* AMERICAN MADE PG 1

THEE BEGINNING

(They say everybody has a story...yea, well here goes mines...)

*‎*1991-1999

South central, Los Angeles

{geah...wake yo punk ass up}...Thats MC EIHT blarin out the trunk of the big homie snake crip blue glass house he had hiked up on three wheels in the front yard of my cousin nate house i mean this muthafucca was clean,......all blue, triple gold, hunnid spoke 13inch dees on that bitch with the harlem godfather plaque posted in the in the bacc window for all the haters to see. Damn nigga you gone pass the weed bacc or what, thats red she stay down the street from me from as far bacc as i could remember. Me her and a couple of other friends were all chillin at my cousin nate house shootin the shit, red had this lil ugly ass stray cat wit her she was tryna get me to let fight my 3week old pittbull puppy....Bitch you crazy after the way that muthafucca scratched the homie arms up when he tried to pet it i be damn i let that thang get anywhere near my dog. Whatever nigga let me know you scared then she said as she hit the weed twice then passed it bacc to my cousin... shiid, hell yeah fucc you mean that muthafucca look like it been in 58 fights its entire life wit nothin but pitts and lost em all i said as the whole crew including red doubled over in laughter. Heeeeeeaaven!!! mama said get yo ass in da house i heard my big sister shay yell from the bacc house where we stayed directly behind my cousin...Fucc! yeah get yo ass in that house nigga before moms come out here and whup you and that dog ass you see them street lights on. fuc yall niggaz i replied ass a old ass grey bucket hit the blocc and started sprayin bullets at snake and the other older heads that were all posted around his whip smokin shirm (pcp). Those of us who didnt run and ducc for cover could only hit the ground and play dead till the gunfire ceased and the aftermath began. Damn i muttered as i got up and observed all the chaos taken place around me. Outta 13 shots could you believe my blacc ass was the only one to get hit that night...nothin major tho just a minor leg wound, but enuff for me to feel pressured into makin one of the first worst decisions of my life shortly there after.

PG2

I could still remember this shit like it was yesterday, it mustve been two, maybe 3 dayz later as i was rollin my stolen GT BMX bike down the blocc i was born and raised on i couldnt spot not one face outta atleast 15 niggaz that grew up on the same street as me anywhere, that is until i bent the corner and ran into damn near the whole crew standing around in the middle of the street smokin trees and drinking 40s. What up cuz what yall niggaz on i say as i attempt to greet my locs...What! niggaz replied all dry and shit, i could immediately tell that something was wrong wit these niggaz from the sour looks i was gettin from a couple of faces. Fucc wrong with yall niggaz i asked da homie we called lil achy outta nowhere the homegirl Ms Roccstar steps to me and sayz...you nigga! what the hell you want...damn i say wondering why everybody been actin all wierd towards me lately. Whats up wit that bluerag you got tied to yo handle bars achey asked me...um, nothing i replied. ( i noticed all the rest of them had been wearin alot of blue lately so naturally i just started doing the same ) WHY? whats wrong with my rag cuz i said thinking i had on the wrong color blue or something and why you allwayz sayin cuz nigga where you from achey asked. I noticed evrybody starting to walk towards us waiting on my reply, i dont know why but i started to get a little nervous, its crazy cause growin up in the hood all we use to do is fight like, it was nothing to walk into the house at the end of the day sporting a knot on the head, black eye or two and busted lip...but today was different like, all my day one niggaz been dressin different, talkin different, hangin out on the surroundin bloccs wit other dudez from other crewz, but within the same local nayborhood gang (HARLEMZ) and would start actin different towards me whenever wed run into eachother on the blocc like this particular day.

