

No Way Out

By John "Ruga" Murchison

DEATH-PRISON OR GOING
BROKE

BODYMORE, MURDALAND

Friday, January 11th

It all began about 3:00 a.m. on a cold and rainy night in East Baltimore. Sixteen-year-old Leon Ruga laid on the couch of his aunt's house halfway asleep. "Boom, Boom, Boom", the three loud knocks coming from the front door only four feet from where Leon was laying startled him. He jumped to his feet wide-awake now. A quick survey of the dark room revealed another figure asleep on an opposite couch and three empty 'Evans Williams' bottles strewn across the oak coffee table in front of him. "Boom, Boom, Boom" the loud knocks came again as the semi-intoxicated Leon staggered through the darkness to the front door. Knowing that the outside screen door was locked; Leon opened the inner door and peered out onto Chapel Street. "*Yo, who's dat*", said Leon wearily. "*Yo son it's me, Gizza.*" Recognizing the voice of the late night visitor, Leon unlocked the screen door. As Gizza entered the house, Leon could see that he was only wearing dirty wet socks, wet dark blue jeans, and a dripping wet white T-shirt. Due to the cold and wet temperatures outside Leon immediately knew something was wrong. (Gizza was a native of the Queens area of New York City and came to Baltimore four years ago to elude the NYPD. In his mid to late twenties, Gizza was only one of a dozen New York boys that sold narcotics on Regester Street.) "*Son, I just got stuck-up.*" Gizza said before Leon could ask any questions. "*Damn, Yo, let's go in the kitchen and tell me what happened.*"

The kitchen was fairly empty except for the usual kitchen appliances and a rectangular wooden table just opposite the stove. Leon cut on the lights and noticed a couple of roaches scatter. Undisturbed by the fleeing pest, Leon and Gizza sat down at the table. Taking off his wet clothes, Gizza explained what happened. "*Yo, I was up the hill closing up the late night shop, cause shit was slow. I went up in the spot and it was two niggas in their wit big heat son.*"

Them niggas took everything, even my keys to the house. They told me they know where I rest my head, and they said they going to be there waiting.” “Why you wasn’t strapped?” Leon said. “The burner was in the spot and I couldn’t get to it. But Yo, I think that bitch Pinky set me up.” “Yeah, I can believe that” (Pinky was the dopefiend Mother of the well respected and feared Chapel Street ‘Dink’). Due to her sons known reputation as a gunslinger, Pinky be going around taxing those street hustlers who are willing to pay our of fear of her son, Dink. So, when Gizza told Leon of Pinky’s possible involvement, it came as no surprise.) “That bitch going to die Yo, she think her and her son don’t bleed” Leon said. “Word, word”, Gizza added.

Darnell woke up out of his ghettoish nightmare to the faint sounds of a conversation. Reaching over to his sweatpants thrown on the floor, Darnell grabbed his pager to check the time. 3:41 a.m. Darnell then got up. Threw on his sweatpants and headed downstairs. Once downstairs, he noticed Gizza and Leon sitting in the kitchen and Doughboy still sleep in the livingroom. “What’s up son”, Gizza said noticing Darnell standing at the bottom of the steps. “What’s up Yo, where your clothes at?” Darnell said seeing Gizza sitting there with only a pair of hooping shorts on. “Pinky got em set up”, Leon blurted out. “Man, I told you don’t let that snake bitch know where you hustle at.” Darnell said as he took a seat at the table. “Yeah, I know. That’s my fault kid.” “Do you know who the niggaz was?” Darnell asked. “Nah, but they took my keys and told me they was going to be at the crib when I came home. And, word is born kid, I’m kinda shook.” “So what you trying to do about that”. “Yo, I was just telling him we would go up there with him and scope shit out, make sure them niggaz ain’t in there” Leon interrupted. “You got some heat in the house?” Darnell asked Gizza. “Yeah”, Gizza said. “Alright then, come on, we going up there!”

The rain had subsided for most part but the temperature was still cold as Gizza, Leon, and Darnell walked up Federal Street towards the house. Gizza, now wearing a pair of Timberland boots, sweat pants and a down coat, courtesy of Darnell, lead the way. As they crossed Patterson Park, Leon began to wonder how far ahead was their destination. “Damn Yo, where the fuck you live at?” “You can say we there now son, the house on the next block”, Gizza answered.

As they turned on Montford Avenue, Gizza pointed out the house and they noticed that no lights were on. “Yo, the lights off, but still lets go around the back”, Darnell suggested.

The alley facing the eastside of Montford Avenue was poorly lit. As they opened the gate to the house, several rats ran across their path. The house was a two-story, red brick row house that seed to be totally empty. Leon and Gizza stood at the back door as Darnell look through the kitchen window. “It don’t look like nobody in there Yo, but this is just to be on the safe side”, Darnell said while slapping a round into the chamber of the nickel-plated .380 caliber pistol that he brought along. Feeling safer due to the presence of the gun, Gizza walked up to the window and smashed it with his elbow. The shatter of the glass made a loud noise that echoed through the empty house. “Yo, I’m ah go in first them unlock the back door.” Darnell said. Careful not to cut hissself on glass filled windowpane, Darnell climbed through, gun in hand. About 20 seconds after Darnell disappeared through the window, the back door swung open. “Come on”, Darnell whispered.

Except for the hum of the refrigerator, the kitchen was dark and quiet. “Gizza where them guns at?” Leon asked. “I got a tre pound upstairs in the front bedroom.” With Darnell in front with the .380, they made their way through the dark house until they reached the front bedroom Gizza immediately ran for the mattress. “This is my baby right here kid” Gizza said

while holding up the black, long barreled .357 python. “Got damn, thatsa big muthafucker,” Leon said. “I feel sorry for the nigga who get hit with that”. “I feel you kid, now lets check the rest of the house just to make sure them catz ain’t up in here hiding.” Gizza said. “I’m chill, y’all don’t need me” Leon said sitting on the bed. “Aiiht Bet” Gizza said then him and Darnell left out. With Leon chilling in the front bedroom, Gizza and Darnell checked the rest of the house with their fingers on the triggers. Only after making sure the house was completely empty did the search party return to the bedroom where Leon was. “I ain’t hear no shots so I guess ya’ll didn’t find nobody hiding” Leon said. “I don’t even think them niggaz knew where you lived at for real,” Darnell said. “Word, word” Gizza said sitting on the bed. “Yo kid, I got mad love for ya’ll, coming up here with me dog.” “Man, don’t worry about that shit, we look at you like part of the crew anyway” said Leon. Gizza looked at Darnell. “Hell yeah Yo”, Darnell agreed. “Yo son, I got some of that Jamaican shit and some blunts, ya’ll trying to smoke?” Gizza said walking over to the dresser and pulling out a ziploc bag full of marijuana. “Yeah, yeah, yeah, spark’em up”.

Leon, Gizza, and Darnell sat around the room smoking weed and tripping for the next couple of hours. Outside, the darkness of night was long gone and the glow of the morning sunshine brightened up the streets of East Baltimore, “Yo, its day time already,” Leon said looking out the window, and I’m hungry as shit.” Hell yeah Yo, you ready to bounce.” Darnell said. “Yeah”. “Son, ya’ll about to leave?” Gizza said giving Darnell and Leon two quick pounds, “then I’m get at ya’ll later Bee”. “Aiiht” Darnell said as him and his cousin went downstairs and out the front door. Their bloodshot red eyes squinted to the brightness of the sun. After their eyes adjusted to the daylight, they noticed several dopefiends running in the nearby

alley to get they early morning blast. “Come on Yo, let’s get off this block. Shit hot and you strapped”. Leon said. “Hell yeah, let’s go”. Darnell agreed.

Doughboy awoke suddenly to a bad headache. “Damn my head hurt,” he mumbled to himself. He looked around the living room and noticed that Leon was gone. “He must be upstairs with Darnell playing the game,” Doughboy thought. After a cold cup of water to ease his headache, Doughboy went upstairs. He opened Darnell’s door but to his surprise, the bedroom was empty. He then heard a knock on the front door. He quickly ran downstairs and opened the door. There standing on the steps was his homeboy ‘Setty’. (The car thief of the crew, Setty had just did a 6-month bid out Hickey for grand theft auto and had only been home for 3 weeks.) “What’s up Doughboy,” Setty said as he entered the living room, “where Darnell at?” “Man, I don’t know, him and Leon was here last night but when I woke up this morning they was gone,” Doughboy said. “So Leon stayed down here last night huh?” “Yeah” Doughboy answered. “They probably went on a caper,” said Setty. “Hell no, the would have woke me up” Doughboy said just as the front door came open and a skinny lady walked in. “Hi you doing Miss Sherri” said Setty. (Sherri Smith was Darnell’s mother. This was her house and eventhough she sniffed coke, she kept it up pretty nice.) “Hi Setty, where have you been, I ain’t seen you in a while,” said Sherri. “I was locked up for a while, but I came down here yesterday.” “It was so many of ya’ll in here yesterday, I didn’t even notice you” Sherri said. “Miss Sherri do you know where Darnell and Leon went?” Doughboy interrupted. “I don’t know, they probably out there doing something they ain’t got no business doing” she said. “Nah Miss Sherri we don’t be doing nothing illegal” Doughboy said with an innocent look on his face. “Umm hmm” Sherri mumbled as she walked up the steps to her bedroom clutching tow vials of coke.

As soon as Sherri was out of sight upstairs, Doughboy and Setty heard the back door come open. "There they go" Doughboy said hearing Leon's voice. Doughboy and Setty walked in the kitchen to greet their 'home boys'. "Where ya'll was at" Setty said sitting at the kitchen table. Leon and Darnell quickly told Doughboy and Setty of the incidents from the moment Gizza knocked on the door until they left his house up on Montford. "So he think Pinky set him up huh?" Doughboy asked. "Yeah, and she probably did, but fuck that shit right now, I'm bout to go around Len's, do anybody want me to get them something?" said Leon. After receiving money and orders from his three comrades, Leon left out the back door en route to 'Lens breakfast spot'. Doughboy and Darnell sat at the table with Setty. "Oh yeah, it's a party up Rutland rec tonight, ya'll trying to go?" Setty asked. "I'm with that," said Doughboy. "Yeah, I'm going" Darnell said, "It's going to be mad bitches in there, but how much do it cost?" "Eight dollars" Setty answered, "but it's going to be a real DJ, not no tape deck party." "How you find out about this," said Doughboy. "Its mad little flyers on the fence up on Federal." Setty answered. "Tay and them going?" asked Doughboy. "I don't know, I didn't see them niggaz up the way, that's why I came down here." "Mad niggaz going to be strapped in there. Something probably kick off." Darnell said. "Hell yeah" Setty agreed, "and we only got that one heat. Darnell do you think Gizza will let you hold that .357?" "I don't think so, man he looked kinda shook when we left." I know them niggaz got some more guns Yo; they ain't come all the way to Baltimore with one goddamn .357" Setty said. "Hell yeah, they got some more guns up there, he just didn't show ya'll." Doughboy agreed. "Yeah, ya'll probably right, but we don't even know if they going to be checking niggaz at the party." Darnell said. "Yeah, but we can get around that," Setty said.

A couple more minutes of contemplating, the upcoming party and where to get more guns went by before Leon walked in with the food. Everybody grabbed their particular order then ate in silence for a couple minutes before Doughboy spoke “Leon it’s a party up Rutland tonight, you going?” “Yeah, ya’ll going?” “Umm hum” everybody mumbled through a mouth full of food. After swallowing a spoonful of home fries, Darnell said, “Leon, you think Gizza will let us hold that trepound?” “Hell no, that nigga cherish that gun, but he probably got something else he could let us hold.” “That’s what we was just telling him,” Setty blurted out. “Alright then, I’m a go back up there later on” Darnell said. “I’m bout to go up my house and take a shower and shit,” Leon said as he threw away his trash. “Yeah, I’m bouncing too,” Doughboy said. “Setty you going up the way?” Leon asked. “Yeah hold up,” Setty said getting up from the table and putting his coat on. “I’m ah be up there later on,” Darnell said. “Aiiht Yo” Setty said following Leon and Doughboy through the living room and out the front door.

The temperature outside was a little warmer as Leon, Doughboy, and Setty walked up Federal Street. When they passed Broadway, they noticed their homeboy ‘Greasy’ standing on the corner of Bethel and Federal. “What’s going on fellas?” Where ya’ll coming from?” Greasy asked as his comrades approached. “Down Chapel” Doughboy replied. “What’s up with you?” “Ain’t too much, just trying to finish off these last two bundles,” Greasy said. “You going to the party tonight Greasy?” Setty asked. “Yeah, yeah, but who else going?” So far, it’s just Darnell and us. I don’t know where the rest of them niggaz at” Setty said. Just then, three dopefiends walked up and Greasy dipped in the alley to serve them. “Setty walk me up to North Avenue so I can get a hack,” Doughboy said. “Alright” Setty said. “Leon tell Greasy I be back in a minute,” “Aiiht” Leon said giving Doughboy a pound. Then Doughboy and Setty walked up Bethel Street. Greasy finished his transaction then came back to the corner where Leon was still

standing. “Setty said he be back, he walked Doughboy to get a hack,” Leon said. “Alright” Greasy said while counting the money he just made. “Yo, I’m a go around my house, I be back later on” Leon said. “Aiiht son, son” said Greasy. As Leon walked down Bethel Street towards his house he could hear Greasy up at the corner yelling, “Sherly ya’ll, sherly, gray top nickels on the sherly.”

Twenty minutes went by before Doughboy found a hack and Setty made his way back down Bethel Street. As he approached the corner on Federal, he saw his homeboys Wayne and Mookie. (Wayne was a newcomer to the crew and also a heavy drinker. But Mookie been around the neighborhood all his life.) “There go Setty” Wayne said to Mookie noticing Setty coming across the street. “What up ya’ll” Setty said. “Chillin, Chillin” Mookie answered. “Where Greasy go at” asked Setty. “He in the hole” “I know ya’ll heard about the party tonight,” Setty said as he sat down on some steps. “Yeah, I’m going,” said Wayne. “I ain’t going, I got a pussy shot tonight,” Mookie said happily. “Oh yeah” Setty exclaimed. “Yeah. This lil shorty I been talking to on the phone want me to come over and stay the night cause her peeps ain’t going to be home.” “Where she live at?” asked Wayne. “Down Lafayette and Castle” Mookie answered. “I probably know shorty, what’s her name.” Setty asked Mookie. “Yo, why ya’ll asking questions about my girl” Mookie said smiling. Just then Greasy came out the alley. “Yo, I’m finished, ya’ll want to go get some smoke?” Greasy said. For the next couple of hours Greasy, Mookie, Wayne and Setty filled they lungs and body with weed and drinks, all the while not knowing what the future will bring.

“Leon your little girlfriend called” Denise yelled from downstairs as Leon got out the shower. “She said call her back.” (Denise Glover was a middle aged, hard working woman and also Leon’s mother) “Alright mom” Leon called out from the bathroom. He quickly dried himself off and then with the towel still wrapped around his lower body, walked to his room. Once in his room, Leon put on some black jeans and a T-shirt, then picked up the phone and dialed a number. It rung three times before an elderly woman answered. “Hello”, “Hello, can I speak to Tierra?” Leon said. “Hold on Sweetie” (Leon had only been messing with Tierra for about three weeks. She lived on Bond and Lafayette with her grandmother) “Hello” Tierra said as she picked up the phone. “Yeah, what’s up” said Leon. “Where was you last night?” Tierra asked. “I stayed down Darnell’s house” Leon replied. “I’m going to ask him.” “Girl, what you don’t trust me?” “Yeah but you supposed to had called me last night, remember?” “You know Darnell don’t got no phone.” “So what! You could have went to the phone booth.” She said. “Alright, that’s my bad for not calling. Is you mad at me?” “Boy, you know I can’t stay mad at you.” “Now that we got that cleared up, what’s going on with you?” Leon asked. “Nothing, just missing my baby” “Who’s your baby?” Leon asked already knowing the answer. “You Boy”. “Yeah, I missed you last night too.” “I wanted to ask you if you would be mad if I go to the party tonight” Tierra said to her boyfriend. “No I wouldn’t be mad” Leon answered. “You probably just saying that because you want to go too” she said. “Hell yeah I’m going” “No Leon you can’t!” “Why not?” “Cause I wouldn’t fee right dancing in a party with my boyfriend walking around.” “I won’t get jealous or nothing. We can act like we don’t even know each other just for the night” Leon said. “Alright then, just for tonight” Tierra said. “I love you,” said Leon. Than a long pause. “Hello, you still there?” he added. “Yeah” Tierra’s voice was low. “What’s wrong” “I don’t really know what to say because I...I love you too” she said. “You

do?” “Yeah” “Why you never told me,” Leon asked. “Cause I didn’t want to tell you how I felt inside and then get hurt if you don’t feel the same way.” Tierra said. “I will never hurt you Tierra!” “I know that now” “Now since we know we both love each other, then, uh, can I...” Leon said. “I already know what you about to say and the answer is yes,” Tierra answered. “When!” “Tomorrow night” she said. “Alright, I’ll be there,” Leon said happily. “I got to get ready to go get my hair done Leon, so I’mma call you when I get back.” “Alright then” “I love you baby,” Tierra said. “I love you too” Leon said, then hung up the phone. A deep tingling feeling went through Leon as he anticipated tomorrow nights date. He danced around excitedly for a minute, then thought to hisself “Damn I really love her.”

It had been about seven hours since Leon, Setty, and Doughboy left his house. Now fresh out the shower, Darnell got dressed and made his way back up Gizza house to see about the gun. Somehow, the walk seemed shorter than it did some fourteen, fifteen hours ago. Even though it was now 7:30 in the evening, the dopefiends still ran up and down Montford Avenue as Darnell knocked on Gizza's front door. Darnell heard a window open above and looked up. Then he saw Trab stick his head out the second floor window. (Trab was 27 and dark-skinned with golds on top and bottom teeth. He was also from Queens, New York, and him and Gizza was partners.) "What's up son?" Trab said looking down at Darnell. "Is Gizza in there?" Darnell asked. "Nah shorty, why? What's up?" Darnell thought about asking Trab for the gun but since he didn't know him that well Darnell decided the odds were better if he asked Gizza. "I just had to talk to him about something" said Darnell. "Well son, check up on Regester" Trab said. "Aiiight" Darnell said then turned and walked back down Montford toward Federal.

At the same time about 1 mile away Leon was walking down Oliver Street. He had spent the majority of the afternoon taking a nap. It wasn't until 7:00 did Leon wake up and decide to go back outside. The party started at ten so that only left about three hours. As soon as Leon turned on Bethel Street, he saw Greasy, Wayne, Setty, and Mal sitting on some steps. "What's up ya'll?" Leon said. "Ain't too much" Mal answered. "Darnell ain't been up here yet?" said Leon. "Nah" Setty said passing Leon an already lit blunt. "Yo, I'm freaking everything up in that party" Greasy said standing up. "Ya'll know I'm a dancing muthafucker." Everybody started laughing when Greasy started dancing around, obviously too far-gone of the weed. "Yo, that nigga high as shit" Wayne said laughing. Just then, Darnell walked up. "What the fuck ya'll give him?" Darnell said looking at Greasy dancing around. "Man that nigga just can't handle the high," Leon said. "I went back up Montford but Gizza wasn't home" Darnell said

sitting on the steps. “Oh, well, it look like we just going to have to tote the .380” Setty said. The six homeboys chilled and smoked weed until about 9:40 p.m. then they all went down Darnell’s house. Leon, Setty, Mal, Wayne, and Greasy sat in the living room while Darnell got dressed for the party. “Setty, didn’t Doughboy say he going to the party?” Leon asked. “Yeah”. “It’s damn near ten now and he ain’t even down here yet,” said Leon as Darnell came down the steps holding the .380 in one hand and a black book bag in the other. “We can put the drinks in here” Darnell said holding up the book bag. Darnell gave Leon the gun, then he put it in his pocket and stood up. “Everybody ready, then let’s go,” Leon said, then everybody got up and walked out the front door.

Rutland Recreation Center was only two blocks from Darnell's house, but since they stopped at the bar first and got two fifths of E&J, they didn't get to the rec until after ten. Out in front of the rec was a crowd of people waiting to go in the party. With the drinks in the book bag and the .380 now in Leon's long johns, the six homeboys got in line to enter the party. Leon and his crew paid their way in, got checked, then entered the gymnasium, part of the rec where the party took place. Fortunately, the man who was checking people at the entrance didn't feel the small nine shot .380 Leon had concealed in his dip. "Yo, that was close as shit" Leon said. "Yeah, we made out" Setty said loudly so that everybody could hear him over the loud club music. The party had started only 20 minutes and already the gym was packed with pussies and dicks. "Let's go in the bathroom and drink," Wayne yelled. Then all six comrades made their way through the crowd and into the bathroom. As soon as they opened the bathroom door, the aroma of weed and drinks hit them. As they turned the corner to where the stalls were at, they noticed about ten other niggaz in there smokin weed and drinking absolute vodka. Leon and his crew occupied the other end of the bathroom and began drinking their E&J.

They was only in the bathroom drinking for about fifteen minutes before the drinks was gone. All six homeboys was pretty much drunk except for Leon because he didn't drink too much. Once outside the bathroom everybody split up and started to disappear into the crowds of people dancing to the loud music. Leon was still standing by the bathroom by hisself when he saw Doughboy. "Yo, its mad bitches in here" Doughboy yelled over the music. "Yeah man, but at first I thought you wasn't going to come," said Leon. "I told ya'll I was coming back down" Doughboy said. "Where the rest of them niggaz at" he added. "They in here somewhere" Leon answered. "Did ya'll ever get the gun from Gizza?" "Nah, Darnell went back up there but he wasn't home" Leon said. "I know ya'll got the .380 in here." "Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know it"

Leon said then quickly took the small gun out of his long johns and put it in his pocket. Doughboy and Leon stayed together walking around the freaking girls here and there and occasionally running into one of their homeboys for the next hour or two. It was around 12:30 when Wayne found Leon and Doughboy freaking two girls. "Yo Leon, come on we got some beef" he said. When Leon and Doughboy heard that they stopped dancing with the girls and walked over to Wayne. "What's going on?" Leon asked. "Setty and Darnell was just fighting those Lafayette and Castle niggaz in the bathroom," Wayne said. "Where them niggaz at" Doughboy said angrily. "Darnell, Mal, Setty outside waiting for us but the Castle Street chumps still in here." Wayne said then him, Leon and Doughboy left out the party. When they got outside it was mad people standing around. They spotted Darnell and them across the street. When they got closer, Leon noticed Darnell's lip was busted and Setty had a knot on his forehead. "Give me the gun" Darnell said as soon as Leon and them got on the curb. Leon passed the .380 to Darnell then he cocked it back and put it in his front hoody pocket. "Who exactly was it" Doughboy asked Setty. "Bird, Tory, Rickey, Lil Cal and some other nigga" Setty answered while looking across the street to the entrance to the party. Just then, Lil Cal and Troy came out. "There they go right there," Setty said. "I'ma kill them niggaz," Darnell said as he pulled out the .380 and began to run across the street. Before Leon and them could even follow behind Darnell he was five feet away from Lil Cal and Troy, then nine loud pops interrupted the night. Leon turned around just in time to see his cousin put four of the nine .380 slugs into the nigga Lil Cal. Girls was screaming and niggaz was running. Troy managed to slip away without getting hit but his friend lay stretched out in front of the rec.

Saturday, January 12th

Beep, beep, beep, beep. The black pager on the night table woke Brenda out of her sleep. She reached over and grabbed it. The number read '483-9717-911.' Brenda was curious who was paging her boyfriend who lay next to her in bed still asleep. So she picked up the phone and dialed the number. The phone only rung once before a male voice answered. "Hello", "Yeah, did somebody just page me?" Brenda said. "Who's this?" Leon said. "Brenda". "Girl, put your boyfriend on the phones, its important" Leon said. "Hi Leon" hold on" Brenda said recognizing the voice on the phone. "Boom, get up, Leon on the phone" Brenda said while shaking the boy laying in her bed. "Umm, who is it?" Boom said still half asleep. "It's Leon, boy get up, he said its important" Brenda said. Boom reached over and grabbed the phone. "Yo, Darnell hit the nigga Lil Cal from Castle Street last night" Leon said. That got Boom's attention and he sat up in the bed. "What happened?" "It was a party down the rec, them niggas swung on Darnell & Setty in the bathroom, then we came outside, we saw them and Darnell just went off." "Did the chump die?" Boom asked. "I don't know, but I know he caught "bout three", Leon said. "Yo, I'm a get shit straight with Shorty, then I be up there", Boom said. "Alright", Leon said, then hung up. "I thought you said you was staying down here with me today?" Brenda said as Boom got up and walked to the bathroom. "I got to go up there, cause some shit happened last night", Boom yelled from the bathroom. "See, that's the shit I'm talking bout Boom, you always put your friends in front of me," Brenda said getting a little angry. "here you go with this shit again, Brenda you know I love you but I also got love for my dogs" Boom said. "I just don't want you going up there getting into whatever they did last night". "I know how to take care of myself" Boom said. "I know you do, but..." "But what!, I'm tired of every time I come down here you

want to argue about every little thin” Boom said getting mad. “Then why you keep coming?” She said. “So, what exactly are you trying to say?” Boom said coming out of the bathroom. “You only come down here when you want some pussy”. “Girl, I ain’t got time for these games, so I’m a go ahead roll out, let you calm down. I’m a call you later” Boom said then he grabbed his coat and went downstairs. Once outside, Boom walked toward Monument Street to get a cab. Brenda lived in Somerset Projects so for Boom to walk up his way would’ve been a little too far. He got a cab within minutes. “Where to?” the Jamaican cab driver said. “Chapel and Oliver” Boom answered half thinking about his homeboys and half thinking about Brenda.

“Man, I wasn’t scared” Darnell said laughing. “You looked like you was possessed or some shit” Setty said, making fun of his homeboy. After the events last night, Setty and Doughboy stayed down Darnell's house. It was now 10:10 the next morning and the three homeboys sat in the living room talking about last nights beef. “Yo, you better chill in the house for a couple of weeks, Man it was mad witnesses out there.” Doughboy said. “Yeah Man, I ain’t going outside for a while”.

“Alright Shorty”, Mookie said giving Missy a kiss on the cheek and then walking out her front door. It was 10:30 a.m. and already Castle Street was crawling with dopefiends. Mookie didn’t really notice them because he was thinking about the girl who he fucked real good last night and into early morning. He turned up Lafayette to head up the hill to his house. Across the street he noticed the Lafayette & Castle crew chilling on the corner, but he didn’t pay them no attention. As far as he knew he wasn’t in enemy territory.

“Yo, Troy, don’t he hang with that nigga that shot Lil Cal last night?” Ricky said looking across the street at Mookie. “Yeah, but he wasn’t with them at the party last night”, Troy said. “so what, that nigga don’t be comin’ around here after one of his homeboys shot my nigga”, Ricky said then started walking across the street towards Mookie. Troy right behind him.

Mookie noticed as two of the dudes on the steps across the street got up and started walking towards him. He didn’t have no beef with them so he figured shit was cool until the light-skinned one he knew as Ricky spoke, “Nigga, you must got a death wish coming around here like shit sweet after that shit last night”. “Yo, I don’t think you know me slim” Mookie said looking at the two boys up and down. Just then Troy stole Mookie then tried to rush him. Ricky popped Mookie too and he staggered a bit cause he was caught off guard. Mookie tried to fight back but his two enemies was pounding on him something serious. Mookie blacked out for a second and almost hit the ground. He stumbled back and fell on some steps. His attackers started kicking and stomping him. Mookie was almost out cold when he heard police sirens. Rickey and Troy here it too, so they stopped, then ran down Lafayette. Eventhough Mookie was well fucked up, he managed to get up and start walking. His left eye was swollen closed and his lip was split open. Blood was all over him. He looked around with his good eye and realized that the police sirens was headed somewhere else. “I’ma kill them niggaz” Mookie mumbled to himself as he continued his walk up to his house.

“Keep the change” Boom said to the cab driver as he exited the yellow cab. It had been about an hour since he talked to Leon on the phone and now he was finally up Darnell house. He knocked on the door, Setty answered it and he walked in. “Mr. Gunclapper” Boom said smiling

at Darnell. “yeah, you know how that go, but Yo, we got to get some more heat, this one .380 ain’t going to do the job if them niggas try to retaliate” Darnell said. How did you know what happened so fast?” Doughboy asked Boom. “I talked to Leon earlier, but did the nigga die?” “We don’t know but he was screaming like a little bitch” Setty said. “Hell yeah” Darnell agreed. “So, what ya’ll trying to do now?” Boom said. “We bout to go up Gizza house to see if he will let us hold a gun” Darnell said. “Come on then, what we waiting for”.

Boom, Darnell, Setty and Doughboy walked up to Montford and Federal. “Yo, ya’ll wait right here cause I don’t want him to think I brought all ya’ll to his house” Darnell said. With his homeboy waiting at the corner Darnell knocked on the front door. Nobody answered, so he knocked again a little harder, then waited. After knocking a couple more times and receiving no answer Darnell decided nobody was home so he walked back to the corner. “Damn Yo, ain’t nobody home”, Darnell said. Just then Setty got a cruddy idea. “Yo, didn’t you and Leon bust the back window when ya’ll was up here yesterday?” he said. “Yeah, why” Darnell said. “Let’s just go through the window and get the guns” Setty said. “I’m with that, I don’t like them New York chumps anyway” Boom said. “What’s up Darnell, you wit it?” Setty asked him. Darnell thought for a minute then said, “Fuck it, let’s go”.

Once Darnell, Boom Setty and Doughboy got in the backyard, Darnell noticed a piece of cardboard box up at the window that he crawled through yesterday. “Darnell, you sure you knocked hard enough?” Doughboy asked. He was nervous. “Yeah man, ain’t nobody in there” Darnell said, then Setty walked over to the window and punched the cardboard out. It landed on the kitchen floor with a soft thud. Setty looked into the house. “Yo, gimme a boost” Setty said, so Darnell and Doughboy grabbed his legs and boosted him up into the window. Setty climbed

through and landed in the kitchen right on top of the cardboard. He was nervous. He knew that if the New York boys would have caught him in there, he was sure going to die. He had no logical explanation to be in that house. Setty stood there for a moment, just listening. All was quiet. He took four quick steps over and unlocked the back door for his homeboys. “Yo, where did he have that .357 at?” Setty asked Darnell as soon as they came into the house. “It was upstairs in the front bedroom”, Darnell said. All four homeboys was nervous being in there. Gizza or Trab could come through the front door at any time, but despite their nervousness they quickly and quietly made their way upstairs to the front bedroom. Darnell ran straight to the mattress. He lifted it up ... no gun.. “Damn, he must got the shit on him”, Darnell said angrily. “Shiid, its something in here”, Boom said then him and Doughboy went down the hallway and into the other two bedrooms while Darnell and Setty searched the front bedroom thoroughly. “jackpot fellas”, Setty yelled out as he lifted two big ziploc bags out of the dresser drawer. One had what looked to be about 400 white top nickel vials full of cocaine and the other had about a quarter pound of weed. At the same time Boom was in the back bedroom searching a closet. He couldn’t see over the top shelf but when he reached his hand up there he felt something hard and plastic. He grabbed it and pulled it down. In his hand he held a brand new .40 caliber Glock handgun. His instinct told him to pull out the clip. He did and it was empty. “Damn”, Boom thought to himself and then walked in the middle bedroom where Doughboy was at. As soon as Boom entered the room he saw Doughboy holding up a chrome smith & Wesson .38 caliber revolver. “Look what I found” Doughboy said showing boom the revolver. “I found one too”, Boom said, then showed Doughboy the huge automatic. “Yo, what the fuck is that” Doughboy asked. “It look like a Block plus I found like 300 dollars”, Boom said. Then he and Doughboy went to the front bedroom where Darnell and Setty was at. “Yo, look what we found” Doughboy

said. They showed Darnell and Setty the two guns. Then Setty held up the two-ziploc bags. “Now lets get the fuck out of here” Boom said. Darnell grabbed a pair of brand new Gortec boots and then the four homeboys went downstairs and out the house the same way they came.

”They left about an hour ago” Ms. Debbie said to her nephew Leon sitting at the kitchen table. “You don’t know where they went?” Leon asked. “Uh, uh, Setty and Doughboy stayed down here last night and this morning the little lightskin one came over and then they left” Sherri said. “You talking about Boom?” Leon asked his aunt. “Yeah, I always forget his name”. Leon sat there thinking where the hell could his homeboys have gone at. They wasn’t up the way, they didn’t go on no caper because he checked in Darnell’s room and the .380 was still under his mattress. As soon as Ms. Debbie went upstairs the back door flung open and in walked Darnell, Doughboy, Boom and Setty. “Yo, Leon we got some guns and hits”, Setty said happily. All four homeboys sat at the table with Leon. Doughboy pulled out his gun and so did Boom. Setty sat the weed and cocaine on the table too. “Damn, let me see” Leon said reaching for the two guns. “Where ya’ll get these?” “We went up in Gizza’s house”, Boom said proudly. Leon looked at this homeboy’s real crazy then said, “Tell me ya’ll didn’t break in his house Yo”. “Man, fuck that nigga” Boom said. “He going to know it was us” Leon said still examining the guns. “No he ain’t cause remember yesterday when he got stuck up the niggas took his keys, he probably think they the ones who took the shit” Darnell said. “Hell yeah”, Doughboy agreed. “I found like \$300, Yo let’s go down South Broadway and get some shells” Boom said then pulled the clip out of his new weapon. Boom then gave the Glock to Darnell so he could put it up while they went to get bullets. Doughboy did the same with his .38. Darnell grabbed the two guns and the ziploc bag with the coke in it and went down the basement. “Let’s smoke some of this weed first, “ Setty said looking at the quarter pound of weed laying in front of him. “Here” Boom said

giving Doughboy a twenty dollar bill. “Go get like five boxes of phillies”. Doughboy grabbed the money then left out the back door in route to the bar on Washington & Federal. When Doughboy came back, him and his crew sat in Darnell’s kitchen smoking weed for about an hour then went outside to find a hack. They found one with a blue pickup truck and jumped in the back. Since Boom had the money he sat up front with the driver. “Where you wanna go”, the older black heavysset man asked. “to the gun store on South Broadway”, Boom said. “the gun store!” the driver asked, surprised as he drove off. “Yeah, and, um, could you get something for me, I will pay you extra”, Boom asked. “and what would that be young man?” “Some bullets”, Boom replied. “Yeah, I guess I could do that”, the driver said then, “how much you paying?” “I will give you an extra \$15”, Boom said. The driver thought for a moment then said, “I’ma tell you what I’ma do, just give me \$25 altogether, \$10 for the ride and \$15 for getting the bullets”. “alright”, Boom said, then took two tens and a five out his pocket and gave it to the hack man. The hack man put the money in his inside pocket. Once they arrived in front of the gun store the hack man cut the truck off and took the keys out of the ignition. “Now, what kind of bullets do you want”, he said, then Boom pulled the clip out of his pocket and gave it to him. “I need bullets for this and some .38 long bullets”, Boom said. “Do you know how much they cost?” the driver asked. “Nah, but here , take this, it should be enough”. Boom gave him seventy dollars. The hack man was just about to get out the truck when Boom remembered something, “hold up, there take 20 more dollars cause I need some .380 bullets too”.

The cold ice pack Mookie had rested on his swollen eye felt soothing. It had been about two hours since he was fighting down on Castle Street. As soon as he got into the house his grandmother saw his face and began to cry. Mookie felt sad but it wasn’t his fault that he was all beat up. After his grandmother calmed down, she cleaned Mookie up and tended to this wounds.

Mookie had took a shower since then and now he was sitting in his room listening to 2Pac shout mind blowing verses. Everytime he heard 2Pac's voice he got madder and madder at them chumps who banked him earlier. "Retaliation is a must" Mookie screamed out as he sat on his bed contemplating revenge.

