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DEDICATIONS

First and foremost, I'd like to give thanks to God for blessing me to even be alive as well as possess the strength to write this novel. This book, Blood, Strength, Loyalty, is dedicated to my mother, Johnniemae Green Flowers, my father, William Green who is now desease. May God bless his soul. My two daughters, Jasmine and Denise Simone Green, and my two sons, William Green Jr., and Ismail Rasheed Malik Green.

Your father loves you very much.

Acknowledgements

I first have to acknowledge my Heavenly Father for giving me the strength to take what I have experienced in my life to write this book. I give Him all the glory.

I'd love to thank my mother, Johnnie Mae Green Flowers for encouraging me to start writing this book. Mother, you said I could do this and I did, thank you.

To all my single mothers who are raising children without a father in the household. I want to recognize your struggles for being a mother and a father in your children's life. May God bless you.

I have to acknowledge all of my fake friends who I thought were my true friends; I thank you for faking because you made me a better person.

I'd like to acknowledge all of the standup niggas that are incarcerated. This book was written from prison and it represents the true niggas that are behind the walls doing time. I would like to say to my true niggas, if we put God first, we can do anything. Once we do that, we can concentrate on our goals and make it back out there with our children.

I'd like to acknowledge my father, William Green who is now deceased and to my Big Brother, Tony Leon Washington for believing in my dream to be a Self-Published Author. I truly thank you two for the love and support throughout my incarceration. May God rest your soul Dad.

I would like to acknowledge all the women who stuck by their man while he was incarcerated. He risked his life to please you and you reaped the benefits from his illegal activities, the least you can do is keep in touch with him. He knows you're going to fuck, but all a man wants from his woman is for her to show some love and write a nigga every now and then. This is our lowest time in life show a brotha a little support. Shots go out to them true ride or die chicks also.

Furthermore, I'd like to acknowledge two authors that showed me how to write a good novel. Shots goes out to

Dujan"Mathematics" Alexander who introduced me to a book by Cordless Sims / In Rare Form. Cordless Sims teaches you everything about writing a good novel. I thank you two great Authors.

Last but not least, I'd Like to acknowledge a Self-Publishing Author, Bailey"Bar'Sun" Daniel who turned me on to Crystal Stell the owner of Crystell Publications. I thank you brother for helping my dream propel to the next level.

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PROLOGUE

Eastson, Georgia, "Sun City", a city where in the 18th and 19th centuries slave ships would land directly on its shores from the northwest and southwestern shores of Africa, where they would be marched to slave auction blocks and sold to the highest bidder. Eastson had been brutal to the fallen sons and daughters from the continent of Africa who slaved on cotton and tobacco plantations. That was the past, now this is the 21st century, and in the new millennium, the yester years from savage acts of slavery had been long forgotten. The children of slaves sold in Eastson, Georgia had become new millennium slaves to the illusion of the glamorous display and materialistic glitter that cocaine generated.

The crack cocaine epidemic brought about hatred, slander, lewdness, murder and all the things that harmed the souls of men. They became slaves to the evil call of the money. Slave plantations were replaced by lower income housing developments throughout the city where instead of picking cotton and tobacco, they were picking up fully automatic weapons and large quantities of cocaine. Some of the lower income housing developments were Eastson Oats Apartments, Carver Holmes Projects, Lagra village and Strapmore village. The slaves were no longer known as Zulus, Mandingo's and Royal Hausa, but now they were called Eastson Posse, 3rd Coast Piru, Westside Grips and Bloods. All areas of the city were represented by vicious young gangsters, hoodlums, players, whores and pimps who would do anything to get a piece of the pie in the drug trade.

It was the end of 2000 and 2001 was right around the corner. Two brothers, Kelvin Johnson Jr., a.k.a. "Kels" and Malik Johnson, a.k.a. "Lil Ghadi" were having visions of owning 600 class Mercedes Benz's, Cadillac Escalades and Lincoln Navigators which sat on 26 inch rims. At a young age, they watched their

father rise high in the game to become a legendary ghetto superstar with plenty of money, power and respect from the neighborhoods that he took over in Eastson. Their father, Kelvin Johnson Sr., a.k.a. "Ghadi," did his best to shelter them away from the betrayal of the game before taking a fall and being sentenced to federal prison. Everywhere they went in Eastson, since their father's departure, all they heard about was their father's glory days. Deep in their hearts they both intended to emulate him in everyway. His legacy was laced with raw gangsterism and they had inherited his passions. It was inherent in their D.N.A. - two brothers bonded together, most certainly made up their father, Kelvin Johnson Sr., a.k.a. "Ghadi".

Kels was the oldest son and the quiet one. He had a mild mannerism, but his eyes burned with a fury that left no doubt that he was a very capable young man. Women lusted for him because of his good looks and naturally muscular brown skin and slender body.

Lil Ghadi, on the other hand was the younger, furious one. His temper at a young age was already legendary. He was ready to kill a motherfucker at any time. He was darkskin with a slender body. He never gave a bitch a chance. He dogged them out every chance he could, but a long time ago, their father instilled in their

Chapter One

The Southside Skating Rink was packed. School was out for the summer and this was the hangout spot for teens. Kels, Lil Ghad, and their crew rode their bikes to the skating rink. They sat down on the bench to put their skates on.

“Big Bru aint that Ankie and Precious over there?”

“Yeah that’s them. You know they’re from New York, right? They like how we talk down south.”

“I want to see how that New York pussy feels. I bet her pussy is tight.”

“Here they come now, Lil Bru.”

Ankie and Precious skated over towards Kels and Lil Ghadi. “Hey Kels and Lil Ghadi, you want to skate with me and Precious?” Ankie and Precious skated off. “Come on, you can’t catch us.”

Kels and Lil Ghadi caught up with Ankie and Precious. Lil Ghadi grabbed Precious hips as they skated around the rink. Kels and Ankie skated off the floor onto the carpet.

“What’s wrong, Kels?”

“These skates are too small. I need a bigger size. I will be right back.” Kels headed to the front with the skates in his hand. Before he made it to the front, there were two girls fighting. The brown skinned girl, Meme was beating Taraka, the dark skinned girl's ass, until her brother Carnell jumped in. That’s when Kels ran over and started drilling on Carnell, until the security guards ran over and broke up the fight. The security guard split all four of

them up. They took Taraka and Carnell into one room and Kels and Meme into another. The security guards asked the four of them for their home telephone numbers.

“Thank you --”

“Kels, that’s my name.”

“Thank you Kels, I’m Meme. You live around here?”

“I’m from the Eastside of Eastson, but my mother stays on Wilshire Drive now.”

“I don’t stay that far from you. Tell me Kels, what do you think they’re going to do with us?”

“Call everybody’s mother to come get us. I rode my bike up here, so they will throw me out.”

Ankie went to get Lil Ghadi.

“Lil Ghadi, Lil Ghadi, you know your brother was fighting.”

“Where is he? Who was he fighting?”

“I don’t know, but the security guard took them in that room right there.”

“Damn, I knew I shouldn’t have been skating, you’re not going to give me any pussy anyhow.”

Lil Ghadi walked off, heading toward the front. Precious felt like he was mad at her. Lil Ghadi, E-Saw, Angelo, and Ricky sat in front of the office waiting on Kels to come out. The security guards escorted Taraka and Carnell out of the skating rink to their mother's car. Kels and Meme were still in the back. The security guard came back inside.

“Your ride is outside Ma'am. And you Sir, come with me.”

Kels and Meme followed the security guard. Lil Ghadi was waiting by the door.

“Big Bru, where you going at? Are you alright?”

“Yeah, come on let’s go. They’re throwing me out.”

They all went outside. One of Meme’s mother’s friends came and picked her up. She got in the car, and before she closed the door, she shouted, “Kels call me! I owe you for helping me, thank you.” She closed the door and they drove off. Kels waved

bye to her as she left the parking lot. Ankie and Precious came outside.

“They put y’all out, Kels?”

“Yeah.”

“My mother won’t come home until three in the morning. I stay two blocks down the street. Give us a ride home. I stay on Bee Road.”

Lil Ghadi hit Kels.

“Hell yeah. Get on these handle bars Precious, and put your feet on them pegs down there.”

Kels and Lil Ghadi took Ankie and Precious home. When they got to Ankie’s house, they saw a hustler named, Doo Shawn, draped in gold, getting inside his white, 1979 Cadillac Fleetwood Brougham that was sitting on thirties and lows. Doo Shawn reminded Kels and Lil Ghadi how their father was before he went to prison. Before the man drove off, he backed in front of Ankie's mother's house next door and rolled down the window.

“Ankie, I’m going to tell your mother, and y’all little bad motherfuckers need to go home and get from around here. There’s no cars around here to steal.” Doo Shawn drove off. Ankie and Precious went inside.

“Hey Kels and Lil Ghadi that nigga is loaded. I’m going to see what he got in his house.”

“Me and Lil Bru fixing to fuck something. Why every time we bring you somewhere Angelo, you want to steal something?”

“Yeah, man come on, we can run the train on these hoes.”