PG3

After little hesitation, i replied im from the same place yall from not really understanding why everybody was fuccin wit me actin like we aint grow up in these same streets. Whatever man, i say as i get off my bike and lean against a car parked on the street next to ms roc, after a few tense few minutes of nobody saying anythang someone suggest we go to the park located around the corner from where we were, everyone agrees and begins to walk away. that is...till i begin to picc up my bike and follow. Where you think you going nigga roccstar say-listen, the park is for the homiez only and if you aint from the hood you cant roll str8 like that. call me nieve but i still didnt get it in my young brain i was whatever they were becuz we grew up together. Yea nigga take yo lil DJ QUIK lookin as bacc around that corner and go play crips on that porch with them lil nigaz you be with. Come on yall infant rozay sayz, lets go cuz (rozay & roccstar were brother and sister) they lived about 5 houses down the blocc from me since we were small, we were really close like cousins we considered eachother family...wait! yo rozay, what they talkin about fam where yall from? as if on cue damn near everyone simultaneous begin throwing up gang signs and yellin out harlem crip, 30s fool why achey say. I dont know what the hell possessed me to say what i did next but before i knew it my mouth was saying those three magic words...I WANT IN! which were immediately followed by atleast 10 pair of feet and fist amazingly finding some spot to land all over my entire body-like i said we grew up fighting like this anyway so once i recovered and realized i was getting my ass beat...OH IT WAS ON i started biting, scratching, kiccing,swinging...pullin bitchs hair,yup there were atleast two homegurlz involved in this ass whippin as well. After what seemed liik forever the pain and blows stopped comin and the love and hugz started flowin, roccstar was the first to pull me into a tight embrace wit tears of pride in her eyez, she whispered in my ear...i love you cuzn, welcome to the family bro and just like that...i was in. But my night was far from over.

PG4

\*CHPT 2\*

\*PUTIN IN WORK\*

While everybody was beginning to celebrate poppin bottles and rollin blunts, i begin to get on my bike cloths dirty, hair wild and head home but that wasnt to be just yet...where you going i heard infant rozay say as tiny demon blue puts his arm around my necc and passess me the weed. Where you off to so fast loveone. Well, i was about to head home, naw rozay sayz i thought you were going to the park wit the rest of the homiez. Come on everybody gone be up there we wanna let everybody see you so they know who you is now plus you aint offical till the refferee blow the whistle. its game time and the other team bout to take another L. Now i aint know what the fucc these niggaz was talking bout but from the looks on they faces and the weird feelin i was getting in the pitt of my stomach like i had to take a shit i knew whatever these niggaz had in mind couldnt be good , but you remember that old sayin young dumb and full of cum, well that was 130% me, i never really gave a fucc about nothin, and was up for anythang, if the next nigga could do it then i had to do it better...aaight fucc it! lets go im wit whatever you niggaz wit just let me go home ditch this bike and ill meet yall niggaz bacc here on 39th in 30mins...4sho, we give eachother dab and i headed off. 3 minuts later i was walkin in the house. my sister was layin accross the floor sleeping, she was already a member of the rollin 40s but she kept her shit low becuz of my momz but momz wasnt stupid she aint miss nothin. as i walked towards the bathroom down the hall i noticed my momz sittin in the living room watchin T.V she didnt seem to notice me or so i thought couse no sooner had i cut the lights on in the bath room to inspect the damage to my face i nearly crap my pants when the first thang i see is her reflection in the mirror standing behind me shaking her head...Damn ma what the fu-- you scared the shit outta me i said, i aint even hear her get up and follow me down the hall. She didnt respond she just stared at my through the mirror for a minute longer then dissapeared bacc down thye hall and into the living room. Once done i cut the lights off then made my way down the hallway but stopped short in front of my momz and step pops room then after a quicc thought quietly snucc inside and headed for the closet where i knew they kept the 38 revolver tucced away in a shoebox, then put in my bacc pocet and made my way out the room and towards the front door as quicc as possible...HEY! my momz said scaring the fucc outta me...fucc! i muttered thinking i was busted, yea ma? look at me and dont lie, um-whats up ma. You got put on harlem today didnt you son i looked at the floor for a second then bacc at my momz...yea i repled, and without saying another word she didnt even try and stop me from going bacc outside like i expected, She jus turned bacc towards the T.V and like flash i was out the door and headed down the blocc and towards the homiez...my new extended family.