After getting the bullets for their guns, Leon, Boom and Setty went up Lanvale and Bethel to sell the coke Setty found in the ziploc bag. Doughboy had went home up the Alameda a little while ago and Darnell had stayed down his house on the low because of the shooting the night before. The three homeboys had brought the now fully loaded 13 shot Glock and the 400 nickel coke pills up the way. They had everything stashed in a vacant house close by. "Yo, we just going to sell all this shit, then split it four ways," Setty said while figuring the amount he will end up with. "Yeah, that's cool, cause it's 400 pills, which is 2 G's, split four ways, \$500 a piece," Boom said. "Yeah, I'm cool with that" Leon said. "Alright then, let's do this fellas, let's get that money", Setty said. The three homeboys took turns serving the fiends as they came. Despite the fact that it was close to the middle of the month, the money was coming fast. It was other people with coke on that same strip so they had a little competition. They sold their coke pills for the rest of the afternoon occasionally smoking a blunt and going to the sub shop. It was about 9:30 p.m. when things slowed down a little bit so they decided to close shop until tomorrow. They all went into the vacant house to count the money and pills that was left. "ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven. Yo, we got ninety seven pills left", Leon said. Setty and Boom was busy counting the cash. "I got nine fifty-five here" Setty said. "I got five thirty five" Boom said looking at all the money on the raggedy table. "So what's that.....um, fourteen eighty-five, right?" Setty asked. Boom agreed. "so everybody take three fifty for tonight until we finish the rest tomorrow. Three fifty times four people is fourteen hundred, so we will have

eighty five dollars left over”, Setty said. “Alright” Leon said while scooping the last ninety seven pills back into the bag. “Yo, we might as well leave the pills in here overnight since we coming out early tomorrow” Boom suggested. “Yeah and I’m put this eighty-five dollars in here too” Leon said then he grabbed the money and put it in the ziploc bag with the pills. “So, what ya’ll niggaz trying to do now,” Leon asked his two homeboys. “I’m bout to go home for awhile, is you going to take Darnell his cut of the money down there.” Setty said to Leon. “Yeah, I’m take it down Chapel Street with you for a while, then I probably go back down Somerset” Boom said. “Alright then fellas, I’ll holla at ya’ll tomorrow” Setty said then he put his money in his pocket and left out through the back door. Leon stashed the ziploc bag good, but in a spot they all knew well. Boom grabbed the Glock and then him and Leon left out in route to Darnell’s house. They walked down Broadway then turned on Federal Street. “Yo, let’s go to the bar real quick” Boom said then him and Leon turned down Register Street towards Crystal. “yo, son hold up” Leon heard a voice say from behind them. As they turned around he noticed Gizza jogging towards them. Leon got nervous for a second then he realized Boom was standing to the right of him strapped down, so he got focused. “Oh shit”, Leon whispered to this homeboy. “Man, just chill he don’t know nothing”, Boom said just before Gizza was close enough to hear him. “Yo, kid, did you and Darnell come back up the house yesterday?” Gizza asked Leon. “Nah man, why you ask me that?” Leon said. “Nah son, you lying bee” Gizza said in a harsher voice. Then he said “Trab said ya’ll came up there looking for me”. I ain’t come looking for nobody. I chilled home all day after I left your house then we went to the party at the rec” Leon explained. “Nah, you went up there today son and took some guns and coke” Gizza accused. “You got the wrong man” Leon said. “You lying to me son! Tish said ya’ll was selling some coke up Lanvale today with the same color tops, and plus my neighbor said he saw ya’ll

knocking on the door this morning” Gizza said. Leon ain’t know what else to say. Gizza had the story down pack. Then out of the blue Gizza grabbed Leon by his coat and said, “Where my shit at bee, I’m not playing with you lil’ niggas, word is born son. I will murder every last one of ya’ll if you don’t come up with my shit”. Gizza reached for Leon pockets. “Yo, get the fuck off me” Leon said tussling with the older man. Then it happened...it came so fast Leon or Gizza never really saw anything but the spark.

The recoil on the Glock was to a minimum as Boom pulled the trigger and put the .40 caliber into the side of the New York boys face. The loud {Blok} echoed through his body as he saw a perfectly round hole appear on his victims left cheek.

Leon knew it was going to happen, he just didn’t know when. Gizza’s head jerked back with a snap and his grip tightened on Leon’s coat as he fell to his knees, eye’s wide open in fear. Then three more loud {Blok} interrupted the night and Leon watched as his homeboy put three more slugs into Gizza at close range. The blood splashed all on Leon’s coat and face. He turned to look at his friend and saw him, standing there, gun still pointing at Gizza, with a evil glow in his eyes. “Come on Yo” Leon said grabbing Boom’s coat so that he could snap back into reality. Leon and Boom began to run down Crystal Street. Except for a couple of junkies, the street was empty and unusually dark. They ran down to Durham and went into the alley. “Yo, take this” Boom said giving Leon the Glock. “I’m going down Somerset” Boom was out of breath and scared. His hands was shaking uncontrollably. “Yo....you going to be alright?” Leon asked out of breath also. “Yeah, yeah, yeah, Yo, I’m gone” Boom said, then took off running the opposite way down the alley. Leon stood there watching his friend for a moment and thought, “Damn, he just killed Gizza”.

{Blok.....Blok, Blok, Blok} Greasy heard the four gunshots coming from around the corner as him and Tay sat on Federal & Bethel. "Damn, somebody just got they shit pushed back" Tay said. "Yeah, I hope it ain't one of us" Greasy said. "Let's go see what happened". When Greasy and Tay got around on Register Street the block looked empty. "Man, that was probably somebody shooting in the air" Greasy said. "Nah, look" Tay said pointing at a figure laying next to some steps. They walked down to closer view the person laying on the ground. To their surprise they saw Gizza laying in a pool of blood with the whole left side of his face almost gone. "Oh shit yo, that's Gizza" Greasy said. Just then a police car came riding down the street. Tay flagged it down. As far as he knew, Gizza was a comrade and he was trying to get some help for him. As the police pulled up and saw the dead body he got on his radio. After sending a message for the ambulance the police officer exited the car with his gun drawn. "Put your hands where I can see them gentlemen" the officer said pointing his Glock 9mm at Greasy and Tay. "Nah Officer, we found him lying here just now" Tay said. With one hand still holding the gun pointed at the two boys, the Officer used his other hand to radio for backup. "Put your muthafuckin' hands up where I can see them" the white officer said louder. Greasy and Tay did what he said. "Man, we ain't do nothing" Greasy said while holding his hands in the air. "Get down on your knees now!" the officer yelled. "Man, I can't believe this shit" Greasy said to Tay as they got on their knees. Just then two more police cars pulled up. The other two police officers went over and handcuffed Greasy and Tay and then put them in two separate police cars. The first officer then went in the trunk of his car, pulled out a white sheet, then laid it over the dead New York man.

Leon was tired and out of breath when he reached his cousin's house on Chapel Street. The back door was unlocked so he just walked straight in. Nobody was downstairs so he went

up to Darnell's room. "Yo, what the fuck happened to you?" Darnell said noticing the blood all over Leon. Leon sat on the bed and caught his breath before he spoke. "He dead Yo, that nigga dead" Leon said still nervous. "Who Yo?" Darnell said. "Gizza, Boom shot him in the face" Leon said then pulled the Glock out of his coat pocket and dropped it on the bed. "What happened?" Darnell wanted to know. "Gizza knew that ya'll broke in there, he said his neighbor saw ya'll up there, then he tried to grab me up and go in my pockets. Then Boom just bust him". "Where Boom at now" Darnell asked. "he went down Somerset" Leon said. "Did anybody see ya'll?" "Nah" Leon hoped. "We got some serious shit on our hands now" Darnell said. "Yeah, I know" Leon added.

Brenda heard the loud knocks coming from the front door while she was frying some chicken wings. She turned the heat on the stove down a little bit then walked to the door. "Who is it?" Brenda said. "it's me Brenda, open the door" Boom said. Brenda could hear the tension in her boyfriend's voice, so she quickly opened the door. "What's wrong?" Brenda asked Boom as he walked in the house past her. "Ain't nothing wrong" Boom lied. "It is something wrong, I can see it in your face" Brenda said looking directly into Boom's eyes. "I said, it ain't nothing wrong, so stop looking at me like that" Boom said turning away from his girlfriend. "I knew it, I knew it. You went up there with Leon and them and got into some shit didn't you? Brenda asked. "Nah girl, I keep telling you ain't nothing happen" Boom raised his voice. "Alright then, I'm going to leave it at that, is you hungry?" Brenda said. "Hell yeah" Boom said walking into the kitchen.

After he finished talking to Darnell and gave him his \$350, Leon left. "Aw shit" Leon said to himself, when he remembered that he was suppose to go see Tierra tonight. Leon looked at his watch. It was 10:51 p.m. He quickly went to the phone booth on Wolfe and Federal. He

put 35 cents into the phone and dialed Tierra's number. "Hello" a female voice said. "Tierra?" Leon asked. "Boy, where have you been?" "I've been calling your house all day" Tierra said. "I had to take care of something" Leon explained. "Yeah, well your mother is worried about you so you better call her" Tierra said. "I am, but can I still come over your house" Leon asked. "Yeah, but call your house first". "Alright, I'll be up there in like 20 minutes" Leon said then hung up. He then called his mother and informed her that he was okay and that he was on his way up Tierra's house. It only took Leon 13 minutes to get from the phone booth on Wolfe all the way up to Bond Street. He knocked on the door and Tierra let him in. After speaking to her grandmother, they went upstairs to her bedroom. As soon as the bedroom door was closed, Leon and Tierra embraced and started kissing passionately. "You sure your grandmother ain't going to hear us?" Leon asked Tierra looking into her eyes. Tierra stuck her hands down Leon's pants and caresses his manhood then she said "Boy, you dick ain't that big, I won't make too much noise" she said smiling and so was Leon. She led him over to the bed and they both started taking off their clothes. They got on the bed and Leon climbed between her legs. Tierra moaned as he pushed up into her. Leon was in heaven too and he couldn't hold back the soft moans that escaped his lips. They continued fucking off and on for the next 2 hours before they both fell asleep.

Leon woke up suddenly out of a light sleep. He looked at his watch, it was 4:15 the next morning. He got up and put his clothes on. After he was fully dressed he looked at Tierra still sleeping in the bed. "damn, she even pretty when she sleep" Leon thought to himself, then he went over and gave her a kiss on the cheek. Leon then went down downstairs and left out the front door, making sure he hit the lock before he closed it.

Sunday, January 13th

Ring, Ring, Ring. It was about 8:00 in the morning when Setty heard the phone ringing. “Hello” Setty said picking up the phone. “This is A-T & T with a collect call from ... ‘Greasy’ ... at the Central Booking Intake Facility, if you refuse this call hang up, if you accept this call do not use three-way or call waiting features or you will be disconnected, to accept this call dial one now.” Setty pressed one on the phone then heard “Thank you”. “Hello, Setty?” Greasy asked. “Yeah yo, where the hell you at” Setty said. “me and Tay over Central Bookings”. “For What?” Setty asked. “Man, somebody killed Gizza last night and they locked us up for the shit” Greasy explained. “yo, you for real?” Setty was shocked. “Yeah man, they had us down homicide for like five hours asking us questions and shit, he got hit with a .40 caliber” Greasy said. “You sure it was Gizza?” Setty asked, he still was in shock of what happened. “Yeah, that nigga was tore the fuck up though, but it was him.” Setty thought to himself for a minute. He broke up in the nigga house, then he get killed that same night with the same kind of gun they found in there. “Where Tay at?” Setty asked. “He still in there getting his fingerprints and shit done”. “yo, how did they lock ya’ll up, I’m saying uh, did they find ya’ll with the gun or something?” Setty asked Greasy. “Nah Yo, that’s what I’m trying to say, they don’t got no evidence but they still charged us with 1st and 2nd degree murder. Yo, this shit crazy, we was up on the block and we heard some shots coming from down on Register so we went down there, you know, just to make sure it wasn’t none of ya’ll, then we saw Gizza laying there with his head almost gone” Greasy explained. “Yo, is they giving ya’ll a bail” Setty asked. “Hell no Man, we probably going to sit over here for 30 days until we go for our preliminary. But Yo, call my grandmother for me and tell her to take that block off the phone cause I’m locked up, and uh, I’m call you probably tomorrow Yo, this CO pushing up one me” Greasy said. “Alright” “Alright,

one love” Greasy said then hung up the phone. Setty hung up the phone and sat there thinking for a minute. Then it all came to him, he had left Leon and Boom last night with the Glock and they was on their way down Chapel Street. Gizza must have approached them when they crossed Regester and either Leon or Boom laid him down to rest.

Darnell was in his kitchen eating a bowl of Capt. Crunch when he heard someone knocking on the front door. He looked at the clock on the wall and it was 11:47 a.m. He got up with the bowl in his hand and walked to the front door. “Who is it?” Darnell said and Mookie answered. Darnell opened the door and Mookie walked in. “Yo, what happened to your face?” Darnell said noticing Mookie’s bandaged lip and bruised face. “Troy and Ricky banked me yesterday” Mookie said sitting down on the living room sofa. “Them niggaz said we supposed to did something Friday night” Mookie explained. “Aw Man, I forgot you wasn’t at the party, Yo, some shit kicked off and that nigga Lil Cal got wet up”, Darnell said while sitting on the other couch still holding his cereal. “So that’s what them niggaz was taking ‘bout. Who hit him up?” Mookie said. “me” Darnell said. “What happened?” Mookie asked, then Darnell explained what happened Friday night at the party. “Yeah, Yeah, that’s what I like to hear” Mookie said excitedly. “Now them niggaz must want war cause they put they hands on you. We going to tear the fur off them bitches, yo.” Darnell said. “Oh Yeah Yo, you heard Gizza got killed last night?” Mookie said. “Yeah man, I know about that too.” Darnell said sitting the now soggy bowl of cereal on the coffee table. “Don’t tell me you bucked him too” Mookie said. “It wasn’t me this time, it was Boom”. Darnell said in a low voice. Then he told Mookie everything from when they broke in Gizza’s until Leon came down there last night with blood all over him. “I still got the Glock down here, hold up” Darnell said then he grabbed the soggy cereal, dumped it, and went upstairs. He came back downstairs with the Glock and the .380 and handed the Glock

to Mookie. "This is a big boy" Mookie said examining the gun. "Where the .38 ya'll got?" Mookie asked. "Doughboy took that up his house. He probably be down here in a little while" Darnell said. "yo, them Castle Street niggas don't want war" Mookie said smiling at the Glock. "Basically" Darnell said holding up the .380.

It was about 1:30 in the afternoon when Leon knocked on the door. A lady answered it. "How you doing Miss Lisa?" Leon said. "I'm alright, come in" she said. Ms. Lisa was Brenda's Aunt and also Tierra's. Brenda and Tierra was cousins, in fact, Brenda was the one who introduced Tierra to Leon a couple of weeks earlier. Leon walked into the living room. "You can go upstairs. Brenda at the market, he up there by himself" Lisa said walking into the kitchen. Leon went upstairs and into Brenda's room, Boom was sitting on the bed watching TV with some sweatpants and a tank top on. "What's up my nigga" Boom said. "Ain't shit, what's up with you" Leon said. "Just sitting here thinking, you know". "yo, I ain't even go up Lanvale to sell the rest of them pills this morning" Leon said sitting on the other side of the bed. "Setty probably went back up there and finished them" Boom said. "Yeah, I hope so". "What did you do with the gun last night?" Boom asked Leon. "It's down Darnell house, word already spread around about Gizza, but don't nobody know who did it. Niggas say they locked two people up for the shit too". "I'm still not going up there for a minute" Boom said, he was still shaken up about it. "yeah I feel you" Leon said, then "oh yeah, I fucked shorty last night". "Was the pussy good" Boom said smiling. "Blazin, plus I had shorty saying my name" Leon said and Boom started laughing. "But yo, I had an idea how we can get money" Leon said. "I'm listening". Boom was interested in anything involving money or guns. "We can go half on a half ounce of Redy, and just open up shop on Dallas Street. You know it ain't nobody up there with Redy" Leon explained. "Hell yeah, I'm wit that, do you got a connect for the Redy cause I ain't trying

to cop no shit that's doo doo" Boom said. "yeah, and he only going to charge me \$475. The nigga is my cousin's baby father. His name Tony and plus he probably throw in a couple extra grams" Leon said, then, "just give me \$225 and I will put up the \$250" Boom walked to the dresser. He pulled out 11 twenty dollar bills and a five then gave the cash to Leon. "When are you going to cop?" Boom said. "I'ma go holla at him right now, matter of fact" Leon said putting the money in his pocket and standing up. "Do you think we can bag up down here?" Leon said. "Yeah, I'ma go up Monument Street and get the vials" Boom said. "Alright" Leon said giving his homeboy a pound, "I'll be back like around 5" Leon added then left.

Setty and Mal had been up on Lanvale selling the 97 pills since 10:30 a.m. It was now close to 2 in the afternoon and they was finally finished. Setty counted the money and it was \$485. Since Mal had helped him sell the pills, he gave Mal the 85 dollars that was left over from yesterday. Then he divided the \$485 4 ways and evened it out to \$120 apiece. With the extra 5 dollars he went got something to eat. "Walk me down Chapel so I can give Darnell his cut" Setty said to Mal. "Alright, come on" Mal said and they began walking down Federal. Setty had already told Mal about the break in up Montford and then about Greasy and Tay getting locked up for Gizza's death. He didn't tell him about his theory that Boom or Leon bodied the New York boy because he wasn't for sure. But it made sense though, because they didn't even come outside all day, not even to sell the rest of the pills. Something wasn't right for sure.

When Setty and Sweats got down Chapel, Darnell and Mookie was sitting in the living room smoking weed and playing Sony Playstation. "What's going on ya'll" Mal said while taking a seat on the couch. "Chillin, chillin" Darnell said but didn't take his eyes off the game. "Mookie, what the fuck happened to your face" Setty said noticing his homeboy war wounds. Then Mookie and Darnell put the game on pause and told Mal and Setty about Mookie's

encounter. “What the fuck, they ain’t learn from the party” Mal said angrily. “That’s all they do is bank niggaz, they don’t want no gun play” Mookie said then pulled the Glock from under the cushion. “That’s the Glock right there Mal” Setty said as Mookie handed the plastic gun to Mal. He examined the gun then said, “How many shots it hold” “Thirteen” Darnell said. “Did ya’ll hear about Gizza” Setty said after taking a puff off one of the blunts. “yeah” Mookie and Darnell said. “They locked Greasy and Tay up for the ship” Setty said. “How you know?” Darnell asked. “Greasy called me from down the Bookings earlier. He said him and Tay heard the shots and walked to Regester. He said Gizza’s face was almost gone, then the police pulled up and locked them up because they was on the scene” Setty explained. “Them niggas ain’t even do it, Boom dusted him off” Darnell said. “That nigga crazy” Mal said. “I kinda figured it was him or Leon when I heard it was .40 caliber shells on the ground” Setty said. “Now we got two beefs on our hands, Troy and them and now the New York boys too” Mal said.

“That’s all you need is a half ounce?” Tony said into the phone. “Yeah, me and my man going half” Leon said. “I’ma give you half for 475 and I’ma front you another half” Tony said. “Alright Yo, good lookin out”. “Is you at your house?” Tony asked. “Yeah” “Alright, I’ll be there in like 40 minutes” Tony said then hung up. Tony was Leon’s connect that he had mentioned to Boom earlier. He was only 27 years old and already had mad money. Leon sat in his house waiting for his deal to come through.

When Tony finally arrived in his money green SC 430 it was 3:40 p.m. Leon looked out the front window when he heard him pull up rocking Mobb Deep loudly. Leon opened the door and Tony came in carrying a black book bag. “My bad, I’m a little late yo, I had to pick up some money over west” Tony said while following Leon into the dining room. Leon’s mother was visiting family so they didn’t have to worry about being interrupted. “I ain’t in no rush, you

doing me a favor” Leon said as Tony sat the book bag on the table. “I thought you might need this too” Tony said then pulled out a black Sigra 10 millimeter handgun and a bag of bullets and gave it to Leon. He grabbed the gun and looked at Tony surprised. “I can keep this?” Leon asked. “Yeah man, I ain’t going to have you out here getting money with no protection” Tony said then pulled out a plastic bag with 28 grams of Redy in one big rock. “this is a whole ounce. I didn’t have time to break the shit down”. “Alright cool” Leon said then gave Tony the 475 dollars. He put the money in his leather coat pocket without even counting it. “From the half I fronted you, just bring me back 400” Tony said. Leon nodded then said, “I’m a have that tonight.” “Just holla at me tomorrow” he said as he walked through the front door. “Yo, I appreciate everything especially the gun” Leon said to Tony as he walked over to his spotless car. “It’s only right you know, we family” Tony said smiling out the window, then drove away.

Doughboy was wearing blue guess jeans, charcoal timberlands and a black Helly Hansen coat as he stood on Alameda & Harford Road trying to get a hack to go down the hill. He was mad because nobody was stopping and he had that chrome .38 snub tucked in his belt. Then a blue sedan pulled up and rolled down the window. “You need a hack sweetie” the lady in the sedan said. Doughboy got in and said “Federal & Bethel” When they got to his destination, Doughboy gave the hack lady a five dollar bill. As he exited the sedan he looked at the dashboard clock. It was 4 p.m.. He noticed Wayne standing in front of the bar and walked over. “Where you coming from?” Wayne asked Doughboy. “Up Alameda”. Wayne noticed Doughboy kept looking up and down the street and said “What’s wrong?” “I’m strapped” Doughboy said still looking around. “man, is you crazy its hot as shit out here.” “I know” Doughboy said then walked in a nearby alley and stashed the fully loaded revolver in a cinderblock then put a smaller brick over top the hole. He then went back to the corner with

Wayne. “You working” Doughboy asked him. “Yeah, I’m taking Greasy’s spot cause you know him and Tay got locked up last night” “For what?” Doughboy asked. “you didn’t hear, man, somebody blew Gizza’s brains out down on Register and they locked Greasy and Tay up for it”. “Aw man” Doughboy said. “What” Wayne asked him. Then Doughboy told him about the break in yesterday. “Do you know what he got hit with” Doughboy asked. “Nah, but I know it was something big, niggas say half that nigga face was gone”. “How many pills you got left” Doughboy asked Wayne. “About 4 more bundles” “Damn. Well I’m going down Chapel real quick. I’m going to leave the heat up here” Doughboy said. After showing Wayne where he hid the .38, Doughboy walked down Federal towards Chapel.

It was 5:17 when Boom heard knocks on the front door. When he opened it he saw Leon standing there with a black book bag on. “nigga you late” Boom said smiling at his homeboy. “Man, its only 5:17” Leon said looking at his watch, then added “Did you get the vials”. “Yeah” Boom said as him and Leon walked upstairs. They went into the bedroom and Brenda was sitting on the bed. “What’s up Brenda?” Leon said. “Hi Leon, did you talk to my cousin today”. “yeah, I hollered at her earlier” Leon said. “Girl, go downstairs, we got to take care of something” Boom said. Brenda got up and left out the room closing the door behind her. “Man, you crazy” Leon said taking the book bag off. “What size vials did you get?” “I figured we should rock dimes so I got 40 super skinny” Boom said then he pulled out the vials and a box of razors and sat them on a table. “That’ll work, but check this out” Leon said as he pulled the 10mm out the book bag and handed it to Boom. “Yeah, I like this” Boom said looking at the big gun in his hands. Then Leon pulled out the Redy and sat it on the table. “Yo, that look like more than a half” Boom said. “It is, he fronted us a half too, so this a whole ounce, plus he gave us the gun”. “How much do he want back from the half” Boom asked. “Four hundred” “That’s sweet”

Boom said. "Lets go ahead and get this bagged up so we can get that money" Leon said sitting at the table. Boom put the gun on the table and sat down too. They sat in the room slicing and bagging up the ounce of Redy for about an hour. When they were finally finished they counted up all the pills. "One hundred sixty two, that's 1,620 dollars we going to make" Boom said. "After we take Tony's 400 out we got 1,220 for ourselves" Leon said. "We might as well don't spend nothing and just cop another ounce" Boom said. "yeah, that's the same thing I was thinking. I can get the ounce for 750 so we would have like 470 left over, but yo we can just cop a ounce and a half with the 1,200 because you remember Setty should still have like a ball for us from then 97 pills if you need some spending money" Leon explained. "Yeah, we can do that, we in this together, so its whatever, we going to get rich together too" Boom said then they gave each other a pound.

Doughboy had been down Chapel Street for a while. When he first got down there, Darnell and them told him about everything that happened last night. It was now 7:30 in the evening and they spent most of the afternoon smoking weed and playing the Playstation. "Yo, I'm bout to go up the way" Mookie said then got up and put on his coat. "yeah, we going up too" Setty, Doughboy and Mal said then got up and put they coats on. "Darnell. Let me hold the .380" Mookie said. Darnell grabbed the gun from under his seat cushion and handed it to Mookie. He put it in his belt. "Alright then, I guess I'll holla at ya'll tomorrow" Darnell said standing up and stretching. "Aiiight Yo" his four homeboys said, then left out the front door. It was beginning to get dark outside as Setty, Doughboy, Mal and Mookie made their way up to Bethel Street. When they got up there they saw Wayne still standing on the corner. "Damn, Yo, you ain't finished those three bundles yet" Doughboy asked Wayne. "Yeah, I just finished, shit was kinda slow". "What's up with you now" Mal asked him. "I'm bout to go out Eastpoint and

get me some boots. Ya'll trying to go?" Wayne said. After Wayne went and got the .38 out the alley all five homeboys went up to North Avenue to bet a hack. They went out Eastpoint Mall and Setty and Wayne bought some butter timberlands boots. Wayne also brought the new Cee-Z CD. They stayed out the mall walking around and messing with girls until about 10:00 p.m., then they all got in a hack and went back around the way. They chilled on the block and got high until about 1:30 in the morning, then everybody went home for the night.

Monday Morning, January 14th

Leon woke up early, took a shower then got dressed. When he got home from down Somerset last night, he decided he would wait until this morning to open up shop on Federal & Dallas. Leon put the 162 pills in a brown paper bag separated in twenties by rubber bands. He had 8 bundles altogether. Leon put the paper bag in the book bag and the 10 millimeter in his dip then went outside. It was mad little kids outside on the way to school as Leon made his way down to Dallas Street. Leon had obtained his G.E.D. the year before while he was locked up out Victor Cullen, but the book bag was a decoy just in case the police thought he looked suspicious. Leon quickly found a secure vacant house to stash the pills and gun then he went to the corner on Dallas and Federal. He saw the older Dallas Street boys on the other corner selling dope and weed. Leon walked over, "What's up Keko" Leon said to one of the four boys. "What's going on Lil Leon" Keko said giving Leon a five. (Leon knew and fucked with all the boys on the corner, but Keko was the one he trusted the most. Keko was dark skinned, about 28 or 29 and had four golds on his front teeth that said 'Keko' on them. He had got shot up real bad, back when Leon was only eleven and now he walked with a limp.) "I'm on with some Redy" Leon said. "Me and Boom went half on a ounce". "See, that's why I like you lil niggas, ya'll always out here trying to get that dough" said Keko. "I need you to do me a favor though", Leon said. "You got that, what's up?" "I'm saying, you know how shit is when you first start out and we don't have enough to pay no corner man or runner" Leon said. Keko thought for a moment then said, "Give your Redy pills to my runner and I'ma tell him to pitch them for you, but I'll pay him". "Thanks Yo, good looking out" Leon said. "Come on now, you know I fucks with ya'll lil niggas real heavy, anything ya'll need just holla, but just come back and forth to collect from my worker so that he won't fuck your money up" said Keko. "alright" Leon said then went to

get his pills. He came back and gave the eight bundles of Redy to Keko's worker. Then Leon went back to the corner and started yelling "Black top dimes of Redy ya'll."

Setty woke up around 9:00 a.m, took a shower, ate and then just chilled in his room. He already had made up his mind the night before that he wasn't going to school today. A high school dropout, just like the majority of his homeboys. It was 12:37 p.m. when he decided to go outside. The only real reason he was still in the house anyway is because he figured Greasy or Tay was probably going to call, but they hadn't and he was tired of watching T.V., so he turned it off and went outside. Despite it being the middle of January, the temperature outside was not hot or cold as Setty walked down Caroline Street. He turned down Federal and saw Leon sitting on the steps next to the sub shop (Mama Sues). "What's up Leon, where was you at yesterday?" Setty asked sitting down next to his homeboy on the steps. "I was chilling down Somerset with Boom" Leon said. "I got 120 for ya'll from those 97 pills the other night." "We forgot about that shit at first but we wasn't worried because we know you ain't cruddy" Leon said. "Yo, I know ya'll the ones who dusted Gizza" Setty said. "Man, fuck that nigga. The night when he got stuck up he was scared as shit. Them New York niggas is some bitches for real yo" Leon said. "Well, you know Tay and Greasy got locked up for that shit" Setty said then lit up a cigarette. "oh, they did! Damn, how that happen?" Setty told him how it happened. "That shit ain't going no where, they ain't got no evidence or no witness. They probably come home on the preliminary" Leon said. "yeah that's the same thing Greasy said." Setty said then he noticed the runner across the street wave a hand at Leon. "Hold up Yo" Leon said to Setty then he got up and walked across the street. Setty watched and saw Leon and the Runner he knew as 'Mont' walked into the alley. They came back out like 10 minutes and Leon walked back over to the steps. "What, you working for Keko now" Setty asked. "Nah, me and Boom went half on a half

ounce Redy and plus we got fronted another half from my cousin's baby father." "That's fucked up, ya'll ain't asked me to roll with ya'll" Setty said. "Nah, it ain't nothing like that Yo, it was just a spur of the moment thing, we ain't plan this shit or nothing" Leon said. "Alright then, when ya'll reup, I'm trying to roll with ya'll" Setty said. "I ain't got no problem with that but how much loot you got to put up". "I'm saying, I brought some boots yesterday, so I got close to 300, like 280" Setty said. "Alright then, you can cop a quarter and put it with our shit. Niggas going to blow up. The Redy jumping off already. But Yo, walk me up my house real quick so I can put this money up" Leon said then him and Setty started walking down Dallas Street.

Wayne stood on Bethel & Federal with his new boots on as he sold the bundles for Cheetah. The spot was originally Greasy's but since he was locked up, Wayne slid in and started making a couple dollars. Doughboy had let Wayne hold the .38 down there last night and he had it stashed in the alley in the cinderblock just as before. On all four corners dopefiends stood around. Some already high and some looking to get high. Behind Wayne on one corner was the bar (Lee's). Wayne was getting 65-35 off the nickel of cocaine. Which means out of every \$100 bundle he got 35 dollars. It was late in the afternoon and he already sold 8 bundles, which left him with about 280 dollars. Wayne was calculating the figures in his head when Darnell walked up. Being as though Darnell had not been out the house really in the last couple days he still had all the money from the pills they got from Gizza's house, which was about 460 dollars. "What's going on Wayne" Darnell said giving him a five. "What's up Man, I ain't seen you since that shit happened at the party" Wayne said. "Yeah man, I had to chill for a couple days, but I was getting tired of sitting in the house" "I ain't seen Leon and Boom since Friday night either, what's up with them" Wayne asked. "They got a little something on they hands, but they probably be up here later on" Darnell said. "Oh Yeah, I heard". "But what's up with you, I see

you looking kinda fresh” Darnell said looking at Wayne’s fresh butter timberlands. “yeah you know how shit is when you get a little money in your pockets. I got to look good for the bitches” Wayne said smiling showing one solid gold crown in the right side of his mouth. “I hear that nigga, what’s up with your sister” Darnell said. “Man, why ya’ll niggas keep asking me about my sister, if you want to holla at her, do it on your own, nigga you know where I live at” Wayne said still smiling. “Man she be fucking with them sucka ass Eden & Preston niggas” Darnell said. “yeah, well, that’s her, she can do what she want. I don’t give a fuck” Wayne said then dipped in the alley to serve a junky. He came back to the corner just as Darnell was coming out the bar with a soda. “I got like 450 dollars Yo, I’m trying to flip that, what’s up, do you got something to put up” Darnell said then took a big gulp of his Sprite. “Yo, I was thinking about the same thing but I didn’t know if ya’ll had no money” Wayne said. “I’m saying yo, me and you can do this, what’s up” Darnell said. “I got 135 dollars left from yesterday and I get 315 today so I got 450” Said Wayne. “We got enough to get a ounce”. “If we get an ounce of coke, where we going to sell it. Cheetah got shit locked right here, Fat Ramen and them got Regester, I ain’t going up on Dallas, man Keko & them cruddy, and Darrel & Tony got Lanvale sold up” Wayne said. “Yo, we going to pen up shop right on Lanvale & Bethel, Man fuck Darrel and Tony, them niggas ain’t even from around here for real” Darnell said. “Yeah, I feel you on that”. “I’m a go holla at heavy and see if he got a ounce down there, I’ll be back” Darnell said then walked down Federal towards Regester.

After they stopped past Setty house to pick up the money, Leon & Setty went to Leon’s house. Leon put his and Boom’s 120 dollars with the money that he just got from Mont, which was 700 dollars. All together he had 940 plus the 280 Setty was putting up made \$1,220. Leon calculated on some paper about how many pills Mont should have left and came up with 92,

which is 920 dollars. So 920 plus the 1220 made 2,140 dollars. “Damn, after Mont finished the rest of the pills we going to have twenty one hundred and forty” Leons said to Setty. Setty just nodded. “I can get 3 ounces for 2 G’s from my connect” Leon said then picked up the phone. He dialed a number then waited 3 rings before somebody answered. “hello” a male voice said. “Is this Boom” Leon asked. “yeah nigga, you don’t know my voice?” Boom said. “Yo we got 2140, that’s enough to cop 3 ounces.” Leon told him. “How did you jump from 1620 to 2140” Boom said. “I got our 120 dollars from Setty and plus he put up 300”. “So now this a 3 man thing huh?” Boom said. “Yeah, I guess so, what you ain’t trying to roll that way” Leon said. “Nah, I ain’t got no problem with it, as long as he put up something”, “Hell yeah, man I told you I already took care of that, but anyway I was just hollering at you, Yo we be down there later on” Leon said. “Bring some smoke and shit, I ain’t got no cash down here” “Alright” Leon said then hung up. That’s when Setty spoke up. “He don’t want me to be a part of ya’ll little thing?” “Nah, nah, he cool with it, man you know how that nigga is” Leon said. He put the money up and him and Setty went back outside. On their way down the way Leon told him about the 10 millimeter that was still stashed in the vacant house on Dallas Street. When they got down there they went in the house and Leon showed Setty the gun, then they went back on Federal & Dallas to watch their money.

“He got the coke down on Regester right now but he want \$820 for a ounce” Darnell said to Wayne as they sat on some steps a couple doors down from the bar on Bethel. “Is you trying to get that” Wayne said. He had finished 9 bundles and had the \$450 in his pocket. “its up to you, I been wit it” Darnell said then him and Wayne walked down to Regester Street to see Fat Ramen. As soon as they turned the corner, Fat Ramen was getting out the driver side of a blue Ford Expedition. “What’s up shorty, ya’ll going to get that?” Fat Ramen asked as they

approached. Darnell said “Yeah”, then Fat Ramen told them to meet him on Rutland & Oliver in 20 minutes. They had just enough time to run up Lafayette & Bethel to get vials and a box of razors. When they got back down to Rutland & Oliver they saw Fat Ramen sitting on some steps. Darnell then gave Fat Ramen the \$820. “Walk to the corner and go in the bar, I got somebody in there with a red jacket on, he got the shit”, Fat Ramen told them while counting the money. Darnell & Wayne wasn’t worried about getting burned because they knew everything about Fat Ramen and if the transaction didn’t go well they had plans on clappin something. But everything went well in the bar, so they just bounced.

It was 8:43 p.m. as Mookie guided his bike down the front steps of his grandparents’ house. His whole body was filled with hatred. He had been sitting in his house all evening thinking about his enemy. He had thought about getting his homeboys to help him avenge this foe but then figured it would be better by himself. The fewer witnesses, the better. He was wearing dark blue jeans and a black hoody. He also had on some charcoal Timberlands with the chrome .380 tucked in his belt. His destination was Lafayette & Castle.

