While everybody else was licking their wounds, Psycho was on the prowl. He couldn't believe the Neighborhood homies had ambushed them like that, but he was determined to pay them back. Immediately after they got blitzed in Paterson, once Ski was at the hospital, Psycho got the dirty guns they'd used in the shooting and brought them to his father's shop.

 It was common knowledge in the right circles that part of the way the Green family was able to do so much of the bull shit they did without all of them being buried under jails was because Psycho's father, Ponzi, owned a pawn shop. This shop gave them the cover to get and get rid of all kinds of guns and fence-hot merchandise.

 In the back of the shop, Psycho ran into his cousins, D Green and Wee-Wee. As he swapped out the guns and gun parts for clean ones, he told his cousins about what had just happened, but he made sure to keep the details brief. Besides his pops, Wee-Wee was the only other person with his last name that he rocked with. Psycho fucked with his lil cousin Wee-Wee, but he couldn’t go in depth talking to him because the older cousin D-Green was there, and he was a creep.

 D- Green worked at the pawn shop and wasn’t the aight kind of creep. You had to watch out the corner of your eye, but you could still hold your nose and fuck with him to get something accomplished. Nah, if you were looking for that, then you were looking for D-Green's older brother, Itchy-Ru. While mother fuckers in the streets respected or revered Itchy for being calculated and manipulative D-Green was avoided for being sneaky, shifty, and devious. Where Itchy was relentless and unforgiving, D-Green was ruthless and vindictive. They were both dangerous, but while everybody knew Itchy for being grimy, his brother D-Green was slimy—a certified creep.

 At the shop, Psycho couldn't go into detail about everything that'd happened and his plans for get back like he wanted to because he couldn't talk around D-Green. Just from the few details, Psycho told them that D-Green was already talking crazy and acting like he wanted to ride for his lil cousin. Pyscho knew most of the family didn't fuck with him, though, so he couldn't trust anything D-Green had to say.

 Just hours after the ambush, once the word of what happened got out, Psycho's lil homie Slugs, along with a Shine homie, caught up with a Neighborhood homie and put a couple of bullets in his face. Later that night, his other lil homies, Trey-Eight and A.K., pulled up on a well-known Neighborhood homie and knocked his head off. This only made Psycho wanna spill some Neighborhood blood with his own hands.

 To make matters worse, somebody unknown to him had just streamed the killing of a high-ranking Neighborhood homie named Alpo on Facebook Live. Why the fuck should everybody else keep having all the fun? Psycho couldn't wait to move on them niggas. The same night he ran into D-Green and Wee-Wee at his pops pawn shop, Wee-Wee, the only cousin he fucked with, reached out to him saying he had the drop on a key Neighborhood nigga.

 Part of the reason Wee-Wee and Psycho clicked was because they were both almost treated like outcasts by the rest of the family. The Greens were distant from Wee-Wee because while he was for his family, he was Blood and didn't put the Green family before his set. Psycho's issue with the family went a lot deeper than that, though.

 Psycho had a mother different from his brothers. Back when they were kids, it'd been rumored that something happened between his mother and his brothers that provoked him to try and stab his older brothers. At the time, the whole Green family knew what had happened between Psycho's mother and his brothers. But being dysfunctional, the family ignored the specifics, acted like he'd just flipped out for no reason, labeled him Psycho, and cut him off.

 Wee-Wee was a lil off, too, though. Like most of the Greens, he was with all the bull shit, had been desensitized to all the violent, sadistic, and brutal shit they did, and put no filter on any of it. One of the minor vices that Wee-Wee and Psycho were known for sharing was that they both tried to bring their pit bulls, Rock and Cocaine, everywhere.

 As Wee-Wee and his dog got in the car, Psycho looked in his rearview mirror at Rock, already trying to hump the backseat, and remembered why he hadn't brought his dog Cocaine with him. Wee-Wee's dog, Rock, was Cocaine’s father, and he had a threatening look that pit bull owners wanted. But Rock was like a professional breeder dog; all he wanted to do was fuck and hump. Wherever Wee-Wee took him, Rock would find another dog, a person's body part, a piece of furniture, or something else to hump on. That being the case, Psycho didn't bring Cocaine because he didn't want her father trying to slide inside her.