PG5

On our way to the park we stopped at the homie D wacc spot to picc up a couple of thangs the homiez had buried in his baccyard which turned out to be guns, well...something like that. I mean, one was so old and rusty you couldnt convince me that it wasnt the first pistol ever invented. How the hell they ended up with it well never know. Anyhow the second was something unexpected a thang of beauty...a big ass chrome 50. calibar desert eagle pistol which i immediately attempted to claim as minez as if i could handle shooting it or something. The crazyiest thang of all was between both guns we had only 5 bullets 2 in the DE and 3 in the john wayne. Since i didnt wanna run the risk of something happining to my pops gun i never even revealed i had it with me, that is till later that night when we just so happen to need it. Leaving D waccs we made an additional stop by king elementray school located next to the park we were headed to to see if the g ride infant rozay had parked over there was still there, it was...and just like the guns you could tell we were in for a long night. Leaving the car we finally made it to the park where there other homiez wandering about we found a spot on the bleachers near the baseball feild where we chilled and talked shit till most of the homiez drifted off leaving just me, ms roccstar, lil achey, demon blue, infant rozay,tiny crip tee,mad mell and lil ms jacc g...all original members of the infamous 8 boyz. Aaight look cuz, this whats up rozay sayz...me, achey and demon blue bout to take this big head nigga heaven ass over here across these traccs to go holler at da boy shady dee from 27st yall niggaz can post up at the park till we get bacc but if we aint bacc in about a hour then yall already know what time it is. He then looks at me...come on nigga you ready to go get yo cherry popped? i didnt say nothing i just got up and followed there lead as we headed bacc towards the school to go picc up the car...a old beat up ass dingy white family station wagon, a crusty ass gun wit little to no ammo and a rookie to do the honors...Fucc it! we were ready SOUTH CENTRAL style. We piled in and made our way out the hood and into enemy territory where we parked and kilt the engine down the street from this one damu cat who i guess had been givin the homiez problems lately.

PG6

Aaight listen cuz rozay sayz handing me the john wayne which i immediatly handed bacc to him...what the fucc is this shit i said, where the DE at? nigga shut up and listen bro you too little to be fuccin wit that big ass gun, here take this one...and ya'll gone end up gettin my ass kilt foe sho fuccin wit this ole beat-up as piece of shit i tried to reason, does it even work? listen! achey said we dont have time for this shit, yea it works plus we gone have yo bacc he sayz as he cocks the DE putting a round in the head. Besides these niggaz proably slippin and aint got nothing on em anyway. Listen all you gotta do is get out right here walk down there where they at and ask one of em if they got some weed for sale, if they ask you where you from say BPS then pull that muthafucca out and start blastin they ass...Wait! what? what the fucc is bps and why yall niggaz aint comin wit me? dont worry bout that, just say it, and naww nigga you gotta put yo own work in. We gone be right here watching yo bacc, we gone pull up and picc you up once you up and squeeze on these succaz dont worry...but i was worried, shiid my heart was beating so loud it sounded like background music. As i exited the car all i could thank about was what the fucc have i gottin myself into. As i started makin my way down the blocc i realized i was talking to myself and for the first time realized jus how dirty my cloths were and how crazy my ass mustve looked after getting whupped on earlier. Before i knew it i was standing damn near in front of these niggaz on the porch when i heard someone say...Damn nigga! what the fucc happened to yo as, man i was so nervous i forgot what i was suppose to say, so instead i jus went for the gun underneath my shirt which fell down the front of my pants leg and onto the ground, i reached down to picc it up then point it at them, i tried to pull the trigger but nothing happened.

PG7

I looked at them in panic and they were just staring at me like i was pointing a finger at them instead of a gun, finally, one of em starts to move for the bushes next to him as i turn to run off while simultaneously squeezing the trigger for a second time when...BOOM! it fuccin works i smirk to myself as i take off full sprint down the street droppin the gun again as i hear tiers schreechin behind me and two of the loudest gun shots i had ever heard followed by atleast 6 more shots from a smaller weapon. I was so scared i didnt even stop to see if the homiez were coming to get me till i was two bloccs away heading towards what looked to be some kind of park, as i crossed the street and begin to jump this gate into the park i didnt even realize till it was to late that there were a pacc of niggaz in all red sitting around a picnic table staring directly at me, then behind me in the direction from which i had jus come, the same direction from which im sure they jus heard the shots. After a few tense moments as everyones brain begins to register whats goin on i remember my pops gun i had in my bacc poccet as the group of dudes in all red begins to make there way toiwards me. I dont know what gave me the nerve to do what i did next but i pulled out pops gun, pointed that bitch, closed my eyez and started sqeezing off shots till i didnt hear anymore. By time i opened my eyez all i seen and heard was two niggaz down in front of me...one not moving and the other ones arms and legs twitching as his eyez stared str8 at space as blood bubbles were forming from a hole in his throat as he took his last breaths...I couldnt move or pull my eyez away from his face, in the distance i could hear sierns and someone screaming my name over and over again, then i felt someone grab me from behind and push me towards the gate. I snap out of it and climb over the fence and towards the open doors of the station wagon as the homie tiny demon blue pushes me inside where we all ducced low as the homie infant rozay hightails it outta there, bacc to the other side of the traccs...bacc to safty.