Leon and Setty had collected the last of the money from Mont and then went down Somerset. Boom was chilling in the house with Brenda when they knocked on the door. They spent the next half hour thinking about how to flip the 1700 dollars they had. Leon had already took Tony’s 400 out and called him to come pick it up. Leon had already took Tony’s 400 out and called him to come pick it up. Leon had also told him that he wanted to cop some more Redy. Tony said he would give them 64 grams for that 1,700 which was a gram over 2 ounces and a quarter. Leon was hoping to get 3 ounces for the cash but he went along with it. Tony met Leon down Somerset about an hour later with the merchandise. After Tony left, Leon, Setty and Boom sat down and started bagging up. Boom had already brought more vials earlier that day.

They finished and then counted up the pills. It came out to them making about \$3500. They then made 20 packs and stuffed them all into Leon's book bag. Setty & Leon had brought the weed with them, and they now sat in Brenda's bedroom smoking and envisioning riches.

After Darnell & Wayne copped the ounce of coke from Fat Ramen they went down Darnell's house to bag it up. They made about 310 nickel pills. They were both excited and had visions of getting bigger. Thoughts of big whips and jewelry flooded their minds and with that they gathered up the pills and headed up to Lanvale & Bethel. Considering Darrel and Tony already had shit on lock up there with the 2 or 5 blue tops, Wayne and Darnell made out alright. At first things were slow but after a couple of hours it picked up a little bit. At 9:00 that evening they still had over 200 pills left but that didn't discourage them. There would always be tomorrow. Another day another dollar.

Three figures appeared on the corner as Mookie waited in silence. He had been sitting across from the bar on Lafayette & Castle for about 20 minutes waiting for his enemy. The air was a little chilly and several dopefiends floated up and down the street but he didn't care who was out there, he was on a mission. When he recognized the face of one of the three people standing on the corner his heart skipped a beat. Not out of fear but out of pure anger. His palm gripped the rubber handle of the .380 now in his front hoody pocket. Troy stood on the corner with one homeboy as the third one walked into the bar. It was now or never is all Mookie could think about. He got up off the steps, and leaving his mountain bike laying up against the vacant house, he started to walk towards his enemy. Mookie knew he was quiet but somehow Troy felt his presence when he was about 15 feet away. Mookie's heart was racing as he pulled the .380 out from his hoody pocket. At the same time almost on cue Troy pulled a gun too. Mookie couldn't tell what kind of gun Troy had but he could see that it was big and black. Mookie's

heart pumped even faster as he squeezed off the first shot. The ‘bang’ of the .380 was overtook by the loud ‘pop’ of a .45 as Troy pulled the trigger. Mookie saw the sparks coming from Troy’s gun as he backed away still shooting. Troy’s homeboy was running down Castle Street at full speed. Mookie was aware now that he was in the middle of a shoot out as he ducked and continued to fire back. He felt panic boil in his stomach when he heard the “whiz” of the bullets flying past him. Mookie knew he only had 9 shots so he tried to use them wisely. “aim, shoot, shoot aim, shoot”, but his enemy seemed to be ducking everything. Then finally ‘contact’! Mookie watched as Troy’s face changed from anger to fear as the .380 slug ripped through the side of his neck. He watched almost in slow motion, the blood splatter out into the night and then ‘contact’ again. This time Troy got hit in the chest. Then Mookie heard ‘click, click’. He remember thinking “Oh shit, I’m out of shells”, but Troy was stumbling to the ground. As Troy fell, Mookie turned to run but then three final shots interrupted the silence. Troy managed to squeeze off three panic rounds in his last moments on this earth. Mookie ducked and tripped over a curb. He hit the ground hard and felt a pain in his side where the pain was and felt liquid. He then looked at his hand and saw blood. Then he realized what had happened. He didn’t trip over a curb and fall, he fell because a .45 caliber bullet knocked him down.

3 Months Later

Monday, April 26th

It had been three whole months since Boom murdered Gizza and he now was coming outside on a regular basis. Tay and Greasy had got a non-process for the murder and had come home from City Jail a couple weeks earlier. The other New York boys never found out who shot Gizza. They was content on the story that the dudes who stuck him up killed him. Mookie was locked up for the murder of Troy. While he was in the hospital tending to his gunshot wound to

his side, Homicide Detectives locked him up on the spot. They had the murder weapon with his fingerprints and blood all over it, because when he got shot, he was in too much pain to get rid of it before the police arrived at the scene. It was said that Troy's crew was after Mookie and his crew but the weeks following Troy's death, came and went with no incidents other than mean mugs and threats. Doughboy and Mal was now selling dope for Keko and Greasy went back to selling coke for Cheetah. Darnell wasn't paranoid about shooting Lil Cal no more and him and Wayne was doing nice with their yellow top coke pills. Tay wasn't really doing anything to get richer. Everybody in the crew was beginning to think Tay wanted to be broke. About a couple weeks ago, him and Darnell got into an argument when a 20 pack of pills was missing from the stash. Tay was the suspected cruddy nigga. But later Darnell found out otherwise and after he beat the shit out of his worker, he apologized to Tay. Setty, Leon and Boom had some problems too. Their worker had got robbed twice and Leon had got locked up with some pills but his mother got him out on bail. Other than that, they were doing the best. They were at the point where they could have brought little whips if one of them would have gotten a license. And even thought everybody was doing they own thing, they all still hung together. There little crew had a name now too. Bethel Street Boys or B-Boys for short. Doughboy was the one who came up it and everybody liked it so that what they went by. Everybody in a 10 block radius knew who they were now. They were no longer 'those lil nigga'. They had also ran across 2 more guns. So now added to the Glock 40, 10 millimeter and chrome .38 they already had, another .38 snub but this one was black and a chrome mossberg 20 gauge. Since Wayne lived the closes to the strip, the mossberg stayed at his house but the handguns were usually spread around amongst each other. Out of the nine crew members, five of them had brought expensive trick bikes to get around on and since Darnell was the only one who got a license, he was saving for a car.

The temperature outside was in the 70's. The streets and corners were littered with dopefiends and hustlers. Boom was standing in front of 'Mama Sues'. He was wearing a necklace he brought the day before with a piece on it that said 'B-boy' on it. "Where the fuck that nigga at" Boom said looking at his watch. It was 2:30 in the afternoon and Leon was a half hour late. "you know his fat ass always late for something" Setty said walking out Mama Sues drinking a half & half. "Yo, them bitches probably think we ain't coming" Boom said to Setty. "Did you call up his house", Setty asked. "Yeah man, his mother said he been left out" Just then Leon turned the corner on his bike. "We late, fucking with you" Boom said to Leon as he pulled up. "Man, them bitches ain't going nowhere" Leon said smiling. Boom was still messing with Brenda and Leon was still with Tierra but a couple days earlier, Boom had met 3 Westside girls while he was downtown to buy some boots. They was dimes according to him and they wanted to meet a couple of his friends. They had gave Boom they address on the phone last night, which was on Gilmore Street. They told him to bring 2 friends and come over at 2:30; so here they were. Leon put his bike in one of the neighborhood girls' house and then him, Boom and Setty walked to Harford Road and got a hack. Being as though they were going into unknown territory, Boom had brought along the ten shot .10 millimeter. The three girls names were Toneik, Paris and Nay Nay. The three B-boys pulled up at the house at 3:17. They paid the hack man ten dollars and got out. About 5 or 6 houses up at the corner they noticed like 8 niggas on some steps. Boom had the 10 millimeter in his belt, cocked and loaded just in case them niggas wanted to act uncivilized. Before Boom could knock on the door, a girl appeared in the top window. "Ya'll can come in, the door open" she said. The inside of the house was musky and a little hot. Leon, Boom and Setty stood in the living room. The furniture was brown with little designs and it was a big screen TV sitting on a wooden stand. "Man, these bitches crazy" Setty

whispered, realizing that the girls hadn't come downstairs yet. They heard some bumping and some giggling coming from upstairs then Toneik appeared at the top of the steps. She was lightskin with a cute face. She was smiling and showing what looked like straight white teeth. She also had a nice body from the view that they got. "Ya'll can come upstairs" she said then disappeared into one of the bedrooms. Leon, Boom and Setty walked up the steps. "Yo I want her" Leon whispered to Boom. "Nah, that one for me" Boom said smiling. When they walked into the room, they saw one girl sitting in a chair, one sitting on the bed and Toneik was standing by the T.V. blushing. Pointing to the girl on the bed first she said, "That's Paris and that's Nay Nay". Boom knew better than to introduce his comrades so he just sat down on the bed and said "Ya'll already know my name". Leon observed Nay Nay and Paris before he spoke. Paris was a caramel complexion and had a very pretty face. She had small breast and he couldn't see her ass because she was sitting down. Nay Nay was brown skinned and slim and from what Leon could tell, she was short too. "My name Leon" he said then sat on the bed next to Paris. Setty remained standing and didn't say anything. "You ain't got to be shy, we not going to bite you" Toneik said to Setty. "Nah shorty, I ain't shy, I'm Setty" he said smiling.

"Give me a 60 dollar money order" Wayne said as he put two twenties and two tens in the spinning cubicle. The Chinese man on the other side took the money and walked away from the counter. Wayne took the opportunity to write down City Jail's address and Mookie's name on the envelope he had in his hand. He finished just as the store man came back to the counter with the money order and a receipt. Wayne grabbed the stuff and moved down the counter so the next person in line could get served. He filled it out, put it in the envelope and dropped it in the mail box outside at the corner of Bond & Federal.

Doughboy and Mal had been outside hustling since 7:00 that morning. Their designated time to oversee the dope shop was from 7 to 3. It was now 4:30 and they was tired as shit. They was waiting for Keko. This was something unusual for him to be so late. He only gave them enough pills that morning to last until about this time and now they were out. Approximately 20 to 30 dopefiends was outside waiting in the alley for them to come out with more heroine. Doughboy and Mal sat at a table in one of the stash houses with almost 14 G's, a Beretta 9 millimeter and a police scanner in front of them. They were both kinda nervous sitting there with all that money and just one gun. Keko usually stopped by around 11 or 12 to pick up half the money but today, something wasn't right. Only Mal and Doughboy was permitted to go into the house, so the runners and corner men were outside waiting for their pay. "I ain't paying them niggas shit until Keko get here" Mal said as he looked out the front window and saw the workers sitting across the street patiently. "yeah me neither" Doughboy said. The lady who house it was got paid weekly by Keko and when they was outside watching over shit, she was the one who usually sat and listened to the scanner. When they were conducting business in the house, she always stayed downstairs and out the way. "Do you think he got locked up or something" Doughboy asked Mal looking at his watch. "Man, I hope not" Mal answered then sat back at the table.

"What's wrong" Setty said to Nay Nay as she pulled away from him. By now Leon, Boom and Setty had went to three different rooms with three different girls. It was around 5 p.m. and they had already smoked a lot of weed and talked all the sweet talk, now it was time to get down with other things. "I'm on my period" Nay Nay said as she buttoned her pants back up. "You what!?" Setty said. By now he was rock hard and she was playing games. "You don't know what a period is" she said. "hell yeah, but....Man you playing games shorty". "I ain't

playing no games, do you want my blood all over you” she said and he just looked at her. “I didn’t think so” she said. “If I wasn’t high I woulda smacked the shit out you by now” Setty said, he was mad. “Why you getting all mad”? “What the fuck you mean, you got a nigga thinking he about to get some pussy then you say that bullshit out your mouth” Setty said. She just looked at him with that cute face and smiled. Setty was mad as shit. She walked over and sat back next to him on the bed. He was about to bounce when she grabbed his dick through his sweatpants. He pushed her away. “What, you trying to tease me” he said. Nay Nay didn’t answer him, she just leaned over and started kissing on his chest. He didn’t move her away this time. She worked her way down to the rim of his sweatpants. By now Setty knew what was going on so he just leaned back on the bed. She pulled the sweatpants and boxers down to his thighs then took him in her mouth. She had her eyes closed as she sucked but when Setty let out a small moan she opened her eyes and looked at him. He was obviously enjoying himself. He put his hand on the back of her head to urge her to take it deeper, but when she did, he looked at her face and could tell she almost choked so he let go of her head. She wasn’t no expert at what she was doing, but this was the best head he ever had in his life. He let out a couple more pleasure moans until he was about to cum. She pulled her mouth off just in time, but it squirted and some got on her face. She just looked at him and he was smiling. “ain’t nothing funny” She said smilin’ then opened the door and left out. Setty was about to wipe his dick off on the sheets when Nay Nay came back into the room with a damp washcloth. Setty looked at her shocked when she got on her knees and started wiping him off. This had never happened to him before and he was enjoying every bit. After she finished, he pulled his sweatpants up and put his shirt back on. Nay Nay left out to put the washcloth in the washing machine downstairs. Setty sat on

the bed smiling to himself, feeling like he was floating in the air. Then he reached in his pocket and sparked up a Newport.

Wayne and Darnell was having some problems with their clientele lately. Besides them, it was two other cokes on that same block. Of course they all had different color tops but it seemed like all their customers were going across the street to Darrel and Tony. When a couple junkies walked up and asked for the 2 for 5's, Wayne almost lost control of himself. "Yo, all our fucking money across the street. Here it is 6:00 and we ain't even got 700 dollars yet" Wayne said to Darnell as they stood on the corner of Lanvale & Bethel. "That's what I was telling you last week, man them niggas got to go" Darnell said as he watched all the money run in the alley across the street. "yeah, its about that time to bring out the cannons" Wayne said with a sly grin on his face. "the heat is on" Darnell said glaring at his next targets.

Greasy had just finished the last bundle for the day when Tay pulled up on a bike. "What's up Greasy" he said. "ain't shit". "I got some money Yo, you trying to smoke" Tay said and Greasy looked at him surprised. Usually, he was the one who tagged along on somebody else's weed and now here he was offering to buy this time, and not to mention the 400 dollar Mongoose BMX he was riding or the fresh New Balance he had on. "I see you came across some dough" Greasy said looking his homeboy up and down. "yeah, just a little something, but this is Leon's bike." Tay said. "Where Leon at?" Greasy asked. "I don't know, he left it up Tonya's house so I rode it down deakyland and robbed the weed boys". "You crazy Yo" Greasy said smiling. "I was broke, know what I'm saying. Ya'll niggas do the hustling thing and I do the robbing thing". "What happened to the smoke you got from the weed boys" Greasy said. "Man, I been smoked that, it was only 5 dimes and I saw Kira and them on my way back up and

you know how them bitches is” Tay said. “Hell yeah,” Greasy said laughing. “Come on Yo, let’s go get that smoke.”

Doughboy and Mal was getting mad now. They had been sitting in the stash house all afternoon. They ordered some pizza a little while and smoked some weed but there still was no sign of Keko. They already had it in there minds that he must have got locked up somewhere so now the only problem was what to do with the money. Keko paid them well and they had no intentions on crossing him. Besides, even if they wanted to, they couldn’t because he knew where there families lived. They already heard war stories about him so they decided to just put the money up somewhere until they found out where he was at. They agreed to take the money and the gun to Doughboy’s house up the Alameda. Mal found a book bag in the stash house and stuffed the money in it while Doughboy called for a cab. It came in about 20 minutes. Doughboy put the gun in his dip and Mal grabbed the book bag. They ended up paying the workers earlier and now they was on the way up Alameda with a brand new 9 millimeter Beretta and 12,860 dollars of tax free drug money.

It had been about an hour since Setty was getting some head and now him, Boom and Leon was on the front steps of Toneik’s house telling the girls goodbye. Paris had fell asleep after her and Leon finished fucking so only Toneik and Nay Nay was in the doorway telling them which way to go get a hack. It was still daytime outside as the three homeboys walked up Gilmore towards Pratt. Toneik didn’t have a phone so she told them to get a cab on Pratt Street. Leon and his homeboys noticed the same niggas on the corner that was there earlier. Boom touched the handle of the 10 millimeter in his belt. The three B-boys didn’t say anything as they approached the corner. The Gilmore & Pratt niggas looked at them for a minute and then went back to their conversations. Setty thought to hisself, “them niggas don’t want any trouble”.

They stopped on the corner and started looking up and down Pratt for a ride. “Hack, Hack” Leon said waving his hand at a couple passing cars. “Main Man, ya’ll going to have to take that shit across the street”, a male voice said. Leon, Boom and Setty turned around to look at who was talking. The speaker was brown skinned and slim. He looked like he was around 14 or 15 and he was the smallest one out there. “What you say” Boom said calmly. “I said ya’ll going to have to get off my corner with that hack shit” Shorty said as he stood up off the steps. “Shorty, I don’t think you know us to be telling us where to stand at” Boom said, then broke down his nonsense mug. The other niggas on the steps stated to stand up now. Setty knew it was about to be some bloodshed and he also knew that they were a long way from hoe so he pulled Boom’s arm and said “Come on Yo, fuck them niggas”. One of the G.P niggas dipped in the house. “What the fuck you think you crazy nigga” one of the other ones said. By now the G&P niggas was walking towards Leon, Boom and Setty and they had backed up into the street. “Fuck that Yo, bang on these niggas Boom” Leon said. The G& P niggas was either stupid or they went super hard cause they was still walking towards the B-boys as Boom whipped out and the first shot went off. Leon and Setty watched as Boom let the big gun bark. The G& P was ducking and running. Leon watched as the little one with all the mouth caught one in the shoulder and another one got hit in the stomach. The loud pops of the gun was ear shattering but Setty could actually hear the shells hitting the ground. As they ran, Boom thought they was going to run into some more niggas and he had emptied the clip. But when they got to Stricker Street, something else awaited them, the police. “Oh shit, five o” Setty said just as the police cruiser turned on its lights and sped towards them. They all split up. Boom still had the gun in his hand as he ran down a alley. One police jumped out the passenger side and ran after him, as the driver sped off to circle the block and cut him off at the other end. Setty had run straight down Stricker Street

with another car behind him. A lot of people who was out there watching knew what he was getting chased for because they had heard the 10 loud shots minutes earlier. At the corner of McHenry Street he dipped into a narrow walkway that led to the alley. It was too small for cars but by now they had the helicopter out. Setty quickly ducked through the back door of a vacant house. He could hear tires screeching and helicopters overhead as he ran through the vacant house to the upstairs bedroom. It was mad trash and vials all over the place. His heart was racing as he looked back down the steps and realized he had lost them, for now.

Leon had not been so lucky. He had ran up Stricker towards Lombard but when he got to the corner several police cars was on his heels. Two tried to cut him off but he ran around them and across Lombard. He was tired and out of breath but he kept on running. He was halfway up the next block of Stricker when a police car but in front of him. Before Leon could run around the car, a big black officer had his Glock pointing straight at him. "Freeze muthafucka, don't move". Leon didn't. All around him other police cars pulled up to a halt. The helicopter flew overhead. Now he had 5 or 6 more Glocks pointing at him. They kept yelling for him to get on his knees so that's what he did. Four officers holstered their guns, while two of them kept aim on him. The four walked over to him cautiously and slammed his face first to the ground. They checked him, then handcuffed him and walked him over to a cruiser. He sat in the cruiser for about 5 minutes while the police conversated, then a paddy wagon pulled up with the lights flashing. They took Leon out the cruiser and opened the wagon's door. He was thinking about if Boom and Setty had gotten away as he walked to the vehicle, but when he looked in the wagon one of his thoughts was answered because there in front of him was his homeboy Boom handcuffed to the inside.

After Greasy and Tay came from the weed spot, they rode up Lanvale to chill and smoke with Darnell & Wayne. Darnell had already told them about their plans to run Tony & Darrell from around there and they was all for it. It was night time outside now and the four B-boys was sitting on some steps plotting their next moves. They decided it was time to strike. The Glock 40 was all the way down Chapel Street and they wanted to send their message in a hurry before the niggas left for the night. The Mossberg and one of the .38's was at Wayne's house around the corner. Wayne and Tay went to get the guns while Darnell & Greasy stayed on the steps watching the chumps across the street. Wayne got the Black .38 and Tay had the Mossberg. They left out through Wayne's back door and walked through the alley. The 6-shot Mossberg was too big to hide so Tay had it in his hands. Wayne tucked the .38 in his dip and went back to the corner with Darnell & Greasy. Tony & Darrell was sitting on some steps across the street about 3 houses away from the alley. "Come on ya'll, Tay already over there in the alley" Wayne said when he walked up. As the three homeboys walked across the street towards their enemy they saw Tay stick his head out the alley. Time to rock & roll. A neighborhood dopefiend named 'Toot' was sitting on the steps with Tony & Darrel as they approached. As soon as they got on the curb, Wayne pulled out the .38 snub and held it to his side. "Yo Toot, go ahead an ball out this ain't got nothing to do with you" Darnell said, then Toot got up fast and walked off. A couple of junkies that was standing around saw what was happening, but shit like this happened so often they casually walked off too. "Nigga what the fuck ya'll doing" Darrel blurted out. He was about 27 years old, slim and brown skinned. But Tony was only about 17, slim and light skinned. "Bitch shut the fuck up and go in the alley" Wayne said them cocked the hammer on the .38 with his thumb. Tony looked scared as shit but Darrel just had a mean mug on his face. They hesitated for a minute. "What the fuck you think we playing" Greasy said

moving closer. Tay must have felt them niggas wasn't cooperating cause just then he stepped out the alley with the shiny 20 gauge. Clank, clank. "Bitch get in the alley 'fore I blow you muthafuckin head off" Tay screamed as he pointed the gun straight at the chumps. That got their attention and they got up off the steps and walked to the alley. Darnell was looking up and down the street and noticed a couple people looking but he didn't give a fuck, their only fear was the police. The four B-boys walked Tony & Darrel into a yard of a vacant house. "What's up, why ya'll doing this Yo, I thought we was cool" Tony said looking like he was about to cry. "I ain't trying to hear that shit nigga. Take your clothes off. You too", Wayne said waving the .38 at them. Tay still had the gauge pointed on them too. They did what was told and now they both stood there with boxers, socks and tank tops on. Darnell and Greasy picked up their shorts and took the money and cell phone out the pockets. "Check this out fellas" Wayne said to Tony & Darrel. "This is the deal. We don't want ya'll around here on our strip no more. I don't care where ya'll go but it ain't going to be no more 2 for 5's getting sold on this block. Do we got an understanding gentlemen?" Tony & Darrel didn't say nothing so he pointed the .38 at them and Tony flinched and put his hands up. "Yeah man, we understand" he said. Greasy and Tay started laughing at the chumps. Wayne was smiling too, then said "Don't let me catch ya'll niggas around here no more man, I'm not trying to put no bodies on my brand new gun, and don't take this personal fellas, it's business". They all started laughing except Tony & Darrel. "Go ahead and ball out" Darnell said to them and they started waling out the yard in their underclothes. Tay told them to walk straight up the alley the long way. When they got like 2 houses away you heard, "Pop, pop, boom, pop, boom" as Wayne and Tay shot diagonally in their directions aiming over their heads. They took off running and then the four B-boys disappeared into the night.

“Shorty is you alright” the man asked tapping the shoulder of the boy laying on the floor. The boy jumped awoke suddenly and the man backed away. “Yo, what the fuck, bitch you tried to go in my pockets” the boy said to the now frightened man. Setty had been in the vacant house for about 6 hours. Somehow he managed to doze off on the floor while the police was looking for him outside. It was now night time and the only light in the house came in through the broken windows from the street lamps. “My bad shorty, I ain’t mean any harm I was just trying to see if you was alright” the man said. Setty looked at the man in the half dark house and could tell he was a crack head. Setty stood up and brushed his clothes off. “You the one the police was looking for huh?” the man asked. “Nah main man, that wasn’t me” Setty said as he walked to the doorway. The man let out a small laugh because he knew he was lying. “Yo, which way do I go to get over East” Setty asked the man. “So, you from East Baltimore huh Shorty?” the man said then let out another little laugh. “What the fuck is so funny” Setty said. “You a long way from home” the man said then pulled a small shoebox from out a hole in the wall. He opened the box and Setty saw him pull out a homemade pipe made out of foil and a miniature Jack Daniels’ bottle. “Main man, I ain’t got no time for games, is you going to tell me or not” Setty said still standing in the doorway. “You got some money”, the man asked as he pulled out a vial of Redy from his sock. Setty reached in his pocket and handed the junkie a ten dollar bill. That seemed to get his attention. He tucked the ten in his sock and then said, “go out the back door and turn left up the alley. When you come out, you going to be on Pratt, make a right then you on your way”. Fifteen minutes later Setty was in a checker cab headed back over East. The whole ride all he kept thinking about was Leon & Boom, wondering where they were at that moment. At home chillin he hoped.

April 27th 6:31 A.M.

“Feed up!” Leon woke up suddenly. He heard the sound of something sliding on the floor. He looked around and it was dark but he could make out the sight of the steel bars. That’s when he remembered where he was at. Leon and Boom was in Cell 49/50 on East Top of the notorious hopper tier, L-Section. They was charged with two counts of attempted murder, reckless endangerment, handgun in the use of a felony and a couple more misdemeanor offenses. Boom had one more additional charge, possession of a hand because the police found the 10mm about 10 feet from where he got apprehended. They spent most of the night at Central Bookings and after seeing the Commissioner and getting a ‘no bail’, they was sent over to steel side. Leon sat up on the bottom bunk and then noticed somebody standing in front of his cell holding two plastic trays. The boy was slim and brown skin. He looked about Leon’s age and he had a green soldier rag tied around his head with army fatigue pants on. He looked at Leon then sat the two trays in front of the cell and walked down the tier. Almost immediately two mice ran towards the trays. Leon stomped his feet and they ran away. He looked at the top tray and saw two boiled eggs, a piece of meat, and some cornflakes with sugar sprinkled on top. “Yo, Boom get p” Leon said shaking his homeboy on the top bunk. “Yeah Man”, Boom said waking up. “Breakfast here” Leon said just as the boy with the green soldier rag sat two milks on the grill and kept walking. Boom jumped down off the bunk and took a piss. “Muthafuckin mice and shit running around”, Leon said keeping a close eye on the trays. Just then, the cell doors opened up. Leon stuck his head out and looked up and down the tier. He could see other inmates pulling their trays in the cell so he done the same. Him and Boom ate in silence but they could hear other inmates talking down the tier. After a couple minutes the grill opened again and they slid they trays back onto the tier,.

“That shit was alright” Boom said sitting on the bunk. “Yeah, better than that cold shit they gave us over the bookings” Leon said then reached under his mattress and grabbed his charge papers. “Yo they gave us first ‘AND’ second degree attempt murder” he said reading them over again. “As long as them niggas don’t tell we going to beat this shit”, Boom said thinking about the incidents, which landed them there. Just then Leon noticed a mirror sticking out in front of their cell from next door. He looked in the mirror and could only see a set of eyes. “Yo, where ya’ll from” somebody said from the direction of the mirror. “Over East” Leon said. “Where at over East”? “Federal & Bethel”. “Yeah, what ya’ll locked up for?” “Attempted murder”. “What, ya’ll shot somebody?” “Something like that”. “Ya’ll rap buddies?” “Yeah”. “Did ya’ll get locked up with some money?” “Yeah, why?” Leon said and the dude ignored the question. “Yo, what’s ya’ll names?” “Leon”, “Boom”. “alright, well, check this out, they call me Poppy and this East Top tier is my shit. I run this shit and that’s how it go, know what I’m saying. If ya’ll cooperate then I will make sure ya’ll be alright, but if ya’ll chumps get out of order, then I’m a send my dogs at you, hear? Now this is the deal, all cookies, cakes, debbies and waffles ya’ll get on them trays come over here and...” “Yo slim we ain’t no muthafuckin suckers, you got the wrong ones, we ain’t sending you shit” Leon said then “You hear this nigga Boom, man that nigga crazy”. Him and Boom starting laughing. “Shorty, what the fuck you think you tough, bitch I’ll chop your muthafuckin head off” Poppy said then Leon heard somebody further down the tier yell, “Hey Poppy, who’s dat yo?” “Some wild ass coons think a nigga can’t get to ‘em” Poppy said. “Where they from Yo?” the dude down the tier said. “Over East on Federal & Bethel” Poppy said. Leon and Boom could hear people yelling down the tier to the other side of the section. Boom said to Leon “I’m a smash one of these niggas when we come out”. Then somebody down the tier called to Poppy. “Poppy, what’s them niggas

names?” “Leon & Boom” Poppy said. The dude down the hall said something to somebody on the other side then spoke again. “Hey Poppy”! “Yeah Yo”. “Chill Yo, they Mookie homeboys” “He know them niggas, Manny?” Poppy said. “Yeah Yo, he said chill they from around his way”. “Alright Yo, tell him I said alright” Poppy said. “Damn Yo, I didn’t even know Mookie was on this section” Boom said to Leon. “Me either” Leon said. “Yo, I hope we be able to see him when we come out” Boom said then they heard Manny yell to their neighbor Poppy again. “Hey Poppy, Mookie said tell them he said what’s up and he going to holla at them when we go to school”. “Alright Manny”. Poppy then said. “Hey Boom and Leon, ya’ll man Mookie said he...”, “Bitch we heard him” Boom blurted out. Leon started laughing. “Nigga don’t try to call over here now, after all that slick shit” Boom added. “Yo, shorty I’m a go ahead and let that slide on the strength of Mookie cause I fucks with him real heavy, Know what I’m saying, so I’m a go ahead and lay back” Poppy said then sat on his bunk. “damn” Leon thought to himself. “We got shit on lock already and we only been here 3 hours, B-boys taking over”.

Mal had stayed the night up Doughboy house. They still haven’t heard a word from Keko. It was around 11:30 a.m. and him and Doughboy was sitting at the dining room table eating scrambled eggs and bacon. “Yo, I’m bout to go down the way, and try to see what happened with Keko”, Mal said after he washed his plate. “I’m a chill for awhile, I be down there a little later on” Doughboy said walking Mal to the front door. “Yo, put that money up in a good spot, and the gun, and I’m a holla at you later”. “Alright Yo”, Doughboy said then watched Mal walk down the Alameda towards Harford Road.

“Hello”. “Hi, Ms. Diane is Leon home?” “No he ain’t, who’s calling?” “Setty”. “Oh Hi Sweetie, Leon locked up, him and Boom over City Jail”. “Aw man, do they have a bail?” “Uh uh Setty, they got attempted murder charges, I don’t know what happened but they did

something”. “Miss Denise, do you have their I.D. numbers?” “Yeah, hold on”. Setty was thinking about his 2 homeboys and what to do with the pills and money. They didn’t have a bail so that issue was dead. Ms. Diane came back to the phone and gave him their information then he said “do you need anything Ms. Diane?” “No, but thanks anyway”. “Alright bye”. They both hung up. Setty had wrote the i.d. numbers on a piece of notebook paper and on the next page he began writing them letters.

After Mal left, Doughboy went to this room and started counting the money over again before he put it up. He was sitting on the bed with the TV on. It was starting to get hot outside and he had the fan on high. He was just past 700 on his count when something on the TV caught his attention. The Reporter was speaking: “Police have identified the body of a man found dead in an alley in the 2400 block of Chase Street late last night as 28 year old Keko Key. Medical examiners ruled death from multiple gunshot wounds to the upper body. Police have no suspects or motive for the slaying.” Doughboy cut the TV off. The emotions he felt was strange. ‘Damn’ was all that he managed to say to hisself as he went from sad, to angry, to happy because deep down inside he mourned for the fallen comrade but on the other hand him and Mal were \$12,860 dollars richer..

1 week later, May 4th, Thursday

“Yo, how we going to do this”, the man said to his younger homeboy standing next to him. “Let’s just go down there and blaze the whole fuckin’ corner” he said. ‘yeah, yeah, yeah’ the older one said as he put the 32 shot clip into the Intertec 9mm. The younger one was holding a chrome .45 automatic with lemon squeeze. They was in a friends house 2 blocks away from

their target and they was ready. The older one put the Intertec into a book bag, and the younger one put the .45 in his belt. “Come on yo”, Darell said to Tony then they left out the front door.

Darnell, Wayne and Tay was chilling on Lanvale, selling pills as usual. Money was coming faster since they got rid of Tony & Darell. Wayne was sitting on a chrome Dyno, while Darnell and Tay sat on some steps. It was a nice day, bright and sunny, about one in the afternoon and the block was crowded. Little kids rode bikes or played ‘its’, junkies zoned and nodded off on vacant house steps, females walked up and down the street in little ass shorts and halter tops smelling like hair spray and fruit. The 3 B-boys was blunted up, eyes red, with a pocket full of money and the munchies. “Yo, Tayesha fat as shit” Darnell said looking at the girl on the other side of the street with 4 of her friends. “hell yeah Yo, but I remember when niggas wouldn’t even look at her little ass” Wayne said. “Tay, there go Missy yo” Darnell said. “Man fuck that bitch, I don’t fuck with her no more” he said. “Nigga you crazy, shorty fat as shit too” Darnell said. “That bitch ain’t shit yo, she don’t even know how to ride a nigga right. I was about to smack that bitch one night, she tried to get on top of me and bent my shit all up” Tay said then Wayne and Darnell started laughing. “she got some good ass head but I’m trying to fuck Tricey” Tay said looking across the street at her. “Setty fucked her, I seen Shorty coming down Caroline like 4 o’clock in the morning. She tried to say she was down Annette house, but I know what’s the deal” Wayne said. “Yo, I’ma get them bitches to take some naked flicks and send them to Leon and them” Darnell said then took a sip of his grape soda. “Hell yeah yo”.

When they turned the corner on Lanvale they saw 2 B-boys sitting on the corner steps and one on a bike a block down. “You ready for this?” Darell said to Tony. “Yeah”. In their minds they were playing it safe but they were reckless, and going dick hard in broad daylight

with no mast. Darell already had the book bag on him the front ways as they walked in silence closer and closer. -----

Wayne didn't know if it was instinct or a sick sense but something made him look up towards Bond Street. He saw about 10 junkies hurrying into an alley and then his eyes focused on two faces. It took him about 3 seconds before he realized who it was walking straight towards them pulling out guns. ---

Tony saw the one on the bike look up at them and decided it was time to react. He had the .45 out and cocked before Darell had the Tec out. A nearby junkie saw what was about to happen and with a quick 'Oh shit', he ducked away. It was a lot of people outside but Tony didn't care as he pulled the trigger. By this time Darell had the Tec out the book bag and he was shooting also. Loud pops broke through the laughter of children. Females started screaming and junkies was running. Darell & Tony was running towards Tay, Darnell and Wayne, still shooting. They watched the one on the bike and one on the steps fall before they even had a chance to run but the other one was running fast down Lanvale ducking all the way. The one that was on the bike wasn't moving but his homeboy got up and tried to run but caught 2 more in the back. They watched as he fell in the gutter. Tony was out of bullets but Darell was still shooting. The whole incident only took 13 seconds. The whole block was clear except for the two boys laying near the curb and a bike laying next to one of them. Darell & Tony started running in the opposite direction.

R. Kelly was playing out the speakers as Mal made a right turn in the Eastpoint Mall parking lot. He was driving a blue 1994 Infiniti Q45 that he had brought for 3400 dollars. Him and Doughboy had split the 12,860 dollars as soon as they left Keko's funeral a couple days ago,

which landed them both with 6,430 dollars free cash to spend. Mal was the smartest out the two. While he drove around in a whip, Doughboy still was catching cabs. Doughboy had figured since neither one had a license, then buying cars was a waste of money, but Mal disagreed and took the risk of being pulled over. He was now wearing an expensive Phat Farm sweatsuit and white and blue low cut Nike Air Force 1's. He also had on an expensive necklace. But he was not alone as he pulled into a parking space and turned the ignition off. Sitting in the passenger seat was a pretty, light skin girl about 17 years old. Her name was Antoinette and her and Mal had been a couple since last summer when she moved on Caroline Street from Westport. Mal had put a G up for other reasons and right now he had 830 dollars in his pocket that he planned to spend on him and his girl.