“No man, I tell you what. While me and Ricky go in his house, you two just keep them dirty hoes busy, and E-Saw is going to watch out for that fake ass pimp. Whatever we get, I will split it up between us.”

“That will work Angelo.” Lil Ghadi walked in the house. Kels followed behind him. Kels whispered into Lil Ghadi's ear.

“You know daddy will kill us if he knew we broke into someone’s house.”

Lil Ghadi whispered back. “We didn’t break into nothing, Big Bru. They’re out there, and we’re in here trying to get some of this New York pussy.”

“You right, Lil Bru.” They both gave each other some dap then took Ankie and Precious into the bedroom.

E-Saw watched out for Doo Shawn, while Angelo and Ricky pushed the air conditioner out the bedroom window and went inside. They stumbled across thirty-five hundred dollars in an empty shoebox on the top shelf. It was pushed far back in the corner of the closet. Doo Shawn had left three ounces of crack out on the dresser to dry. Angelo and Ricky also took the loose change he had stashed inside of a purple Crown Royal bag. They quickly jumped out the window and onto their bikes.

They yelled out to E-Saw, “Tell Kels and Lil Ghadi to meet us at my house.”

Angelo stayed on the Eastside of Eastson on Duffy and Art Street on the dark dead end by the hill where the train track runs through Duffy Street. E-Saw went to tell Kels and Lil Ghadi what Angelo said. Kels and Lil Ghadi knew they had to leave before Doo Shawn came home, so they both came out of the bedroom quickly putting back on their clothes. Ankie and Precious came out behind them.

“Kels, where are you going, I told you that my mother don’t come home until three o’clock.”

“I know Ankie, but our homeboys just got jumped by the Pen Point Boys, so we’ve got to go. I will see you tomorrow.”

The brothers and E-Saw jumped on their bikes and headed to Angelo's house. Once they got there, Angelo and Ricky were on the front porch. It was so dark you could barely see anyone on the porch.

“What’s up Angelo?”

“Shhhh! My mother and father are asleep. That fake ass pimp had a thousand dollars in a shoe box and this shit that looks

like big ass, baked cookies.”

Angelo pulled out the crack and showed it to Kels and Lil Ghadi. They knew what it was as soon as Angelo showed it to them. They remembered walking in on their father cooking that stuff up on the stove and letting it dry out on the kitchen counter.

“Angelo, you know that’s that stuff Angie be smoking. You can make money off that shit,” said Kels.

“I don’t want it. What about you Ricky?” asked Angelo.

“I don’t want it either. I don’t have time to be running behind a dope fiend,” Ricky replied.

“It’s three cookie looking things in here. Y’all three can split them up, and here is two hundred dollars apiece. I’m about to call it a night. I will see y’all later. Hey Ricky, you spending the night with me, right?”

“Yeah.”

Kels, Lil Ghadi, and E-Saw rode off. They rode down to Alaska Street, to their old house where they lived before moving to the Southside of Eastson Neighborhood. They saw one-eyed Shine and Dubbie Dike, which were two O.G.’s from the hood who knew their father, Ghadi. The men showed Kels, Lil Ghadi, and E-Saw how to cut up dope, and they explained the prices for each piece. At the age of thirteen and fourteen, this was the beginning of the dope game for Kels and Lil Ghadi. This was the first time they stayed out all night hustling from the corner to the back of the alley. They were even in between an abandoned house and the Milldrick crackhouse, hustling from sun up to sun down. Angelo and Ricky continued to break into people’s houses, until they were both killed while entering a house where the owner was armed with a 12 gauge, pump shot gun and a pitbull.

E-Saw tried to flip his ounce. He continued to buy new Air Jordans and clothes every week, but not Kels and Lil Ghadi. The brothers never looked back. The game was in full effect. Money

was stacking at a very fast pace. They flipped the ounce piece into four ounces of crack, each busted down in hundreds and fifty dollar slabs, and they quickly graduated from serving single twenty dollar rocks. You now had to spend fifty or more in order for them to serve. Kels and Lil Ghadi stayed in Eastson more than with their mother on the Southside. They went to school on the Eastside of Eastson Neighborhood, and they stayed in their father's house on Alaska Street. All they wanted to do was hustle around the neighborhood. Everybody older around the neighborhood watched out for them because their father was well known in Eastson Neighborhood. Kels was sitting on the porch on Alaska Street, while Lil Ghadi and his friend E-Saw were on the corner of Lake Drive and 21st Street. Suddenly, a familiar car pulled up. They recognized Smokemeat on the passenger side, but not the driver.

“Hey Lil Ghadi, what’s happening? You got something for a c-note?”

Lil Ghadi looked down the street in both directions before responding. “Hold on Smokemeat. Hey E-Saw, get me a fifty slab out the stash.” He turned back around to Smokemeat. “This is that hard white, Smokemeat. This shit will break your back.”

The driver looked at Lil Ghadi through the passenger window. “You are a little too young to be out here selling dope, ain’t you?”

“Nigga, I’m 15 years old. I will be 16 in three months. I’m a man now.”

“That’s what I want to here.” The driver looked back up at the steering wheel.

E-Saw came back with the fifty slab and gave it to Lil Ghadi. “Here you go.” He dropped the fifty slab into Smokemeat’s hand, but before him or E-Saw could react, the driver smashed the gas and the car sped away. Lil Ghadi looked at E-Saw with surprise and murder in his eyes.

“On everything I love, I’m gonna kill that bitchass nigga, Homie.” Lil Ghadi was furious about what happened. He went to

his stash spot on the side of the old abandoned house and grabbed his dope from out of a hole and took off running towards Alaska Street. Kels was sitting on the porch, puffing on a Black-n-Mild when Lil Ghadi and E-Saw ran up on the porch. Lil Ghadi started gasping, trying to catch his breath.

“Hey Bru.” He gasped again. “I got robbed.”

“Who was it?”

“It was Smokemeat and another motherfucker.”

“Where were you?”

“I was on Lake Drive and 21st Street.”

“How much Smokemeat get you for.”

“I handed them a fifty slab and they drove off.”

“I know Smokemeat smoking ass don’t want to die for a hundred dollars worth of crack. I tell you what, I will give you back the hundred dollars, so don’t worry about it.”

“Don’t worry about it! I know you not going to let this go?” E-Saw shouted out with a roar of anger.

“Yes I am, and Lil Bru is too.”

“Kels, come on! You know your dad was a Ganster on these streets and well respected. He wouldn’t have ever let this slide.”

“How in the hell you know anything about my father when you never met him?”

“I know one thing, everybody around this neighborhood who knew your father said he was a killer and had these Eastson Neighborhood streets on lock. He was well respected throughout Port City. Why you think nobody fuck with y’all two?”

“Well why did that nigga rob me then?”

“Because Lil Ghadi, that nigga was high and zoning for a hit. He don’t know Ghadi is your daddy.”

Kels stood up to his feet. “That’s why I said we are going to let this go.”

“Something has to be done about this.” E-Saw walked off the porch.

Kels and Lil Ghadi were still sitting on the Porch when E-Saw pulled up in a tinted 4 door Chevy Caprice jamming 2Pac's "*Ride on my enemies*." He jumped out and ran up on the porch.

"I have the heat and the ride. What's up Lil Ghadi? You know them niggas can't get away with this man, what's up?" E-Saw pulled out two 9mms, a plastic Glock in the left hand and chrome Ruger in the right. Lil Ghadi reached for the plastic Glock. He cocked back the hammer releasing one in the chamber." That motherfucker's gonna wish he never ran off with my shit." He looked back at Kels. "Bru, you riding with me or what?"

"Lil Bru you need to first think about this before you--"

Lil Ghadi cut him off before he could finish. "I already done thought about this, and daddy always told us to stick with each other, right or wrong, regardless of the circumstances."

"I know where Smokemeat's mother lives. Lil Ghadi, remember the little shed behind his mother House? I took you there when I collected my money from smoking ass Angie."

Lil Ghadi started scratching his chin, trying to remember the smoke house E-Saw took him to."Ohhh, you're not talking about that little house in the back lane behind 61st Street?"

"Yeah, that's the smoke house."

Kels leaned back in the chair taking long pulls on the Black-n-Mild. "Give me that bottle of Hennessy." He turned the whole bottle up, taking three big swallows, looking at his watch." Let's ride because it's already 12:30A.M., and knowing Smokemeat, his ass done blazed your shit up, and now he is thirsty for another hit."

The car pulled up on Locket Street close by the lane which was pitch black from the street light being shot out. Kels grabbed the chrome Ruger from E-Saw. Kels and Lil Ghadi got out of the car dressed in all black.

"E-Saw, keep the car running. Lil Bru, you know what

house it is?”

“Yeah, follow me.”

They walked in the back of the pitch black lane that led them to the back of Smokemeat's house. The closer they got, they could hear someone exiting the house. When they turned in the backyard, Kels and Lil Ghadi noticed Smokemeat and Barry Holt walking to the car that was parked on the side of the house. As the two approached, they took Smokemeat by surprise.