PG8

\*CHPT 3\*

\*OUT THE WAY\*

For the next few days i refused to leave the house. I had a hard time sleeping and couldnt stop running to the window in my room everytime i heard a noise coming from outside or jumpin evrytime the phone ring or somebody dropped something somewhere in the house. By the fourth day i was chillin in da room wit my lil bros playin street fighter on nintindo when my moms walks through the door...Damn ma, dont anybody knock anymore i say as she makes herself comfortable...shut up boy! when you start payin my rent make sho you gotta enough to pay for some loccs to be put on this door since you want some privacy so bad. Now turn that T.V down for a minute i wanna talk to you and ya lil brother...awww shit, here it go i thought, my ass is busted. Can it wait ma? i gotta take a shit i say as i begin clutchin my stomach in an attempt to get little...hold it boy this wont take long. Wuz up ma? ima be checcin yall outa school tommorrow heaven, you and yo brother gone be moving to vegas for a lil while to go stay with ya grandparents for a while. I work to damn hard to raise yall right i be damn i let these streets take my babies from me. Vegas ma! what you talkin bout, why we cant jus stay out here, its too hot out there plus all of my friends are out here. Listen, its only for a lil while yo grandparents wanna see you, yall will be bac in a couple of months now thats the end of it. Lisa and Riccy outside waitin to speak with you...what! you told um i was here ma. Yeah boy ya ass been in this house hidin from everyone for the last four dayz now nim tierd of lien foe yo ass, yo face looks better but yo ass stink, now go take a shower, get dressed and get the hell out my house before i put you to work up in here...aaight aaight ma. Oh, and heaven have you seen your daddys gun? Huh! naw ma why would i take pops gun. I didnt say you took it i asked you have you seen it. Naw ma i havent seen it. Okay baby-Damn, i whispered out loud after i made my way to the bathroom...vegas huh! the homiez aint gone like this...or so i thought.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* PG9

WELL, WELL, WELL....look who it is bacc from the dead i see, wuz up killa ms roccstar says as i make my way outside. Man dont call me that i say as we gave eachother dap and begin to walk towards the front house. Well thats what the fucc you are or havent you heard the latest she says slappin me across the chest with something she had rolled up in her hands-come on! lets slide down here to my house roccstar says where the rest of the homies is at as i begin to unroll the papers she had jus handed me...LA times i read, yeah nigga you made the newz, i found this in my granddads room this morning, you do know how to read right nigga? turn to page 4b shooting...( Two teens found slayin today at a local nayborhood park, naybors reported hearing mutiple gunshots. Officers arrived to find two young blacc males deceased upon arrival of the sence, no witnessess were reported to have seen exactly what took place. Police believe another shooting which occurred not far from the park where one other teen was struck in the shoulder but is expected to survive happened minutes apart from eachother and are suspected of being possibly connected as well as gang-related...if you have any information which could help aid police in putting an end to the increasing gang violence in these south central streets, please contact LT...blah, blah, blah) Fucc! i said as i looked up at everybody lookin at me wit smiles on they faces and blunts in they hands...what up foo, how it feel to be official nigah, where you been hidin at mad mell said passin me the blunt and snatchin the paper out my hand. Man bro recovering from all those knots you hataz put on my face the other day. Aye man, you know you gotta get you another name bros dont no killas go by no heaven. Man i told yall niggahz stop callin me that. Fucc all that niggah, where yo slicc ass get that tool you had the other night achey says, boy where ever you got that bitch from boy im glad you had it, cuz that billy the kid yo ass was packing almost got that ass chipped foe'sho. Yea, thanks to yall ass i almost shitted my pants when that muthafucca didn't fire, we all laugh. Listen cuz, moms just told a niggah some fucced up newz bro, she know a niggah got put on harlem today...wait hold up! you told yo moms you got put on the hood fool. Naw niggah! yall did, when she saw my face she already knew the bizness...she like fuccing ms cleo or somebody. Anyway she tryna send me and my little brother away to vegas for a little while to go stay wit my grandparents for a couple months.