As soon as the cab turned on Lanvale Street Doughboy saw about 15 police cars and 2 ambulances. He quickly paid his fare of \$5.40 and exited the cab. It was still daylight outside but Doughboy couldn't see what was going on because of the crowds of people standing around. He could tell by the looks on their faces something real bad had happened. Some was crying, and others just stood around shaking their heads as the lights from the ambulance went across their faces. He could hear some people saying, "That's fucked up", and "Shorty was cool as shit", as he made his way through the crowd. As soon as he got close enough to the yellow police tape to see, an ambulance raced off. Then he could hear the screams and the crying louder as he looked at the scene. He saw about 15 to 20 officers (some in uniform and some not) standing around talking and some taking notes. He saw about 30 little pointy yellow things scattered close to each other on the curb and sidewalk indicating where the shells dropped. It was a chrome BMX Dyno bike laying next to a puddle of blood. At the curb was a white Nissan Maxima with several bullet holes in the door and a shattered rear and side window. In the gutter

next to the car, Doughboy could see somebody laying there with a white sheet covering everything except for a bloody left hand. Doughboy still hadn't realized what had happened then he saw Wayne's sister and his mother push past some officers surrounding the body. They tried to stop them but the mother had already lifted up a corner of the sheet and then started crying hysterically. Latoya (Wayne's sister) grabbed her mother and they was hugging each other crying loudly. Ms. Wilma (Wayne's mother) was screaming "Please, No, Not my baby, Oh Lord please no, not my baby!" Doughboy's heart melted when he realized that was his homeboy Wayne laying there in the gutter. He started crying also, and tears was running down his face.

At the same time on the other side of town, two uniformed police officers had a black Acura Legend pulled over for speeding. It was two black males in the car and they looked nervous as Officers Smitz and Ortez approached from the rear on both sides. "let me see your license and registration please" Ortez told the driver. As he fumbled through the glove box for the vehicle registration, Smitz noticed the young passenger shaking nervously. "is there something wrong?" Smitz asked him. "N-n-no Officer", the young passenger was scared. The driver gave Ortez what he asked for. Then Ortez began to write the information down on a yellow note pad when his partner gave him a special look, they used to signal each other when something wasn't right. Ortez then tucked the pad in his shirt pocket and looked at the license. "Mr. Um.... Vincent could you please cut the car off and step out of the vehicle". The two officers were watching them closely with their right hands rested on the butt of their Glocks. "Is there a problem officer" the driver said but didn't exit the car. This time Ortez grabbed the door handle and opened the driver side door. "Step out of the fuckin' car now!" Officer Smitz called for backup on his radio. The driver still didn't move and the young passenger looked more scared. Smitz opened the passenger door then told him to get out and he did so quickly. Smitz

patted him down, then put cuffs on him and sat him on the curb as Ortez continued to yell at the driver. Ortez was standing right next to the gas cap when he drew his gun. Smitz on the other side of the car by the taillights did the same. The car was still running and the two front doors were open then the driver put his hands out of view to the officers. "Put your hands out the car", Smitz yelled, just as two more police cars pulled up behind them. The driver saw the backup cars in his rearview mirror and made a split second decision that sealed his fate. Before the backup officers even got out of their cars, the driver threw the car in drive and stepped on the pedal. His tires screeched as they spun. When the Legend caught ground and pulled off, Ortez and Smitz fired several shots at it. Now the chase was on. The driver felt pain in his side and back as he approached 80 miles per hour going south on Fulton Avenue. He was 4 police cars behind him. He was bleeding real heavy from the 3 gunshot wounds sustained when he fled. The only thing that kept running through his mind was a cold lonely prison cell as he made a sharp right onto Edmondson Avenue. He was getting dizzy now and he had to swerve left to avoid running into a bus but the police was still behind him. He was getting cold and numb from the loss of blood and he blacked out twice, almost losing control of the car. As he approached Dukeland he contemplated another sharp right at 98 mph, but this is where his luck came to an end. As he turned, the car lifted up on the two left wheels and swerved into the curb where it sideswiped a money green Cherokee then slammed into a street light pole. The already wounded driver was thrown from the Legend approximately 12 feet where he landed next to a mailbox. The police called for ambulance as they pulled up. Following procedures, the police approached the victim and the vehicle with their guns drawn. During the collision, the trunk on the Legend came open and the police recovered a InterTec 9mm assault pistol and chrome Springfield Arms

.45 caliber automatic. Eight minutes later the ambulance crew arrived and pronounced Larry Vincent also known as 'Darell' dead on arrival at 6:17 p.m.

Ms. Debbie, Ms. Diane and several other relatives were standing next to a bed in the intensive care unit at Leons Hopkins Hospital. Darnell had been shot 4 times in his back and leg. He now lay on his stomach half awake with several tubes and machines hooked up to his body. He couldn't remember what had happened and nobody told him that his friend Wayne was dead. No one talked and the room was quiet except for the beep of the heart machine and an occasional sob or soft cry from the family.

May 6th

Saturday Morning 2:50 a.m.

Poppy woke up out of a light sleep when he heard his cell door open. He got up and looked on the tier. He saw somebody carrying a mattress down towards his cell. As the person got closer, Poppy could see that he was light skinned and looked scared. "yo, you know where cell 51/52 at" he said. Poppy didn't like having a cell buddy but this new cat was kinda fresh. "Yeah, right here" Poppy said. The dude walked in and Poppy closed the grill. The cell was dark so Poppy stepped on the toilet and cut the light on. He had all his commissary and papers on the empty top bunk and now he began taking the stuff and throwing it on his bed. "Yo, what's your name" Poppy said to his new cell buddy as he put his mattress on the top bunk. "Tony" he said. Poppy stood at the grill watching Tony make his bed. "What you locked up for shorty" Poppy said. He added the 'shorty' at the end of the sentence so he could feel superior but in actuality he was a little smaller then Tony. "two guns" Tony said. "What kind". "A Tec and a .45". What the fuck was you doing walking around with a Tec and a .45" Poppy said.

“Nah Yo, I was in a car with my man” Tony said. “Where your man at”. “He got killed yo” Tony said sadly. “He died!? How the fuck that happened” “When I got out the car he pulled off and the police shot him, then he crashed up on Dukeland” Tony explained. Damn Yo, that’s fucked, but Yo from over West huh?” “I live up the village but I was hanging over East”.

“Where at” Poppy asked. “On Lanvale & Bethel” Tony answered. “Oh yeah, then you should know my man Mookie”. “yeah I know Mookie” Tony said that he didn’t know about the shooting. “Mookie over here but he on the other side” Mookie said and Tony felt relief that Mookie wasn’t within arms reach. “Do you know Boom & Leon?” Poppy said. “Yeah, they be hanging with Mookie” Tony said. “They right next door, hold up” Poppy said then knocked on the wall. “Oh Shit” Tony thought to himself, but then he realized they probably don’t know about Wayne and them yet so he could just play cool for now. “Yeah man” Boom said still half asleep. “Yo, my cell buddy said he know ya’ll” Poppy said and that got Boom’s attention so he sat up on the bed, Leon was still sleep. “Who is he” Boom said to Poppy. Poppy had coped a truce since that first night and believe it or not, him, Boom, Leon and Mookie was comrades now. Tony spoke up, “It’s Tony Yo, what’s up” Boom thought for a second then said. “What Tony?” “Light skin Tony that be up on Lanvale”, he said, then Boom knew who he was. Him and Leon had talked to Wayne and them a couple days ago and they told them about how they ran Darell & Tony from around the way. So he was surprised to hear this nigga talking like they were homeboys or something. “Oh yeah, what’s going on?” Boom managed to say with a little hostility in his voice. “Chillin Yo, you know Darell got killed” Tony said then told Boom about the car chase and the guns in the trunk. Boom and Poppy could tell Tony was scared as hell because he kept blabbering on about this and that, trying to be as friendly as possible. After he finished his life story, Poppy said “So, um Boom, what’s up with him”. “Why, what he got some

money or something” Boom said. “Yeah yo, I got like 200 in my account that they took over Central Bookings” Tony said nervously. Boom ignored him and spoke to Poppy. “I say right, leave him alone for now, he alright yo”. “Alright” Poppy said. Tony was standing at the grill looking super scared but when Boom said that he got calm. “I’m going back. I’ll holla at ya’ll tomorrow” Boom said as he climbed back in the bed. Poppy told Tony a little about L-section and the do’s and don’ts for about another hour then they went to bed also.

2:37 p.m.

It was a nice sunny day in Baltimore and everybody was outside especially up on Federal & Dallas. On one side you had junkies running in and out the alley, and on the corner it was another one screaming out the name of the product while another scanned the block for the law. On the opposite corner several females stood around, some sitting on steps and one platting a boys hair. Then, in front of Mama Sue’s carryout it was six dudes standing around smoking blunts and drinking alcohol. Setty was the youngest out the six and besides him was Duncan – 24, Booby-29, Micey-32, Fatz-30 and Bam-27, who is Greasy’s older brother. These were some of the older Federal Street boys and today this is who Setty was chillin with.. In front of them at the curb was a Royal Blue Mercedes Benz CLK which belonged to Micey and behind that was a money green Cadillac Escalade, which belonged to Fatz. Micey and Fatz was the two idols around the neighborhood. They had the most money and basically controlled the dope game in this part of East Baltimore. A lot of people knew, feared and respected these two kingpins and the crew they claimed, B.F.D., which stands for Bethel Federal & Dallas. But even these boys wasn’t bulletproof. More than half of their crew been shot before, and the rest is dead or locked up never to see the streets again but somehow they still remained notorious. Any such individual couldn’t open up shop in their territory, but some have tried and lost the battle. Setty, Boom and

Leon had established a position on this trip and nobody challenged them because they were a part of the crew, B-boys which is just a younger version of B.F.D. A lot of people thought Micey and them were cruddy niggas. It was even a rumor going around that they the ones who got Keko killed, but Setty, Boom and Leon trusted them. When times were hard they could always go to them and get some money and when shit got thick they could get guns from them also.

“Hey Lil’ Setty, did ya’ll find out who did that shooting the other day” Booby asked. “Yeah, Tay was with them but he didn’t get hit and he said it was Darell & Tony”. “you talking bout them lil’ niggas that was selling coke up on Lanvale” Booby asked. “yeah”, Setty said. “Them bitch ass niggas man, shorty what ya’ll trying to do about that” Booby said to Setty. “Them niggas live over west somewhere, and ain’t nobody seen em”. “What’s up with Darnell, is he alright” Bam blurted out. “Yeah, I talked to Leon’s mother and she said he was doing good” Setty said then took a hit off the blunt. Then Fatz said, “Where Leon at, I ain’t seen shorty in a while, I thought him and Lil’ Boom was your partners.” “yeah, they is but they locked up.”

“For what?” Booby said as he passed the Hennessy to Micey. “they got some attempts on some Gilmore & Pratt niggas, I was with them but I got away” Setty explained. “Ya’ll lil’ niggas crazy” Duncan said and Setty just smiled, then Fatz said, “My lil’ niggas is gangsta, they all the way over west laying shit down.” Setty just smiled even harder, then his worker called him across the street. He went over there and the work discreetly handed him \$600. Setty told him wait, so he could go get some more pills. As Setty began to walk back across the street a blue Q45 pulled up. Setty thought to himself ‘Right on time’. He walked to the passenger side window. “Where you going at Mal?” “I was looking for you” Mal said then Setty opened the door and got in. As Mal pulled off he waved and honked the horn at the B.F.D. boys. At the corner Micey said to Fatz, “them Lil’ niggas going to blow up, watch what I tell you”, as Mal

turned left on Caroline Street. “Take me around my house real quick so I can grab some more pills” Setty said to Mal as DMX played on the speakers. “That’s what I want to talk to you about. I’m saying, I ain’t trying to be like Doughboy, that nigga broke already Yo and ain’t got anything to show for it but a whole bunch of clothes. I got 1400 on me right now and I’m trying to flip shit, you know” Mal said as he pulled into a parking spot two houses down from Setty’s house. “Yeah, I fell you, hold up though” Setty said then went in the house. He got 4 more bundles then came back out and got in. Mal pulled off. They rode back around Dallas Street and Setty gave the worker (Mike) the bundles then told him that he will be back. “You trying to go get something to eat?” Mal said as Setty got back into the car. “Hell yeah, I’m hungry as shit” Setty said. As they pulled off he noticed Micey had left. When they turned on North Avenue Mal spoke up again. “So what’s up with that.” Setty already knew what he meant. “I ain’t got no problem with you rolling with us, but this shit just ain’t mine, I can’t make no final decisions” “yeah, I know, but Yo, be for real, them nigga got two attempts, plus they got caught with the gun. They going to be over the jail for at least a year just going back and forth to court. Don’t get me wrong, they my niggas, and I hope they beat the shit but Yo they going to be gone for a minute” Mal said as he turned right on Greenmount Avenue. “Yeah, I know but I be sending them niggas money and shit, as a matter of fact, I wrote them with a money order Thursday night and told them about Wayne and Darnell. Some nigga got killed on another section over the jail so they on lock down and can’t get on the phones” Setty explained. “nah, I’m not trying to step on they feet yo, I’m just trying to get paid with ya’ll”. “Alright, I’ma do this, our connect sell us eight for \$3100, so jus give me the 1400 and I’ma put up the 1700, then we can do that” Setty said then sparked up a cigarette. Satisfied with that answer, Mal changed the subject, “alright that’s cool, but them niggas going to be fucked up that they can’t go to Wayne’s funeral

Tuesday”. “yeah man and plus Darnell still in the hospital” Setty said shaking his head. “yo, you know we going to see Darell & Tony again, then it’s on and poppin” Mal said. “Yeah them niggas going to pay for that yo.” They was silent for a minute then changed the subject and started talking about Rappers and guns the rest of the way to their destination, IHop.

As Tay approached Bond & Preston he could see that the weed boys (Cee & Dre) were out selling their dimes and twenties. Tay had 22 dollars in his pocket and he also had the black .38 snub tucked in his belt with a long Orioles jersey on to conceal the lump. He walked across Preston and over to Cee, (Dre was sitting on the steps). “What’s up Tay, you want a twenty” Cee asked. “Yeah”, Tay said then walked past Dre and into the house. They both knew Tay so they had no reason to be alert and plus it was 4 something in the afternoon and the block was packed. Tay thought hard before he made his next move. He looked up and down Bond Street then with a quick fling of his right hand he had the .38 pointed straight at Dre’s face. He froze in fear. Tay didn’t say a word, he just grabbed Dre’s shirt with his left hand and walked him into the house. The shit happened so fast, nobody on the block even noticed. Tay shut the front door behind them. “Bitch, where the money and weed at” Tay said as he patted Dre’s pockets and took a small know out the front one. The gun was pointed at Dre’s back now, then Cee came down the steps and saw what was happening. “What the fuck you doing Tay” Cee said startled. “Yo, I’m not playing, drop the weed and money on the floor.” Cee dropped the bag of twenties he had in his hand then dug in his pockets and took out about 400 dollars, and threw that on the floor too. Tay told Cee to sit on the steps then he told Dre to reach down and grab the stuff. Dre hesitated out of fear so Tay swung the .38 and hit Dre on the side of his head with the barrel, but as he don that, the gun went off and a bullet hit the steps about 7 inches from Cee. He jumped up and screamed, “Chill Yo, I’m, I’m a get it” Cee reached down and grabbed the money and stuffed it

in the bag with the weed. Dre was holding the side of his head. Cee walked over slowly and handed the bag to Tay. "Lay down on the floor, both of ya'll" Tay said and they did what he said. Just then Tay heard the door coming open behind him so he turned around quickly and fired the last five shots through the front door out of panic. He was scared now so he ran past Dre and Cee laying on the floor and ran out of the back door with 10, twenty sacks and 640 dollars.

Leonard Wilson was 18 years old and light skin. Him and his cousin Twan was spending their Saturday afternoon unloading boxes off of a raggedy Toyota pickup truck. Twan was 17 and brown skin and unlike his cousin, he was chubby. They had just moved on Caroline Street with their Aunt Carla and cousin Antoinette. They were moving from Westport, which is in South Baltimore, to here, over East because of some shit that happened a couple days ago in their neighborhood out Westport. Leonard has a connect, a serious ass Jamaican cat named Bloody, that be selling them pounds of weed for \$350 a piece. At that cheap of a price and the weed being the best in the whole Westport, naturally Leonard & Twan became popular and wealthy real fast. But along with fame & wealth comes jealousy & envy. Being as though they were so young and inexperienced in being the hood superstars, it was only a matter of time before someone tried their hand. Leonard & Twan knew that, so they acquired a nice arsenal of weapons and comrades that stayed around them. Unfortunately all of their comrades wasn't with them on the night a couple of envious snakes tried to infiltrate what they had established. Unfortunately for the infiltrators, it was a snake on their side also that tipped Leonard & Twan off about the stickup about 1 hour before it went down. It was warm that night, the whole situation was suppose to happen. The infiltrators plans were to snatch Leonard up as he pulled

into a parking spot in front of his house and hold him for ransom. But being as though Leonard and Twan was already on point, they had one of their associates drive Leonard's car and park in front of his house. As the three infiltrators approached Leonard's cranberry ES300, Leonard & Twan jumped out of a black Chevy Tahoe parked 4 spaces behind them and a gunfight broke out. When the smoke cleared, Twan was grazed in the arm and two of the infiltrators were badly wounded. One ended up dying later that night at the hospital. The next day, word around the hood was that the one that got away was planning to retaliate and the other one who got shot started talking to the police, so Twan & Leonard decided to lay low over East in fear of Homicide detectives and the threat of retaliation.

Monday, May 8th

Greasy had a soda in his hands as he walked out of the store on Bond and Oliver. It was around 5:30 in the evening and he was finished all the bundles he planned on selling that day for Cheetah. He had 276 dollars of his own money in his pockets but he could've had more if he would have come outside earlier and caught the morning rush of coke heads on their way to work. He also had 280 dollars in the house that he had been saving up so he could buy a car. He already had enough to cop a 'get around' whip but he had his eyes set on a black Chevy Tahoe that he saw at a used car lot out Belair Road. The truck was loaded, low mileage, CD player, am/fm cassette, air, power everything, black leather interior and tinted windows. Then to top it off they only wanted \$8899 for it. He had only been saving for about a week and had close to 3 thousand already. Another 2 weeks and he was sure that he would have enough to get it, if it was still available. But today, Greasy felt like treating himself. Just as that thought crossed his mind, he saw a Blue Q45 turn down Oliver from Bethel. "Hey Mal!" Greasy yelled at the car. When he saw the brake lights come on, he began jogging to the car. He reached it and got in the

passenger side. “What’s up Yo, where you at?” Greasy asked Mal as he shut the door. I’m bout to fly out Cedonia real quick, see what’s up with this white boy” “What white boy?” Greasy asked. “this dude named Jeremy. He was locked up with me out Boys Village and he was telling me then that he had a connect for guns but when I got home I forgot all about him. Then I saw him out White Marsh the other day and he told me to come see him today and he will have something for me” Mal said as he crossed Rutland Street. “Man, do you trust this nigga, he might be trying to set you up”. “He ain’t crazy” Mal said then lifted up the center console where he had his elbow rested. Greasy looked and saw the black Beretta 9mm that Mal & Doughboy had kept along with the money when Keko got killed. “Yo, you hot as shit riding around with heat in the car”. “I know, that’s why I’m trying to hurry up out here.” “What you doing after you holla at the white boy” Greasy asked as they made a left turn on Gay Street. “Nothing, why, what’s up?” “I need you to take me out Mondawmin” Greasy said. “Alright bet”

The two homeboys talked about this and that the rest of the way to their destination. Jeremy lived on a street called Moores Run Drive in the corner house right off of Radecke Ave. It was still daylight outside when Mal & Greasy pulled up in front of the house. “Do you want me to go in with you” Greasy asked Mal as he cut the car off. “Yeah. Carry the heat too and just watch my back” Mal said then Greasy grabbed the Beretta and tucked it in his dip. The house was red brick, with yellow awnings over the two top windows and the porch. Directly across the street was a slope then a creek at the bottom. The street was empty and quite. When they knocked on the door a older redheaded women answered. “Is Jeremy home” Mal said. The lady looked them over once then said hold on for a minute and closed the door in their face. “What the fuck is wrong with her” Greasy said and Mal just shrugged. They heard a lot of screaming and yelling in the house then the door opened back up and a young frail red head boy stood there.

“Come on in, Man don’t pay no attention to that old bitch” Jeremy said to Mal and Greasy as he held the door open. They walked in and he showed them to a door near the kitchen that went to the basement. “Yo, this is my man, Greasy” Mal said to Jeremy as they sat on a black leather couch in the basement. “hey how’s it going” Jeremy said then walked over and shook Greasy’s hand. He asked them did they want something to drink and they both declined so he got down to business. He walked into a back room for a minute and then came out holding a brand new stainless steel colt .45 caliber automatic. Mal and Greasy’s eyes lit up when they saw the shiny gun. Jeremy handed it to Mal then said, “I would’ve had two of them for you but my gun guy didn’t come through like he said he was.” Mal and Greasy examined the gun thoroughly. It was brand new, fresh out the box. Jeremy wasn’t stupid enough to give it to them loaded so Mal asked him how many shots it hold and he said eight. They examined the gun for a couple minutes then Mal said, “How much you want for this.” “Just give me 200” Jeremy said and Mal was surprised cause he thought the white boy probably wanted like 400 for the gun. Mal went in his pockets, took out 200 dollars and paid him. Jeremy counted the money then said, “Hold on for a minute, I want ya’ll to check this rifle out, but its not for sale, I’m keeping this one.” Then he went back into the room. “yo, fuck that, I’m bout to rob this nigga” Greasy said to Mal once they were alone. “Nah man he a good thing. Why rob him now and get a couple guns, when we could keep him close to us and he will be a steady stream of guns. We will make out in the long run, its not good to burn our bridges too fast” Mal explained and Greasy had no choice but to feet what he said. Just then Jeremy came back out holding a polished wood, bolt action .30-.30 rifle with gold trim. “This is a bad muthafucka ain’t it” Jeremy said as he held the gun in his hands. Mal and Greasy wasn’t really into rifles so they wasn’t too impressed by it. They chit-chatted with Jeremy for about another half hour then they left.

It was past 6 pm and the CO's was late passing the mail out on L-Section. The whole section was in the Rec Halls. The eastside of the tier in East Rec hall and the West in the West. Everybody had just finished eating dinner and the trays were stacked up on the floor in the corner. The jail was off lock down and most of the juveniles were happy to get in the shower and use the phones. Boom was in the shower and Leon had just came when the CO (Leonson) started passing out the mail. Leon was sitting at the table in the rec hall drying his hair when Leonson handed him one. Leon sat it on the table until he finished getting his self together. When he finally got finished he grabbed the mail and noticed it was from Setty and had a 200 dollar money order stamp on the back. He opened it and it read:

'Leon,

What's up my nigga. Yo, I was hoping ya'll called but then I found out somebody over there got killed and ya'll was on lockdown. I got some bad news, brace yourself Yo, Wayne and Darnell got shot and Wayne's dead (R.I.P.) it happened on Lanvale & Bethel. Tay was with them but he didn't get hit, he said Darell & Tony did it and'

That was all Leon needed to read. He didn't realize it but he had a tear running down his face. He threw the letter on the table and jumped up angry. A comrade named Lil Bo asked him if he was alright and Leon just said, "Where the fuck that nigga Tony at." Lil Bo told him that he was in his cell taking a shit. Leon grabbed the letter and walked in the shower. He showed Boom the letter and when he got to the part about Darell & Tony he had the same reaction as Leon. Leon told him that Tony was in the cell so Boom quickly got out the shower and put his clothes on. Another juvenile named Donte' was one of the tier stash houses. Leon & Boom walked him to his cell and Donte' got them two serious pieces of sharpened metal about 6 inches

long. Donte's cell was on the bottom tier so Leon & Boom climbed up to the top tier and started walking towards Tony's cell. When they were about three cells away, Tony came out his cell and began to walk towards them. He never knew what was about to happen. Boom walked past him and got behind him while Leon stopped in front of him. "What's wrong Yo" Tony said just as Boom swung the knife and caught him on the side of his neck. The metal penetrated about ½ inch deep and immediately Tony grabbed his neck and began to yell for the police. Just then Leon slung his knife and ripped a bit hunk of meat out of his forehead above his left eye. Tony tried to rush Leon so he could get past him to the safety of the CO's, but every step he took towards him, Leon was backing up catching him in his face & head. At the same time Boom was running behind him sinking his knife deeper and deeper in his back with every swing. Tony was bleeding heavily and yelling loud for help. Everybody had come out the Rec hall being nosy and before long Officers Leonson & Smith was on the top tier with mace in their hands. They immediately began to mace all three of them but Leon & Boom was so filled with hate they didn't stop stabbing Tony. Leonson and Smith had called the code and more CO's were arriving. Once backup arrived and the mace began to flow again, Leon & Boom stopped because they couldn't see out their eyes. Tony was laid out on the tier by now bleeding everywhere. Four CO's slammed Leon & Boom to the ground and handcuffed them while the rest of the CO's was yelling for everybody else to lock in their cells. It was blood all up and down the tier. The CO's called for a gurney cause Tony couldn't get up. When the infirmary people came with the gurney they rolled Tony out on it and the CO's escorted Leon & Boom to M-Section – Lock-Up.

Darnell woke up out of a light sleep. He was heavily sedated and didn't know where he was at. His back and legs were hurting and he had pain in his stomach. He looked around the room and saw a heart machine and a IV bag then realized he was in the hospital. He had been

there for 5 days and didn't know it. His mouth was dry and he had a tube in his penis. He was in so much pain, he didn't want to move too much, but he managed to raise his arm and saw the IV taped to his hand. He rubbed his stomach and felt several staples going up from his navel. He tried to sit up but a sharp pain in his back stopped that in a hurry. He just laid there staring at the ceiling trying to remember how he got there. It took him a couple minutes, but then he remembered the shooting. He remembered sitting on the steps with Wayne and Tay, then Darell & Tony shooting and him feeling numbing pain in his back & leg. The thought that he might be paralyzed raced in his head but when he wiggled his toes, a rush of relief washed over him.

8:00 p.m.

Setty & Mal had put together and copped the eighth of Redy the day before. They bagged up close to \$700 in nickels and Setty planned to keep that money separate from the dime money that him, Boom & Leon was partners on. Setty gave the nickel pills to another worker named 'Sidewinder' to sell on Dallas Street too but in the middle of the block while his other worker Mike had the dimes at the corner on Federal. It was a warm evening and Setty & Doughboy was standing in front of Mama Sue's when Tayesha walked up looking sexy as usual. "What's up ya'll". "Ain't shit, just thinking bout you" Doughboy said. "yeah right, Setty give me 5 dollars" she said. "I'm broke" Setty lied. "Ya'll big shots, I know ya'll got some money". "I got 50 dollars, you going to strip for us" Setty said smiling. "Boy don't play with me" she said but she was smiling also. Setty & Doughboy was laughing, then Doughboy reached in his pocket and gave her a five dollar bill. She gave him a hug and a kiss on his cheek then said "Setty, I don't fuck with you no more" as she walked in Mama Sues. Setty didn't really pay her

any mind cause he knew she was playing. He was more focused on his money on the block. Then a thought came in his head. “Yo, how much money you got” he asked Doughboy. “On me or in the house”. “Altogether”, “About like 300” Doughboy said and Setty was shocked. “What the fuck did you do with that money ya’ll got from Keko” Setty said but then Tayesha came back out the store and he didn’t want to put his man out there in front of her so he let the question ride. “yo, watch my worker, I’m bout to go get some smoke real quick” Setty said then walked off leaving Doughboy & Tayesha alone. “He think he the shit cause he getting a little bit of money” Tayesha said to Doughboy. “He just being hisself” Doughboy defended his homeboy. He been wanting to fuck Tayesha for a while and now was a golden opportunity to try his hand so he switched the subject. “So, what’s up with you” he said. Tayesha looked at him. “what you mean” she said. “I mean what’s up with me & you, I’m trying to be your boo shorty”. “Yeah right Doughboy.” “For real, I ain’t playin.” “That’s what ya’ll niggas always say, then ya’ll get some pussy and start running around like ‘yeah I fucked that bitch’.” “Come on shorty, I ain’t on that hoppa shit, if you give me some pussy ain’t nobody gonna know but us” Doughboy said and couldn’t believe those words were coming out of his mouth. He knew that if he fucked Tayesha, he was going to tell his mans; but he would treat her good if she acted right. He looked at her and she was looking at him as if she was trying to decide if she wanted to fuck with him or not. Then she turned away. “Doughboy you play too many games, you might break my heart” she said and tried to walk off. Doughboy grabbed her arm, “Tayesha, I ain’t gonna play with your heart”. She stopped, turned around and looked at him. “I gotta go Doughboy, just call me.” “I don’t know your number, hold up”, Doughboy went in Mama Sues got a pen and a piece of paper. Tayesha wrote her phone number on it and gave it to him, then walked off. “I’m call you tonight alright”. She turned around and smiled at him then kept on walking. Doughboy was

so busy watching her walk away he didn't see Mal & Greasy pull up in the Q45. "What's poppin fellas" Doughboy said as he walked over to the passenger side. "Ain't too much, Yo we need you to put this heat up until we get back" Greasy said. "Where ya'll going at", "Out Mondawmin", "Alright, where its at" Doughboy said then looked up and down the block for the law. Greasy handed him the Beretta and the brand new .45. Dion grabbed the guns and quickly ducked in the alley. He stashed both of the guns in a vacant house yard, then went back to the car. "you trying to go with us" Mal said. "Nah, I'm waiting for Setty he went to get some weed, but anyway, where ya'll get that .45 from." "We'll holla at you when we get back, just don't give that to nobody". "Alright" Doughboy said then Mal pulled off.

Doughboy chilled in front of Mama Sues for about 15 more minutes before Setty came back with the weed. "Yo, Mal and Greasy just came through and dropped off this pretty ass .45" Doughboy said. "Where they go at". "Out Mondawmin, but the gun in the alley". They walked in the alley where Doughboy stashed the guns and he showed Setty the .45. "Damn this bitch brand new" Setty said holding the gun. "They ain't tell me where they got it" Doughboy said. "I already know, Mal met some white boy out BV, had a connect for guns, he told me he was going to holla at him earlier" Setty said then put the gun back where Doughboy had it stashed. They walked back to the corner and went in Mama Sues to cop two Dutchies. They was sitting on some steps next to the sub shop rolling the weed when a Smoke Grey Toyota Camry pulled up in front of them. They could see that it was 4 niggas in the car. The only reason why Setty & Doughboy didn't panic is because they saw the dude 'Dre' from Bond & Preston in the passenger seat and they knew him. Dre got out the car and so did one of the other dudes in the back, who they didn't know. Dre had a mean look on his face when he approached Doughboy & Setty. The other dude just leaned on the car. "Where Tay at" Dre said. "I don't know, why

what's up?" Setty said. "Ya'll niggas know what the fuck is up, don't try to play stupid" Dre was getting a little hostile. "Hold up yo, watch your mouth" Doughboy said. "Nigga fuck you" Dre said and Doughboy was about to pop him when the cat leaning on the car whipped out what looked like a long barrel .44 magnum. "What's up with these niggas Dre" the dude with the gun said and Setty & Doughboy couldn't do nothing but sit there. 'Nah, it ain't them but he be hanging with them though" Dre said. "So what's up, do they get it or what". Dre looked at Setty & Doughboy then said to his man, "Nah yo, we out". Then they got back in the car and pulled off.

"Yo, I'm trying to cop this Tahoe I saw out Belair Road" Greasy said to Mal as they drove over the bridge on North Avenue. "How much they want for it?" Mal asked. "Almost 9 thousand but I already got like 3, and that muthafucka hooked up too". "Oh yeah, Man I was telling Doughboy to cop a whip but Yo blew all his dough on clothes and shit" Mal said. "Yeah Man, he stupid as shit, I ain't going broke yo, cause after I get this truck I'm coping my own coke" Greasy said then lit a Newport. "So you not fucking with Cheetah any more". "Hell no, I mean, he a good dude and everything but he pimpin me for real" Greasy said and Mal started laughing. "Yeah man, he is pimpin you though. That's why I got my own shit, Me & Setty cause I ain't with all that working for a nigga shit no more. Me and Setty take turns watching the block. He out there today. I'ma be out there tomorrow" Mal explained. 'yeah ya'll got that shit mapped out, plus Setty getting the money from them Dimes with Boom & Leon" Greasy said. "He not going to spend that money though. He trying to wait for them niggas to go to their preliminary hearing, so they can see if the niggas over west tellin or not cause if they is, then he going to have to spend that dough for lawyers." "What about Mookie" Greasy said. "It ain't too much we can do about him but keep his account fat. His grandmother got him a good ass lawyer

already, plus he got caught at the scene with the gun” Mal said. “hell yeah, that’s a fucked up case”. “He be alright though. He might hot to do a couple years, but not a lot cause the nigga shot him too”. They talked the rest of the way to Mondawmin Mall. Greasy brought some black Air Max and a Phat Farm shirt. They walked round for a while then got something to eat. While they were at the counter ordering their food, Greasy flirted with the cashier, a girl name Danielle. She flirted back and before they left she gave Greasy her phone number on the back of a receipt. When they left the mall, Mal drove Greasy home and went back around the way. When he pulled up on Federal & Dallas, he saw Tay, Setty and Doughboy standing in front of Mama Sues. “Do you got some bullets for that .45” Setty asked Mal as soon as he got out the car. “Nah, I just copped it, what’s’ up”. “Tay robbed Dre and Cee the other day, now them niggas came around here, whipped out on looking for him” Doughboy said angrily. “Man fuck them niggas, they ain’t gonna do shit, ya’ll niggas trying to get all mad at me” Tay said. “That ain’t the fuckin point Tay, you should’ve told us that you robbed them niggas man, they could’ve shot one of us just cause we hang together” Setty yelled at Tay. He was mad. Tay didn’t say anything. “Where them guns at” Mal said. “The Beretta is in the alley and the .45, but it ain’t no bullets in it and we just went and got the .40 from down Darnell’s house, its under the car tire right there” Doughboy said and pointed to a red Toyota Celica parked at the curb. “Go get the Beretta and grab the .40, we going to go find these cats” Mal said then Doughboy went in the alley to get the gun.

The four B-boys strapped up and got in Mal car. Setty was in the passenger seat with the Glock 40. Tay & Doughboy was in the back. Doughboy had the Beretta. They knew that Dre hustled around Bond & Preston but he lived in Odessa Court on Caroline & Eager. First they drove around Bond & Preston looking for him or the smoke Camry. They didn’t see him so they

circled the block a couple times then turned down Caroline Street in route to Odessa Court. When they pulled up at Caroline & Biddle a white Honda Accord was at the light in front of them. Mal was going a little too fast and when he slowed down he underestimated his speed and accidentally bumped the Accord. “Damn Mal, you crashin and shit” Setty said. “Man, I only bumped him” Mal said as he put his car in reverse and backed up a little. All four b-boys was looking as a angry looking man about 30 years old got out the drivers side of the Accord. He walked to the back of his car to see if it was any damage. Mal put the car in park and got out too. Setty, Doughboy and Tay just sat in the car looking. “Damn Shorty, you fuckin bumped my shit” the man said to Mal. Mal rubbed the paint where the cars hit. “You alright main man, it didn’t even scratch the paint”. “It did shorty, look at it real good”. Mal looked again and didn’t notice any damage on either car. “Shorty look, just give me like 50 dollars and we can call it even” the man said. Setty leaned out the window, “Come on Mal, let’s go”. They was on a mission and plus they were sitting there with two heats in the car. “Main man I ain’t giving you no money” Mal said, then started to walk to his car. The man pulled out a cell phone. “I’m calling the police”. Setty & them could see what the man was doing but couldn’t hear what he was saying. Mal walked to the car and Setty asked, “What the fuck is he doing.” “He say he calling the police” Mal said as he got in. Setty was about to get out the car but Doughboy said, “Chill Yo, I got this”. Doughboy walked over to the man and without saying anything whipped out and put the Beretta straight in his face. The man dropped the cell phone and put his hands up. “Hold, hold, hold shorty, you ain’t got to do that”. “I should clap ya bitch ass” Doughboy said. “C-c-chill shorty, the police on the phone” the man said. He was scared and shaking. Doughboy kicked the phone across the street, “Fuck the police nigga”. Just then a black 4 runner pulled behind Mal and was honking the horn cause they was blocking the street. Tay got out the

Q45 and walked over to Doughboy and the man. He went in his pockets and took about 30 dollars and some cigarettes. "Come on Yo, we taking this car" Doughboy said to Tay then Doughboy told the man to run and he started jogging down the block. The whole time the 4 runner was honking and Mal & Setty was sitting in the Q45 like fuck that, they waiting for their homeboys. It ain't no doubt whoever was in the 4 runner saw what was happening but they kept honking. Setty got fed up and got out the car with the Block 40 in his hand. He pointed it at the windshield of the 4runner and immediately the honking stopped. It was a man and a woman in the truck and whoever was driving threw it in reverse and sped down the block backwards. Doughboy & Tay hopped in the Accord. Tay was driving, they pulled off. Setty got back in the Q45 and Mal pulled off right behind them. Eventhough they got distracted for a minute, their main objective was Odessa so that's where Tay drove to cause he was in the lead car. When they got to Eager & Caroline, they turned right. It was about 10 niggas out there at the opening to Odessa Court but none of them was Dre or the cat that pulled out the gun on them. First, Tay 7 Doughboy rode past the crowd mugging and scoping in the Accord then Setty & Mal came right behind them mugging in the Q45. They didn't see any enemies so Tay pulled up at Eden & Eager and waved a hand for Mal to pull beside him. "Where ya'll want to go now" Tay said once Mal & Setty was next to him. "Just go back around the way, fuck them niggas for tonight, we going to see them again. What you going to do with that car" Setty said. "I'ma hold on to this muthafucka for a couple days" Doughboy said then they pulled off and went around the way. They chilled, strapped on the block for the rest of the night hoping they saw the Camry ride through again but it didn't. Tay parked the Accord in the alley behind Mama Sues. After a while everybody started dipping off going separate ways. Doughboy drove the Accord home up the Alameda.