“Where is my money, Smokemeat?” Two bullets hit him in the chest as he fell down to the ground. Lil Ghadi stood over Smokemeat and put three more shots in his head. After seeing the first shot that hit his partner in the chest, before Barry Holt could take off running, Kels unloaded the chrome Ruger, hitting Barry in the back four times. Barry's body fell to the ground. Kels walked up over him, putting three more shots in the head. They both took off running, heading back to the car. Based on their vengeance, they never even noticed the old lady on her porch, sitting across the street, three houses down from where the car was parked.

E-Saw drove off. Kels reached in the back seat. “Lil Bru give me your gun. E-Saw, drop us off at the house.”

“Don't take my heat with you.”

“Nigga, these guns have two fresh bodies on them, not to mention anything else that was on them before we used them. So I'm going to get rid of these motherfuckers.”

“Don't worry E-Saw. I have some in the cut for us.” Lil Ghadi said, slamming the car door behind him.

“Go ahead and get rid of this car and go home. Me and Lil Bru is going to call it a night. Drive safe, too.”

E-Saw was one block away from ditching the car in the back of the old cow pasture when he stopped at the stop sign on New Jersey to make a turn on Nevada Street. Without warning, two police cars cut him off, and one came from behind. They caught E-Saw off guard

before he could run.

“Get your hands up where I can see them!” The police demanded, approaching the driver’s window.

“What you stop me for?”

“Get out the car and keep your hands up and tell me who you were shooting at?”

“I wasn’t shooting at nobody. You got the wrong person, and I don’t know what you are talking about.”

The police officer radio came on. “This is the Control Center dispatcher calling car 121.”

“Officer Duncan 121 speaking.”

“The 911 call about the shooting on Locket and 61st Street appears to be a double homicide in the back lane.”

“10-4, I copy that. Looks like you will be spending the night in the county jail.”

The alarm clock goes off and Kels turned over to shut it off. He yelled over to the other room.

“Hey Lil Bru, I have to go take care of these guns, so be here when I get back! It’s a quarter to 9. I should be back by 3, and I need to re-up.”

“Alright.”

“Make sure you watch the news at noon to see what the cops say about that 187.” He threw the pillow at Lil Ghadi. “Did you hear me?”

“Yeah, I heard you.”

Kels closed Lil Ghadi room door and walked out of the house.

The TV woke Lil Ghadi up when the 12 o'clock news came on. The news flashed a picture of the crime scene and E-Saw getting in the back of a patrol car. Lil Ghadi went to the kitchen counter to pour him a cup of Hennessy, and then he went outside and sat on the

porch. *HOW THIS DUMB ASS NIGGA GET CAUGHT*, he thought.

Angie stood at the glass screen door knocking, but Lil Ghadi was in deep thought. She peeped into the dark tinted glass and saw Lil Ghadi sitting on the porch. Lil Ghadi was in such deep thought; he never knew Angie was in front of the screen door until she yelled out.

“Lil Ghadi, Lil Ghadi.”

He turned around noticing her at the door.

“What’s up Angie?”

“You holding?”

“Yeah, what you need?”

“I need a buck guy.” Lil Ghadi served Angie.

“Good looking out.” Angie walked off the porch and went around the corner. That's when Micheal Fyph came up.

“Angie, who got the killer dope?”

“Lil Ghadi.”

“Not Ghadi Sons! Kelvin and Malik?”

“Yeah, the youngest one.”

“Where he at?”

“Around the corner where you and Ghadi first locked down Eastson Neighborhood on Alaska Street.”

Micheal Fyph walked up noticing how different the house looked with the dark tinted glass porch that enabled anyone from seeing any movement inside. Not wanting to just walk up to the door, he yelled out.

“A yo! Ghadi’s son!

The screen door slowly opened.

“Yeah, what’s up Fyph?”

“Damn Malik, you done got big since the last time I seen you and Kelvin. He was nine and you were eight.”

“I’m grown now.”

“Angie said you are holding that killer kill?”

“The best in town. Why you want to know?”

“Well auh--”

“Man, don’t tell me you hitting that plastic dick?”

“You done grew up, and now you have a slick mouth. I bet your dad don’t know you selling drugs now?”

“So what! Are you going to snitch on me now? And one more thing, don’t call me Malik no more. It’s Lil Ghadi.”

“Lil nigga, if I didn’t know your daddy, I would slap the shit out of you.”

“What’s the matter with your dick beaters?”

A car pulled up and Kels got out.

“What’s up, Fyph? What are you doing around here?”

“Big Bru, you don’t want to know what Fyph doing around here. He sucking on that baby dick.”

“Man, I done told you about your smart mouth.”

“Cut that shit out Lil Bru, and hold up for one minute, Fyph. Did you do what I told you to do this morning?”

“Yeah, I did. I need to holla at you in the house.”

“Fyph, I will be back, just let me see what my Little brother talking about.” Kels and Lil Ghadi walked in the house and closed the door.

“Kels, who that female behind that tint?”

“That’s Meme.”

“Damn, she looked like a woman with her hair down.”

“Man fuck that. What happened on the news?”

“Damn Bru, you going to be mad. Fucking E-Saw dumb ass got caught.”

“How the fuck did that happen?”

“Someone called 911 and reported a blue Chevy Caprice leaving the area after the shots were fired.”

“It was 1am in the morning. So what they charging him with?”

“Well the news reporter said that James Taylor was riding in a stolen car when they caught him. Minutes later they found out that he was in the area where shots were fired and they located two dead bodies.”

“James Taylor? Man I didn’t know that was E-Saw name. I hope that nigga stand up and don’t fucking fold because that’s your friend, and I told you to let that shit go. You wanted to let that nigga talk you into riding.”

“He will stand up.”

“I hope he does because I don’t want to kill his momma to send a message to him.”

“You got to trust me Bru. He is a stand up nigga.”

“No, you listen to me because the only reason I rode with you is because daddy said stick with each other whether right or wrong. So now this is our agreement. We don’t do nothing without each other’s consent.”

“I respect your mind Bru. Okay.”

The car horn blew and Kels and Lil Ghadi walked back on the porch. “Damn Fyph, Lil Bru wasn’t playing. You on that criz-zack bad to be still waiting out here.”

“I’m still a “G” though.”

“Yeah, a washed up “G.” Look at him, Big Bru”

Kels and Lil Ghadi laughed. “But Lil Bru, he is still a man, and he was one of our dad’s right hand men.”

“You right, Big Bru.”

“I’m about to go re-up. You coming, Lil Bru?”

“Yeah, I’m coming. Let me grab my heat.”

“Fyph, come on and roll with us.”

They got in the car and drove off.

They parked on Main Street right across from Carver Holmes Projects. Kels and Lil Ghadi got out. “I need to get my heat. Fyph pass me my heat from under the seat.”

“No, leave it. We are alright.”

“Check, Big Bru.”

“Fyph, stay in the car with Meme while me and Lil Bru go handle this business.”

Kels knocked on the door and Tuff Kid came to the door. “What’s

up Kels and Lil Ghadi?"

"It aint nothin man." Kels peeped through the house. "Where's Big Mo?"

"He went to pick up a package."

"Who got the weight?"

"We are out until Big Mo come back, but Moneyman has some left."

"I don't know that nigga."

"He straight." Tuff Kid yelled out to Moneyman who where three section down in the housing projects. "Moneyman man, take care of these two for me."

"Tell them to come on."

There were five men walking off from the apartment section where Moneyman was standing. They walked pass Kels and Lil Ghadi looking while Kels counted his money out.

"Tell me what you need youngster?"

"I need a nine piece."

"Hard or soft?"

"Hard."

"Wait one minute while I get it together."

The five men came back when Moneyman went inside the house. They surrounded Kels.

"Give me your money little nigga!" One of the men said.

"I'm not giving you shit, nigga!"

Lil Ghadi swung on one of the men. "Get the fuck off my brother bitch ass niggas!" Two men grabbed Lil Ghadi from behind and two grabbed Kels, and one put a gun to his head.

"You don't want to die in Carver Holmes, so give it up!"

The two men searched Kels while the gunmen held the pistol to his head.

"Man you want this money that bad, it's yours."

After taking the money, the five men fled, leaving Kels and Lil Ghadi behind."I told you I needed my heat, but you said 'No leave it, we alright.' Straight bullshit!" Kels stayed silent while Lil

Ghadi was talking as they headed back to the car and got in. “Shit! Give me my gat, Fyph, so I can blow them niggas head off!”

Meme, turned to face Kels. “What happened?”

Kels stayed silent, but Lil Ghadi was angry about what went down. “Them niggas robbed Big Bru. They put a pistol to his head while two niggas was holding me.”

Meme reached under the seat for her 9mm Smith and Wesson. “Let’s deal with these bitches!”

“Hold, hold, hold on before you all do something stupid. I know your father too damn good to let his sons get fucked up for a murder charge all because you two let your emotions dictate your thinking. Now look, them motherfuckas already gone by now. How much they took Kels?”

“Fifty-five hundred.”

“Where were you at?”