PG10

Man, this shit is fucced up bro. Naw, naw this may actually be a good thang ms jacciegirl says as she points to the paper in mad mells hands, even tho you str8 it could be a good thang for you to get up out the hood for a while fam. Yea rozay says as everyone gets quiet for a minute lost in there own thoughts. shit i gotta go i say as i suddenly jump up realizing that i had left pops gun parked between my bed mattressill catch yall niggahz later i gotta get bacc to the house be4 momz decides to clean my room and find pops pistol. aye yo look achey says make sho you get rid of that gun bro, keep yo head up out there in vegas and yo mouth closed. You already know fool, i love yall niggahz. Hold up ms rockstar says ima walk with you. Come on, wuz up ms double R let me hit the blunt i say as we make our way to my spot. Listen, i just want you to know im proud of you cuz'n and i love you she says as she passess me the weed. We are a reflection of eachother out here and im not just talking about while within the hood make sure you represent and keep it solid at all times, especially when far away from home and in another niggaz threnches. I gotchu crip you know ima hold it down. We embrace and give eachother dap as we part wayz.

Vegas huh..... home of the lights i think to myself as we made our way off the freeway and down the strip in route to me grand-parents house. I remember chillin out here gramps a few summers ago when i was younger, it was cool, i had become tight wit a couple of cats that stayed around my grand-parents house, mainly my road dawg DJ who i hadnt seen in a minute. Maaan...this little muthafucca was a real piece of work, all 4 foot 5in of pure crazy. You wouldve swore this nigga grew up in watts somewhere, he had a ponytail to his ass and was mixed with blacc and mexican...but you couldnt tell him that tho brown skin and all he was 100% nigga as far as he was concerned. Soon as we pulled down gramps street i couldnt believe my eyes...DJ! hair all wild wit his shirt off squared up against two fat mexican kids that looked older then me and this nigga put together, car movin and all i aint even wait for moms to pull that bitch over i just hopped out that bitch tucked duck and rolled so fast by time i heard moms hollering my name boy i was already flying through the air with a round house drop kick to the bacc of the biggest ones head dropping fool instantly, then switching it up as i jumped in the air again coming down with a elbow to the bacc of this niggaz necc DT`n that ass for tryna get up, compliments of all that Bruce lee / macho man shit i use to watch growing up then use on my little brother and sister whenever they got crazy...shit, by time i got up they little two on one turned into a 4 on 2 all out war as my moms and lil brother had decided to join the beat down we were giving these fools, by the time somebody called the police it looked like some shit straight up out a jerry springer episode... the old version! As we beginned to get ghost and head down to gramps house we begin to hear moms cussing my ass out as she was jumping bac in the car headed to my grand-parents drive way. Man whats up super nigga i said to DJ as we smiled at each other slappin hands. Me? nigga you da super hero jumpin out the sky wit all that karate/wwe randy savage shit you were on tryna save the day, we all busted up laughing. When yall get out here he asked, right now...nigga we aint been in vegas a whole hour and already in some shit. I know man my brother lewis says...aye DJ where yo sister at bro he continues. Why nigga...yall niggaz been gone how long and you still in love wit that nigga DJ said, she at da house watchin my lil sister, listen could you grab my weed out the...but before he could even finesh bro`s was already in motion on his way to babygirls. Damn! nigga that pussy cant be that good DJ said smirking. You do know thats yo sister yo, so...i just shake my head, same ole DJ. Anywayz good looking on that save nigga but you do know i had that right. whatever i could tell from the way they were kiccing your ass you had that you were good i was just tierd of been in that car for 5 hours i couldnt wait to get out and show off my new moves. I could tell man that was a hellava tucc and roll you did coming outa that whip, thats the type off shit they teaching yall out there in hollywood nigga, funny i say as we slap hands again. We then head to his house which sits right next door to my grams we chill, smoke play video games and shoot the shit about whats been goin on with eachother since we last saw one another.