Tuesday – 9:07 a.m.

“Mal, the phone” Shayla said. She was his 12 year old sister. Mal picked the phone up. “What’s up Mal”, the boy on the phone said. “Who’s this”, Mal asked. “Its Lil Joey, Yo”. “Oh shit! What’s up my nigga” Mal was surprised to hear from him. Lil Joey was another one of Mal & them homeboys but he had been locked up for the past 7 or 8 months in the juvenile system for drugs and he hadn’t kept in touch. “Chillin Yo, just trying to come home” Lil Joey said. “your sister told us you zapped out and they sent ya lil ass out somewhere” Mal said. “yeah man, I was stressed out. I tried to kill myself and all that shit but I’m straight now, they had me out Crownsville mental hospital and they had me on so much medicine, I didn’t really know what the fuck was going on. That’s why I ain’t call or write nobody. I was out there for 6 ½ months but now I’m out Victor Cullen and I come home in 10 days”. “That’s good money”. “Yeah man, but what’s been going on around there though” Lil Joey asked and Mal got a little quiet. “Yo, Wayne & Darnell got shot and um, Wayne, he um, he died yo”. “What!” Lil Joey said and Mal was quiet. “What the fuck happened Yo”. “Nigga got to beefing with Darell & Tony up on Lanvale & Bethel and them niggas came back and shot the whole corner up. Tay was there too but he didn’t get hit, Darnell got hit in the back and leg but he alright. Wayne funeral is today at 12 p.m.” “Niggas ain’t get them bitches”. “Man, you know they from over west somewhere, they ain’t coming back around here”, Mal said and this time Joey got quiet. “You alright yo,” Mal said. “Yeah”, but he had tears in his eyes. They both were quiet for a minute then Mal said, “on another note though, your niggas done come up yo, I got a Q45, Setty, Leon & Boom jumping off on the Redy on Dallas and me & Setty partners on some nickels and oh Yeah! Leon & Boom burned some niggas up over west they over the jail for 2 attempts,

Mookie ass murked the nigga Troy from Castle & Lafayette, he locked up for that. Gizza got whacked, Man Boom off the hook yo, Doughboy ain't doing shit, Greasy, he got a little dough fucking with Cheetah, Tay out here robbing everything, he got us beefing with Dre & them now, shit crazy in the hood shorty". "ya'll niggas sound like ya'll living life to the fullest though" Lil Joey said. "We just trying to get by, ya know" Mal said. They talked for about another 30 minutes. Mal filled him in on everything then they hung up. Mal took a shower and got ready for Wayne's funeral.

Wayne's funeral was at March Funeral Home on North Avenue & Aisquith. Mal picked up Greasy, Setty & Tay. Doughboy drove there in the Accord. Wayne had a lot of family and friends that showed up. The five B-boys sat in the 2nd row during the funeral services. It was other niggas and girls from around the way there but they sat further back. All five B-boys shed tears throughout the funeral. Latoya said a poem and sang a song for her brother. None of the homeboys said anything on the podium, they paid their respects personally when they walked up to view the body. When it was over they helped to carry the casket to the hearse. Mal, Setty and Greasy was in the Q45, and Doughboy & Tay in the Accord followed the funeral cars to the burial site, out near Towson. They said personal words to their homeboy for the last time before he was lowered into the ground. When it was all over, they said a few sympathetic words to Ms. Wilma then drove back around the way. Tay & Doughboy followed Mal & them to the bar then they went on the block. They had 3 fifths of Hennessy and mad weed. They parked on Bethel Street, then went in the alley to the playground. Everybody sat on the benches and began to get high and drunk while thinking about there fallen comrade. Rest in Peace Wayne...

Later than night....

It was Mal day to watch the worker on Dallas with him & Setty Redy. He had the Q45 parked at the curb and he was sitting on some steps in the middle of the block. After the B-boys mourned Wayne in the playground earlier, niggas split up and went here and there. Greasy stayed down Bethel and sold some coke for Cheetah. Tay & Doughboy went riding around in the car jacked Accord, and Setty had Tricey at his house getting some pussy. Booby, Duncan & big Nick was on the corner at Federal and Shannon, Donita, Carla & Keisha was sitting on some steps a couple houses from where Mal was sitting at. Sidewinder came out the alley after serving two fiends and walked over to Mal. He handed him \$175. "How many pills you got left out here" Mal asked him. "Sixteen", "Alright, I'll be back in like 20 minutes with some more" Mal said then got up and walked towards Federal. "How you doing Lil Mal" Donita said as he walked past. "What's up", he said but he didn't stop walking. When he got to the corner, Booby & them was smoking weed. "hey lil' Mal, Where Setty at" Big Nick said. "He around his house". "You about to go around there?" "Nah, what's up". "If you see him tell him I want to holla at him on some serious shit" Mal said alright and walked off. He went on Caroline Street and knocked on Antoinette's door. Mal had been ducking her out in the last couple days. He didn't return none of her calls or when he saw her on the block he drover another way. He really loved her but every since he got his car he been trying to play big shot. When the door opened it was a lightskin cat about his age standing there. Mal didn't realize it but his mug was broke down. "Yo, Antoinette in there?" "Who's you" "Don't worry about that, is she home or not" Mal said. Just then Antoinette pushed past her cousin Leonard and was at the door. "Antoinette you better calm your little lame ass boyfriend down fore' he get his ass tossed up" Leonard said as he walked in the living room. Mal couldn't hear exactly what the nigga said but he knew he mumbled something. "What the fuck that nigga say" Mal said to Antoinette. She didn't say

anything, she just came outside and closed the door. "What you want Mal" Antoinette said as she stood on the steps with her arms crossed. Mal smiled at her "What's up shorty". Nothing, what you want". "Damn, why you acting all crazy" Mal said. "Why I'm acting crazy! Why the fuck I ain't heard from yo in three days" Antoinette said. "I been busy shorty, I'm trying to get this money". "It don't even mate Mal, you want to be a big boy now cause you got a car and some money, I was there for your ass when you didn't have shit". Mal didn't say anything he just looked at her. "Why you doing this to me Mal" Antoinette said and she was crying now. Mal felt a little fucked up. He had to try to say something. "Well who is that nigga in you house". "That's my cousin. I got two cousins staying with us now and bot of them is boys. I wouldn't do that to you Mal, I love you". Tears was still coming down her face. Mal gave her a hug. "I'm sorry Shorty. I'm sorry". "And I don't want to speak too soon but I didn't get my period. It's two weeks late, I think I might be pregnant", she said wiping her eyes. Mal heart started racing. He wanted a son bad as shit and if she was pregnant than he was damn sure going to stick by her. He couldn't keep the smile from coming on his face. "Do you want kids" she asked him. "Yeah" "Me too Mal, so please don't hurt me" She said then looked in his eyes. "I won't". They talked for about 15 more minutes then Mal left to go get some more pills for Sidewinder. He might be a father soon and there was money to be made.

Leon & Boom was on lockup. Leon was in cell 45 and boom was in 47, right next door. They been over there for a whole day and ain't get a ticket or hear nothing about Tony. It was about 3o'clock when the shifts were changing. For some reason Officer Leonson was assigned to M-section for that day, so when he came around for count Leon told him that he want to holla at him when he finished. About a half four later Leonson came to Leon's cell. "What's up" he said. "What happened to Tony" Leonson asked him. "Man, ya'll fucked that kid up, they had to

take him to University Hospital, they just brought him back about a hour ago” “is he telling?” Leon asked. “I don’t know, but um, you know ya’ll getting street charges for that”. “What” “Yeah, the State is pressing charges because of the seriousness of his wounds”. “Damn man where he at” “They got him around the infirmary right now but you know they gonna end up sending him up P.C.” “The detectives ain’t ask you & Smith what happened”. “Not yet, they suppose to come this afternoon” Leonson said and he felt bad cause he didn’t really want to see Leon & Boom with additional charges. “What you gonna tell them” Leon asked. “Hey Man, ya’ll should’ve done the differently”. “He killed one of my homeboys, Leonson come on, what would you have one” Leon said but then immediately got mad at hisself because he didn’t know if Leonson was gonna tell or not. “you got a point there, but ya’ll could have been more low key wit it” Leonson said. “Look, his statement ain’t’ gonna really carry no weight if ya’ll statement contradict what he told the police. On some real shit Leonson, I’m serious, I’m already fighting 2 attempt murder charges, I don’t need no more, you know what I’m saying, but listen, if you help me out on this I got some dough for you” Leon said and Leonson just looked at him as if he was thinking about it. Leon spoke up again, “I’m not no lil boy on the streets, I got some dough out there, my man can hit you off for me” Leon said then Leonson whispered, “I could do this for you but got to be quiet about this shit”. Leon started smiling. “Do you think you can get it where as though they don’t press charges at all” Leon said then Leonson thought for a minute. “alright man, I’ma do this for you but don’t bluff me cause I’m risking a lot.” “How much you want, is 500 alright”. “Hell yeah”. “When I come out for shower just let me get on the phone and I can have that for you tonight”, Leon told him and Leonson agreed.

A couple hours later Leon & Boom door hit for shower. Leon had already told Boom everything. “Leonson opened the Rec hall and let Leon get on the phone for a minute. He called

Setty and caught him just as him & Tricey got finished fucking for the 4th time. Leon told Setty everything about how they chopped Tony and how Leonson was gonna get the charges dropped. Leon talked indirectly because he know the phones are sometime recorded but Setty understood everything. Leon told him to give 500 to Leonson tonight. They arranged a meeting place and rapped for a minute then Leon hung-up. That's a done deal...

After Setty got off the phone with Leon, Tricey left. He took a shower then went around on Dallas Street. Booby, Duncan, Big Nick & Mal was out there chillin in front of Mama Sues. "Come here Setty, let me holla at you" Big Nick said as soon as Setty walked up. They walked away from the crowd. "I need you to do me a favor" "What up". "Front me a ounce and I'ma bring you back a G off it". Setty looked at him surprised. He hadn't accepted Don status in the hood yet and now he had older cats asking him for coke. "you got that but what you gonna do, try to stretch it and bag up lie 2 G's." "Nah, I got some lil' niggas down Highlandtown that bag up 3 off 28 grams," Big Nick said. "Hell no". "That's my word yo, if you take one of your dimes down there you can sell it for a 25". That's butta yo, but I'll be back, let me go get that for you now" , Setty said then walked off.

Tay & Doughboy was in the white Honda Accord pulling into the parking lot of the shopping center on Loch Raven & Northern Parkway. Doughboy was driving and Tay was in the passenger seat with the black .38 snub in his pocket. They parked and got out. It was three dudes standing in front of the bar. All three of them was fresh with necklaces. Tay & Doughboy was riding around looking for a caper, but then decided to stop at the bar. They had no idea that niggas hustle in the shopping center. They walked past the niggas and went in the bar. Tay still had the .38 in his pocket. "Yo, them niggas shining out there, I'm bout to get them" Tay said once they were in the bar. "hell yeah, I want on of them necklaces" Doughboy said then Tay just

turned around and walked back out the bar. The three cats looked as Tay & Doughboy walked over to them. It was nighttime and it wasn't a whole lot of people around, just a few. Tay didn't care, he straight whipped out, "ya'll know what time it is" They didn't say nothing or move they just froze in fear. Doughboy walked over and started going in their pockets. He took their necklaces and made them take their shoes off to see if they had cash stashed in their socks. Throughout the whole ordeal, the three niggas ain't say anything, they just did everything they was told. When Doughboy was convinced that he had everything from them, he told them to run and they did so real fast. Tay & Doughboy walked to the Accord and drove off. While Doughboy drove, Tay counted up what they had. Altogether it was 947 dollars, 3 necklaces and 11 bags of Redy that Doughboy found in one of their socks.

When Setty got back around Dallas Street with the ounce for Big Nick, Tay & Doughboy had just pulled up in the Accord. They was leaning on the car. The .38 was under the passenger seat. Big Nick, Mal, Booby & Duncan was just standing around. Setty quickly passed off the coke to Big Nick. He said 'Good looking out' then dipped off. "Yo, I talked to Leon. Him & Boom chopped Tony bitch ass up. They said he came over there with them for 2 guns and they ain't know that Yo did that until they got the letter but anyway the nigga ratting', they trying to give them more charges but they got some CO gonna handle that for 'em for 500" Setty explained. "You gonna give him the money" Doughboy said. "Hell yeah, I got to meet him up KFC on North Avenue tonight". "so they got that nigga Tony huh" Mal said to Setty. "Yeah and plus Leon said Darell is dead, he say the police shot him over west and he crashed in a car". "Oh that was him, oh shit, I saw that shit on the news about a week ago" Tay said. "Fuck that nigga" Booby said then the worker Mike walked over and handed Setty 350 dollars then walked back on the other corner. "Hey lil' Tay, what ya'll just copped that" Duncan said looking at the

Honda Accord. They started laughing. "Nah, we carjacked some nigga for this shit" Tay said. "Ya'll lil niggas crazy and I bet ya'll riding around in that muthafucker strapped too" Duncan said. "Its only right" Doughboy said trying to sound like a true gangsta. The four B-boys and the two B.F.D niggas, (Duncan & Booby) chilled and got high on the block for most of the night. Around 11:30 Setty drove Mal' Q45 to KFC and gave CO Leonson the 500 dollars then drove back on the block. Sometime around 1 o'clock, (Late night) Tay dipped off on his way home on Central Avenue. Being as though everybody else was still out on Dallas & Federal, Tay left the .38 around there. He walked up Federal and turned down Caroline. When he got to Hoffman he turned to walk through the basketball court at 250 (elementary school) It was dark and quiet, nobody was around. Tay was so high he didn't even notice the smoke gray Camry creeping up Caroline from Preston. It was 2 people in the car. Dre & D-nice (the one who pulled the gun out on Setty & Doughboy yesterday). When Tay robbed Dre & Cee and shot through the door, he hit D-nice's lil' cousin Shawn 2 times in his face and shoulder. He didn't die but he's fucked up for life. "That's the nigga Tay right there" Dre said to D-nice who was driving. D-nice pulled over and him and Dre got out. Dre had a .380 and D-nice had the same .44 long. They could have ran down and killed Tay because he didn't even see them as he walked through the basketball court but Dre was an amateur at whacking niggas so he screamed out "Yo Tay", before he shot. Tay turned around, saw them and began to run. Dre & Doughboy opened fire. Tay was scared as shit. He heard lout pops from the .44 and low pops from the .380. Tay thought he was home free when he almost made it to Spring Street without getting hit but soon as the thought crossed his mind a .380 slug ripped through the back of his thigh. It jerked his leg forward but he didn't fall. He stumbled a little but then caught his balance and kept running even though he was in pain. Dre & D-nice got back in the Camry and pulled off but Tay

managed to make it to Spring & Preston before he stopped running. He sat on the bus stop bench. His whole left leg was numbing but it wasn't a whole lot of blood. Some man who lived on Spring Street heard the shots and came out to see if anybody got hit. Tay yelled, "I got shot" and the man called the ambulance.

Setty & them heard the gunshots ring off a couple blocks away. They immediately knew it was something involving Tay because he had just walked off in that direction. Mal, Setty & Duncan hopped in the Q45 and Doughboy & Booby got in the Accord. They drove around to Caroline & Preston. They didn't see anything out of the ordinary at first then Setty noticed Tay sitting on the bus stop on Preston & Spring. They drove to him. They parked bot cars and everybody got out. The ambulance or police hadn't arrived yet. All five of Tay homeboys was standing around him asking him was happened. He told them. They could see that he got hit in his thigh. After about 10 to 15 minutes the police and ambulance arrived. They blocked off the crime scene and took Tay to the hospital. By now it was a whole lot of nosy people outside standing around and the police started asking questions so Mal, Setty, Duncan, Doughboy & Booby got back in the cars and bounced back around the way. "Yo, we got to find these niggas" Setty said once everybody was back in front of Mama Sues. "Do anybody know where they live" Duncan said. "I know Dre lives in Odessa Court but I don't know what house" Setty said. "Ya'll niggas trying to ride around and look for them or what, I got a Tec around my house" Duncan said. Yo, its late night and shit hot now, it ain't cool to be riding around strapped looking for these cats, not tonight" Booby said. "Man fuck that, first they whip put on me & Doughboy, then they shoot Tay, its on whenever or where ever I see them" Setty said. "Nah, Booby right Yo, just chill until tomorrow, let them niggas rest for tonight, go at 'em tomorrow"

Mal said. “Yeah Yo, Doughboy agreed. It took Setty a couple minutes to calm down but then he finally agreed to chill for the night.

Wednesday, May 10th

Mookie went to court today. It was the first time that the State was willing to offer a plea agreement. They wanted him to plead to 1st degree manslaughter and get a sentence of 25 years no parole. Mookie was thinking about taking the deal but his lawyer told him that he could get the State a little lower if he wait a couple more months. Mookie thought about it then agreed to wait.

Tay’s gunshot wound was a through & through which means the bullet didn’t hit nothing vital, just flesh and muscle. Leons Hopkins had released him about 7:30 this morning. It was now around 12 something and Tay was propped up in his house chillin’. Mal & Setty was on Dallas jamming coke and Greasy was down on Bethel doing the same thing. Doughboy had drove the Accord home the night before and he hadn’t come down the way yet. Mal & Setty was rapping to Tayesha, Tierra & Missy when Darnell’s mother, Ms. Debbie, walked up. “Hey ya’ll” she said and everybody spoke to her. “Darnell comes home from the hospital today” she told them. “How is he” Missy asked. “He alright now, he can walk around but he gonna be on crutches for awhile”. “That’s good he’s recovering” Tierra said. “Mal can you take me down there to pick him up” Ms. Debbie asked and Mal said “Yeah”. Him, Ms. Debbie & Setty got in the Q45 and went down Leons Hopkins. They parked and went in. Darnell was already in the lobby waiting for them. That was the first time Setty & Mal had seen him since he got shot. He was in intensive care and only family could visit. Ms. Debbie went to the check-out counter to sing Darnell out. Setty & Mal gave Darnell a pound and a hug. “Damn Yo, you got little as

shit” Setty said to Darnell as they walked toward the exit. Darnell was limping on crutches. “I got mad blood Yo, plus they was feeding me some bullshit” he was smiling, happy to see his Mother & homeboys. “You gonna get ya weight back though, can you eat regular food now” Mal asked. “Yeah, but I can’t smoke or drink for 6 weeks.” Darnell said then lifted up his shirt so Mal & Setty could see the staples in his stomach. “do they still hurt” Setty asked. “A little bit. They got me on some dope or something for the pain” Everybody started laughing. They walked to the car and helped Darnell in. Ms. Debbie sat in the back with Setty. They was talking about Wayne and his funeral all the way to Darnell’s house on Chapel Street.

“Yo a lot of shit been going down up the way” Setty said once they were in the living room. Ms. Debbie went upstairs and gave them some privacy. “What happened” Darnell said as he sat on the couch. “We beefing with them Bond & Preston niggas. Tay robbed Dre & Cee then last night they shot Tay at 250, he alright though, he only got hit in the thigh and before that they whipped out on me and Doughboy. We got something for them niggas tonight though. Doughboy got a Honda Accord, niggas carjacked that, plus Duncan and Bobby was trying to ride with us. Duncan got that Tec up there. And oh yeah! Damn how could I forget this. Darell is dead, police whacked him. Tony went over the jail and Leon & Boom stabbed his ass up. They was about to get street charges but we worked out something with a c.o. Yo, gonna handle that.” Setty explained. “I’m glad they got that nigga and Darell is dead so that’s a done deal, but what’s up with them wild coons on Preston jumping out there” Darnell said. “Just chill Yo, we gonna handle that” Mal said. “Yo, do you need some money or anything” Setty asked Darnell. “Nah, I got 6300 put up in here right now. That was me & Wayne’s re-up money”. “alright, and Oh yeah, Lil’ Joey come home like next week. I talked to him yesterday” Mal said. “Damn he gotta come home right in the middle of this shit” Darnell said. “He gonna be alright though, he

one of us and we hold our own” Setty said. The three homeboys talked with each other for about another hour then Mal and Setty went back on the block.

Greasy was on Bethel Street when Doughboy pulled up in the Accord. “What’s up Yo” Doughboy said once he got out the car. “What’s up” Greasy said. “You know Tay got shot last night” Doughboy said. “Yeah, I know. I just came from up his house”. “Niggas going to find Dre & them tonight. Shit bout to get thick shorty” Doughboy said. “I know but me and you can go around there now for real” Greasy said. “Nah Yo, we going to ride down on them niggas tonight, just chill. I know you mad but we got to be smart how we do this, niggas ain’t trying to be over the jail for no bodies” Doughboy said. “them bitch ass nigga probably rat anyway” Greasy said. “That’s why we got to be sneaky about this shit, that way it won’t be nobody alive to rat, feel me” Doughboy said and Greasy smiled. They gave each other a pound then Tayesha & Keisha walked up on the other side of the street. “Come here Doughboy” Tayesha said and he walked to her. Keisha walked over and started talking to Greasy. “What’s up” Doughboy said to Tayesha once he was on the curb. “Why you ain’t call me the other day like you said” she said. “I lost the paper with your number on it and I ain’t see you yesterday” Doughboy said. “yes you did, I saw you at Wayne’s funeral and you didn’t even speak to me”. “I was in a zone at the funeral, I ain’t really recognize anybody” Doughboy said. “Well, anyway, what’s up with you” Tayesha said. “What you want to be up” Doughboy said and Tayesha was smiling at him. “We trying to chill with ya’ll” she said then looked across the street at Greasy & Keisha. Doughboy got happy. “I got the car, ya’ll trying to go out the motel or something” Doughboy asked. “Whatever ya’ll want to do”. “Alright, come on” Doughboy said then him & Tayesha walked across the street with Greasy and Keisha. “Let me holla at you for a minute Greasy” Doughboy said then they walked down the street a little bit. “Yo, they trying to fuck, what’s up,

you trying to take them out the motel” Doughboy said. “Nigga you know I’m wit it, you got some dough” Greasy said. “Yeah, plus I got the car. Yo, let’s go” Greasy still had 17 pills left on the block and he had 3 more bundles in the alley. He grabbed the three bundles and the 17 pills then him, Doughboy, Tayesha & Keisha got in the Accord. They drove to Cokesbury Street first and brought 5 dimes of weed then went to the Super 8 motel on Pulaski Highway. Keisha was the only one old enough to get a room, so they got one in her name but Greasy paid for it. They all went in and stated smoking the weed. It was two beds in the room. Greasy & Keisha was sitting on one bed and Doughboy & Tayesha was on the other one. All four of them was high and they started wrestling around with each other. “What’s up girl, I’m trying to do something” Doughboy whispered in Tayesha’s ear then he started kissing on her neck. She didn’t say anything, she just laid back on the bed. Doughboy got on top of her and started kissing he in her mouth. Greasy & Keisha was doing they own thing on the other bed. Doughboy got up, stripped down and got naked and so did Tayesha but she was under the covers. Doughboy got back in the bed and was about to penetrate her when she stopped him and said “Doughboy, please don’t hurt me”. He didn’t say anything, he just kissed her in her mouth then slid up in.

Outside, Baltimore City Police officer, Donovan, was parked behind the Honda Accord. He ran the plates because they had been notified about a white Honda Accord that had been carjacked a couple days ago. It came back as a ‘carjacked automobile’. He went to the cashier booth and asked the teller what room the person who drove the Accord go in. The teller told him it was 2 boys and 2 girls who got out the car and told him what room they went in. Officer Donovan called for backup. Within minutes 3 more officers arrived in 2 cars. They got the extra key from the teller and went to the room. The four police immediately drew their guns. Officer

Donavan banged on the door. "Police, open the door". Greasy and Doughboy jumped up out the pussy in a hurry and looked at each other stupid. Tayesha & Keisha got up and started putting their clothes on. The police knocked again, "Police, open the door". "Yo what the fuck is going on" Doughboy said. "Man just chill" Greasy said as he hurriedly put his clothes on, then Keisha said "What ya'll do, why the pol---" "Shut the fuck up" Greasy said to her. The police didn't give a third warning, they bust straight in the room pointing their guns everywhere and screaming "Get on the ground, Police". Greasy, Doughboy, Tayesha & Keisha all laid flat on the floor. The police handcuffed them and then searched them. They found 77 vials of cocaine in Greasy's pockets and 2 bags of weed on the night stand. "Which one of ya'll was drifting the car" one of the police said. They had Greasy & them sitting on the floor handcuffed. "Officer we caught a cab out here" Greasy said. "you need to shut up, you already going to jail for all these drugs" an officer said. Greasy got quiet and so did everybody else. "So don't none of ya'll know who drove the white Honda Accord to this motel". Ain't nobody say nothing for a minute then Tayesha said, "We got in a cab officer, ain't nobody drive no car". The police interrogated them some more then decided they didn't have enough evidence to charge them with the carjacking because they didn't get caught driving it. They let them all go except for Greasy, they locked him up and charged him with possession of 77 vials of cocaine and 2 bags of marijuana. Doughboy, Keisha & Tayesha went home in a cab.

10:30 p.m.

Mal & Setty was in the alley behind Dallas Street preparing or a mission. Mal had the chrome .45 and Setty had the Glock 40. They brought bullets for the forty-five yesterday and

now it was fully loaded. “Do you think we should drive around there” Mal said to Setty. “Nah, them nigga probably know your car, let’s just walk around there and whack this nigga”.

“Alright, let’s go”. Mal & Setty put the guns in their dips and proceeded to walk the four blocks down to Preston Street. Dre, Cee & Carlos was sitting on some steps on Bond & Preston. Mal and Setty came out of Dallas and walked down to Bond. It was a lot of crack heads and dopefiends running around. A couple of the older bond & Preston cats was on the corner by the bar. Mal & Setty didn’t pay them no mind, the walked straight towards Dre & them. When they were about 5 houses away, Cee peeped them then tapped Dre. It only took Dre one look at Mal & Setty for him to tell shit was about to go down. All at once, Dre, Cee & Carlos scattered. Mal and Setty didn’t want Cee & Carlos so they ran after Dre. They didn’t want to shoot him at a distance so they was trying to run him down. Dre ran down Bond to Biddle then turned left, Setty & Mal running behind him. Dre ran across Biddle and tried to run down the alley but tripped and fell. Being as though Dre was running for his life, he got up fast like he bounced off the ground. Mal & Setty couldn’t catch up with this cat, he was too scared so they whipped out and opened fire down the alley. Dre heard the shots behind him as he ran down the dark alley. He felt a slug rip through his calf that made him stumble, then a moment later another slug hit him in his right butt cheek and knocked him down. Once he fell the shooting stopped and he could hear a set of footsteps running towards him. He tried to get up but he couldn’t. When Mal & Setty saw Dre fall they knew they had hit him but Setty wasn’t finished. He started running down the alley towards Dre as he laid on the ground. “What you doing Yo, let’s go” Mal said as he stood at the beginning of the alley looking around nervous. Setty ignored him. He ran and stood over top of Dre. “Please Yo, please it wasn’t me, please Yo”, Dre pleaded as he lay helpless. Setty raised his gun and Dre put his good leg and his arms up to shield himself. Setty

squeezed off his last two shots. One hit Dre in his hip and the other one went through his forearm, came out and hit his chest. Setty could see that Dre was still alive cause he was moaning but he was out of bullets. The Glock 40 was cocked back and empty so Setty kicked him in his face, spit on him then him and Mal ran off.

Thursday, 11 a.m.

After the events last night Setty had went home. It was now the next morning and he was on his way down Darnell's house. When he turned on Chapel Street he saw Doughboy about to knock on Darnell's door. "What's up Doughboy" Setty said as he walked up. "What's up" Doughboy said then Darnell opened the door and they went in. "We got that nigga Dre last night" Setty said as soon as they were in the living room. "Oh yeah, is he dead" Darnell said. "I don't know Yo, me and Mal blazed him then I ran down on him but I only had two shots left, I should've put them bitches in his head, but I figured two chest shots from the .40 would do him but that nigga was still moaning". "Fuck that nigga, he probably died in the ambulance" Doughboy said. "Where Mal and Greasy at" Darnell said. "I don't know" Setty said. "Oh yeah!, Greasy's ass got locked up last night out the Super 8 with like 80 pills," Doughboy said. "What the fuck was he doing out there" Setty asked Doughboy. "Me, him, Tayesha & Keisha went out there and his dumb ass took the pills with him instead of leaving them on the block. Fuckin Police kicked the door in because of that Accord. They was trying to give us carjacking charges but they ain't catch us driving it. But anyway, Greasy had the pills in his pocket. He probably home now, I know Bam paid his bail." "That's how ya'll do huh, taking bitches out the motel and shit. Did ya'll get some pussy" Darnell said. "yeah, I fucked Tayesha and Greasy fucked Keisha, we ain't have nowhere else to go". "Yeah, that reminds me of something. I saw a for rent sign on one of them houses on Bond & Lanvale. It got three bedrooms. Ya'll trying to

get that?" Setty said. "How much it cost a month" Doughboy said. "I don't know but that don't even matter, three niggas should be able to come up with it. Darnell you gonna have to get it in your name because you 18." "Alright, I'm wit' that, do you got the number" Darnell said. "Nah, I'ma go up there right now, I'll be back later on". "I'm gone too!" Doughboy said. They gave Darnell a pound then went up the way. When they got to bethel & Federal they saw Greasy coming out of the bar. "What's up Yo, what happened last night" Doughboy said to Greasy. "They gave me a 10,000 dollar bail but my brother paid 500 and got me out early this morning", Greasy said, then sipped on a 22 oz Bud Ice. "You know niggas got Dre bitch ass last night", Setty said. "I heard" Greasy said. "How the fuck you heard already". "My brother told me. He said the bitch Tammy from around there said you & Mal ran his ass down and blazed him. But you know he ain't dead thought". "I kinda figured he wasn't. I got to lay low now though, that shit spreading around too fast", Setty said. "Ya'll should've put on mask" Doughboy said. "I know man, we wasn't thinking". "I don't think Yo gonna tell though" Greasy said. "I hope not". "What's up with Darnell" Greasy asked. "He can walk but he got crutches, he chillin though. We 'bout to try to get this house around on Bond & Lanvale". Setty said. "Just ya'll two!". "I'm saying it got 3 bedrooms, so whoever else put up they can get a room". "Alright I got that, let me get the other room" Greasy said then looked at Doughboy. "I ain't got no dough to be paying no bills" Doughboy said. "I'll be back, I'm bout to go get the number" , Setty said then walked off.

Mal pulled up on Caroline Street and parked. He got out and knocked on Antoinette's door. She had called him earlier this morning and told him to come over. She answered the door and let him in. He immediately caught the aroma of weed. "Girl, I know you ain't smokin no weed" Mal said as they walked upstairs. "Hell no, that's my cousins down the basement

smoking that shit". They went into her room and closed the door. Within minutes they were having sex on her bed. Mal know that was the only reason why she called him to come over because she was horny but he didn't mind cause she knew how to put it on him. They stayed up in her room for about an hour and a half. When they were finished they got in the shower together and fucked some more. After they got out, Mal put back on his same clothes. "You hungry?" Antoinette asked Mal once she got dressed. "Yeah". "What do you want, some breakfast food or something else". "I want some eggs and shit cause you gonna fuck any other meal up" Mal said smiling. She threw a pillow at him then went downstairs to the kitchen. Mal took out 50 dollars and put it on Antoinette's dresser then went downstairs to the kitchen. When he walked in the kitchen he saw Antoinette and her two cousins, Leonard & Twan. They were sitting at the table smashing big ass bowls of cereal (they obviously had the munchies) and Antoinette was at the stove. Both of them broke their mugs down but nobody said anything. "Mal these are my cousins I was telling you about, that's Leonard & that's Twan". "What's up Yo" Twan said. Mal spoke to him but just looked at Leonard. "Yo, you smoke" Twan asked Mal. "Yeah". "If you trying to smoke come down the basement". "Alright" Mal said then Twan and Leonard got up, left their empty bowls on the table and went back in the basement. Antoinette picked up the bowls and put them in the sink. When Leonard & Twan got down the basement they sat down on a black leather couch. When they moved in a couple days ago they hooked the basement up like their own little apartment. It had leather furniture and a big ass entertainment center almost covering the whole wall. When they moved in from Westport they brought with them a black Chevy Tahoe which is parked out front, 4 ½ pound of weed, 5 guns, (2 black .357 long, 1 chrome Smith & Wesson 9mm, a chrome .25 auto and a Mac 11) plus they had around 9 thousand dollars cash. "Yo, why the fuck you tell that nigga to come down here"

Leonard said to Twan as he rolled up a blunt. “We going to have to get cool wit the nigga sooner or later Yo, Antoinette said she might be pregnant by him, Man we can’t beef over no bullshit” Twan said. Leonard didn’t say anything, he was thinking. “You can see he ain’t no lil boy, he pull up in a Q45 so you know he got some dough. We might be able to benefit from him. We got all this weed and don’t got no where to sell it. If we get cool with him, I know he could bring us some sales” Twan explained. “Yeah you right, but I don’t like that nigga” Leonard said. “You don’t even know the dude, just chill, I will do all the talking but try to act like you like him”. “Alright, but Yo, I’m telling you if he crack slick I’ma let ‘em have something” Leonard said then they both started laughing.

Setty walked up to the house in the 1600 block of Bond Street to get the number. When he got there it was a white man coming out of the front door. “Excuse me, are you the owner of this house?” Setty asked him. “Yes I am, how can I help you”. “If the house is still open, I want to rent it”. The white man looked at him. “You’re kinda young to be renting a house by yourself”. “Me and my homeboy. He eighteen and we can afford it”. “You don’t even know how much it cost”. “It really don’t matter, but how much is it” Setty said. “The monthly rental fee is \$450 and that’s not including gas & electric. The security deposit is a month’s rent, which is another 450. It’s 3 bedrooms, 1 ½ baths, electric heat, central air and completely furnished”. “Alright, that sounds good to me, when can we move in” Setty said. “Hold up little man, I’m going to need your friend that’s 18 to sign some papers and a lease and I’ma need a months rent plus security deposit before I give you a key”. “We got the money now but my homeboy is on crutches, he can’t make it up here, can you go to him”. “Where is he at”. “Chapel & Oliver”. Setty convinced the Landlord to go to him. He had a raggedy pickup truck parked in front of the house so him and Setty got in. He told Setty that his name was Steve. They drove to Darnell’s

house and went in. Steve talked to Darnell about the house and the meaning of the lease, which said that he was liable for renting this house for at least 24 months. Ms. Debbie came downstairs and chatted with Steve for a minute to make sure he wasn't trying to cheat her son out of any money. Within an hour the transaction was final. All the papers were signed. Darnell and Setty paid Steve the 900 dollars and Steve gave them the key to the house. Done Deal.

