me a plate, like she always did. No matter what...

I met Keisha the same day I got hired at the carnival.

She walked in like she owned the damn place—short afro, skin butter pecan', eyes sharp. The type of girl who could sing circles around anybody but still had to hustle like the rest of us.

"You the new clown?" she smirked, arms crossed.

I wiped some white paint off my hands. "Yeah, what you do?"

She ain't say nothin'. She just sang.

A high note. Clean, powerful, stretched out so long I swear time froze.

Everybody in the break tent went quiet. Even the security guard stopped mid-bite on his corndog.

By the time she finished, my dumb ass was sittin' there, jaw on the floor.

"You gon' catch flies sittin' like that," she teased.

That was Keisha.

She had a voice that could've put her on TV, in studios, on tour—but instead, she was singin' in a dusty-ass carnival tent, prayin' somebody important walked in and gave a damn.

She had talent. Too much talent for the hood.

But talent don't mean shit when you got no money, no connections, and a scammer-ass ex-boyfriend who stole everything from you.

That's why she was here.

Same reason as me.

Hustlin'. Dreamin'. Drownin'....

Then there was Kirk.

No clown makeup. No bright lights. Just business.

Kirk was the kinda nigga who could sell you some matches in a burning house. He ain't finish school, but he had hustle. Ran his own little weed business, makin' more money than all of us.

"Joe, you got talent," he told me one night, passin' me a blunt. "But talent don't mean shit if you ain't got money. You sittin' here breakin' your back for a circus check when you could be stackin' for real."

"Man, I ain't tryna hustle like that," I told him, takin' a hit. "I got a real shot. I'ma be big."

He laughed. Not in a mean way, just like he knew some shit I didn't.

"Aight, bet," he shrugged. "But if you ever need some extra cash, you know where to find me."

I shoulda listened to him more.....

For a while, everything felt good.

Me, Keisha, and Kirk—unstoppable. Hustlin', dreamin', laughin'.

The carnival was home. A place where people cheered my name, where Keisha got to be a star for five minutes, where Kirk ran his lil' side business without the feds on his ass.

We thought we had time.

We thought the fun would last.

But the hood don't let you have dreams for free.

And I ain't know it yet, but my first hit of crack was right around the corner.

Chapter 2: The Night It All Changed

Atlanta was buzzin' that night.

Cars bumpin' Jodeci, the smell of hot wings so thick I could literally taste the sauce in the air—Friday nights meant everybody was outside, even the out-of-towners.

Me, Keisha, and Kirk been talkin' 'bout this for weeks. Set It Off just dropped, and we damn sure wasn't missin' it—Black folks hittin' licks, Queen Latifah goin' out like a straight savage—this was the kinda shit that spoke to us.

We had been grindin' all week, tryna stack up enough to go. Shit wasn't cheap.

Keisha's carnival check was light as hell, and mine? Damn near nonexistent, 'cause I had already spent most of it. Kirk, of course, had cash. Weed money. That nigga was always straight.

"Aight, niggas, let's roll!" Kirk pulled up in his old-school chevell, windows down, subwoofers blastin'.

I hopped in the front. Keisha slid into the back.

"You already know what time it is," she grinned, pullin' out a bottle of Hennessy from her purse.

Kirk let out a deep laugh, pullin' off. "Y'all some goddamn alcoholics."

"And you ain't?" I shot back.

"Nah, but I feel ya, ima stick to this stinky buddah though," he said, pullin' out a joint and sparkin' it up, the skunky-ass smoke curlin' up in the air.

"Man, shut yo' fake Denzel Washington lookin' ass up," Keisha cracked, makin' me choke on my spit.

This was us. We had nothin', but on nights like this, we had everything.

Regal Cinemas on the Westside. Spot was packed. Mostly Black folk and latinos, loud as hell, already tryna guess the ending before the movie even started.

We found seats in the back, but not before Kirk bought the biggest-ass popcorn known to man.

"Ain't no way you eatin' all that," Keisha said, side-eyein' him.

"Bitch, I might," he shot back, stuffin' a handful in his mouth.