“Moneyman house.”

“Look, I will find out who them niggas was, but in the meantime we need to get off this hot ass strip.”

“Man, fuck that shit you talking! My brother got robbed, and them niggas grabbed me!”

“Malik, you have to--”

Lil Ghadi cut Fyph off before he could finish. “I told your smoking ass not to call me Malik.”

“Well Lil Ghadi, I’m not going to tongue wrestle with you, but you all need some structure. Your dad didn’t play the radio, but he had an organized structure. So don’t look at me as just an old smoking ass nigga because I know about the streets. I also know that Lil E-Saw didn’t shoot Tony Little and Barry Holt by himself. So you need to think about what you are doing before you do it.”

Lil Ghadi face dropped. “Meme, go head and get us off this hot ass strip. Big Bru, that old ass nigga might know something.”

The car cranked up and Meme drove off as Michael Fyph continued to drill Kels and Lil Ghadi. “I’m going to take you to a longtime friend of your dad’s. Her name is Everlena, and she

worked that magic.”

“That’s not that lady that stay by Mr. Gurb’s smoke house, is it?”

“Yes it is, Kels.”

“Man, that’s the voodoo lady. Remember Lil Bru the time she ran them niggas off of the corner when we were at Mr. Gurbs house?”

“Yeah, I remember her. Shit she scared the fuck out of me.”

“Not the big bad killer that wants to kill everybody and thinks just because someone smokes crack they're old, soft and worn down?”

“I get your point.”

“Meme, head over to the Northside of Eastson.”

Chapter Two

The car pulled up on the corner of Wolf and Treat Street in front of Everlena's house. It was the only house on the block with a fence around it. Kels and Lil Ghadi noticed the streetlight shining on the goat skulls and chicken feet that hung from the porch. The car horn continued to blow. A woman came out of the house.

“Everlena, come here.”

“That’s you Fyph?” Everlena stuck her head through the passenger window, where Lil Ghadi was sitting. “Long time no see.”

“You know me. I get ghost in a minute.”

“That’s true. That’s true. So what’s up?”

“You remember Ghadi right?”

“Yeah, how could I ever forget him? Is he out? Where is he?”

“No, he's not out, but these are his two boys.”

Everlena stared Kels and Lil Ghadi down.

“Damn them are his boys. The dark skin one looks just like him.”

“That’s Lil Ghadi. The brown skin one is the Jr. He is the oldest. That’s Kels.”

“So Fyph, what’s the problem?”

“Well, I will let them explain it to you.”

“Come on inside.” Everlena walked back into the house.

“Man that lady looks creepy. What’s that bone looking

thing around her neck?"

"What you asking me for Lil Bru? I don't know, ask Fyph."

"Look boys. This is a good woman, and she was very loyal to your father. I don't know what's going on and really don't care to know, but I want you two to let her help you with your problems because she can keep the police off of you."

"How can she do that, Fyph? It didn't stop them crackers from kicking down our door, hand cuffing our daddy in front of us, or taking him to jail!"

"See Kels that shit with your daddy was bigger than what you think. After you two get finished with Everlena, I will tell you about that. In the meantime, go handle your business while Meme take me back down to Carver Holmes Projects so I can get some info on who robbed you two."

Kels and Lil Ghadi got out and Meme and Fyph pulled off. They walked up on the porch. Everlena met them at the door. Kels and Lil Ghadi never saw coming what they were about to witness. Everlena was one of the top voodoo witch doctors in the south after Doctor Buzzard died. All the drug dealers, robbers, murders and normal people in society came to Everlenas when they wanted to keep the police off of them, control a persons mind, put spells on their lover or enemies and even kill people.

"Can I get you boys something?"

"No Ma'am, I'm alright, but my little brother might want something."

Lil Ghadi started shoving Kels in the side while Everlena wasn't looking. "I'm straight, Ms. Everlena."

"Now don't be scared. I'm not going to bite you. I will be right back. I need to get some pot-ash and my bible before we can start." Everlena walked out the room.

"Big Bru, this house is creepy just like her ass."

"Who you telling. Look at that goat skull hanging on the

wall.”

“Shit, I see it.”

“Shhh!~, shhh... here she comes.”

“Okay boys, I will start one at a time. So give me your real name and tell the truth on every question I ask you because I will spin this bible, and it will fall every time you are lying or in trouble.”

“Meme, go back to Everlena house. Kels and Lil Ghadi should be finish now.”

“I got you old “G”.”

“Damn, you the only one out of your crew who respects a nigga.” Meme and Fyph pulled up to Everlena’s house. “Blow the horn, Meme, so they will know we are out here.”

Lil Ghadi came running out the door. “I’m glad you two are back. Damn, y’all been gone for an hour and a half. Damn Meme, you finally got some dick.”

“Don’t be funny nigga because I don’t go out like that.”

“I can’t tell because your damn momma is a dike, so what that make you?”

“Enough of that Lil Bru. Man Fyph, that lady is very spooky.”

“Shhh, shhh, Kels she's coming. Don’t let her hear you talking about her because I remember the last person that talked about her when she finished putting voodoo on that nigga, he started coughing blood and turned into a fruitbox... ”

Everlena walked to the car where Kels and Lil Ghadi were. She put her arms around their necks. “Fyph, you need to give these boys some lessons on the streets because Ghadi will kill us if something happens to them out there on those streets.” Everlena took her arms from around Kels and Lil Ghadi and squeezed both of their cheeks. “You two are handsome just like your daddy. Remember what I told you boys to do every day. If there's anything you two need, I’m right here. Come see me anytime. Now don’t forget what I told you boys. Remember at least two times a day.”

“Yes Ma'am.” They both said, closing the car door. The car drove off.

“Man you didn’t tell me and Lil Bru that this lady was going to give us a cut out tongue in a jar.”

“Kels, you and Lil Ghadi must know when driving in a car, you don’t talk about business. So we will talk when we get back to the house on Alaska Street.”

The car pulled up in front of the house, and they all went inside.

“Kels, what do you have in there to drink?”

“I have a gallon of Hennessy Fyph.”

“I need a cup. Lil Ghadi, bring me a cup.”

“Let this be your last time asking me to bring you a cup. Next time get it yourself.”

“Hey, yo Fyph.”

“What’s up, Kels?”

“What happened with my father, and why didn’t this shit help him?”

“Yeah Fyph, answer that. Why didn’t it help our daddy?”

“Well boys, it's not that it didn’t help your dad. See he was faced with a hard decision to make. His gut instinct told him to kill a rat, but his family rules were blood don’t kill blood.”

“Who was the rat?” Kels took a shot of Hennessy to the head.

“His cousin, ‘Boo Boo’ - Shawn Smith. That nigga sunk the whole operation. See, your dad was looking out for everybody. He made sure all of his crew ate like him. He was paying a lot of people’s house notes, light bills, and putting food on their table.”

“What about that snitch, Fyph?”

“Well Lil Ghadi that bitch ass snitch got caught up in another state. Somehow it got back to us that he got popped by Beaufort County, and when Ghadi confronted him, that nigga twisted out of it by saying they're blood and he would never turn on his blood. Ghadi took his family blood seriously, but his gut feeling told him that Boo Boo was a rat. I told him to let me kill him, but

he wouldn't give me the go-head."

"I don't know Fyph. I probably would've killed him."

"I know Kels, but our rules were if someone disagreed with another person's idea, then the idea was not carried out."

"Shit, I would've toasted that nigga a long time ago. Fuck that shit."

"I felt like that back then, but I respected my partner's mind Lil Ghadi."

"How did the voodoo play a part in it?"

"See Kels, it goes like this. That nigga was only out for saving his own ass. Ghadi set up a meeting to talk to all of us, but that nigga called and told Ghadi that he was going to the voodoo doctor in Carolina and couldn't make it. Ghadi told him to come pick him up so he could go, but he never showed up."

"That still don't tell me why the voodoo didn't work."

"Like I was saying Kels, that rat put voodoo on Ghadi. It's hard when voodoo against voodoo collides, and with the rat working for the government, it made it much easier. That affected a lot of families. Your father used to give back to the community even though he was doing wrong."

"Like what, Fyph?"

"Lil Ghadi, I could name a ton of things, but I will give you a few. He had cookouts for the neighborhood children every Sunday. He brought Christmas toys for every one of his main customers' children who came to three of our major crackhouses, and he supplied them with cheap beer and liquor on Saturdays and Sundays for free."

"I didn't know this."

"Lil Ghadi, it's a lot you don't know about your father. That's why you should go visit him more often."

"I want to know this then, Fyph. Did he consider you blood?"

"Yes, he did. He loved us so much that he took the fall for everybody in the crew, even your mother, Grandmother Mrs. Williema, your uncles and aunts. He didn't want everybody to go

down because of his mistake. That's why I told you two to go see him because he is built Ford tough. Enough about that because it's hard to talk about it."

Lil Ghadi sat back in the chair as he blew the Black-n-Mild smoke out his mouth.

"What did you find out today about them niggas that robbed Big Bru?"