After Mal finished eating the scrambled eggs and bacon that Antoinette had made him he knocked on the basement door. Twan yelled for him to come down. Mal was shocked at how the basement looked. He had never been down there and he never would've expected it to look so expensive. Twan & Leonard was sitting on the couch, Mal sat in a chair. Twan handed him a bag of weed and slid a box of Caribbean Round cigars over to him on the coffee table. "Do you want me to slam this bag in one blunt or two" Mal said. "It's up to you Yo, that's you shit" Twan said. "Alright, good looking out". "Yo, we ain't no petty niggas, that's small shit" Twan said. "I hear that" Mal said with a smirk on his face. In his mind he was thinking 'Man, these niggas is some lames' but he was also thinking, 'these niggas got some dough'. The whole time Mal was rolling his blunt Leonard was looking at him. Twan popped the movie 'Belly' in the VCR. "Yo, don't nobody be selling no smoke around here" Leonard finally spoke. Mal looked at him before he spoke. "Not no more, why what's up". "We got a connect that we can get pounds of that shit for cheap" Leonard said. "What, ya'll trying to sell weight on the weed" Mal said as he lit his blunt. "Nah, we trying to bag up some dimes and sell 'em like that" Twan cut in. "I'm saying, they got some weed on Broadway & Lafayette, that's like the closest spot and they got nickels so if ya'll got dimes, niggas probably cop that shit" Mal said. "Yeah, that's what I wanted to hear" Twan said. Him, Mal & Leonard got high together and talked for a couple hours. Mal started to feel comfortable with these two new dudes and they started to like

Mal also. Whatever tension between Leonard and Mal had disappeared. They smoked and smoked and then ended up ordering some pizza. They told Mal a little bit about their situation out Westport and Mal told them that they were involved in a neighborhood beef too. He told them about the girls in the hood and who is to be trusted and not. By the time Mal was about to leave, Twan & Leonard felt like they knew him for years.

Greasy & Doughboy was still standing in front of the bar on Federal & Bethel when Cheetah pulled up. He got out of his car and walked over to them. “Yo Greasy, you want some more packs” Cheetah said. “Nah, I’m chillin for today Yo”. “You got to work that money off you owe me”. “I don’t owe you no money” Greasy said. “You got locked up at a fuckin motel with like 400 dollars worth of shit, that’s money you owe me now” Cheetah said to Greasy. Doughboy was just standing there listening. “Shiid, that’s a lost, I don’t owe that”. “Listen Greasy, if you would have got jammed up on the block, I would chalk it up as a lost but you took all those pills out to a motel so that’s on you”. “What you expect me to do, leave them in the alley”. “You could have put them up, but fuck all that, just have that money for me tonight” Cheetah said. “Yo, I don’t owe you nothing” Greasy said then Cheetah got closer to him. “Check this out Greasy, I like you shorty, but don’t try to act brand new cause Lil’ Doughboy standing right here, sho’nuff, don’t jump out there Greasy, just get that money” Cheetah said. Greasy or Doughboy didn’t say anything. Cheetah walked over, got in his Black LS400 and pulled off.

After Darnell & Setty got the key to their new house they chilled for a while then decided to go up there and check it out. Darnell was limping on the crutches as him and Setty made their way up to Bond Street. They saw Greasy, Doughboy & Mal standing on Federal & Dallas. All three of them walked down to Darnell & Setty. “I see you on your feet” Greasy said to Darnell.

“Yeah, this shit ain’t gonna hold me down forever”. “How much money you got Greasy, we just paid the landlord 900 for the house. He gave us the key already” Setty said. “He charging us 900 to rent the house?” Greasy asked. “Nah Man, that’s for security deposit and all that. The rent is only 450 so all you got to do is come with 150 a month”. Setty said. ‘Oh alright’. Mal was about to say something about why they ain’t include him in the house but then he realized that he would be in there all the time anyway so it didn’t matter. The five B-boys walked up to the house and went in. Darnell’s mother was going to get the gas & electric and telephone on for them the next day. They sent Greasy & Doughboy to get some weed, drinks and candles. When they came back everybody lit candles in a big circle and they all sat on the floor in the middle. “Yo, Antoinette got these two cousins, Leonard & Twan staying with her from Westport. Them niggas is cool but I can tell they ain’t built like that for real. They about money though. They already got a Tahoe and mad weed, plus they got a Mac and a couple handguns. They got into some shit out Westport, that’s why they laying low over here. Some niggas tried to set them up and they dusted one of them. But anyway, I fucks with these niggas so if I bring them around ya’ll treat ’em like comrades” Mal said. “You fucks wit these niggas like that, like that” Darnell asked him. “I’m saying Yo, they my baby mother’s peoples and they cool as shit”. “You got shorty pregnant?” Setty asked. “She not absolutely sure but it’s a good chance” Mal said. He was smiling. “You said these niggas got mad weed, what, they trying to sell weight or something” Darnell said. “Nah, they bagged up mad big ass dimes and the weed is blazing. I was smoking with them earlier” Mal explained. “Where they plan on selling that shit” Greasy spoke up. “I’m gonna put the word out that we got some weed on Dallas and have them niggas out there with us selling the shit” Mal said, then asked Setty if he was cool with it. “As long as they don’t slow up my Redy money”. “Come on now, I got my hands in that too so you know I’m not

going to let that happen” Mal said, then Darnell spoke up. “Alright, on your ticket them niggas can come around but you better tell Tay cause that nigga might try to rob them or something and let them niggas know that it’s beefing’ season on the block and we might need that Mac”.

“Alright” Mal said.

The next Day – Friday May 12th around 1 p.m.

It was a nice, bright, & sunny afternoon in Baltimore City. Mal was coming from his house on Eager & Central. He had just pulled up at Central & Biddle listening to NAS when another car pulled up beside him on the drivers side. Mal was bopping his head to the music and didn’t rally pay the car no attention. The traffic light was red. Only when he caught movement out his peripheral vision, did he turn to look at the car. As soon as he turned his head, he was face to face with the muzzle of a .44 revolver. Mal ducked and stepped on the gas just as the first shot rung off. The bullet sliced past the back of his head and ripped out a big gash of meat. The Q45 sped off as 5 more shots from the .44 slammed into the door and backside window. The person who was shooting was D-nice. He was in the passenger seat of the gray Camry and Cee was driving. They had peeped Mal riding up Central and followed him waiting for the right time to pull beside him and blow his brains out. Unfortunately for D-nice, he hesitated and gave Mal enough time to reach when he pulled out the gun. Now Mal was speeding up Central Avenue. He looked in his rearview and saw the Camry turn right, down Biddle Street. His left ear was ringing. He was bleeding heavily from the grazed wound on his head and his whole left arm was numbing from the slug that ripped through it cracking the bone. He couldn’t move it. Mal was disoriented so he decided to stop the car before he crashed. He pulled to a stop on Harford Road & Federal then walked in the ‘Rite Aid’ and got somebody to call the ambulance.

Setty, Doughboy & Greasy was on Dallas Street hustling. Missy, Keisha, Tierra & Tonya was out there chillin with them. The B-boys had the two .38's and the Glock 40 on car tires parked on the block. They had no idea what had just happened to Mal. They knew it was beefing season though and wasn't taking any chances. Greasy had it in his mind that if Cheetah was to approach him again about that money, then he would feel the pain of a .40 cal slug. Setty was going hard outside knowing that he had just shot Dre up 2 days ago but he figured if the police ain't run down on him yet, then Dre must didn't tell. Now he was heated down on the block with his homeboys and a couple hood rats. "I got a letter from Leon today" Tierra said. "What he talking about" Greasy said. "They still on lock-up. He said they go to court next week. The jail dropped them other charges for the stabbing" Tierra said. "I just sent them 200 more dollars and I'ma go get them some tennis & shit for court" Setty said. "For real though, Leon & Boom lucky to have a homeboy like you Setty, cause the rest of them niggas out here ain't doing shit for them" Tonya said and Doughboy felt offended. "Shorty, what you mean by that" he said. I mean exactly what I said Doughboy, I don't see you or Greasy trying to send them nothing, but ya'll know if the tables were turned they would send ya'll whatever ya'll need" Tonya said then Greasy spoke up. "Why the fuck you worried about what we sent them, did you holla at them, send them some naked pictures or something". "They got girlfriends, why would I do that" Tonya said then Missy interrupted, "but anyway, what's up with you and my girl Tayesha, Doughboy". He started smiling. "why". "Look at you blushing' and shit, she got you whipped already" Missy said. "Hell no" Doughboy replied. "Setty why you all quiet, who you thinking about" Tonya said. He just looked at her. Setty had been wanting to fuck Tonya for a while now but his mind was on other things at the moment. "I'm just chillin shorty" Setty said. Tonya walked over & grabbed Setty's arm and they walked off from the crowd. "What's

wrong Setty. You thinking about Wayne ain't you" she said. "Its not just that, it's a whole lot of crazy shit going on right now" Setty said then Tonya started rubbing the back of his neck and playing with his ears as they walked down the street. "Listen Setty, I know you fuck with Tricey but I want you to know that I'm always here for you if you need to talk or anything" Tonya said and they both just looked at each other. They had walked almost to the corner on Oliver Street. Setty was about to say something to her but then out of nowhere a gray Camry bent the corner. It screeched to a stop in front of Setty & Tonya. D-nice jumped out the passenger side with the shiny .44 long. Setty & Tonya took off up the alley then D-nice opened fire.

Up the block, Doughboy, Greasy & the three girls saw what was happening. Immediately Greasy grabbed the Glock 40 and Doughboy grabbed both of the 38's then they started running towards the Camry.

In the alley Setty ran in a zigzag line and could hear bullets fly past him. Tony was so scared and screaming she ran straight down the middle of the alley and two of the .44 slugs ripped through her back and came out of her chest. Setty heard her scream out in pain as she fell but he didn't stop running.

As Doughboy & Greasy got closer to the Camry they saw Cee sitting in the drivers seat looking up the alley. Cee didn't see them running towards the car at first but when he did, he put it in reverse quick and tried to peel out backwards out of the block. Doughboy squeezed off 12 rounds from two 38's at the car. He saw the front windshield catch a couple slugs and shatter. Cee didn't stop. He whipped the car out on Oliver Street and took off.

Greasy had run to the alley and saw D-nice jogging back towards where the Camry was at with the .44 in his hand. Ain't no doubt that he heard Doughboy's shots ring off but only

when he looked up and saw Greasy at the beginning of the alley did he try to do a 'U' turn and run back up the alley. Greasy ran behind him and started poppin off shots from the Glock, but he was missing his target. D-nice was so shook up, he dropped the .44 when he did the 'U' turn. Greasy let the whole clip loose at D-nice as he sprinted up the alley. When the .40 cocked back empty he realized that he blew it this time so he ran to where D-nice dropped the .44. Setty was nowhere in site but Greasy saw Tonya laying in a pool of blood. It wasn't nothing he could do for her, so he picked up the .44 and ran off.

Greasy & Doughboy ran straight to the crew house on Bond Street. When they bust through the front door, Darnell and Donna was sitting on some chairs in the living room smoking. "Yo, them niggas came through shooting" Greasy said out of breath. He sat the Glock 40 and the .44 on the floor. Doughboy still had both of the .38's in his hands. "What" Darnell said surprised. "Setty Yo, Setty, I think they might of hit Setty" Greasy said. He was a little shaken up, and so was Doughboy. He just stood there with a blank look on his face. "Who Yo, what happened" Darnell yelled, he was getting angry. Donna just sat there quietly. "Cee and that other nigga came through in a whip. Cee was driving. The other nigga jumped out and banged on Setty & Tonya. I know Tonya got hit for sure but I don't know about Setty" Greasy explained and that's when Donna finally reacted. "Oh my God, Oh my god, where she at" she said as she stood up covering her mouth. "They was in the alley on Dallas" Greasy said, then Donna ran past them and out the front door. "I didn't even hear no shots, why ya'll ain't bang on them niggas" Darnell said. "We did man, that's how I got that .44 right there. I ran to the alley and banged on the other dude and he dropped the gun that's when I saw Tonya. I think she dead Yo" Greasy explained. "Doughboy, what the fuck you do" Doughboy said. "I shot the car up and Cee was in it, I don't know if I hit him though" Doughboy said. "We got to go find Setty" Darnell said, just

then Setty came walking through the front door. “Yo, where was you at” Greasy said to him. “I was in the alley the whole time, when you started shooting at him he ran right past me. I dipped in somebody yard. They got the meat wagon around there Yo, I think Tonya dead” Setty explained. “Damn Yo, where Mal at” Darnell said and everybody said they didn’t know. Setty noticed the guns on the floor and picked up the .44. “Where ya’ll get this”. “Yo dropped it in the alley” Greasy said. “What the fuck is these niggas crazy. I’m a fucking murk all them bitches Yo, put some more bullets in the .40 and load them tre 8’s, I’m bout to go around there” Setty said. “Where the .45 and Beretta” Greasy said. “They down Mal house, hold up I’m a call him” Setty whipped out his cell phone and called Mal house. His mother answered the phone and told him that Mal had been shot. He was in the hospital in good condition. Setty hung up. “Yo, them niggas shot Mal.” “Hell no man, fuck that. I’m a kill these niggas myself” Darnell said as he loaded the shells into the Glock 40. “What happened” Doughboy said. “I don’t know but his mother said he got hit in the arm and grazed in the head” Setty said. “Damn Yo, shit on for real now” Doughboy said but he sounded a little scared. “Is probably mad police on the block. We going to chill for a couple of hours then we going ‘round there and give these niggas what they want” Darnell said then slammed the fully loaded clip into the Glock.

Later that night – Around 11:30 p.m.

The B-boys had spent most of the evening plotting and strategizing on how to inflict pain upon their enemies. Greasy had rented a black Dodge Caravan for the night from a neighborhood coke head named Bo Pete. Everybody agreed that Darnell would stay at the house being as though he wasn’t fully able to run in case things got a little hectic. Doughboy, Greasy & Setty had changed their clothes and had on dark colors. All three of them even had black soldier rags to tie over their faces. Doughboy was going to be the driver, he had one .38. Setty

had the Glock 40 and Greasy had the other .38. They left Darnell in the house then piled in the Caravan en route to Bond & Preston. They pulled up at the corner and saw a lot of dopefiends running in and out the alley on Preston. A couple of the older B&P dudes were engaged in a small dice game beside the bar but there was no sign of Cee or D-nice. Just as they were about to turn up Preston and circle the block they saw Carlos come out of his house on the next block of Bond Street. He began to walk their way. “Yo, there go Los right there, put them scarves on” Setty said and everybody did it. “Pull up next to him, me & Greasy gonna jump out and grab this nigga. I know he know where Cee & them at” Setty said to Doughboy. Doughboy drove slowly down Bond Street closer and closer to Carlos as he walked straight into danger and didn’t even know it. When the van was parallel to Carlos, the side door slid open and two masked down B-boys jumped out waving guns. Carlos froze in shock. Setty grabbed his shirt, put the Glock in his face and pulled him into the van. Greasy got in and slammed the door, then they pulled off. Doughboy drove around the corner to Broadway and Lewellyn Street and parked. “Please Yo, let me go, I don’t go no money” Carlos pleaded. He still didn’t know who had kidnapped him. Setty & Greasy then took off their mask. Greasy smacked Carlos across his face with the .38. “Nigga we don’t want no fuckin money” Greasy said. Carlos was holding the side of his face. “Where Cee and that other nigga at” Setty said. Him and Greasy was on both sides and they had Carlos sitting in the middle. “What other nigga, I don’t know what you talking about” Carlos said, then Setty open-hand smacked him across the other side of his face. “Alright Yo, don’t hit me no more man, his um – his name is D-nice and he lives on Chase & Washington, but I don’t know where he at” Carlos was scared. Doughboy turned around in the drivers seat and looked at Greasy & Setty. “So, what’s next fellas” he said. Greasy looked at

Setty for an answer. “We going down there right now, fuck that. We gonna kill this nigga tonight”.

Doughboy drove the Caravan to Chase & Washington and they made Carlos point out the house. It was the 4th one from the corner. The block was empty. Nobody stood around on the corner because it was a church there and directly across the street was an elementary school. Doughboy parked directly in front of the house. Setty pointed the Glock 40 in Carlos’ face. “Who live in the house besides D-nice”. Carlos looked terrified out his mind. He was shaking. “All I-I-I know is his mother boyfriend be s-s-s-selling weight out the house. I –I don’t know who be in there” Carlos said. “Alright then nigga you doing wit us” Setty said. He then slid open the cargo door and got out. Carlos came out behind him and Greasy was behind Carlos pointing the .38 in his back. They told Carlos to knock on the door. As he walked up the couple steps to the front door, Greasy & Setty stood off to the side out of view. Doughboy was waiting in the van. Carlos knocked 3 times before a woman opened the door. Setty immediately hopped up the steps, pushed past Carlos and shoved the Glock in her face before she had a chance to react. Carlos thought about running off but just as the thought entered his mind, Greasy shoved the .38 in his back and pushed him in the house. “Bitch who else in this house” Setty whispered to the lady (who was D-nice’s mother). “Nobody, Nobody. Please don’t shoot me, the coke is upstairs in the back bedroom”. “Where the fuck D-nice at” Setty said to her. “I don’t know. I swear I don’t know” she said. Setty turned around and told Greasy to get Doughboy. Greasy kept the .38 pointing at Carlos as he backed up to the front door. He opened it and waved to Doughboy in the van. Doughboy got out with the .38 and came in the house. “yo, I think this bitch lying Yo, check in the kitchen” Setty said to Doughboy once he came in and closed the door. He went and checked the kitchen then peeped down the basement. “Ain’t nobody in here

Yo” Doughboy said. “Ya’ll can let me go now, I ain’t gonna say nothing, I swear Yo” Carlos pleaded. “Shut the fuck up” Greasy said. “Come on ya’ll we going upstairs” Setty said then began to walk the lady up the steps in front of him. Doughboy, Carlos then Greasy was right behind them. When they all got to the top of the steps, they could hear a television on in one of the bedrooms. Setty leaned over and whispered in the lady’s ear as they began walking towards the back bedroom slowly. “Bitch, I swear to God if somebody else in here I’m a blow your fuckin brains out” She didn’t say anything. As they walked past the other bedrooms, Doughboy ducked in them to check for anybody hiding. When they finally got to the back bedroom it was a queen size bed in the middle of the floor and a big screen TV on a black dresser. Multiple brand named clothes and tennis were scattered all on the bed and on a chair in the corner. “Where the fuckin’ coke at” Setty said to the lady as he walked over and peeped in the closet. “It’s right here under the clothes” the lady said and began to walk to the bed. Greasy reacted quick and grabbed her ponytail and pulled her back. As her body motion came backwards she stumbled over her own feet and fell into Greasy. The room exploded with a loud ‘pop’ and everybody watched as D-nice’s mother fell to the ground lifeless. Greasy looked surprised. “Damn Yo why you shoot her” Doughboy said. “It was an accident man, she fell into me and the fun and um, um” Greasy was a little shook up. He had never killed anybody before. When the lady fell into him his reaction was to squeeze the trigger. The .38 slug went in her lower back in an upward angle and pierced her heart. She died instantly. “Man, fuck that bitch” Setty said then went to the bed and moved the pile of clothes. To everybody’s surprise, laying there on the bed was a Chinese SK assault rifle with a banana clip. “Oh shit Yo” Setty said as he picked the gun up. He stick the Glock 40 in his waist band. “Damn Yo, that’s a fuckin chopper” Doughboy said excitedly. Setty didn’t say anything, he was too busy examining the gun. “Yo, we got to get the

fuck out of here” Greasy said. “What about the coke” Doughboy said. “Man, fuck that coke, let’s bounce man” Greasy was getting nervous. “What we gonna do wit him” Doughboy said to Greasy then they both looked at Setty. Setty looked at Carlos then pointed the SK at him. Carlos balled up and started pleading, “Come on Yo, Please Setty Yo, I ain’t gonna say nothing, please Yo, I ain’t gonna say nothing”, he was crying now. Setty thought for a second about letting him go but then remembered how Darell & Troy came back and killed Wayne. Setty squeezed the trigger 3 times and watched as three 7.62mm slugs slammed into Carlos’ upper body. His body fell lifeless to the ground. The bangs from the assault rifle in that enclosed space rung bells in all of their ears. The smell of cordite and gunpowder was heavy in the air. Greasy & Doughboy stood there holding their ears in shock. “Come on Yo, we out” Setty said then the three B-boys got back in the van and took off.

5 days later – Wednesday May 17th

Setty, Greasy & Doughboy had been pretty much laying low the last couple of days. Big Nick had come to the crew house and paid Setty for the ounce he got from him the other day. Every couple of hours Setty would strap up and walk around the corner to collect money from Mike & Sidewinder. Everything had been quiet but the B-boys had no idea if homicide was looking for them and not to mention they never got a hold of D-nice. Little did they know D-nice was sitting in a jail cell at the Baltimore City Detention Center. When he came home the other night and found his mother and homeboy shot to death, he went into panic mode. He immediately called the police before he got rid of the illegal shit that was still in the house. After the coroners took the bodies and the crime lab began to process the murder scene they found a shoebox with 11 ½ ounces of cocaine in it and a Davis industries .380 pistol in the top dresser drawer. They immediately arrested D-nice for it. Cee was so scared after he heard about D-

nice's mother & Carlos getting killed he told his mother about the beef they had with the B-boys. She sent him to stay with relatives over Park Heights in Northwest Baltimore until everything died down. Dre was out of the hospital but still house bound due to his wounds. The rest of the younger Bond & Preston crew didn't have the balls or firepower to bring war on Federal Street. Dre and D-nice were the backbones and with them out of the picture for awhile, the beef died down a little bit but it was far from over. Mal was out of the hospital. He had to have surgery on his forearm. The doctors at Leons Hopkins did the best they could but couldn't save the nerves in that section of his arm. They had to put 4 steel rods through his bone to keep it from breaking apart. Now he got a cast on it with the metal rods poking through it and no feeling in his arm below his elbow. Antoinette went to the clinic and confirmed that she really is pregnant by him. He's been staying at her house since he been out of the hospital. He got even closer to Leonard & Twan. He even got a couple of people to come to the house and get some weed from them but he still hasn't brought them around the crew yet.

Tonya's funeral was yesterday. Everybody went. Out of all her girlfriends, Donna took her death the hardest. Everybody shed a tear thought, she was a well liked person in the neighborhood.

Tay was mostly healed up and he was coming outside on the regular. Darnell could walk without his crutches now but he still had a little limp. Everybody started calling the house that him, Setty & Greasy was renting the 'Crew House'. It was the new chill spot. It had central air, cable, telephone, furniture and everything. Setty & Darnell had spent a couple thousand dollars fixing it up. Greasy was ducking Cheetah out. He hasn't seen him since their confrontation last week.

“Yo, Fat Ramen said he want \$3000 for a eighth of powder coke but he only doing it for you” Doughboy said as he walked in the front door of the crew house. Darnell was sitting on the couch watching a movie, “Yeah, I want that. Do he got it around there right now” Darnell asked Doughboy. “Yeah, he said hurry up”. “Alright. Here” Darnell said as he counted out three thousand dollars and handed it to Doughboy. Doughboy put the money in his pocket and left out.

Setty had been grinding and saving for weeks now and he had a nice piece of change saved up. He knew that when Leon & Boom came home that he would have to split it with them but right now it was his turn to shine. It was a nice sunny afternoon and he was at the used car lot on Belair Road. The same one that Greasy had planned on getting a Tahoe from. Setty and one of the car salesmen had worked out a deal on a car that the dealership wanted \$11,000 for. The deal was for Setty to pay 8,000 now and 300 a month for the next ten months. Setty agreed and paid the 8,000 in cash. Within minutes he pulled off the lot in his new car. Setty was already fresh from head to toe but he wanted brand new clothes. He just felt like shining. First he drove out Eastpoint Mall and brought an outfit and boots, then he went to the car wash on Erdman Avenue. After that he went around the way. Tay, Missy, Tierra, Tayesha, Donna & Tricey was on Dallas Street when he pulled up. Even a few of the B.F.D boys were out there (Micey, Bam, Fatz and Duncan). All eyes were on Setty when he stepped out of his Cranberry Red LS 400 with butter leathers wearing a black Rocawear velour sweatsuit and some charcoal timbs. “What’s poppin nigga” Setty said to Tay then gave him a pound. Tay stepped back and looked at the car. “Oh boy – that’s how you feel nigga”, Tay was rubbing his chin and smiling. Setty leaned back on the hood smiling too. He knew the bitches and everybody was looking at him. Tayesha & them walked over to him & Tay. “Damn Setty, when you get this” Missy said

then looked through the window at the interior. “I just copped it fresh of the lot”, Setty couldn’t stop smiling. “That’s a slick ass color boy, you did that” Tayesha said. Tierra, Donna & Tricey was just standing there looking at the car. At the corner the B.F.D. boys were admiring the car too but only Fatz had the courage to walk down there. He walked up and gave Setty a pound. “This you lil’ Setty?” Fatz asked. “Yeah” Setty said, he was still smiling. “You tight now Yo, all them lil bitches gonna be on your dick. Look at ‘em, they hopped on the wood already” Fatz said as he pointed at Tricey & them but he was smiling. Setty & Tay started laughing. Tricey & them sucked they teeth. “Go head wit that shit Fatz, ain’t nobody on his dick cause he got no car” Donna said. Fatz just let out a little laugh then walked back to the corner. Them bitches was mad now. “Let’s go get something to eat Yo” Setty said to Tay then they hopped in the LS and pulled off. “Ooh, I can’t stand him” Tricey said as she watched Setty & Tay turn up Oliver Street.

Doughboy came back in the crew house with 4 ½ ounces of raw coke, a box of razors and mad boxes of vials. He sat the vials and coke on the coffee table in front of Darnell. “What size vials you got” Darnell said as he picked up the box. “Fifty LL. That’s what you said, right” Doughboy asked him. “Yeah that’s cool. Did you watch that nigga weigh this coke”, Darnell said then picked up the big Ziploc bag containing the cocaine. “Yeah, its 126 grams”. “Aight bet, now help me bag this shit up.”

Darnell & Doughboy was halfway finished bagging up the coke when Greasy walked in. He sat down and they all started talking. “Ya’ll want some work?” Darnell asked Doughboy & Greasy. They just looked at him. I’m serious man, listen, I will give you 150 pills just bring me back a ‘G’. That’s a quick easy 500, ya’ll can sell 150 pills like that”. Darnell said snapping his fingers. “I’m with that” Doughboy said. Darnell pushed 150 pills over to him. “You can go out

there now, for real” Darnell said. Doughboy put the 150 dimes in a brown paper bag then left out. Darnell and Greasy was still sitting in the living room. “Yo, what’s that, a eighth” Greasy said as he looked at the pills and coke still on the table. “Yeah, I’m trying to flip this a couple time then cop some dope, big boy money nigga”, Darnell said. “Yeah, dope money come in fast as shit” Greasy said. “So what’s up man, you want a 150 pack or what”. Darnell could tell Greasy wanted to take the pills but his pride got in the way. “Not right now, I still got a couple dollars put up but I probably be at you when my funds get low”. Greasy said and Darnell was surprised he heard that come out his homeboy’s mouth. “Yo, don’t let your pride get involved. What you got about 1500 left. That ain’t no fucking money. Ya’ll niggas be killing me with that small time shit. A nigga in the hood ain’t never rich. You can never have too much money so you better stack that shit while its available. Ya’ll niggas taking bitches out motels & shit, going shopping, getting fresh everyday. How long you think that shit gonna last with no money. Think on a bigger level. I’m trying to push Bentley’s and shit nigga” Darnell explained. Greasy was quiet for a minute just letting it all sink in.

When Doughboy left the crew house he went and stashed the 150 pills near the alley on Bethel & Lanvale. He then started yelling out to the nearby coke fiends that he had dimes of powder coke. Within about 15 minutes he sold 14 pills but he took 2 shorts so he only had 137 dollars. He put a hundred dollars in his sock and the odd 37 in his front pocket. He made a couple more quick sales then it was a little break when no money came through. He took the opportunity to go get some weed. He stashed the pills even deeper in the alley then walked the three blocks over to Antoinette’s house. He knocked on the door and Antoinette answered it. “What you want Doughboy – he not coming out”, she said. “I don’t want Mal girl, do you cousin still got that smoke”. “Yeah, come in.” Doughboy walked in the house behind her and

closed the door. When he walked in the dining room he saw Tayesha sitting at the table. Antoinette walked to the basement door and called for Mal to come upstairs, Tayesha was looking at Doughboy like she was guilt of something. Doughboy sensed it and asked her, “What you doing in here.” “I’m chillin with Antoinette, why”. “Don’t let me hear about you being in none of them niggas face” Doughboy said. He was a little jealous. “Go head wit that shit Doughboy, my cousins don’t want her freak ass” Antoinette said jokingly. “Fuck you girl,” Tayesha was smiling. Jest then Mal & Leonard came upstairs from the basement. “What’s up Doughboy” Mal said. “Ain’t shit Yo. I want some smoke”. “How many” Leonard spoke up. “Gimme two” Doughboy said then gave Leonard 20 dollars. Leonard reached in his pocket and gave him two dimes then went back down the basement. Mal was still standing there. “You seen Setty’s car” Mal asked Doughboy. “Nah Yo, what he get”. “A Cranberry Red LS. Him & Tay just came through and hollered at me like a half hour ago. That muthafucker tight too”, Mal said. “Them niggas probably riding around. Where your Q at” Doughboy asked him. “It’s still parked in front of Rite Aids. It got bullet holes all in the door and shit. I’m bout to trade that bitch in – get something else” Mal explained. Antoinette & Tayesha was sitting at the table indulged in their own conversation. “Yo, I’m bout to go back around here and sell the rest of these pills, you coming out” Doughboy said. “Nah Yo, I’m chillin”, Mal said. “Alright”, Doughboy gave Mal a pound. He was about to leave when Tayesha got up and walked over to him. “You got some money?” Tayesha asked him. She was smiling at him looking real sexy. His mind said no but his mouth didn’t comply. “How much you want”. He had to portray the image that he had money. Tayesha was his girl now. He couldn’t leaver her high and dry. “like 50 dollars” She said. Doughboy went in his sock and peeled off 50 dollars, she accepted it and started kissing him in his mouth. He reached around and grabbed her ass with both of his hands.

She stuck her tongue down his throat. Mal & Antoinette was just standing there looking at them. Doughboy started getting aroused so he stopped. “Don’t stop now nigga” Mal said. Everybody was smiling. Tayesha gave Doughboy one last kiss on the cheek then he left out.

After Setty & Tay came from Golden Corral Buffet out near Eastpoint they went downtown. They looked like a million bucks in the Lexus. They rode around for about an hour then decided to walk. They had a hard time finding a place to park. It took them about another hour before they found a little parking lot behind the store on Howard & Saratoga Street. They had to pay 20 dollars to park there. Tay wanted to see about getting some gold fronts so the first store they went to was King Tut jewelry. They had various gold fronts already made for display. Tay wasn’t feeling none them so they left out and walked the one block over to the strip on Lexington. It was a lot of people walking around and shopping. Setty & Tay was looking at some gold necklaces in the window of another jewelry store when somebody tapped Setty on his shoulder. He turned around and saw a cute brown skin girl smiling at him. She looked familiar but it took him a few seconds to recognize her. “Oh shit, what’s up shorty” Setty said. The girl leaned over and they hugged. She seemed real happy to see him. Tay was just standing there. He didn’t know how the girl was. “I’m doing okay, how you been”, she said. “I’m living, you know”, Setty said. He was smiling and happy to see her also. The girl he was talking to was Nay Nay. The last time he saw her was about a month & ½ ago when him, Leon & Boom went over West. “What happened, why you ain’t never call me”, Nay Nay said. “A whole lot of shit been going on shorty. You remember that situation that happened with them niggas around your way”, Setty said. “Them broke ass niggas ain’t from around my way. I don’t live in that house ya’ll came to. That’s Toneik house. I live up Park Heights and – oh yeah – I forgot – your boy Leon Paris pregnant” Nay Nay said. “Hell no”. “I’m serious. She like 6 weeks. She kept

calling the number Boom left but some bitch kept hanging up” She said. Setty & Tay started laughing then Tay said, “That probably was Brenda”. Leon & Boom locked up for that shooting” Setty told Nay Nay. “Damn, how much time they got?” she said. “They still over the jail”. “Paris gonna be hurt if he get life or something. She was crying & shit when she couldn’t get in touch with him”. “I’m a let him know but is she sure its his?” “That’s what she said”. “So what’s up with you, when you gonna come see me” Setty said. “When you want me to come see you” she looked in his eyes when she said that. It was still a lot of people walking up & down the strip past them but they seemed to be in their own world. All Setty could think of was how good the head was. “How about tomorrow”, Setty said. “Alright that’s cool” she said. “Do you got some more home girls. My lil man Joey come home tomorrow, I’m trying to get a bitch to fuck his brains out”. Nay Nay started laughing. “Yeah, I got somebody for him – do you want me to bring somebody for you too,” she said to Tay. “yeah, yeah” Tay was smiling. Nay Nay started laughing again. “Ya’ll crazy”.

Setty gave Nay Nay the phone number to the crew house. He told her to call before they came. They talked for a couple more minutes then Setty & Tay left.

After the pep talk from Darnell, Greasy decided to get a 150 pack from him. Greasy was still weary about selling the coke due to the debt he owed Cheetah. All he kept thinking about was, why was Cheetah acting crazy over 400 dollars when he made that nigga thousands daily. Fuck it. He wasn’t gonna stress over that shit. Before he left out the crew house with the pills he grabbed one of the .38’s and tucked it in his waist. When Greasy walked out on Bond Street it was still early afternoon. He quickly walked around to Bethel & Federal and stashed the pills and gun in the alley. He was taking a big risk on that block knowing that Cheetah was known to swing through. Greasy still had the clientele with the coke fiends. As he stood there in front of

the bar, several approached him wanting to cop. Cheetah had replaced Greasy with another young worker named Man. Mac was from Aiken & Lafayette, which was not far from the B-boys territory. Greasy had seen Mac a couple times here & there but they never really spoke. Man knew Greasy through word of mouth. The b-boys reputation had spread around half of East Baltimore. They were known as a bunch of lil young niggas with money and firepower. As the coke fiends asked Greasy for coke, he looked down the block and saw Mac sitting on some steps in the middle of the block. 'Fuck it, he all the way down there', Greasy thought to himself, then dipped in the alley and grabbed a handful of vials. He served the small crowd of coke fiends that was gathered near the bar waiting for the product. Afterwards, Greasy counted the money. 110 dollars. As he put the dough in his pockets he saw Mac walking up the block towards him. Greasy stood there, this was his fuckin block and he wasn't moving. Fuck Ma and Cheetah. "Yo, you selling coke" Mac asked Greasy as he approached. "Yeah!" Greasy said then waited for a response. He wasn't gonna let a nigga from another hood stop his shine. "What you got Cheetah's shit too" Mac asked him. "Nah, I got my own shit, why, what's up" Greasy said. He sounded and looked a little hostile. "Nah Yo, you alright. I just wanted to know so I can bounce, ain't no need for both of us out here with the same shit. But I see you doing your own thing. Its enough money for both of us" Mac explained and all the hostility in Greasy faded away. From that one statement he started to like Mac. They stood there and rapped for a long while. When sales came, they took turns serving them. Mac even confided in Greasy. He told him that he didn't really like Cheetah either and if he ever gave him a lot of coke at one time, he was gonna take him off. Mac said he was only working for him because he was broke at the time. When Greasy heard this, he quickly devised a plan that would get both of them rich. He explained the plot to Mac and he was all for it. Now all they had to do was wait.