 When they got to the business at hand, Wee-Wee told Psycho that after he'd left the pawn shop earlier, D-Green told him he'd been serious about ridding on some Neighborhood niggas for his lil cousin. Neither of them believed he was serious but Wee-Wee said he'd given him all types of information about where they could find a Neighborhood homies baby mother he used to fuck.

 Psycho didn't wanna waste time hunting down and killing just another random Neighborhood homie, so this news didn't excite him until Wee-Wee went on to say that he knew the Neighborhood homie in question, could vouch that the nigga was stupid in love with his baby mother and that he was under the Neighborhood big homie Mill. That was enough to get Psycho's attention, but he was in when Wee-Wee told him if they snatched the bitch up, he knew the Neighborhood nigga would do anything, even help them find some of his big homies to get her back. This was right up Psycho's alley.

 Their timing couldn't have been better. Just as they pulled up at her house to snatch her, she and her baby's father were in the doorway kissing. When the cousins hopped out, guns were drawn. The female cried and pleaded, and her baby's father swore up and down on his set, making threats about what he would do to them, but he and his baby's mother both wound up knocked out and hogtied in the back of Psycho's car.

 A lil later, feeling a hot, steady squirt of liquid slap across his face, the Neighborhood homie awoke on a floor looking up at the ceiling. Realizing he was still naked, hog-tied, and had tape over his mouth, he turned his head to look around and spotted Rock standing over his baby mother's naked, motionless body.

 "Finally, you woke." Psycho stood over him, taunting.

 The Neighborhood homie tried to yell, but it all came out muffled through the tape.

 "I don't know if you are trying to yell at us or get your baby's mother's attention," Wee-Wee said, entering the room smoking a PCP-laced blunt, carrying a jar of some spread and couch pillows. "How the fuck you think we supposed to hear you when it's tape over your mouth. If you are trying to call that bitch it's even worse. Even if it weren't taped over your mouth, she wouldn't hear you. That bitch is higher than a light bill right now nigga. She aint trying to hear shit nobody got to say."

 The Neighborhood homie couldn't believe his ears. His baby's mother didn't get high. Looking at the dog drooling as he paced around her, the Neighborhood homie fidgeted around until he sat up and recognized a syringe lying beside his baby mother's body.

 "This shit real simple dog." He heard Psycho's voice, but all his attention was on Rock as he sniffed the naked legs. "We aint gon threaten you, we aint gon hit you or none of that goofy shit, but if you don't give us what the fuck we want, something real fucked up, like tragically fucked up, is gon happen in here real fast."

 "I want you to tell us where the fuck we can find that Neighborhood nigga Mill."

 The Neighborhood homie looked up, mumbling, as Wee-Wee passed Psycho the PCP-laced blunt and walked over to where the man’s baby mother lay. Rock backed away as Wee-Wee rolled her onto her back so he could pour the contents of the jar all over her pussy and put a belt around her ankles before lifting it to pull her legs up in the air. Before Wee-Wee was done, Rock eagerly dove his nose in, sniffling between her legs before flicking his tongue out, lapping her whole pussy with licks of his tongue.

 His baby mother was so high that she let out a deep moan and began to gyrate her hips a lil. The Neighborhood homie closed his eyes tight as tears ran down his face. He didn’t wanna see it, but he could still hear the loud smacking sound of licks. A few minutes later, Wee-Wee shooed Rock away so he could roll the female onto her stomach, stuffing couch pillows under her midsection to prop her up onto her knees a little.

 "You gon let this shit happen?" Psycho taunted, making the man open his eyes just as Rock came back for more, sniffing her ass.

 When she was finally on her stomach with her ass hiked up in the doggy-style position, Rock's nose went right between her cheeks before pulling it out, abruptly standing on his hind legs and resting his front paws on her back. The Neighborhood homie screamed through the tape on his mouth as he could see the pink of the dog's penis slide from its foreskin in search of a wet hole.