"I found out who them niggas are. It was Smurf and Bruce. Smurf was the one who put the gun to your head, Kels. The other three was from South Carolina. They went back to South Carolina, but those other two were some major players before they got on crack."

"Damn, you mean to tell me that a bitch ass smoker put a gun to my head and robbed me?"

"Like I was telling Lil Ghadi earlier, you can't think cause a person is on crack he won't shake nothing up because they will."

"Do my daddy know them niggas?"

"Yeah, he looked out for them back in the day."

"Well why did they rob me then?"

"Because they didn't know that Ghadi was your dad. See Kels, all they was thinking about was getting high for free."

"They are going to die for free; especially the nigga that put the gun to my head. Lil Bru, you ready to ride?"

"No Bru, I think you should think about this before you do something stupid."

"Fuck that! Think about what? The only thing I'm thinking about is killing them niggas."

"Let it go, Big Bru. It's only money, and you can get it back at any time."

"You hear this nigga, Meme and Fyph? He done gone holy on me all of a sudden."

"I'm glad you realized that I got holy because that's how you were talking a couple of days ago when I got robbed. I'm just showing you how that shit feels. It aint good is it?"

"You got me, Lil Bru, you got me."

“Kels, your little brother got you on that one. You should have seen that coming a mile away.”

“Yeah, Meme, he got me on that one. He knew I was ready to cut them niggas tongue out and put it in a jar.”

They all laughed. Then Fyph got up pacing the floor back and forth. “I talked to Big Mo, and he said that he will give back whatever them guys took from you.”

“What about that bitch nigga Moneyman? I know that nigga seen us get robbed.”

“I talked to that nigga too, Kels, and he said come see him and he will throw you two zips. If he knew that Ghadi was your daddy, he would’ve straightened it out.”

“Fyph, that nigga lying, because if someone come to buy some work from you and you allow or let someone rob them, you’re either with it or you’re a coward to let it happen. And that nigga is a coward that must get dealt with.”

“You right Lil Ghadi, but first we will milk his ass before killing him.”

“I’m starting to like you already, Fyph.”

“Fellas listen, on the real side. I want to know is she cool before I say this?”

“Am I cool? What the fuck’s wrong with your ass? Nigga, the question is are you cool?”

“I didn’t mean no harm, Meme. It was just a question I had to ask.”

Kels looked over at Meme and then turned towards Fyph. “I trust her with my life. Now, how do I know to trust you?”

“Because of your dad, my blood runs deep for you two boys.” Fyph pulled his shirt up from the back. “That’s why.”

“Oh shit Bru, that nigga got BLOOD. STRENGTH. LOYALTY, with the the same design tattoed on his back as daddy.”

“I see that shit.”

“See, Meme, I didn’t mean no harm.”

“Hey Fyph, you might know her mother.” Kels interjected.

“What’s her mother’s name?”

“Meme tell him your mother’s name.”

“For what? He don’t know her.”

“Just tell him!”

“Okay, her name is Elizabeth Brown.”

“I don’t mean no harm, but not diking Liza who stay on Middle Ground Road?”

“Yeah, how you know my mother?”

“She was a good friend of mine. Damn, this is a small world. Now listen, I want you all to trust me because this street shit is not just shoot’em up bang-bang. This shit don’t last long getting this illegal money, so you have to want something in life, just like your dad did.”

“What’s that, Fyph?”

“Getting out of the game; Kels he tried to make a way for you two, so you wouldn’t have to go through what he went through.”

“What did he go through?”

“When the Feds locked him up, they took all his property except your grandmother’s house and this house we in now. They took all his cars, bank accounts and CD’s with you and Lil Ghadi’s name on them. What I’m trying to say is that dope money don’t last forever.”

“I feel you, Fyph. I want to stack this money and get out the hood and the game without getting locked up like my daddy.”

“I want the same thing too, Big Bru, but the only way to stack this money is to take over and lockdown the Eastson Neighborhood. Then we branch out in other niggas’ traps. Tell him, Fyph.”

“Yeah, you right Lil Ghadi. That’s easy. We can do that, but you two have to learn how to listen. See, taking shit over ain’t nothing, but making money and knowing when enough is enough, is what it’s really about.”

“You’re right Fyph. Lil Bru, you got to listen and stop trying to act like daddy because you are not him.”

“Bru, I am only what my father made me and that’s a

fucking gangster.”

“I hope you learn to listen because when you start to come up, niggas, start to hate. The Ghadi name alone will not give you a free pass. It will only bring on more goons trying to take your shit, so you have to know how to deal with them. One more thing, stop buying crack already cooked.”

“Why is that?”

“Because Kels, you can’t come up quick off of buying something already cooked. You need straight powder. I’m going to show you what your daddy showed me.”

“What’s that?”

“Make whatever you buy bounce back double.”

“How you going to do that, Fyph?”

“Straight water whip. Clean.”

Meme stood to her feet.”Dam’mit y’all! All I hear is taking over shit and cooking up dope. What about them niggas that robbed you and Lil Ghadi?”

“Check this out, she’s right boys - so here’s the plan.”

Chapter Three

The car pulled up on Live Oak street, the street that runs on the side of Carver Holmes Project. Fyph got out the car.

“I’m going to see if any of them niggas are around. It has been two days now. Plus it’s dark so they should be around here.”

Fyph walked off into the projects. He went to the lower section called the bottom. This is where all the house parties in the projects are people sitting on the hood of cars drinking and smoking. A woman name Burdamae stopped Fyph by grabbing his arm, and pulling him over to her.

“Hey Fyph Baby.”

“What’s up Burdamae?”

“You still looking good with your dark brown self.”

“Burdamae, I don’t have time to mess with you. I’m trying to handle some business.”

“You always handling business. You need to come up with another excuse with your bald head ass.”

“I’m serious Burdamae. I’m looking for Smurf. He told me to meet him down here so we can hit this lick tonight. But knowing him he probably done went without me.”

“I seen Smurf fifteen minutes ago in Big Mo house.”

“Alright, I will see you tonight.”

“Stop lying, Fyph. Don’t make me have to fuck you up!”

“For real.” Fyph walked off heading towards Big Mo’s house in the upper section of the projects.

“What’s taking that nigga so long man?”

“I don’t know, Lil Bru.”

“I’m going to see.”

“No, Lil Bru, just wait like Fyph said.”

Fyph came walking back to the car. “That nigga Smurf is in Big Mo’s house.”

“How you know?”

“Because I just left there. Tuff Kid said he would hold him there until I come back.”

“Let’s go then.”

“Hold on Kels. You boys know your position. Meme, you know yours right?”

“I got you old ‘G’.”

“Okay, me and Kels will walk in the projects first. Lil Ghadi, you and Meme come next.”

“I got you my nigga.”

“Kels knocked on the door and Big Mo came to the door. “What’s up Kels and Fyph?”

“What up Big Mo. You remember our conversation about Ghadi's boys getting robbed right?”

“Yeah, I remember. How much did Smurf take from you?”

“Fifty-five hundred.”

Lil Ghadi stepped around the corner. “He took fifteen hundred from me Big Mo.”

“Damn boy, your daddy had to spit you out. If that ain't Lil Ghadi Jr. I don't know what to tell you. Hold on, I got you.” Big Mo closed the door and walked over to the table where Tuff Kid was sitting.

“Damn Tuff, what that nigga Smurf do?”

“He robbed them boys.”

Smurf could hear them talking as he came up. “I didn't rob nobody Big Mo.”

“That's not what they tell me Smurf.”

“Tuff Kid, get that money together. Now Smurf, I'm going to bail you out of this one.”

“But Mo, I didn't take them boy's money.”

“Yes you did, Smurf. Moneyman said you did, and what makes it so bad is that I sent them to Moneyman. That's why the shit got me so mad. Then you're going to lie about it to Big Mo in my face.”

The three waited on the outside of the apartment. “What the fuck's taking him so long?”

“I don't know, Lil Bru, but I'm ready to kick this motherfucker in and start blazing on that nigga.”

“That's what I'm saying Bru. Let's do it.”

Tuff Kid hit the table. “Nigga, don't you know who their daddy

is?”

“I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Smurf, I will kick your teeth out. You just don’t know! Them boy’s daddy is Ghadi.”

“Ghadi! Not Ghadi from Eastson Neighborhood?”

“Yeah, nigga, that’s him.”

“I know Ghadi children, so like I said I didn’t rob them. Listen Big Mo.”

“I’ve listened long enough. You got that money ready Tuff Kid?”

“Yeah, you said seven thousand, right?”

“It wasn’t no seven thousand.”

“What wasn’t no seven thousand, Smurf? I thought you didn’t rob them boys.”

“See I told you, Big Mo. The nigga was lying.”

“On the count of three we going to kick this door in, and if Big Mo want some drama, then he can get it too. Alright boys, are you two ready because it’s on.”

Kels and Lil Ghadi shook their heads.

“On the count of 1—2—”

The door unlocked and Big Mo came out of the house and closed the door behind him.