PG11

since DJ was alwayz a trusted goon i could rely on i begin filling him in on my most recent activities bacc home, not too many details just the basics, funny thang is...this lil information didnt seem to spook him in the least, he was actually happy to hear that i had finally grew some hair on my balls seeing that he had recently made the transition from kid to big dawg shit himself recently and was pretty much happy i showed up when i did, apparantly since ive been gone my boy been hanging tough wit some crips from north town called donna streets, he aint get put on our no shit like that but the continuation school he attended was full of piru niggaz who seemed to think that this wasnt the case and been on his bumber tough fuccing wit him daily as he roamed the school halls. They even attempted to jump him recently as he was eating lunch in the cafiteria with his girl. just so happens, two of the 6 piru niggaz that tried to jump on him was none other then flaco and his little brother chato p who we had just happen to put the smacc down on a while bacc hearing this alarm bells immediately begin to sound off in my head, if DJ was anythang like i remembered then my body count was about to rise. Damn i thought, this was gonna be a intresting few months. I didnt have to wait long either becuz not even two weeks after our arrival my brother comes busting through the front door screaming some shit about DJ, mexicans, 22`s and machetes as i was on the phone wit da homies bacc home, now DJ alone was enough for me to pay attention, but him mixed wit all that other shit was enough for me to get my 38, which by the way had no ammo but aye! they aint know. After second thought i was headed to the kitchin to grab a big ass butcher knife that i gave to my brother. lets go! i said as we headed out the baccdoor heading up the alley on our way to these piru niggaz spot located 3 houses down from us. I had bros fill me in best he could about what was going on basically these niggaz felt some type off way about the beat down we gave that ass the other day and thought they had caught the boy DJ slippin on his way to the busstop to picc up his little sister, what they aint expect was for DJ to be strapped with his signiture mathete dipped in red paint ready for whatever...seeing this his brother ran towards the house screaming some shit about a 22 which he was just coming out the house with as we were making our approach from the side of the house, the minute these niggaz saw us creepin up wit that pistol pointed at dat ass he took off running down the street leaving his brother to face the music alone as me and da crew begin to surround him like a pack of wid wolfseach with a different typ of weapon in his hands. Look hear i say as i step towards him pistol at his temple...you dont know me like i dont know you,we aint from around here but trust me when i tell you that you dont want these problems, we dont do games and were not on the west side and you not on yo blocc, we stay on the same street, whatever beef you got with my bros right here you could either squabble it up right now head up or let it go, cuz i promise you whatever family you got in that house right now will also get the bizzness. Its yo call bro, without a word he begins to take his shirt off as i step bacc puting up my gun as DJ drops the machete and takes off on this nigga so fast i couldnt tell if it was a three piece chihen and bisquit combo he threw at the boy or jus one punch, that shit was fast. Anyway vegas cool but i was becoming home sicc, thankfully it was a quicc few months.

PG12

CHAPTER 4

HOME COMING

Immediately after coming bacc to the land, i was met with the shock of a lifetme. I mean south central, watts, compton, looked like a straight up warzone and the hood was no different. Man it was so bad i aint even know we were in the hood until we were...in the hood! Man there were niggaz everywhere, stores on fire, muthafuccaz of all ages running up and down the streets wit armloads full of shit, all kinds of stolen merchendise and shopping carts filled with shit. Apparantly while i had been on vacation 400 miles away in lovely las vegas, a group of racist white LAPD officers done whipped da dog shit outta innocent blacc man named Rodney King, and the whole shit was caught on tape. Now california courts having a long history of fuccing over the blacc man, they felt that that day should be of no different and disrespectfully and with extreme prejudice, decided to find each one of them dirty pigs involved in this beating...not guilty! of all charges.