We was drunk before the previews ended.

Keisha kept sneakin' sips from the Henny bottle, gigglin' at dumb shit, whisperin' in my ear about how she was lowkey in love with Jada Pinkett.

"Nigga, she got that 'I might ruin your life' energy," she whispered, nudgin' me.

Kirk snorted. "That's you every time you get drunk."

I ain't even argue, 'cause he wasn't wrong.

By the time the movie really got goin', we was hyped as hell.

When Queen Latifah got out the car and lit them niggas up?

"OHHHHH SHIT!" Kirk yelled, jumpin' out his seat.

The whole theater was screamin', laughin', talkin' like we was all at a family reunion instead of watchin' a damn movie.

By the end, Keisha was damn near cryin'.

"That shit ain't fair, man," she muttered, wipin' her face.

"Life ain't fair," Kirk said,. "Especially for niggas like us."

By the time we left, the night air felt different.

The movie had us feelin' some kinda way—hyped, inspired, drunk, high.

Kirk's Chevelle was still reekin' of weed as we rode through the city, windows cracked, music low. The night wasn't ready to end just yet.

"Yo, drop me at the Food Mart," I said, leanin' back in the seat.

Kirk side-eyed me. "Nigga, what for?"

"Need some rollin' papers. I'll walk from there."

Kirk shook his head, but he ain't argue. "Whatever, clown-ass nigga."

We pulled up to Keisha's spot first.

"You good?" I asked, watchin' her stretch, eyes low from the liquor and the smoke.

"Yeah," she mumbled, pushin' open the door. "I'm tired as fuck though."

"Aight, see you tomorrow."

She threw up a lazy peace sign before disappearin' into her building.

Kirk hit the gas, took a slow left, then pulled up to the Food Mart.

"Aight, fool," he said, dappin' me up. "Try not to get robbed."

I smirked. "Try not to crash that raggedy-ass Chevelle."

"Fuck you," he laughed, peelin' off.

Chapter 3: The Climb To The Decline

I barely made it out the Food Mart before I felt it—that heavy-ass energy.

The type that made your instincts scream.

Three niggas stood by the corner store, posted up like they owned the block.

One had a gold grill, grinning like he already knew what was 'bout to happen.

Another had tattoos snaking up his neck, eyes sharp, locked on me.

The last one—the one in the middle—was holdin' a plastic bag.

I knew what was in it before he even spoke.

"Yo," the one with the grill called out. "Where you from lil nigga?"

I wiped my hands on my jeans, tryin' to play it cool. "Right up the block."

They studied me.

"Clown nigga, right?" the tattooed one said, squintin'. "You be at the fair?"

"Yeah," I nodded. "That's me."

The dude in the middle smirked, liftin' the baggie just enough for me to see the white rocks inside.

"You party, clown nigga?"

I blinked. "Huh?"

He shook the bag. "I'm talkin' 'bout this."

Crack.

"First one's on the house," he added. "You look like a nigga that need it."

I ain't say nothin'.

Didn't step closer. Didn't step back.

I just stood there.

My whole body was tellin' me to get the fuck outta there. This ain't me. This ain't my life.

"Nah, I'm good," I said finally, liftin' my hand. "Ima stick to my reffa."

Silence.

Then the gold-grilled nigga laughed.

"Nah, nigga," he said, steppin' forward. "You gone take this rock."

I felt my stomach drop.

"As a matter of fact," he continued, voice smooth, too smooth, "Since you wanna be smart, you gotta do it right here in front of us."

My heart started poundin'.

"Nah," I said, shakin' my head. "I'm straight, bro."

I turned quick, tryna make a break for it.

But I ain't get far.

A hand snatched my collar, yankin' me back so hard I damn near lost my breath. Before I could react, fists started flyin'.

A punch to the ribs—felt like a hammer.

Another to the face—stars exploded in my vision.

I hit the ground, pavement scrapin' my cheek, my ears ringin'.

Footsteps shuffled around me.

"Hold his ass down," someone muttered.

Hands gripped my arms, pinned me to the concrete.