“Look boys, here is seven thousand dollars that he took from you. What I’m going to do is put this nigga out on the steps, and I don’t care what you do to him as long as you don’t kill him on these steps.”

“That’s what the fuck I’m talking about Big Mo.”

“Look Fyph, Ghadi was your partner and Kels and the young one daddy.--”

“That young one’s name is Lil Ghadi. Okay Big Mo?”

“I hear you. I see you have heart like your daddy. I respect

that, and I respect him. So don't worry about nothing because I run this project. All I ask is don't kill him right here."

"You got that, Big Mo."

"Okay, Fyph." Big Mo went back inside the house and closed the door. "Smurf you lied to me."

"Come on, Big Mo. Come on man," begged Smurf.

"Don't do me like this. You know me, please don't."

"Look boys, this means a change of plans."

"What's up, Fyph?"

"We can't do nothing to this nigga tonight because too many people looking, and they will call the police. You got your money back, so let's lay on this nigga."

"But Big Mo said he runs this project and not to worry about these people."

"Kels, Big Mo don't run nothing, I haven't seen any one who can control a snitch because if someone wants to tell on you, all they will do is call silent witness on your ass and you won't know."

"He is right, Big Bru. For the first time he is right."

"Well, I got to slap the shit out of him."

"That's cool, Kels. Let him think that it is all over. He will be back out here chasing dope."

Big Mo opened the door and pushed Smurf outside on the steps.

"Just don't kill him on these steps." Big Mo closed the door behind him.

"Please boys, please," Smurf pled, "I didn't know who your father was."

"Nigga, it don't matter if you didn't know him. It's the principle that you had the nerve to rob me." Kels slapped Smurf with the back handle of the gun. He fell down to the ground. Lil Ghadi kicked him in the mouth. "Get up bitch ass nigga. Get up!"

Fyph pulled Kels and Lil Ghadi back. “That’s enough boys. He’s not going to rob nobody else.”

“Thank you, Fyph. Thank you man. You know I didn’t mean to rob Ghadi boys.”

“Don’t thank me. You better thank God because if he wasn’t present, I could see your brains splattered all across the pavement. Now get up and run before I let them go.”

Smurf took off running opposite from where Meme was waiting. They all walked back to the car and drove off. “Meme, take us back to the house.”

“Alright, Kels.”

They pulled up to the house. Kels, Lil Ghadi, and Fyph got out. Meme stuck her head out the passenger window. “I’m going on in. I will see you tomorrow.” She drove off.

“Fyph you can sleep over here tonight because we not going home tonight. Plus, I want you to show me how to make that shit bounce back in the morning.”

“That will work, Kels.”

Chapter Four

Meme pulled up in her driveway. Elizabeth Brown, Memes' mother, pulled up behind her and got out.

“Momma, you came home early tonight.”

“I’m tired.” They both went in the house and closed the door.

“Momma.”

“What Tameka?”

“Do you know somebody by the name of Ghadi?”

“Yes, I do. Why you ask?”

“I just asked.”

“It’s a reason you asked. Did you see him? Did he ask about me?”

“No.”

“Well, how do you know him?”

“I be hanging out with his two sons.”

“You don’t know Kelvin and Malik.”

“Yes, I do.”

“How you met them when they live on the Eastside of town?”

“No, they don’t. Their momma stays on Wilshire Drive.”

“I didn’t know Johnnetta stayed on the Southside?”

“Do you know Micheal Fyph?”

“Hell yeah I know that crazy fool.”

“Why you called him crazy?”

“He pistol whipped the shit out of your daddy for putting his hands on me when I was pregnant with you.”

“For real?”
“Yes Baby for real. If this the same Micheal Fyph I know.”
“Momma, is he dark brown, slender and keeps his head bald?”
“Yes, that’s him. You know he like to been your daddy,”
“You mean to tell me that you were messing with Fyph?”
“Child yes! He was a good man back in those days.”
“Well what happened then?”
“Look here Tameka Latrell McFar, your momma is tired.”
“Please Momma, tell me? Please.”
“Why you want to know? Okay, I see. Which one of them Johnson boys you like?”
“Neither one of them, Momma.” Meme started to smile.
“Baby, I know that smile a mile away. So now which one is it?”
“Okay, if I tell you, will you promise to tell me about you and Fyph?”
“Go on.”
“It’s Kelvin Momma. He is my age.”
“That’s not the dark skinned 17 year old, is it?”
“No, the dark skinned one is Malik. He is 16 years old, I’m talking about the 17 year old brown skinned, slim one.”
“Both of them slim like their father.”
“Yeah, but Kelvin is my height 5’08. Malik is shorter, probably about 5’07.”
“I didn’t see Kelvin at Southside High School graduation this year.”
“No, because he graduated from Eastson High School. So now tell me about Fyph?”
“Well, me and Fyph were in love before I met your daddy. Back then Ghadi, Kelvins' dad, had this rule, no messing around in a lustful way with partners, or mixing business with pleasure. So when he found out about me and Fyph, he called us in for a meeting and everybody that worked for Ghadi knew, when he called a meeting it was only two things.”

“And what was that?”

“Either it was good or bad. So when I seen Fyph sitting in the room when I arrived, I knew what he called us in for. Since Fyph was the one who told him before someone else did. He cut us some slack.”

“And what else?”

“He told me since I was one of his hard workers and was very loyal to him, he would help me start my own business and help me get everything I needed, but me and Fyph couldn’t see each other no more.”

“Why is that? I mean all because of a stupid rule.”

“Well baby, I see why he had rules like that now that I’m much older.”

“I can’t see why.”

“It’s like this Tameka, when you are business partners; you respect each other as business partners. But when you cross that line and start to interact with each other, you no longer see each other the same way. See emotions kick in and you don’t make decision on the business aspect, but instead on mixed feelings of love for that person.”

“What do you mean by mixed feeling Momma?”

“Say you and Kelvin were business partners. You two ran a strip club together. You know in running a strip club Kelvin has to interact with dancers in order to keep the club running smoothly. Suddenly, you and Kelvin get intimate with each other. So now when you see Kelvin all in the stripper’s faces, you become jealous, thinking he is sleeping with one of them. That is when mixed feelings cause controversy between two people.”

“Okay Momma, I get it now. He felt that you and Fyph could not make business decision together without feelings getting involved.”

“That’s right young lady, but that is just one way to look at it. He also felt that me and Fyph may get into a fight, break up, and I would snitch on the organization just to get back at Fyph.”

“I see his point now.”

“If it wasn’t for Fyph telling Ghadi about us on his own, we would probably be dead and you would have never been born. So now that you’ve pryed all in my business, your momma is tired and gon’ get me some sleep. Shoot, 5am gon’ be here before I blink.”

“Alright Momma. Goodnight.”

“Goodnight Baby.”

Chapter Five

A Pot of water was boiling on the stove with steam smoking off of it like a train engine. Kels and Lil Ghadi watched every move Fyph made.

“Kels, give me the nine piece.”

“Hold up Fyph. I know you not going to drop all our shit in their?”

“Hell yeah I am, Kels.”

“Hell no! Fuck that.. You think I’m going to lose like this.”

“Kels, trust me. I will bring back eighteen off this nine piece.”

“Shit Big Bru, I'd like to see this nigga do that.”

“Hell no, he better do one or two first, so I can see if it can be done.”

“Okay, I tell you what. Get that smaller pot out and I will do two at a time to show you I can make fifty-six jump to one-twelve or close to it.”

“Yeah right, Fyph. I want to see this.”

“It's all in the wrist Kels. It's all in the wrist.”

“You know what Big Bru, this is what daddy was doing when he used to run us out of the kitchen.”

“You right Lil Bru.”

“Them was the good old days when me and your daddy be cooking and you two would come in the kitchen and he would get your mother to take you two to your grandmother’s house. Right then and there he knew he had to put his boys in another house far, far away from his criminal life. And in doing all that, you two still ended up selling drugs.”

Lil Ghadi turned the CD player up, while Fyph was talking. And he started rapping to Young Jeezy. “I got hundreds on the table, twenties on the floor, fresh out of work on the way with some more. And I love it, yeah! And I love it, yeah!”

They heard a car door slam. Kels peeped out the living room window. Lil Ghadi yelled out from the kitchen asking Kels to see who was in front of the house.

“It’s Cousin Thek.” Kels opened the front door and walked out on the porch, unlocking the glass screen security barred door to let Thek inside.

“Damn Kels, I almost didn’t recognize this house with that glassed in screen porch and the new blue siding on the house.”

“Me and Lil Bru trying to keep the house up for grandma.”

Kels and Thek entered the house. Kels closed the door. “This motherfucka laid out. Who picked out that living room set for you? I know you and Lil Ghadi didn’t.”

“Meme, a good friend of ours. Shit Thek, Meme and her homegirls decorated the whole house.”

“Whoever she is, she got taste.” Kels and Thek walked down the hallway that led to the kitchen. “Damn you have this place smelling loud with that shit. Spray something in here, and who’s in the kitchen cooking for you?”

“Fyph.”

“Motherfucking Fyph, what’s up?”

“At my old tricks again.”