Now that didnt sit to well with niggaz around America, especially not south central... home of the Crips & Bloods, who decided that for the time being they`d park their beef, come together, and kicc off war war 3, which is what we did, and do some free shopping in the process, all compliments of the LAPD. Of`course, that was only temperaly, cause if it was one thang a Crip and Blood hated more then the white man...it was eachother! so soon as order was restored and the last of the horses and tanks retreated, it was bizness as usual once the curfew was lifted and gunfire begin to break out.

PG13

My mother no longer stayed on the blocc we grew up on but had found a nice secure place around the corner, while she was having some maintence work done to it. so we were temperaly posted at my grandmothers annie mae spot on my step pops side on 103 and Clovis in front street watts crip nayborhood which was cool wit me seeing that our hoods got along pretty good. Plus 3 of my play brothers were al from bounty hunter watts bloods and stayed right there on the ace line next to the nickersons with my big sis shay from dark side 40`s and my lil baby nephew deon. Them niggaz were all some bodies so nobody ever really fucced with me. except maybe once before,but thats another story. SInce there was this local high school close to gramms house called locke that was mainly crips momz checced me in there and i was cool with it, there were a couple of homiez that went there from the hood so it was perfect, especially being that Ms roccstar was one of um. By this time i was still goin by the name heaven but that would soon change after checcin into locke, where i became known as baby crafty low down. My first day was regular, bitchs starin of course, mesmerized by da young fly handsome crip, which also attracted the mean-muggs and evil stares of the numerous niggaz from different sets that were going there and didnt know me, but that was cool wit me, because...by this time i was a straight up idiot and had become cool with my trusty 380. which i kept on me at all timez i also had a bad case of the itchy trigger finger, i stayed ready for a nigga to act dumb so i could show his ass just how stupid he really was. It didnt take long for me to hear my favorite 4 words...where you from homeboy! this lil blacc ass big head nigga wit braids and blue everythang on walking wit two sexy fine lightskin bitchs asks me as im walking through the hallwayz headed to first period. 1st off niggaz we aint homiez, im born and raised in the dirt and i dont ever recall seeing yo face in the thirtys and with that, i left that fool standing there as i walked in class...i wasnt there to make enemies but i wasnt there to make friends either, unless you had some ass, tits, pretty feet & theeth, i wasnt fuccin with you, long ass you didnt fucc wit me. You just checced in here huh a voice sitting behind me says seconds later after i sat down once finding me a spot in the bacc of the class, looking up i was caught off guard as i realized the voice belonged to one of the lil light skin chiccs who had been eyeballin me when she walking wit the lil big head nigga. Everythang about this chicc was like damn! my type aint even the word, more like my crptanite. From her lightskin nice ass big green eyes, to her silky curly mixed-breed hair that was died red with blond high lights through-out it...i was done from go. From the sly smile she was giving me, she knew it to. Little did i know we were thinking the exact things at the exact moment...TROUBLE! Whats wrong? cat got your tounge she says snapping me outta my daze. um-ah i stuttered obviously busted, the fact that she had some type of affect on me was tripping me out. Whats your name she said smirking, damn why you gotta say it like that! Anywayz, you shy or something? who...me? yea, i-mean naw, damn man see you got me all...what! i make you nervous she teases sounding all sexy ass fucc. After finally getting control of my thoughts i immediatly recovered wit not some witty line i was good for but the first thoughts that came to my mind when looking at her...the wicked truth. Yo thats my fault, im not one to bite my words or become easily imtimadated by a pretty face but honestly thats exactly the effects them big beautiful eyez of yours are having on me, making me stumble all over my words. Is that so...yea you know i gotta reputation to pertect, and you kinda making me look bad right now you feel me and i dont even know yo name. uh uh, i asked you first she said my fault i said extending my hand, my names Heaven ma and yours is...ReRe she replys taking my hand. You know you got a homegirl that goes here named roccstar. Is that right. Yea we have next period together. Ok tell her i said link up wit heaven at lunch later. O...ok she replys dissaspointment apparent...wow whats up with that i said noticing a lil jealousy coming from her nothing i was just hoping you were gonna ask me that question. damn my bad, i aint even realize that was a possibility seeing that yo man might like that idea to much. Well im sure if he existed then you might be right but...wait, hold up i cut her off...now i know you not bout to sit here and try to pay me right now. I know i aint been away from home that long that every nigga in LA done turnt gay all of a sudden, we both laugh. You said it best i guess i can be alittle imtimidated but dont really talk to me like that. Yea...well its probaly becouse they like the air in they lungs and dont need no d bo look-a-like tryna knocc they punk ass out