After Doughboy got the weed from Leonard earlier, he went back on Lanvale & Bethel. He had been up there for a couple hours now and he as almost finished. By now he had Darnell's one thousand put up in a paper bag stashed in the alley near the rest of the pills. Had about 300 dollars of his own money in his pocket and 7 pills left. He was standing there thinking about going shopping when a man walked up to him. "Shorty, you got some more coke?" "yeah, how many" Doughboy said. "Five". Doughboy dipped in the nearby alley. He was bending down in the stash spot getting the pills when he caught movement out the corner of his eye. Klik Clak. "Shorty, don't make me shoot you, just gimme the money", the man was pointing a black .32 semi-automatic at Doughboy. Doughboy handed him the rest of the pills and the money he had in his pocket. Satisfied with the money and pills, the coke fiend backed up out the alley still pointing the gun at Doughboy then took off running. Doughboy just stood there in shock for a moment. It was over that fast. All his money gone. The only money that was left was in a brown bag a couple feet from where he was standing but that belonged to Darnell. "Damn", Doughboy said to himself then he grabbed the brown bag and went to pay his homeboy.

When Cheetah pulled up on Bethel Street in his black Lexus, he saw his worker, Mac, sitting on a vacant house steps. He parked and got out. Mac had been on the block all day so he knew that he would have some money for him. "Where you been Yo, I sold out 'bout a hour ago" Mac said then walked in the house. Cheetah followed behind him. "you want some more pills, cause I got some shit for you if you trying to stay out here a while", Cheetah said once they were in the living room of the vacant house. "Nah, I'm done for the day, here, I got the money in the closet", Mac walked over to the closet and got the 700 he had for Cheetah out a hole near the top shelf. He grabbed the cash then walked over to Cheetah counting it. Cheetah was

watching Mac close. Something felt funny. It was an eerie silence in the vacant house. When Mac was finished counting the money he looked up and his gaze went past his boss. Cheetah followed Mac's eyes and turned around to see what he was looking at. The semi-dark room instantly lit up with the flash and sound of gunfire as Greasy slammed two .38 slugs into Cheetah's chest at point blank range. He grabbed his body and fell to the floor. Greasy & Mac stood there looking at him. Cheetah kept opening his mouth as if he wanted to say something but all that came out was a gurgling sound and blood. The expression on his face was surprise, anger & agony all mixed in one. As he lay on the floor his eyes looked straight at Greasy's but Greasy didn't turn away. Over the last week he had built up a lot of hatred towards Cheetah. 'Fuck that nigga, it either him or me' – was all Greasy could think. Cheetah stopped moving completely after about 15 seconds. A tear rolled down his cheek then he took one last breath and departed this Earth forever.

When Doughboy walked in the crew house, Darnell was still sitting on the couch. He walked over and dropped the brown bag on the coffee table. "Here Yo, that's a 'G'" Doughboy said then sat down. "Why you look all sad nigga" Darnell said then poured all the money on the table. "Dopefiend ass nigga just robbed me for all my dough", Doughboy said shaking his head. Darnell started laughing. He thought Doughboy was joking, then he looked at the expression on his face. "You for real Yo" Darnell said. "Hell yeah, the only reason why he ain't get your dough is because I had it separate" Doughboy said. Darnell believed him so he reached on the table and gave him 100 dollars from his cut. "Here Yo, do you want another pack?" Darnell said. "Thanks Yo and yeah I want another pack I ain't on no scared shit like Mal" Doughboy said. "Why you say that". "Man, since that nigga got shot he ain't even been outside. When I went and got the weed earlier he was all laid back with them niggas, Leonard & Twan. He

straying away from the click Yo. I'm surprised nobody else don't see it", Doughboy said.

Darnell started thinking. Mal has been kinda missing in action since the drama started. Darnell ain't like the way things were turning out.

The next day.

Cheetah's body ain't get found in the vacant house until late last night when a dopefiend looking to get high stumbled upon him. The news spread around the hood fast. A lot of people liked and respected Cheetah but no one knew what happened except for the B-boys. Greasy had brought Mac around the crew house with him when he explained what happened. Setty, Tay, Doughboy and Darnell were the only other people who knew how Cheetah really died. Greasy 's plan had worked perfect. Now that Cheetah was gone, him and Mac can take over Federal & Bethel and flood it with their own powder coke. Being as though Mac helped Greasy set Cheetah up everybody decided to keep him around. It's better to have a potential witness close just in case he got a sudden case of the loose lips. But Mac was a cool ass nigga and now him and Greasy were partners so he fit right in with the crew.

11:30 a.m.

Darnell and Setty was in the living room smoking a blunt and playing video games when they heard a knock on the front door. Setty got up to answer it. When he opened the door he saw a cocky lil brown skin boy standing on the top steps smiling. "What's up lil' nigga" Setty said and gave Lil' Joey a pound and hug. "Damn Yo, you got big as shit", Setty said looking at his homeboy. "You know how I do nigga I was eating like crazy out Crownsville, that medicine had me hungry as shit – I know that ain't my nigga Darnell right there" Lil' Joey said as he walked in the house. "What's up Nigga" Darnell stood up and gave him a hug. "Damn Yo, we

wasn't expecting you till later on but how you know where the house was at," Darnell said. "I saw Duncan and Big Nick on Federal they told me" Lil' Joey said. "We got some bitches from over west coming over here later tonight for you" Setty said. "Yeah, yeah, that a work, let me hit that blunt" Darnell passed him the weed. They filled Lil' Joey in on everything that was going on in the hood. Lil' Joey was kinda surprised at how fast niggas done came up. Darnell & Setty showed him all the heats they had at the house. (Glock 40, Beretta 9mm, two .38 snubs, chrome. 45 auto, Chinese SD, Mossberg 20 gauge and chrome .44 long) They talked for about an hour then all three of them hopped in Setty's LS and went shopping. Setty spent like 180 on Lil' Joey and Darnell gave him 500 dollars. They spent most of the afternoon out Eastpoint Mall shopping and hollering at girls.

Later that night –

"So how many niggas over there now" Nay Nay said into the phone. "It's seven of us" Setty said. "Damn boy, it was only three of ya'll at first" she said. "What, you don't got no more home girls that you can bring with you". "Yeah, but they gonna want some money" Nay Nay said. "Shorty, my cash flow like water, just bring some more girls. Like I already told you, my lil' man just came home, money ain't a problem" Setty said and just like that the party was on. He went to Leonard & Twan and brought a quarter pound of weed. Darnell brought two fifths of Hennessy and Remy. Mal was on some other shit, he didn't even want to come to the little get together. He sent Lil' Joey a couple hundred dollars, through Setty, that's all. The seven B-boys who were in the house were – Darnell, Setty, Tay, Lil' Joey, Greasy, Doughboy and their newcomer, Mac. They had the weed in a big bowl with a 50 count box of Dutch Masters sitting next to it. Doughboy brought a couple cases of Corona and stuffed them all in

the refrigerator. The Hennessy and Remy was on the table next to the blunts. Now all that was missing was the females.

When the girls finally arrived they pulled up in a red Acura Legend. The card belonged to 22-year old Shawna. She was the oldest out the little click and also the leader. All together it was 7 girls packed in the car. Nay Nay, Meeka, Stacy, Cee Cee, Mona, Erica and Shawna. Setty peeped them getting out of the car and let them in. "Ooh, ya'll got a nice house" Mona said as they walked in. The B-boys had music on just chillin when the girls came in. Nay Nay was the last girl in the house, she stopped at Setty and kissed him on the cheek. "What's up boo, you sure your niggas got some dough cause Shawna & them not gonna get down for free" Nay Nay said. "Yeah shorty, just tell them bitches to get naked, we'll handle the rest". Within minutes the welcome home party for Lil' Joey was in full swing. All seven of the girls were sexy as shit and by now they were getting high and drunk. The music was blasting and shit was live. Bitches was giving lap dances and freaking to the club music. Lil' Joey was the center of attention and he was enjoying every bit. Meeka was on him the most. When she made him lay on his back in the middle of the floor everybody else crowded around. Lil' Joey just laid there spread eagled, but he still had his clothes on. Meeka looked at Shawna as if for approval. When Shawna yelled, "Put it on him girl" Meeka got to work. She started to strip down. When she took her shorts off, she had on a sky blue thong. The B-boys and the rest of the girls were watching the show. Meeka's lil' ass was plump and round. It wasn't a soft dick in the whole house. Meeka got on her hands and knees and pulled down Lil' Joey's sweatpants. His joint popped out, he was already hard. Lil' Joey put his hands behind his head. He couldn't stop smiling. Meeka grabbed his dick, jerked it a couple times then bent over and wrapped her mouth around it right there in front of everybody. She was kneeling in between Lil' Joey's legs and had

her ass sticking up in the air. Everybody could see her lil' pussy under the tiny thong. Lil' Joey was in heaven. The B-boys were in awe. These lil bitches was bout it. It put the icing on the cake when all the girls started getting naked. The B-boys started getting naked too. Tay was about to grab Cee Cee when all of a sudden she got on her knees behind Meeka. Tay almost bust off on his self when Cee Cee slid Meeka's thong down and started sucking her pussy from the back. Meeka glanced back at her once then went back to work on Lil' Joey. Cee Cee was on her hands & knees sucking pussy with her ass in the air so Tay saw the opportunity to join in. He got on his knees behind Cee Cee and slid up in her raw. She didn't try to stop him. She even started fucking back. The other B-boys followed suit with the rest of the girls. For the next 7 hours it was a big orgy inside the crew house. A couple niggas flip flopped and switched girls while others stuck with one the whole night. When it was all over around 6 in the morning, Shawna, (who fucked Darnell) told them to give her 700 dollars. One hundred for each of her girls. Setty, Darnell, Doughboy and Greasy all chipped in and paid her. It was money well spent. Shawna gave Darnell their number and then they left.

The next day

Greasy was walking down Oliver Street smoking a cigarette. He had 40 coke pills in his pocket that he had got from Darnell last night. He was enroute to Bethel so he could open up shop on his newly acquire strip. His partner Mac was supposed to already be around there waiting for him. Greasy had just passed Bond Street when 2 black Chevy Lumina's pulled up fast and screeched to a halt. As soon as the doors swung open Greasy took off down a nearby alley. His first thoughts were to get rid of the pills. As he ran through the playground in the alley behind Oliver Street he threw the 40 dimes of cocaine into somebody's yard. He looked behind him as he ran and saw 3 plainclothes police officers running behind him yelling Stop. Greasy could hear the Lumina's speeding up Bethel Street trying to cut him off on the other end of the alley. He ran through a split between two houses and came out on Bethel Street. As soon as he got to the curb one of the Lumina's whipped in front of him. Greasy's momentum sent him rolling over the hood. He fell flat on his back on the other side of the car. He thought about getting up to run again but when he looked up it was four 9mm Glocks pointing at him.

When the police put Greasy in the back of one of the Lumina's he immediately knew they wasn't regular undercover police. He had been through the routine plenty of times and he knew that knockers would have radioed for a police wagon to transport him. Greasy noticed that they never even retrieved the pills he threw in the alley. They just stuffed him in the Lumina and pulled off. When they pulled into the parking lot at Police Headquarters on East Fayette Street, Greasy knew for sure they were the Homicide Task Force. After checking their guns in at the lockers near the entrance, four of the six officers escorted Greasy down a long hallway. Along the walls were Polaroid pictures of multiple firearms the B.C.P.D. seized. Not one time during

the whole trip did any of the officers actually say anything to Greasy. They took him to a little white room with a rectangular table in the middle of the floor and two chairs opposite each other. They sat Greasy in the far chair and handcuffed his left wrist to a metal loop that bordered the table. Then they left. Greasy sat there and looked around. The room had no window. On the door, in the center, there was a two-way mirror. Greasy had no doubt that it was there so they can spy on him. He had been through a similar routine about 6 months ago when him and Tay got snatched up for Gizza's murder. Greasy sat there alone thinking hard. He had been involved in a double murder a week ago at D-Nice's house and just yesterday, him and Mac set Cheetah up and killed him. All at one Greasy got extremely scared. All he could think was "somebody rattin".

Forty minutes went by before two white men in their early forties walked in the room. One of them was holding a folder in one hand and a small tape recorder in the other. The one with the tape recorder sat down across from Greasy while his partner remained standing. "I'm detective Perry and this is Detective Winthrow", the one sitting down said. Greasy just looked at them and didn't say a word. "Do you know why you're here?", Det. Perry asked Greasy. "No". "We want to ask you some questions but first I need to let you know that you have the right to have a lawyer present. Do you understand". "Yeah". "Do you want a lawyer?" "Man, I don't know nothing anyway so you just wasting your time", Greasy said. Det. Perry ignored him. He reached in the folder and slid a piece of paper over to Greasy. "What's this for?", Greasy said looking at the paper. "Read it and sign at the bottom if you want to proceed without a lawyer", Det. Perry said. Det. Winthrow just stood there with his arms crossed. Greasy thought for a second after he read the paper. If he signed it he then waived his right to counsel. He wanted to have a lawyer there just in case they tried to railroad him but he also knew that the detectives

wouldn't reveal their hands too much if a lawyer were present. Greasy was in a state of shock. He didn't even know what they wanted to question him about. "What do ya'll want to ask me about", Greasy said. "We can't give you no more information until you sign the paper", Det. Perry said to him. The room was silent for a moment as Greasy looked back and forth at the two detectives. He didn't really know what to do. He felt pressured, so after a couple minutes of debating, he signed the paper. Det. Perry put the paper back in the envelope then plugged the small tape recorder in a nearby socket. "From this point on all conversations will be recorded, do you understand". "Yeah". Det. Perry pressed the record button then slid it across the table closer to Greasy. "Please state you full name and address for the record", Det. Perry said to Greasy. "Deshawn Meyers. 1436 North Broadway". "Can you account for your whereabouts between 8:30 and 10:30 last night". "I don't know, I was probably outside somewhere" Greasy said. "Outside where". "Around the neighborhood". "Were you in the 1500 block of Bethel St." Det. Perry said. "I don't know". "So you are telling me you don't know where you were last evening?" "Man, I smoke a lot of weed, I forget a lot", Greasy said sarcastically. "Do you know a man who goes by the name of Cheetah?" "No". "That's funny, you see, I got these pictures here of you and Cheetah sitting on some steps in the 1500 block of Bethel St." Det. Perry said then pulled 4 large photos out the folder and slid them over to Greasy. Greasy looked at them. He couldn't believe what he saw. It was 4 color photos of him and Cheetah standing and sitting on Bethel St. "Man, ya'll violated my privacy. Ya'll can't be taking pictures of niggas for no reason". Greasy said and slung the pictures back on the table. "Those pictures were took by our Narcotics Squad a couple weeks ago. Your man "cheetah" has been under investigation for months. See, Mr. Myers, I just caught you in your first lie. You not only know Cheetah, you worked for him. And you know what else, we know you owed him some money

so you have been ducking him out. So, now do you want to tell us what you know about his death”. “I don’t know anything.” Greasy stuck to his story. Det. Perry leaned back in his chair and let out a sigh. Then he reached in his folder and pulled out 2 more photos. He slid them over to Greasy. Greasy took one glance at the photos then leaned back in his chair. “Man, I don’t want to see that shit.” Det. Winthrow grabbed Greasy by the back of his neck and forced him to look at the pictures. The photo’s was of Cheetah’s dead body, sprawled on the vacant house floor. He had dried up blood on the side of his mouth and you could actually see where the gunpowder left residue on the front of his shirt. His eyes were still open, looking blankly at the ceiling. The pictures were ghoulish and Greasy didn’t want to look at ‘em, but Det. Winthrow had a firm grip on the back of his neck, pushing his face into the photos. “Look at the pictures Deshawn, do they bring back any memories, look at ‘em!” Det. Perry yelled at him. “It’s mighty funny how every time we get a dead body in that neighborhood, you manage to be connected, some how, some way.” The room was quiet for a moment as Greasy was forced to look at the photos. It seemed like eternity before anybody spoke and the detectives thought they had broke Greasy’s spirit. They were highly disappointed when Greasy calmly said, “I don’t know Cheetah, I don’t know who killed him and I wasn’t on Bethel St. last night.”

The homicide detectives interrogated Greasy for another 2 hours and got no information out of him. They sent the apprehension task force to snatch up Mac too. They knew he had worked for Cheetah recently. After Det. Perry & Det. Winthrow realized Greasy wasn’t telling anything, they tried the same routine on Mac in a different interrogation room down the hall. After Mac refused to talk also, Det. Perry & Det. Winthrow tried to play the two homeboys against each other. They split up and went back and forth to Mac and Greasy telling them that the other one had ratted. Both of the b-boys surprised the detectives when they still refused to

talk. The detectives kept them detained down homicide for 11 hours altogether and was no closer to finding out what happened to Cheetah. They had no choice but to release them both.

Setty pulled up in front of Antoinette's house in the LS400. He was shining as usual when he knocked on the door. Twan answered it. "What's up Setty". "Ain't shit, chillin you know", Setty said as he walked in the house. Leonard and Twan was cool with the B-boys but they were never accepted into the inner circle. Setty followed Twan to the basement. Mal and Leonard were already down there smoking. "What's up Setty", Leonard & Mal said in unison. "What's happening", Setty said then Mal passed him a blunt. Setty took a couple hits before he spoke. "Did you go get that money from Sidewinder this morning", he said to Mal. "Nah yo, not yet". Yo, you a fuck up, for real man, I don't know what you been doing but yo – man, you can't be conducting business like this." "He ain't going no where, chill out". "That don't even matter yo, its like you scared to come outside now, you acting different yo," Setty said. Leonard & Twan was just sitting there smoking and listening. "Yo, you know Antoinette be acting crazy, she don't even want me to hustle no more." "Man, fuck that. You came to me when you needed to get on, now you just laying around not doing shit. Its like damn, what is you getting paid for. You ain't even come around the house and holla at Lil Joey last night. You getting soft yo. I understand you got shorty pregnant, that's cool but niggas out there in the storm son, we going toe to toe wit niggas out there. Shit thick in the hood and you laid up in the house. I don't know what the fuck got into you but you better snap out of it. I know your arm fucked up but Yo, just, Yo bring you ass outside, we got money to get."

Darnell didn't have his crutches but he was still limping as he walked to Dallas and Federal. Micey, Fatz, Duncan, Big Nick and Bam was out there. "What's up fellas". "What's going on Lil Darnell." "Yo, Micey, let me holla at you", Darnell said then him and Micey

stepped off from the crowd. “What’s up lil nigga” Micey said. “Yo, I’m trying to buy some dope,” Darnell said and Micey looked at him crazy. “Han, man, I don’t get high Yo, I want some weight so I can open up shop on Bethel.” “What ya’ll lil niggas know about flippin’ dope. That shit ain’t as easy as it looks”, Micey said. “I know, I know, but I can handle it. I got 6 thousand, how much can I get.” Darnell looked at him. Micey was thinking then he said, “about 57 grams.” Darnell knew a little bit about heroin but not a lot. Doughboy & Mal knew a whole lot more from working for Keko, but they wasn’t around, so Darnell went on his instincts. “Alright, that’s cool. I want that. When can you get it.” “Slow down shorty, you moving a little too fast. You got to have cut and all that shit ready in advance before you go to the tables. Do you even know how to cut the dope?” “Somewhat, but Doughboy & Mal know about it so I’ll get them to help me. I probably have them out there helping me to sell it anyway.” “I like all of ya’ll lil niggas but on the real, I don’t think Lil Doughboy ready for that type of money. Shorty be on some other shit. Take my advice, don’t involve them lil niggas in all of your plans. They gonna take you broke.” They talked a little bit more about the huge jump from powder coke to dope. He schooled Darnell a little more about the dope game, then told him he will have the 57 grams of raw heroin for him tomorrow afternoon.

Doughboy, Tay & Lil Joey were on Lanvale & Bethel chilling on some steps. Doughboy had pills out there that he got from Darnell. (Darnell had brought another eight from Fat Ramen earlier this morning) Tayesha, Donna, Tricey and Lil Joey’s sister Kim was across the street sitting on Donna’s front step. Doughboy and them was smoking weed. Just another day on the block. Doughboy had just sat back on the steps after serving 2 fiends when Tayesha started walking across the street towards them. “Here come Tayesha yo, you might as well kick out whatever you got in your pockets right now”, Tay said then him and Lil Joey started laughing

“Man, fuck ya’ll” Doughboy said smiling as he straightened his money and put it in his pocket. “What’s up ya’ll” Tayesha said. Tay & Lil Joey was still giggling because of the weed. “Baby, I need some money”, Tayesha said to Doughboy then Tay & Lil Joey burst out laughing even louder. “What’s up with them” Tayesha said. “I don’t know, them niggas geeking, but anyway, what’s up, what you need”. Doughboy said. “Can you give me 100 dollars” she said then looked in his eyes. Doughboy was a sucker for that and she knew it. It only took for him to catch eye contact one time then he was digging in his pocket peeling off twenties. As soon as he handed it to her, a couple fiends walked up and he had to dip off to serve them. The whole time Tay & Lil Joey was laughing, tripping off how vulnerable their homeboy was when it came down to pussy. Tayesha had went back across the street by the time Doughboy came back to the steps. At that moment a white Infiniti J3- came cruising by and only Tay peeped the dude dipped low in the passenger seat with his fitted hat pulled down. The car didn’t stop, it just crept past. “Yo, Yo, Yo, ya’ll seen that”, Tay said to his homeboys. “Nah, what’s up:” They was slipping. “That was that nigga Dre dipped down in that white car”. Everybody looked down the block towards Broadway and saw the J30 make a right turn. That was all it took to get the B-boys alert. Tay & Lil’ Joey dipped off and went around the corner to the crew house. They came back with the chrome .45 and Glock 40 then posted up on the block with Doughboy. They stayed on point and strapped for the rest of the afternoon but the white J30 never came back through.

After Setty lectured Mal about his sudden disappearance, he left. He was out front about to get in his car when Tierra walked up. “What’s up Setty, where you ‘bout to go?” “No where, what’s up”. “Can you give me a ride out Eastpoint”, she said and Setty just looked at her. She had on an orange halter-top and some little tight ass shorts. Then to top it off, she had on some orange and gray Airmax. “You already fresh as shit, what you going out there for”, Setty asked

her. “I got to get me some shoes to go with this outfit I got. We going down the club tomorrow”. “Who?” “Me, Donna, Tricey, Brenda and Kim.” Setty got in the drivers seat then hit the locks. Tierra got in the passenger seat and they pulled off. The was chitchatting the whole way out there. Setty was just gonna drop her off but then decided to go in the mall with her and buy something for himself. Tierra was in front of him when they first walked in. He knew that she was Leon’s girl and therefore off limits but he couldn’t help but to eyeball her figure. She looked good.

They walked around in the mall going from this store to that store, buying this and buying that. Tierra ended up buying 2 pairs of shoes and Setty brought some Rocawear shorts and 2 fitted hats. They had a nice time with each other. The average person that walked past them, thought they were a happy couple. All the walking around worked up an appetite. They got cheese steaks at the food court and sat at one of the tables. “I should have got some pizza, this cheese steak look like bullshit”, Setty said as he looked at it. Tierra was sitting directly across from him. She had already begun to eat hers. “You got to taste it first”, she said after she swallowed. Setty was picking through it, then he took a bite. He had a satisfied look on his face and Tierra started smiling. “Told you”. “yeah, its alright. You must get these every time you come out here” Setty said. “Most of the time, if I’m hungry.” They were quiet for a moment while they ate. They kept catching eye contact with each other and it was an awkward silence. Then Setty spoke up, “Why you buy them ugly ass shoes.” Tierra sucked her teeth, “Boy they ain’t ugly”, she said then reached din the bag next to her and pulled the shoes out. “Let me see”, Setty said as he grabbed the shoe and examined them. “I don’t like the way the heel is made” he said. “Boy gimme my shoe”, Tierra said smiling then grabbed the shoe. Setty was smiling too. Tierra put the shoe back in the bag. “The heel is supposed to be like that. I don’t like them other

kind of shoes, they make me walk funny” she said. “You always walk funny”, Setty said jokingly. “No, I don’t” Tierra said then threw a French fry at him. They both were laughing. “Sike, shorty you got a sexy walk”, Setty said and Tierra was shocked. She would have never expected a compliment like that from him. They locked eyes for a minute. Setty was thinking about how cute she was and she was thinking the same about him. She finally broke the glare, “I got a letter from Leon today”, she said. “Yeah me too, he must have sent them off together. What he talking ‘bout”. “Don’t tell him I told you, but he wrote me a long ass sex story. Like 8 pages.” Setty started smiling. “what do you do when you read it” he said. “I played with my pussy thinking about him.” Now it was Setty’s turn to be shocked. He never expected her to answer his question, but she did, and now he was starting to see another side of her. “It was like that huh?” “It was better because he was talking about sex in the letter, but I played with my pussy every time I hear from him. Even on the phone. I ain’t fuck nobody since he been locked up” Tierra said.. She was smiling at Setty. He really didn’t know how to take this conversation. He was starting to get aroused and he wanted to fuck her but he didn’t want to betray his homeboy. He switched the subject. “He told me that they shouldn’t need no lawyers because the papers they got say the niggas ain’t tell nothing.” “I hope they don’t, cause I want my baby home. I be getting horny sometimes.” Setty had tried to stray away from the sexual content in their conversation but Tierra kept bringing it up. He decided not to respond to her last comment. He knew that Tierra ain’t know about Paris. The girl Leon supposedly had pregnant over west. He also knew that Leon was in love with Tierra. Setty felt well beyond his boundaries with his homeboy’s girl. “Listen shorty, I don’t even feel comfortable talking about shit like this with you”, Setty said, but it took a lot out of him. Tierra just looked at him crazy. “We ain’t doing nothing but talking, stop acting crazy, but even if I wanted to give you some of this pussy, you

wouldn't be able to turn it down", she said then looked at him with lust in her eyes. Setty knew she was right but he didn't let her know. "Shiid, I wouldn't do that to my man." "He don't own me, this my pussy and I can fuck whoever I want, he ain't even got to ever know". Setty's mouth got dry with her last statement and he had to drink some soda. He wanted her bad and she knew it. "So you saying you would fuck a nigga just like that, with no type of commitments, just sex and keep it on the low?" Setty asked her. She thought for a minute. "I don't know, it depends on the nigga. If I know I can fuck him and he can keep his mouth closed, then yeah,maybe", she said. The whole time she was smiling and looking at Setty as if she was giving indirect messages. Setty tried to hold back as long as he could but lust overtook his respect for his homeboy. "So, what's up, you trying to leave or you want to shop some more" he said. Tierra licked her lips then said, "Where you want to go". She sounded sexy as shit. Setty knew it was on then. He just got up and grabbed one of her hands. "Come on Shorty, we out."

Setty & Tierra's first destination was the shopping center on Frankford and Sinclair Lane. Setty parked near the "Shell" gas station then walked over to a couple of teenager boys near the bar. He brought a dime bag of weed then went in the bar and got a blunt. They then drove about 1-½ miles down Frankford to the 'Best Inn Hotel' (formerly Holiday Inn). They left the bags in the car and went in. Tierra was standing quietly and patiently next to Setty at the front desk as he brought a room.

"Damn, this room kinda big" Tierra said once they were upstairs. It was one queen size bed in the middle of the floor. A small dresser and TV sat at the foot of it. A long bay window looked out over the shopping center across the street. It was a door to the right of the bed that opened up to the bathroom. Setty walked in and started emptying out the blunt fillings in the toilet. Tierra walked over to the window and turned the air conditioner on. When Setty came

back out the bathroom, he was licking the blunt paper. “We should’ve got some soda or something. You know we gonna be thirsty after we smoke”, he said then emptied the bag of weed into the blunt and rolled it up. Tierra just sat on the bed.

They ended up smoking the blunt almost in silence. Neither one of them really knew what to say. They caught eye contact a couple times during the cipher but no words were exchanged. Another awkward silence. Once the weed was gone, Tierra finally broke the silence. “I want you to be honest with me Setty when I ask you this, but um, why exactly did we come here, tell the truth.” He wasn’t expecting that so it took him a minute to answer. “I know I ain’t really got no business saying this, but, I want you shorty, that’s how I...” he was cut off by Tierra pressing her finger to his lips. She then leaned over and whispered in his ear, “sshh, you don’t need to say no more.” Then she started kissing him. They both started taking off their clothes. She told Setty to lay on the bed then she got on top of him. The pussy was already wet so it was smooth and easy access as she worked her thighs and hips. Setty was in heaven. She put it on him with pure lust. It was like she released all her sexual tension on him and he was loving it. The whole time she was on top of him, doing what she do, she kept looking him straight in his face. Setty didn’t want to let he know how deep he was in pleasure so he tried to keep a straight face. Every time she came up and went back down on his joint, she worked the muscles in her pussy and it felt as if she was giving him head and riding him at the same time. He couldn’t help but to squench his face up a few times. Tierra let out moans of pleasure as she did her thing. Setty just laid there letting her take the reigns. No doubt, she knew exactly how to please herself and whoever she was fucking. They flip flopped and tried multiple positions for the next 3 hours. Afterwards they ordered some food from the kitchen downstairs. They both decided they should get back home before people started to get suspicious. Setty picked up the

food when they went downstairs to check out. They rode back to the hood making small talk and listening to music. Setty pulled up at North Ave and Bond Street on Tierra's request. "I better get out right here before somebody see us together and start running they mouth." She opened the door and grabbed her bags from the back seat. Then she leaned in the passenger window. "Setty, I had a good time, but please keep this between us", she said. "I ain't gonna say nothing". Tierra smiled then walked off down Bond Street. Setty just sat there for a minute watching her walk away. 'What the fuck did I just do', was all he could think.

When Darnell turned the corner he saw Lil Joey, Doughboy & Tay on Lanvale & Bethel. "What's up niggas", Darnell said as he walked/limped up and gave everybody a pound. "Yo, that nigga Dre rode through here like a hour ago", Tay said. "What happened, did he say something?" Darnell asked. "Nah, he ain't crazy, he just rode through. He was dipped in the passenger seat of a white J30", Tay said. "Ya'll don't got no heat out here?" Darnell asked. "Now we do", Tay said then pointed to a green Mitsubishi Galant parked at the curb in front of them. They didn't know whose car it was but they put the .40 and .45 on the tires anyway. "If they ride through again, fuck it, I'ma flip that muthafucka", Darnell said.

Doughboy served a couple fiends, then gave Darnell 450 dollars. "There go Greasy and the nigga Mac", Lil Joey said. Everybody looked and saw them walking down Lanvale towards them. "Yo, where ya'll been", Lil Joey said as soon as they walked up. "Man, them bitches snatched us up for Cheetah today", Greasy said. "Damn Yo, what they say", Tay asked. "They don't know shit for real or else they wouldn't have let us go. Somebody had to tell them something though, because they knew I owed Yo some money, plus they had pictures of me and him on the block", Greasy explained. Mac just stood there smoking a cigarette.

Setty eventually pulled up in the LS and everybody filled him in on everything. Darnell told him about the dope and he agreed to loan him some dough to get shit started. Doughboy knew how to cut it. They had a free block to hustle on, everything was set. They all chilled on Lanvale & Bethel smoking, drinking, hustling & chilling. All the B-boys that were home was there, except for Mal. He was straying farther and farther away and everybody knew it.

The next day

Leon got up off his bunk when he CO walked passed and sat a piece of mail on his grill. It was from Setty. He sat back on the bunk and read it. Setty basically just told him what was going on in the hood. When Leon finished reading the letter he went to the grill and called Boom, who was in the cell next to him (They were still on lock-up). “Yo Boom, you caught some mail?” Leon asked. “yeah Yo, from Brenda. Who wrote you?” “Setty, you that nigga copped a 97 LS.” “For real Yo!” “Hell yeah, and your man got done in” Leon said. “Who?” “Your man Cheetah.” “He ain’t my man.” Boom said. Leon was laughing. “He say um, ‘B’ and some new nigga they got hanging around there did it.” “Yeah, well, he must have done something to them, feel me?” Boom said. “Yeah, and guess what else? Remember them bitches over west.” “Yeah.” “Setty said him and Tay saw the bitch Nay Nay downtown and she say Paris supposed to be pregnant by me”. Leon said. “Them bitches probably lying Yo.” “Hell yeah, I ain’t claiming no kids unless I get a test or something.” “If that kid really is yours man, Tierra gonna chop you ass up.” Boom said. They both started laughing. “If the kid is mines I’m not fucking with Paris anyway, just take care of my seed. I want a son but I want Tierra to have it.” Leon said. “You really love shorty, don’t you?” Boom asked his homeboy. “Yeah Yo, that’s my heart. As long as she don’t cross me, I will give shorty the world.” “Would you whack a nigga over her?” “Definitely.”

In the weeks to come, a lot of changes took place within the B-boys crew. Greasy dipped in his stash and him and his new partner, Mac, put up together and brought a couple ounces of raw coke. They flooded Bethel Street with dimes. Unlike their homeboy Setty and his Redy Empire up on Dallas Street, Greasy & Mac didn't have no workers. They went hand to hand themselves. Darnell was on with the dope. Doughboy seemed to know what he was doing when he cut it because when they gave out testers, the junkies came back in abundance. Setty had helped Darnell out money wise, but other than that, he didn't want anything to do with it. Darnell made Doughboy & Tay his lieutenants. They was in charge of running the shop. The strip was in the 1500 block of Bethel Street in between Oliver & Federal. They paid 2 coke fiends to watch the corners. One at Federal and one at Oliver. Therefore, the inner block was fortified against police. They paid a neighborhood old head named 'Lenny Mo' to serve the fiends on the block. Lenny Mo was a cool dude and he didn't get high. Every now and then he would smoke weed with the B-boys, but that was it. He was also reliable and knew that he was dealing with some serious ass young niggas.

With Darnell's dope shop run by Tay & Doughboy and Greasy & Mac's coke, the whole 1500 block of Bethel was run by the B-boys. Setty had the 1500 block of Dallas Street on lock. He decided to break ties with Mal though. He gave Mal \$4,000 cash and 2 ounces of Redy then told him to do his own thing. Setty had moved up the ladder in ranks. He was now dealing in small weight. After he sent Mal on his way, Setty put Lil Joey in charge of the Redy business on Dallas Street. Setty just laid back and supplied the coke.

Mal was still considered a B-boy but nobody in the crew really fucked with him. Everybody was saying that after he got shot it took away all his heart. Niggas considered him soft now. Little did they know, Mal had other goals. Antoinette kept stressing him to get a job

and stop hustling. All Mal mind could think about was his unborn kid. He sold the 2 ounces Setty gave him to Big Nick for \$1500 dollars then dived into the weed game with Leonard & Twan. They started giving another neighborhood youngsta' named 'Lil Tazzy' bundles of weed to sell on Caroline & Federal. The weed was jumping off and before long, Caroline & Federal was a well-known weed strip.

6 weeks later – Friday, July 3rd

“Yo, what’s up with your man Lil Joey?” Leonard said to Mal. “What you mean”, Mal said as he pulled up at the light on York Road and Northern Parkway. They were in Mal Black Acura Vigor coming from Towson Town Center. (Mal had traded in his Q45 a couple weeks ago.) “Lil Tazzy got robbed again last night and he said Lil Joey had something to do with it”. I know them niggas supposed to be your homeboys but Yo, I ain’t putting up with no more loses.” Leonard said then took a puff off his Newport’s. Mal felt funny. If anyone would have made an indirect threat like that towards the B-boys about 3 months ago, he would have punched them in the mouth. But now things were different. Mal felt closer to Leonard & Twan than his own homeboys. So all he managed to say was, “I’ll talk to him.”