“Yeah I see you. If Ghadi knew that you were teaching his

sons how to cook dope, he would kill you.”

“Well I don’t know about that, because these boys are already deep in the game. I think Ghadi would appreciate me teaching his sons how to survive in these streets instead of being a victim to them.” Fyph laid four-four ounce cookies and one-two ounce cookie on the counter to dry. “Alright boys everything is done, and just like I said Kels, I’ll make nine jump to eighteen and it’s still clean. So just let it all dry for now.”

“After it dries we will see, Fyph. We will see.”

“Kels, that’s the whip master right there. Your dad taught him that shit. I tried to learn, but that shit had my wrist hurting.” They all left out the kitchen and went into the living room. “I talked to Johnnetta the other day, and she said you graduated from Eastson High.”

“Yeah Thek, I’m glad that’s over.”

“What about you, Lil Ghadi? When you graduate?”

“Next year is my last year.”

“I don’t see how Lil Bru, because you don’t never go to school.”

“Shit, I’m in school even if I’m not there.”

“How is that Little Cousin?”

“Long as my teacher’s on drugs, Cousin Thek, I’m going to graduate next year.”

“Lil Ghadi your teachers will change next year. What you going to do then?”

“Nigga, I’m in the slow learners, OPT Program. I have the same teachers every year. Long as they are smoking weed and sucking on that plastic dick like Fyph, I’m graduating next year.”

“Lil Nigga, I done told you about your mouth.”

“Lil Ghadi, you got to watch your mouth man. The only reason Fyph taking that shit from you is because of your father. That’s a true soldier right there. Just because he smoke dope don’t mean nothing. He’ll still put in work with that pistol and get mad respect on the streets. That nigga done killed plenty motherfuckas for your dad. Took over plenty dope traps. You’re really slipping on

him right now, and don't even know it."

"How is that Cousin Thek?"

"Look at him, Lil Ghadi. Does he look like he have a pistol on him?"

"Shit, I know he don't have no heat. I gave him one three days ago, but I got it back."

"Are you sure about that?"

"Yeah, 100% sure. He don't have no heat."

"Stand up, Fyph. Kels, go pat Fyph down."

"He don't have nothing, Thek."

"Are you sure, Kels?"

"Yeah."

Thek got up and walked over to Fyph.

"This is why I said you are slipping. You never lifted up his pants leg nor looked into his boots. See, a Dillinger twenty-two with six shots in his left boot. All it takes in life is one slip up, and you are dead."

"Damn, you right Thek."

"That's why I told you Lil Ghadi. He's only taking shit from you because he got love for your father. I see you both done made up your mind about selling drugs, but you need to know that these crackers are not playing about these drugs and guns that reached the hands of black people. They're given niggas 100 year sentences, locking them up for a twenty dollar piece of crack. It's hard to trust people in this game, because if they get popped, the government will offer them stand up niggas a get out of jail free card and you know what they going to do. Take the free card."

"Thek is right, Kels and Lil Ghadi. Your own friends will try to rob you, set you up, and even kill you because of jealousy. I remember this like it was yesterday. Your dad will tell all his family who was loyal soldiers, to let a motherfucka think he's getting over, because that's the nigga you have to play for what he's worth, and when he's worth nothing - you let him go."

"What you mean by let him go Fyph?"

"It's like this Lil Ghadi. Either you can stop fucking with

that nigga and cut all ties with him or you can take him off of this earth, if you feel he is a threat to you and what you trying to accomplish --”

“I don’t mean to cut you off Fyph, but I seen on the news where they arrested the young boy E-Saw that be sitting in here with you and Lil Ghadi. I don’t know what’s going on with that, but you two need to know one thing. If someone is down with you and they get locked up, you need to step up to the plate and make sure that the person is well taken care of.”

“Thek is right boys. Because you can think that he's a stand up dude, but if anytime that nigga think that you two forgot about him, he will roll over. So you have to buy him a lawyer, put money on his books and even look out for his momma, so you can keep up with what’s going on in his case. If he see this, he won’t roll over.”

“I will take care of the lawyer, you two go give his mother some money for him and tell her that you trying to get a lawyer for him. Fyph, show them how to handle their business without getting caught.”

“I’m on that now, Thek.”

“I need to take over Eastson Neighborhood. That’s all I need.”

“I told you before, Lil Ghadi, that’s easy. It's not going to be all that killing that you want. It's simple. We start from Mr. Gurbs on the Northside, to the Thirsty Dome on the Westside, and Grip smoke house on the Southside of Eastson Neighborhood.”

“What about over here on the Eastside of town?”

“You never want to sell drugs on your side of town where you lay your head. Let some of the people over here eat, too.”

“Okay then, how in the hell you going to take over shit without killing a nigga?”

“Easy, start selling all smokers the same thing you sell to a hustler. Only on a lower level.”

“Like what?”

“Say you selling flow and a hustler wants a fifty pack so he can flip to make a hundred dollars. The same thing you sell to him,

you give it to a smoker. You cut him all the way out. That will make him come to you. Either he buy from you or he get a job flipping burgers. So what you think that nigga going to do?"

"It can't just be that easy Fyph?"

"You going to have some hard heads that will want to raise up, but they are the hard heads we punish."

"Fyph don't forget now. You also have some jackboys out there. When they get the word that you two came up, they're coming. I know two cousins, Lil Bee and Blue who stay over in Port City. I know for sure they do street robberies and home invasions."

"I don't give a fuck about a soft ass nigga from Port City or any nigga from Eastson. If them fuck niggas rob me, Thek, they better kill me because I'm putting them in a place where they will never see daylight again!"

"I feel you, Lil Ghadi. Who y'all copping from?"

"One of Big Brus people."

"Kels, who is that?"

"Big Mo."

"You know when Big Mo sees you coming up; he's going to stop selling you shit. He's going to think that you want to spread your shit in Carver Holmes Projects."

"Thek, that's why I told them not to sell drugs on their side of town. I have an old time connection that I will set up for them, once they get their money right," interrupted Fyph.

"I know who you talking about, Fyph. I go down there in the bottom too. You forgot."

Fyph shook off everything that Thek was saying so he changed the subject. "I want you boys to know that this is a fucked up game, and you have to know when to get out."

"I'm out Fyph. Once I get this land and start my own business, I'm finish."

"Kels, in order to accomplish that or first start, you must take care of that nigga locked up."

"I'm going to get on that today,"

“Shit, I already started on that nigga three days ago. He not going to say nothing.”

“How is that, Lil Ghadi?”

“I got that nigga tongue in a jar.”

“I see Fyph took you to Everlenes' house. You know in order for it to work you have to do everything she told you.”

“I know Cousin Thek.” Lil Ghadi lit up a Black-n-Mild. He took two pulls.

“Hey, Fyph. How did you get the same tattoo my daddy has?”

“I broke a rule.”

“How you going to break a rule and your punishment be a tattoo. Nigga, get the fuck out of here. You tripping.”

“Straight up, Lil Ghadi. That’s all.”

“It's not like that Lil Ghadi. See, Fyph was messing with --” Thek paused and looked out the window to see who was blowing the horn outside. A beautiful brown skin woman got out of the car, closing the driver door behind her. She had long black hair, firm breast, a small waist and a nice round ass that stuck out of the body dress that she was wearing. Thek watched her approached the house. He called Kels to the window to ask who she was because he knew the woman resembled someone he knew.

“Kels, she looks just like Lisa Brown. Is that her daughter?”

“Yeah, that's Meme.”

“Her mother is the one Fyph was messing with.”

“Get the fuck out of here. Not Ms. Lisa?”

“I’m telling you Lil Ghadi. Fyph told your dad before he found out about it. So by Fyph being a loyal soldier and putting in work, your dad gave him a pass and that’s how he got that tattoo on his back. Ghadi loved loyalty more than anything else. Them two are the only ones with that tattoo on their backs. Now which one of you is fucking Lisa Brown daughter because she is fine as hell, with a fat ass too.”

“Shit, that bitch aint letting nothing stick that or come close

to that pussy. Plus she's family, and me and Big Bru carry them same rules our daddy carried.”

Kels got up to let Meme in the house. He was stunned by the way Meme looked. Kels whole inside felt like a Mack truck hit him. He had never seen Meme with a body dress on, showing her curved frame. He walked out onto the porch trying to get himself together before unlocking the glass door.

“What’s up, Meme.” Kels looked her up and down, thinking if only she wasn’t his best friend, he’d beat her back out. “Where you coming from this early in the morning?”

“Jenevas' Beauty Salon.” She said, entering the house. She saw Fyph sitting on the sofa and smiled. Lil Ghadi was sitting on the love seat with his feet on the coffee table smoking a Black-n-Mild. And another man she didn’t recognize standing by the living room window. “What’s up fellas?”

“What’s up?” They all responded back. Lil Ghadi looked Meme up and down.

“Where the hell you coming from and what nigga done fucked you down last night to make you put on a body dress?”

Meme smiled. “You always got jokes.”

Fyph moved over to allow Meme to sit down. “Have a seat Meme.”