PG 14

Are you intimidated? By who, i ask, o? Boy, Me! oh, im ``terrified~~. What?... Why? us ma., You like Crip>ta,<nite, ah nigah cant help but get weak around you... oh, So you scared of me right... ~` wrong ma ` i am scared of nothin but heights and thatb ugly ass chuckie doll. Whatever, so What about you? im Sure you got all kinds of little girlfriends... iF if you say so, her

behind you while you bullshitin, i reply laughing. well, What about you, she say`s... What about me? Are you intimidated? By who, i ask, `` You, or Debo? `` Boy... Me! oh, `` Im terrified.`` What?... Why? Cause you dangerous ma, you like Crip ta nite, ah nigha cant help but get weak around you...oh, So you scared of me right... `` Wrong ma `` i aint scared of nothin but heights and that ugly ass chuckie doll. Whatever, So what about you? im sure you got all kinds of little girlfriends... if you say so, When you see one of em make sho you let em know that ass is fired shit, im off the market thanks to you. ``me``, Boy you is not ready... `` you either i see ``... Whatever. everybody Quiet please the teacher said, We have a new student BLaH, BLAH, BLAh... i wasnt even listing, i was to busy replaying my Conversation with babe, ima picky nigah and not to many women could have me open like this one. Lunch came and already i was ready to hit the fence and get my ditch on... one of da big homiez had blessed me wit some wheels to get around in and enough dope to keep me from knockin over a liquor store or kickin in a nigahz dope spot oncdeparte i got Back to Cali So i was pretty Gucci in da safety department, You had to have balls, $, a big pistol & a whip to get around in if you wanted to survive in killa Cali and, i had all four. On my way out the school i remembered i was suppose to be linkin up wit ms.rick, So i quickly doubled back in search of the cafiteria noticed a large group of Latino kids surrounding this one black Dude sporting a houston astros Cap, cahki suit & black chucks, i also noticed a seprate group of black kids posted not far away watchin everythang unfold... Now i usually mind my own bizness but i dont know the sight of a bunch of mexicans lookin like they were about to get in this dude ass was kinda fuccin wit me, So puttin my search on pause i slowly made my way toward the crowd catching bits and pieces of thier confertation i guess tha nigga didnt know what school he decided to check into cuz hew obiviously was from hoover and unbeknowst to him he was just surrounded by one of his neighborhoods worse enemies....south los 13 and they didnt fuck around when it came to hoovaz. Now this wasnt my fight and my neighborhood wasnt eaxctly a big fan of the Hoovaz either so i began to get ghost and leave them to their bussiness that is till what i heard next caused me to spin bacc around and dive right on in. fucc this myate homes this big mouth mexican yells as a few others began to cheer him on and chant their own racial remarks as i squeeze my way between the crowd roughly pushing niggaz out the way. as i made my way front and center right next to the suicidal as nigga from Hoova. Yo who the fucc are you homes!! a little tiny as mexican with 3 dots tatted under his left eye steps in front of me and ask as he pulls a knife out of his pocket and holds it down by his side. Yo worst fuccin nightmare as i pull out the 380 and cock it and begin to lift it and put a hole in this little miggets chest as a familair face quickly steps out of the crowd grabbing my arm and standing directly between me and the crowd of mexicans. who had all tooken a caucious step bacc. once they saw the pistol come out...Aye yo chico. los ciento bro Ms. Ricc said to the Mexican this is my little retarted cousin Heaven, he is new here he dosent know any better dont worry about him he`s harmless she says as she pulls me away yelling at me in a loud whisper like you would a child...yo what the hell is wrong with you she says are you fuccin crazy, put that shit up. What are you tryna start a war with the fuccin mexicans or something...but that fool called me a myate. He called that nigga a myate, thats hoova bussiness...that has nothing to do with us stupid...fuck! I cant believe you what the