“I’m alright, Fyph. I just came by to see if Kels and Lil Ghadi wanted to go to the club tonight?”

Lil Ghadi put the Black-n-Mild in the ashtray, and then looked up at Meme. “Which one?”

“Teen Zoo downtown on Congress St.. My girlfriends are throwing a party for Angel tonight.”

“Not Brown skin, thick Angel with the fat ass?” Lil Ghadi teased.

“I don’t know about all of that, but that’s her.”

“We damn sho’ down with that. Right Big Bru?”

“We will see.” Kels walked to the coffee table to pour a cup of Hennessy. He was still stunned by Meme's appearance.

“What time, Meme?” Kels asked.

“The party starts at 10 tonight. So be home by 9:30.” Meme started walking towards the door. She turned around. “Oh Kels, I forgot to tell you. I was getting my hair done at Jenevas' Beauty Salon, and the female that was getting her hair fixed on the side of me was telling Geneva how her boyfriend, Moneyman, got robbed on the Westside of Eastson by two niggas from Port City named Lil Bee and Blue last night at the house party on King Street.”

“What they licked that nigga for?”

“They got him for ten thousand dollars. She kept going on and on about what her man was going to do.”

Lil Ghadi jumped up. “That nigga aint going to do nothing! He's a bitch ass nigga, and I'm glad he got robbed, because it makes my job much easier. When I kill him, everybody will think Lil Bee and Blue did it.”

Meme's girlfriend started blowing the car horn.

“I forgot I left Tonya in the car. I will see y'all at 9:30 right Kels?”

“I will be there. But first I have to go see E-Saws' mother.”

Meme turned to walk out the door, but made sure she waved bye to everybody present.

“Bye fellas.”

Kels eyes were focused on Meme's ass as she walked out the door. He couldn't help but notice how it bounced underneath her body dress as she headed to her tinted gray Acura TL. *Damn*, he thought as she eased in the car and drove off.

Chapter Six

Lil Bee and Blue were riding in a tinted 4 door black Camry on the Southside streets of Port City, Georgia. The two cousins were jackboys who, as young boys robbed several drug dealers. Lil Bee's mother, Roxie lived with her twin sister Racheal, the mother of Blue. They lived in a two bedroom apartment in Canonville

Projects. The twins were having sex with drug dealers for money and drugs, right in the beds while their sons', Lil Bee and Blue slept close by. When Lil Bee was seven and Blue was six, they realized what was going on, so they started fighting men that tried to get in the bed with their mothers. The two boys were now all grown up, Lil Bee, nineteen and Blue, eighteen.

Lil Bee was the brains behind the jack moves and home invasions of drug dealers. Lil Bee and Blue pulled up in Tire City parking lot to watch the waffle house across the street where all the dope boys in Port City hung out after regular club hours. Lil Bee pulled out a dollar bill full of cocaine and a cut off straw. He dipped the straw into the cocaine and took a one-on-one in both nostrils before passing it to Blue. They both sat in the car tonight, looking for a sweet lick. Lil Bee started sniffing and wiping his nose with his hand.

“Blue, isn’t that Big Roy that lives off of Skidaway Road and Lamopus Street?”

“Yeah, that’s him Lil Bee. Damn, we’ve been trying to catch that nigga slipping for months.”

“Look like tonight's his lucky night. Follow that nigga when he comes out of the Waffle House.”

Lil Bee picked up the cellular phone and called Deck. Deck was one of his robbing partners. “Hey Deck, it’s on tonight. I got my eye on Big Roy, so go lay by his house in case he go home tonight.”

“I’m on that right now.”

Big Roy pulled out of the Waffle House parking lot. Lil Bee and Blue followed Big Roy five cars behind. “If that nigga turn on Skidaway Road Blue, he's going home.”

“He is turning. Bee, we finally got his ass.” Lil Bee dialed Deck cellular number. While Deck hid in Big Roy front yard behind two big bushes, he felt his phone vibrating in his front pocket. Blue parked the car on a side block, away from Big Roy house. Lil Bee and Blue got out the car and waited at the corner until Deck made his move. Big Roy pulled into his driveway. He

got out of the white Suburban, and headed up his sidewalk. He put the key in the door to unlock it. That's when Deck came from behind the bushes, ski masked down, pointing a forty-five caliber at Big Roys' chest.

"Give it up nigga. Don't make it a homicide."

Big Roy put his hands up in the air. "I don't have nothing man."

"Shut the fuck up!"

Lil Bee walked pass Big Roy. He unlocked the house door, they all went inside and closed the door. Lil Bee and Blue checked out all the rooms. Big Roy's baby's mother was awoken from her sleep once they put a 9mm pistol to her head. She was butt naked under the covers; initially awaiting Big Roy arrival home, but had fallen asleep.

"Please don't kill me. Please don't do nothing to my kids. Oh God, please, oh God don't--"

Lil Bee pulled her by the hair, as he looked at her naked body up and down. "Bitch shut up. Nobody's going to hurt you or your kids. But if you keep screaming, I'm going to put a bullet in your head."

They duct taped Big Roy and his baby's mother's mouths, hands and feet. They went in the children's room and duct taped them to their bed posts. Deck and Blue started searching the house for the money and drugs. Lil Bee went back into the living room where Big Roy and his baby's mother were.

"Alright Big Roy where is the money and the dope? I know you don't want your family to die behind this? Now I'm going to pull that tape off your mouth and you better have something to tell me." Lil Bee pulled the tape off Big Roy mouth. "Now where is it?"

"It's in my bedroom in a shoe box. It's up in the closet on top of the shelf."

Lil Bee yelled out to Blue. "Look in the closet for a shoe box on top of the shelf." He turned back around to face Big Roy. "I

hope you are right.”

Blue walked in the living room with the shoebox. “It’s only five grand in this box.”

Lil Bee walked up to the sofa where Big Roy and his baby's mother were sitting.

He hit Big Roy on the side of the head with the back handle of the 9mm. Blood gushed out onto the sofa and floor.

“Nigga, you think I’m playing a game. Where is it?”

“Man, that’s all I have. Please--”

“I’m going to show you I’m not playing.” Lil Bee knew that Big Roy was lying.

He watched Big Roy for months, because Big Roy’s name was buzzing in the streets. Lil Bee called Deck and Blue into the living room. “Look, this is what you do when motherfuckas try to buck the jack move.” Lil Bee walked over to Big Roy baby’s mother. He grabbed her head.

“Please leave her alone.” Big Roy cried out.

Lil Bee took the duct tape off her mouth and started rubbing on her light skinned breast all the way down to her fat, hairy, curled pussy. Then he unzipped his pants. Tears started flowing heavier than before as a stranger seduced her in front of her children's father. Knowing he was helpless and unable to defend her, he spoke up.

“Alright! Please, just leave her alone. The money is in the master bedroom in the counter under the sink. It’s behind a fake wall. It's forty thousand.”

Lil Bee stuck his hand in her pussy then put it in her mouth. “I done told you Big Roy. Where is the dope?”

“It’s five pounds and a half of brick in my son room. You’ll find it under the toys in his toy chest.”

Deck went in the master bedroom for the forty grand, and Blue went in the little boy's room for the drugs. Lil Bee stayed behind watching Big Roy's baby's mother.

“Why you put me through all of this Big Roy. I could have

been laying another motherfucka down, but no you had to waste my time. Now I'm going to show you nigga. The next time don't try to buck the jack." Lil Bee pulled Big Roy's baby's mother off the chair, making her get on her knees with the gun pointed to her neck.

"Suck this dick, Bitch. That nigga put you in this position. The next time he will give that shit up quicker. And you better not bite my shit, or I will blow your head off."

Big Roy started begging Lil Bee not to make his children mother suck his dick. Blue and Deck came back in the room with the money and drugs. Blue walked over to Lil Bee and Big Roy's baby's mother. "Bitch, get that practice in cause, I'm next."

Big Roy's baby's mother had Lil Bee's dick stroking it in and out of her mouth. With duct tape still tied around her wrist, she gripped his dick with her hands. Big Roy shouted out helpless for Lil Bee to stop, as he watched his children's mother suck Lil Bee's dick. It felt so good to Lil Bee, he forgot he was robbing Big Roy.

Deck ready to make moves, gave an order.

"Let's go," he shouted. "We have everything, plus we been in here too long."

Lil Bee snapped out of it, grabbed his dick out of her mouth. He zipped up his pants, and then he put the duct tape back around her mouth. Big Roy's baby's mother fell to the floor on her side crying very hard, as the men left the house.

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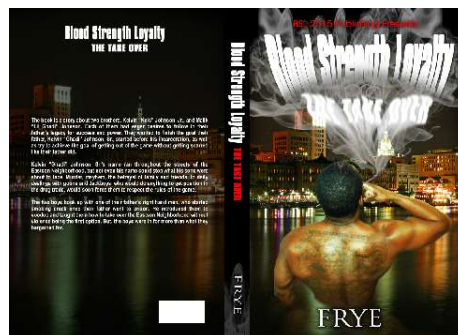
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