Setty pulled up on Bethel Street in the LS. Darnell, Tay, Doughboy, Greasy, Mac, Lil Joey and a couple bitches were out there. “How much did they want?” Darnell asked Setty as he sat on some steps. “\$300 a piece, so all together that’s 7 thousand. I just gave ‘em though”, Setty said. He was talking about lawyer fees for Leon & Boom. When they went to the preliminary hearing last month, the victims were in court, so they decided to get real lawyers. Darnell & Greasy spoke up saying that they had some money to put up to the bill, then the subject changed. “What ya’ll niggas trying to do tomorrow, ya’ll know it’s the 4th, we down the club or what?” Greasy said. “Yeah, I’m wit that” Darnell said and everybody else pretty much

followed suit. The B-boys were so indulged in conversations about the 4th they didn't even notice Chapel Street Dink's mother, Pinky, walk up until she spoke. "What's up Lil Setty, Darnell. Can I get a little help". Everybody just stared at her. This was the 3rd day in a row she came through asking for money or dope. Yesterday and the day before, Darnell gave her a couple dope pills but now she was overstepping her boundaries. Darnell spoke up first. "Nah, my count even today Pinky, I ain't doing nothing." "That's all I want is 2 pills, damn, ya'll acting like 20 dollars gonna hurt the count, just give me 2", she tried anyway. "Nah not today" Darnell said, then she sucked her teeth and turned to Setty. "Lil Setty, let me borrow 20 dollars so I can buy 2 pills." "I'm broke right now", he lied. Pinky seemed shocked that nobody was willing to give her any money or drugs. She automatically assumed that the B-boys feared her son and wouldn't turn her down. She got angry. "So that's how ya'll gonna treat me, ya'll lil muthafuckas lucky I don't just send my son up here and take all that shit," she said then Tay spoke up. "Take what! Bitch you better take that shit down Chapel Street somewhere." "Bitch! Who you calling a bitch. When my son come up here we gonna see who's the bitch, I swear, none of ya'll better not be out here when I come back, all ya'll lil muthafuckas getting burned." She was screaming loud and making a big scene. Everybody on the block was looking. Pinky kept blabbering on about getting the B-boys robbed until finally somebody reacted. Cocky ass Lil Joey hopped off the steps with quickness and popped her. She caught the punch on her jaw and collapsed to the ground. Lil Joey stood over top of her ready to pop her again but she didn't move. A clean knockout. "Oh shit, Yo knocked that bitch out", Mac said. Everybody was laughing. Lil Joey was just standing there with a mean look on his face. He hated threats.

Pinky laid on the ground for about 15 minutes unconscious. The B-boys was still on the block chillin while she laid there. Greasy walked over and kicked her in the ass, that's when she

got up. She still looked dazed as she stood to her feet but she didn't say anything, she just walked off.

About 20 minutes after Pinky left, a black Acura Vigor pulled up on the block. Mal and Leonard got out. "Look at this nigga," Doughboy said as he gave Mal a fake ass pound. "What's up fellas", Mal said. Everybody greeted him. Leonard spoke to a couple of the B-boys then just leaned on the car. "Where you been nigga, ain't nobody seen you in like 3 weeks," Darnell said. "A nigga been chillin Yo, trying to get my mind right, you know," Mal said. He still had the cast and pins in his left forearm. "What you doing tomorrow?" Setty asked him. "I don't know, what ya'll doing." "Niggas going down the club, you tryna roll." "Yeah" Mal said. "What about you" Setty asked Leonard. "Yeah, I'm with that", Leonard said then Mal pulled Lil Joey off to the side. Once they were away from the crew, Mal asked him, "Yo, did you have anything to do with Lil Tazzy getting robbed last night?" "Why you ask me that?" "I'm saying Yo, word got back to me that you knew something about it." "Did that bitch ass nigga you hanging with put my name in that shit?" Lil Joey said then without getting a response he turned around and walked over to Leonard. "Yo, you don't know me nigga, you better keep my fucking name out your mouth", Lil Joey screamed on him. Mal got in between them. "Hold Yo, chill out Lil Joey," Mal intervened. "What the fuck you talking bout nigga," Leonard said to Lil Joey. "Yo, keep my fucking name out your mouth, sho-nuff, I'll murder you nigga," Lil Joey said and he meant every word. The rest of the B-boys just sat there watching. "Yeah alright", Leonard mumbled then Darnell finally cut in, "Yo Mal, you out of order man, take you homeboy and ball out Yo, don't bring that nigga around here no more." Leonard was mumbling something under his breath as he got in the car. Mal got in the drivers side then they pulled off.

The next night, Saturday, July 4th – 10:51 p.m.

All the B-boys were in front of the crew house ready to go to the club. But they had a problem, too many heads and not enough cars. Setty's LS400 was parked at the curb. "Yo, we got to go get Mal cause everybody ain't gonna fit in there", Setty said. Altogether it was 7 heads. (Setty, Darnell, Doughboy, Tay, Mac, Greasy and Lil Joey). "I will go around there", Doughboy said then stepped off. He walked the 2 blocks up to Caroline Street and knocked on Antoinette's door. Mal answered. "What's up Yo, you ain't going down the Club?" Doughboy asked him. "I'm chilling with my girl tonight Yo." "Man, you said you was going yesterday, what happened," Doughboy said. "Nah Yo, niggas acting all crazy trying to shit on Leonard," Mal said and Doughboy got mad. He hid his emotions and didn't say what he really wanted to. "Alright, then let me hold the car for tonight," Doughboy said, already expecting Mal to say no. But he was wrong. "Here Yo, don't fuck my shit up," Mal said then tossed Doughboy the keys.

1 hour later

The B-boys were driving around downtown Baltimore two cars deep. Setty, Darnell, Tay & Lil Joey in the cranberry red LS and Doughboy, Mac & Greasy in the black Acura Vigor. The destination was 'The Tunnel', a hopper club on Eutaw Street. They found parking spots a block & ½ over on Franklin Street. Downtown was packed. Bitches rode up and down the street crammed in Acura's & Honda Accords. Niggas with big money cruised by in Benzes hollering at them. Shit was live. The B-boys stepped out of the two cars 7 deep. All of them was fresh from head to toe with a pocket full of money. They wasn't looking for trouble but just in case it came to them, they had the 16 shot Berretta 9mm in the trunk of the LS.

When they got to the club they had to wait in a small line. By the time they got in, it was almost 1 o'clock. The inside was packed and hot. The club music was pumping at a high decibel. The atmosphere was totally different from the bullshit rec parties around the way. They

decided to stay close to each other. The B-boys had already smoked some blunts and drank a couple fifths of Remy so they were 'nice'. It only took a couple minutes before they got rowdy. In the middle of the dance floor something special must have been going on because the whole crowd formed a circle around it. Unfortunately, the B-boys were on the outskirts and couldn't see what was going on. That only made them mad so they decided to make their presence known. Greasy led the way. He started pushing through the crowd throwing elbows with the rest of his crew right behind him yelling, "B-boys, B-boys, Ha! B-boys, B-boys, Ha!" They were screaming it real loud so people could hear them over the loud music. A couple niggas and bitches pushed back but overall the crowd opened a little tunnel for them. When they got to the inner circle they saw like 5 girls stripping. Only thing they had on was thongs and bras. One of the girls was kinda big, but she was throwing her ass on a nigga nearby and he seemed to be having fun. Two of the other girls were freaking each other. When the B-boys bust through the center yelling, all eyes were on them. A phat ass red bone bitch with a tongue ring grabbed Greasy's arm and started freaking him. Darnell noticed a couple niggas at the other side of the circle mugging but he didn't really pay them no mind. All of a sudden the DJ spoke into the mike overtop of the music, 'I see the B-boys coming through right there representin'.'" The music was still pumping and everybody was dancing and shit. When the DJ gave the B-boys that shout out, it only made them more rowdy. It seemed like out of the blue mad bitches flocked over to them trying to dance. They eventually stopped yelling 'B-boys' once their presence was known and just started having fun. On the other side of the dance floor, the Vine Street niggas got rowdy and caught a shout out from the DJ. Everybody seemed to be having fun until some envious niggas bumped Mac real hard as he was freaking a girl. Mac turned around and it was like 10 niggas in his face. He immediately looked to his left for his crew but he only saw Tay

and he was busy pushing up on some girl. Nobody else was in sight. Mac didn't want to seem like a whore and call for his man unless he knew for sure something was about to go down. He just looked at the nigga who was in front. He had on a white Rocawear t-shirt and he had dreadlocks. The rest of his crew stood to the side and in back of him. "What the fuck you looking at nigga," dreds said. "Nigga what", Mac said then braced himself. He knew shit was about to jump off now so he took a step back. One of dreds homeboys popped Mac from the left side. He didn't even see it coming. All at once he felt blows coming from all directions. He was a little drunk and refused to let them niggas knock him down. He started throwing wild punches. Mac looked to his left again but this time he saw Tay pop one of his assailants. A mini brawl then broke out. Once the rest of the B-boys noticed what was going on, they ran over and just started popping niggas. Whoever was around the crowd. It only took a couple minutes for the club bouncers to come busting through grabbing niggas. Mac was going knuckle to knuckle with dreds when all of a sudden he felt a sharp pain along his jaw line, then again on his shoulder. By then the bouncers had the fights broken up and they were escorting everybody outside.

When Mac got outside he saw a large crowd of people standing around and also a couple police. He got dizzy all at once and almost fell out. He was real bloody walking through the crowd looking for his homeboys. Once he got to the corner of Mulberry, he saw them. "Yo, you alright," Darnell asked him as they ran over to him. They could see he was bleeding like crazy. Mad bitches was standing around looking at him. "Yo, I think one of them niggas stabbed me," Mac said. Setty and Lil Joey took off their shirts and pressed them against his face & shoulder. The wound on his face looked like a long slash mark but the one on his shoulder was a puncture hole. As they held the balled up shirts on Mac's wounds, they walked one block over to the cars.

They piled in the same way they came and drove about 6 blocks away to Mercy Hospital on Calvert Street. After they admitted Mac into the emergency room, the rest of the B-boys sat in a waiting area. “Who the fuck was those niggas anyway”, Setty asked and nobody could answer that question. The only thing they knew was the so-called leader had dreadlocks. They had no idea where the boys were from.

The B-boys sat and talked in the waiting area for about an hour before Mac came out. He had 17 stitches in his face and a gauze pad taped to his shoulder. When they were about to leave, the receptionist said he had to pay a 75-dollar bill. Mac paid it then they left. “Do that shit still hurt Yo”, Lil Joey asked Mac as they walked to the cars. “Not that bad.” “Yo, we about to ride around and see if we can find them niggas,” Darnell said. “Alright, we gonna follow ya’ll,” Doughboy said as he unlocked the drivers door to the Vigor. “Nah Yo, ya’ll go around the way and wait for us. Ain’t no need for 2 cars, that shit hot, plus ya’ll don’t even got no heat. We gonna handle this. We’ll meet ya’ll around the way in a little while,” Darnell explained and everybody agreed. Doughboy, Greasy & Mac got in the Vigor and pulled off. Darnell got the Beretta out the trunk of the LS, then him, Setty, Tay & Lil Joey pulled off too, but in the other direction.

They drove around searching for about 40 minutes. It was kinda hard for them to cover a lot of ground because the police had a lot of the streets blocked off. When they finally turned down Baltimore Street from Eutaw, they saw mad heads standing outside of ‘Crazy Leons’. The traffic was at a stand still as soon as they turned due to the red light on Howard Street. Farther down the block on the right hand side Darnell spotted ‘Dreds’ and like 6 other dudes standing next to a black Lexus GS430. They were parked directly across from Crazy Leons. “Yo Setty, pull in the right hand lane. There them niggas go right there,” Darnell said. “Darnell Yo, gimme

the gun,” Lil Joey said from the back seat. “Nah, just chill, I got’em.” When the light turned green on Howard and the traffic in front of them began to move, Setty whipped the LS into the right hand lane. “Just pull up beside them,” Darnell said then cocked the Beretta. Dreds and his crew was slipping hard. They ain’t even pay no attention to the cranberry LS creeping down in traffic. Once they were a little bit in front of the GS430, Setty stopped. Darnell leaned out the passenger window, “B-boys bitch!” he yelled then banged all 16 shots at the crowd. He heard a couple of the dudes yell out and fall to the ground. Setty quickly sped off down Baltimore Street. The light on Howard was still green. They had no idea how many people Darnell hit or if any of them died, but the worst part about it....they didn’t even care.

Doughboy, Mac & Greasy was standing on Federal & Bethel when Setty & them pulled up. The bar across the street from them was closed. It was 4:57 in the morning and the block was empty. “Did ya’ll get them niggas?” Doughboy asked when Setty & them got out the car. “Hell yeah nigga,” Darnell said then reached back in the LS and showed Doughboy & them the Beretta. It was still cocked back, out of bullets. “Yeah, yeah,” Mac said leaning on the Vigor. The B-boys were so indulged in conversation the ain’t see the black Maxima pull up and park on Broadway & Federal one corner down. It was only one person in the Maxima. He peeped the B-boys then pulled off. Approximately 15 minutes later he came back. This time he was walking. He crept up through the alley from Oliver Street Behind the bar, across from where the B-boys were standing was a large split where a house used to be. It was also an alley right there. The nigga creeping up the alley knew that he could get the B-boys with a sneak attack from the split.

“I’m tired as shit Yo, I’m bout to go in the house,” Greasy said then all of a sudden (Pop, pop....pop, pop, pop, pop. Pop, pop) 8 shots rang out. The B-boys never saw who was shooting or where he was shooting from, they just scattered. Setty immediately felt a sharp pain in his

lower back. “Yo, I’m hit, I’m hit.” He quickly sat on some nearby steps on Federal in between Bond & Bethel. Tay, Lil Joey, Doughboy & Mac stopped to help Setty but Darnell grabbed the SK and Greasy grabbed the .45. They hurriedly ran back outside to where Setty & them was at. “Where the shots come from Yo,” Darnell said as him and Greasy ran up. “In the alley Yo, in the alley.” Darnell and Greasy dipped into the entrance to the alley on Federal. Of course they were too late. The shooter was gone. Within minutes an ambulance came for Setty. Darnell & Greasy had put the guns back in the crew house. Even though it was 5 something in the morning, mad nousey people still came outside to see what had happened. After the ambulance took Setty, the rest of the B-boys disappeared too. They didn’t want to be around when the police started asking questions.

Later that day

Around 2 p.m.

“Mal, let’s move,” Antoinette said to him. They had just finished having sex and now they were sitting on her bed. “What you mean,” he said. “I don’t want our son growing up around here,” she said and Mal didn’t know how to respond. He wanted to stray away from the violence and turmoil around the way but this is all he knew. He never even thought about moving out the hood. “We ain’t got nowhere to go,” he said. “We can get our own apartment out near Cedonia,” “Nah, I’m not feeling that. We gonna have bills and.....Nah, I ain’t moving out there.” Mal said. “I already checked on a two bedroom apartment in Gardenville and it only cost 399 a month.” “Gardenville!! They got crime out there too.” “Not that much.” “That’s too far from the hood. I got to keep a close eye on Lil Tazzy, that’s partly my money he out there getting.” “Leave that stuff to my cousins. It’s too much shit going on, I don’t feel safe around here no more. What if this house get raided, they got all that weed and guns down in the

basement. The police gonna lock all ya'll up, then what, I'ma be out here all by myself trying to raise a son. Look at everything that happened in this last year. You got shot, Setty just got shot this morning, Tay got shot, Darnell got shot up, Wayne got killed, Tonya got killed, Cheetah & Keko got killed, Leon, Boom and Mookie locked up for murders and attempted murders, it's crazy around here. I don't want you caught up in nothing. I love you Mal, please boo, let's just move," Antoinette said. She was holding Mal' hand looking him straight in the face. He realized all at once that she made good sense about everything. He quickly played back all the incidents in his mind. Then he thought about the artillery Leonard & Twan had in the basement. Only then did he recognize the threat of a police raid and he knew Leonard & Twan wasn't gonna surrender without a fight. "Alright then, let's move."

7:47 p.m.

Darnell, Tay, Doughboy & Lil Joey was in the crew house plotting their next moves. "We don't even know who was shooting," Doughboy said. "I bet it was Dre bitch ass," Tay said. "That nigga ain't got the balls to come around here by hisself shooting," Darnell said. "Shid, Yo, we can't underestimate that nigga," Tay said and Darnell realized he was right. "What about that nigga Dink," Doughboy said and then everybody got quiet. "Hell yeah Yo, niggas forgot all about Lil Joey knocked his mother out," Tay said. "Fuck both of them niggas Yo, gimme that SK and I'll whack Dink and Dre," Lil Joey said. "I don't think Dink did it," Darnell said. "Well then let's go get Dre," Tay said. "I'm wit that," Lil Joey said. "Alright then, this what we gonna do, Doughboy, you just go on the block and make sure Lennymo ain't fucking up no money. Me, Tay & Lil Joey gonna get Dre. "Alright, ya'll be safe," Doughboy said then left out. "How we gonna do this," Tay said. "We can go around there on bikes and just

splash this nigga,” Lil Joey said. “Darnell, how’s your back? You think you can make it on bikes,” Tay asked. “Yeah, I’m straight, let’s do this.”

The 3 B-boys grabbed handguns then got on bikes. Darnell had the Beretta 9mm, Tay had the Glock 40 and Lil Joey had the chrome .45. Even though it was late in the evening, the sun hadn’t fully set. It casted a reddish/orange glow over the hood. They rode straight down Bond Street until they got to Preston. It was a couple dudes on the block but Dre wasn’t out there. They decided to go down near his house. The 3 B-boys rode down Caroline Street until they got to the parking lot between the house in Odessa Court. Other than several cars, the parking lot was empty. Directly across from the parking lot was a fence, then Madison Field. The B-boys didn’t want to get trapped in the inner court so they stopped at the entrance to decide their next move. Suddenly a green Mazda MPV pulled in the parking lot from the Eden Street entrance. The B-boys were sitting on the bikes in an empty parking spot in between a black Toyota Avalon and a red Nissan Pathfinder. The MPV pulled into a spot, 3 places up next to a black Lincoln. The two men that got out the MPV didn’t see the B-boys. They started walking down the sidewalk directly towards them. “Yo there go Dre,” Darnell whispered to Tay & Lil Joey. They immediately laid the bikes down and squatted next to the Pathfinder. “We gonna grab ‘em up like a robbery,” Darnell whispered. Dre and his homeboy (T-Roc) was walking into a trap and didn’t even know it. As soon as they walked passed the Pathfinder, Darnell, Lil Joey & Tay jumped up. “Kick that shit out nigga,” Tay yelled at Dre & T-Roc. They were totally surprised but neither of them tried to run. The B-boys made Dre & T-Roc get on their knees in some grass next to the entrance to the court. Dre knew something was funny but T-Roc thought it was just a robbery. They were on their knees facing the B-boys. “Yo, Tay I thought shit was dead Yo, I ain’t tell on Setty & Mal man, let it go Yo, ya’ll already got me back, it’s dead Yo,”

Dre was pleading. "I ain't tryna hear that shit nigga, you shot Setty early this morning bitch," Tay said. "Nah Yo, I swear to God I ain't do that. We was at the hotel all day Yo, that's my word Tay," Dre said but nobody believed him. "Ain't this the nigga that shot you Tay?" Lil Joey said. "Yeah that's him," Tay said. That was all Lil Joey needed to hear. He raised the .45 and popped a slug in Dre's forehead at his hairline. It penetrated his skull at close range and exited out the back leaving a hole the size of a fifty-cent piece for his brains to leak out. Immediately after Lil Joey shot Dre, T-Roc attempted to get up and run, but Tay squeezed off 6 rounds from the .40. Bullets penetrated his head, neck upper body. T-Roc collapsed in the grass not far from where Dre laid. Darnell never let off a shot. The 3 B-boys then got on their bikes and quickly fled the scene.

3 months later

Beef in the hood had pretty much died down. After Tay & Lil Joey whack Dre, it seemed as if all threats were gone. The news said that their deaths resembled execution style mob hits.

Setty was up and walking. The bullet that went through the right side of his lower back did little damage. According to the doctors, the bullet hit his pelvis bone and broke off into little pieces. They felt it was no need to cut him open to retrieve such small fragments, so they left it alone. Mal & Antoinette had moved into an apartment in Gardenville. Antoinette's' mother, Ms. Carla, let Leonard & Twan keep the basement on Caroline Street. Mal was still hustling though. Everyday he drove down the way and supplied Lil Tazzy with packages of weed. He brought his weight from Leonard & Twan. Darnell finally copped a whip. He now was driving a 2000 Yukon Denali, black with tan leather interior. Tay & Doughboy was running things perfectly on Bethel Street and Darnell stacked up a large piece of money in the last couple

months. All the B-boys were doing their thing. Tay & Doughboy even had their own cars now. Both of them brought 1994 Ford Crown Victoria's. Tay had a black one and Doughboy had a silver one. Greasy & Mac spent \$1,100 on two purebred pit bull puppies. One was all white and had one blue eye. It was a female and the named her 'Pearl'. The other one was a male and he was black with white tips on his hind paws. They named him 'Terror'. Lil Joey brought a 2001 CR 80 fresh outta Cycle World on Pulaski Highway. He could've brought a car but he rather have a dirt bike.

Friday, October 9th

Leon & Boom went to court today. Their lawyers told them that the State is offering a plea deal of 12 years for Boom and 3 years for Leon. They both denied any involvement in the shooting so they refused the deal. They were now sitting in the lock-up bullpens at Baltimore City Circuit Courthouse (the old Post Office) on Calvert Street. "Yo, I'm bout to just take that shit and cut you loose. If I..." Boom was saying but Leon cut him off, "No man, fuck that shit Yo. 12 years too fucking long. If we get some time its gonna be with a guilty verdict, we ain't taking no deals Yo." "You not realizing what's going on Leon, Yo, them niggas is tellin'. They gonna smash us if we don't take this deal," Boom explained. Leon just sat on the bench listening. "I'ma take the 12 Yo, an cut you loose. At lease I know you and Setty out there holding shit down. I'ma be alright," Boom said. "Man, you gonna have to do like 8 ½ on that 12 Yo, No, fuck that, we going to trial," Leon said. The 2 B-boys debated for about another hour before they were called to go in the courtroom. When they got off the elevator on the 3rd floor, they saw family & friends in the hallway. Ms. Diane & Tierra were there for Leon. Brenda and her aunt Lisa were there for Boom. The 7 B-boys were there for both of them. As soon as Leon & Boom got in the courtroom their lawyers told them that the States final offer is 10 years for

Boom and 3 years probation for Leon. Leon was ready to decline but Boom told him to hold up. Boom told his lawyer (Kenneth Daughtry) to get a deal to cut Leon loose completely and he will take it. Kenny Daughtry and Leon's lawyer (Steven Jenkins) then consulted the States Attorney with the deal. Within minutes both sides approved it. Boom pleaded guilty to two counts of 2nd degree attempted murder and felony handgun charges. He signed the papers for his sentence which was 25 years, all suspended but 10 years. The charges against Leon was dropped. Brenda was crying. All she heard was the part about 25 years, she had no idea that he would be out in less than 10.

They took Leon & Boom back over to City Jail. Once the papers went through later that night, the CO's opened Leons' grill. "Ruga!, pack your shit, you outta here!" one of them yelled. Being as though they were on lock-up, Leon still had on a green seg. Jumpsuit. They had his court clothes downstairs in the office. He stepped in front of Boom's cell before he left. Boom was sitting on his bunk. "Yo, be safe, whenever you get to where you going, you know, just holla at us. I'm stay on top of those lawyers to make sure they put a modification in for you," Leon said. "I'm a be alright Yo. As long as my niggas straight I can maintain, feel me?" Boom said. "Yeah, and anything you need Yo, you know the numbers." "Alright Yo, just make sure you stay alive out there, shit kinda crazy you know." "I'm a survivor Yo, I love you nigga." "Me too", Boom said then stuck his hands through the grill and embraced his homeboy.

It was around 4:30 p.m. when Leon went through the process of getting released in the JI building on Madison Street. They gave him 50 dollars cash and a 110-dollar check for the money he had in his account. Leon didn't know the actual time he was gonna get released so he couldn't tell nobody to pick him up. He walked up to Greenmount Avenue and got a cab. His first destination was home. When Leon walked through the front door, his mother was in the

living room. She immediately got up and ran to him. They hugged each other. Ms. Diane was crying. They both were happy he was home. Leon chilled in the house with his mother for the next 2 ½ hours. She cooked him some pepper steak and rice with a big cup of grape kool-aid. After Leon ate, he called Tierra. She came over and they had sex until around 10 p.m. Afterwards, Tierra wanted to just lay up in the bed for the rest of the night but Leon had other plans. Somehow he convinced her to leave without making her mad. Maybe it was guilt for fucking his homeboy. When she left, Leon took a shower, changed his clothes then his the streets.

Leon's first destination was the crew house. He saw a couple people he knew on the way but he only spoke to them and kept walking. He had never been to the crew house but he knew where it was from the address Setty was putting on his letters. When Leon knocked on the door Lil Joey answered. "Oh shit, what's up Leon," he said. They gave each other pounds and hugged. "Yo, you got big," Leon said to Lil Joey as he stepped in the crew house. Darnell, Setty, Greasy, Tay, Doughboy, Mac, Keisha, Kim, Tayesha, Tish and Donna were all in the living room smoking weed and drinking. When Leon walked in, everybody got up to greet him. Especially the bitches. He felt like a don. They got high and drunk for a while then the B-boys decided to go down the club to celebrate. Keisha, Kim & Donna passed out on the couches so they left them there. The B-boys didn't want to take Tayesha & Tish with them either so they left them in the crew house too. Lil Joey, Greasy & Mac got in the LS with Setty. Leon got in the Denali with Darnell. Tay & Doughboy decided to get in there too instead of driving their own cars. They ended up going to the 'Paradox' nightclub in south Baltimore instead of the Tunnel. Everybody had a good time. They hooked up with a group of girls from Cherry Hill

and ended up taking them to a motel. Everybody got some pussy that night. It was the first time they all went out together and had a good time without getting into a beef.

The next day Setty & Darnell picked Leon up in the LS400. Leon had underestimated the amount of cash his crew was working with. When they drove him out to the used car lot on Belair Road, he was shocked. Setty & Darnell had established an underground and illegal relationship with the car dealers out there. Almost any car they wanted could be bought with cash under the table. They told Leon to pick out what he wanted. He looked around the car lot at all the Lexus', Acura's and Infiniti's. It still hadn't registered in his mind that his crew had made a serious jump up the financial ladder. He hadn't put too much thought into what kind of car he wanted. He thought the 10,000-dollar lawyer's fee and expensive lifestyles had put a major dent in his homeboy's pockets. But he was wrong. After about 40 minutes of looking, Leon finally chose a silver 2000 Lexus GS400 with smoke gray leather interior. Setty & Darnell paid for it together. They had to kick out close to \$18,000 in cash money. They worked out a monthly payment plan with the car dealership for the rest then pulled off the lot in the car.

Darnell, Setty & Leon then went to Potomac Mills in Virginia. Potomac Mills was a huge mall that had many brand name factory outlets. They walked around and brought clothes & footwear by the bulk. At the Timberland outlet they got 10 pairs of butter Timbs for \$500. They went in another store and brought 6 Fat Joe 560 leather coats for \$1,900. When they finally left the mall they had only spent \$7,000 but had close to \$15,000 worth of stuff. When they got back to the crew house, Setty showed Leon a safe with all the money he had saved up. Leon looked in the safe and got dizzy. He had never seen that much money all at one time. It was close to \$50,000 cash in there and half of it was his.

Couple days later

“how you doing sweetheart, can I talk to you for a minute,” Darnell said to the girl that was standing next to a black Mercedes Benz C320. They were at the carwash spot on Erdman Avenue. It was a nice day out and she had on a pair of shorts showing off all her curves real well. Two young dudes, about 14, were vacuuming and cleaning the inside of the Benz and all the doors were open. Darnell’s Denali was already done and he was about to leave when he saw her. “What you want to holla at me about,” the girl said. She was chocolate brown skinned and cute. Plus her attitude turned Darnell on even more. “Chill out shorty, everything is alright. My name is Darnell, what’s your,” he said. “Crystal,” she said leaning against the trunk with her arms crossed. “That’s your car Crystal?” “No, it’s my sons father. Is that your truck?” Darnell turned around and looked at his truck sparking then turned back to Crystal smiling. “yeah, that’s mine, you like it?” “No! you shoulda put some better rims on it,” she said. Darnell started laughing. Crystal smiled too. “Damn Shorty, you don’t hold nothing back, do you?” Darnell said. “That’s just my opinion, but you straight though,” she said still smiling. ‘Damn, that bitch is cute’, Darnell thought. She looked a little older too. He caught himself staring at her and was about to say something when the two boys that was cleaning the Benz cut in. “Miss, we finished?” Crystal broke her glare with Darnell and turned to the boys. She paid them a couple dollars then got in the car. Darnell walked over to her window. “so you gonna let me pick you up so you can help me find some better rims,” he said. She started the engine then looked at him. “How old are you,” she said. “Nineteen.” “Well, I’m 27 so what can you show me in life that I ain’t already seen.” “How you know I want to show you something, maybe I want you to show me,” he said smiling. She looked at him blushing. Then she reached in her pocket book and wrote her phone number on the back of a business card. On the front it had her name and

business number. At the top it said 'Crystal Clear Communications, Inc.' "I see you got your own business or is that your sons father too." "No, its mine, and let me tell you a little secret." She waved for him to bend down then she whispered in his ear. "I don't have any kids." Darnell stepped back and looked at her. She smiled at him one more time then pulled off.

Lil Joey was riding up Caroline Street hitting wheelies on his CR80 when he saw Lil Tazzy, Leonard & Twan standing on Caroline & Federal. This was the first time he saw Leonard since he leaned on him back in July. They still didn't like each other and it showed. As Lil Joey slowed down at the corner, him and Leonard gave each other mean glares. Lil Joey came to a complete stop but the bike was still idling. Every couple seconds Lil Joey would hit the throttle to keep the engine revved up. No words were exchanged they just looked at each other. Lil Tazzy and Twan was looking at him too but they wasn't mugging. "Nigga you ain't ready to die tonight," Lil Joey finally said something. "It's whatever nigga, I ain't going nowhere," Leonard said. "Aieght," Lil Joey said then popped the clutch and sped off down Federal Street.

Leon pulled up at a house on West Lanvale Street near Popular Grove. He looked at the address on the piece of paper. He was at the right place. According the Nay Nay this is where Paris lives (the girl from over west that he supposedly got pregnant). When he stepped out of the GS400 he looked around. It was a field and a basketball court directly across from the houses. An elementary school (Alexander Hamilton) sat next to the basketball court. At the corner on Poplar Grove was a chinese spot. Several teenagers stood in front of it. Leon walked up on the porch of the house. He was nervous. He had no idea what to say to Paris. The last time he saw her was seven months ago, the day she supposedly got pregnant. He took a deep breath then knocked on the door. A lady answered it. "Hi you doing, Is Paris home?" Leon asked. The lady said hold up then shut the door. A couple minutes went by before the door opened back up.

Paris stood there looking cute as ever. Her stomach was huge. Leon just looked at her. He didn't know what to say. Paris stepped out onto the porch and started hugging him. Leon hugged her back. When their embrace ended, Leon could see that Paris was crying. She had mad tears rolling down her face. "I thought I was never gonna see you again," she said. Leon didn't say nothing. He just wiped the tears off her face with his hand. "You want to come in?" she asked him. "Yeah."

Leon followed her up to her room. The whole house smelled like food. Like somebody was in the kitchen cooking a thanksgiving feast. When they got up to her room, Leon sat on a little red chair next to her bed. Paris shut the door then sat on the bed close to him. "Listen Leon, I know you probably have some doubts about this, but I swear to you, I wasn't with nobody else around the time I got pregnant." Leon thought back to how easy it was to get the pussy on the first day he met her. He had some doubts about him being the only one that hit that. "I want to believe you Paris, but um, come on, look at it from my side. I ain't trying to disrespect you or nothing, but you fucked me that first day and you ain't even know me like that. So how do I know you ain't fuck nobody else." Paris started crying again, then her voice got louder. "I didn't Leon! God damn, why don't you just believe me. I knew you was special from when ya'll first walked in the room. That's the only reason why I let you go that far. I ain't no freak. I knew you wouldn't treat me like a freak ass bitch, and you didn't'. We got caught up in a moment of lust and it happened. You stuck your dick in me and you didn't know me. So what makes you so different. Then when the condom bust, did you stop... no! You made me feel so special. It wasn't like I was just fucking somebody. It was different with you. You was gentle. That was the first time I ever had sex and a nigga made me cum. I ain't have sex with nobody since that day. These are your kids Leon. We can get a test if you want but I already know who

their father is.” Leon felt crazy. He ain’t expect Paris to break down on him like that. But something she said caught his attention. “What you mean ‘THESE’ kids,” he asked her. “I got.., I mean, we got twins.” She lifted up her shirt so Leon could see her bare stomach. “Do you want to feel them,” she said then grabbed Leon’s hand and placed it on her stomach. It was warm and he could feel a slight movement. Paris was just staring at him smiling. A million thoughts started running through Leon’s head all at once. He reached his other hand up and put it on her stomach. At that moment, he felt a connection with her and the babies. A warm feeling flushed through his whole body. The possibility that these are his twins finally hit him. His whole outlook on the situation changed.

Leon & Paris sat in her room talking for hours. She told him that the doctor’s said she was going to deliver around Christmastime. She showed Leon the sonograms. They were having two girls. They even sat up and discussed some names for the babies. They talked and talked and got to know each other better. Paris’ aunt (Tina) brought them up a plate of food. After awhile Leon was about to leave. He gave Paris \$300 and told her if she needed anything else to call him. She walked him outside. Her eyes lit up when she saw him get in the GS. They kissed then he pulled off.

When Mac walked in the crew house, he saw Lil Joey and Setty sitting in the living room play ‘X Greasy’. “Them niggas got some guns but they bitches for real,” Lil Joey was saying to Setty. “They don’t want to beef Yo, leave ‘em alone.” Setty said. “Who ya’ll talking bout,” Mac said as he walked in. “That nigga Leonard,” Lil Joey said. “Yo, he ain’t even worth it Lil Joey, just chill out. It’s kinda hard to get money if we beefin’ all the time,” Mac said then went upstairs. He went to Greasy’s room and got 50 pills out the stash spot in the closet. When he came back downstairs, Lil Joey & Setty was still talking about Leonard & them. He walked

right passed them and went outside. It was 3 coke fiends around on Bethel Street waiting for him. He had the 50 dimes in his pocket as he walked down Bond Street towards Federal. When he got to Bethel, it was more fiends waiting for him than before and he started serving them. Tay & Doughboy had the dope shop on hold so the corner man on Federal wasn't on point. By the time the two knocker cars dipped in the block it was too late for Mac to run. The corner man yelled 'Time out!', but the police had already jumped out on Mac. They locked him up with 37 pills and 130 dollars.

Darnell pulled up on the block 20 minutes after the paddy wagon pulled off with Mac. He parked then got out. Greasy walked over to him. "Mac just got knocked off with some pills," he said. "How many," Darnell asked. "Not that many, he probably get his own recog, but if they give him a bail, I got him," Greasy said. Tay & Doughboy had just walked around the corner. They dipped in the alley and gave Lennymo 300 dopes. Tay came back on the block yelling, "Hittin in the hole ya'll, murda death kill out, hittin in the hole." A bunch of dopefiends that was standing around waiting, ran in the alley. Doughboy was back there with Lennymo standing guard with the Glock .40. Tay walked over to Greasy & Darnell. "What's up," he gave them pounds. "Where Leon & them at," Darnell asked Tay. "I don't know but Setty & Lil Joey around the house. Lil Joey around there talking about whacking that nigga Leonard or something, you got to talk to that nigga Darnell," Tay said. "He alright Yo, but I'ma talk to him anyway just to see what's up. But um... let me tell ya'll about this bitch I met at the carwash. She phat as shit and cute. Plus she 27, got a Benz and her own business" Darnell said. He was smiling. "You got her number?" Greasy asked. "Hell yeah, she gave me her business card but she wrote her home number on the back. I think I got me a winner son."

When Leon got back around the way from over west he saw Mal, Lil Tazzy, Leonard & Twan leaning against the Vigor on Caroline & Federal. He pulled right up behind them and got out. "What's up nigga, when you come home," Mal said then gave Leon a pound and a hug. "Couple days ago." "Yo, this my man Leonard & Twan," Mal introduced Leon to them. "What's up fellas," Leon said then spoke to Lil Tazzy. "What's up shorty, fuck you doing out here." "I'm just a lil nigga tryna get money, you know," Lil Tazzy said. Leon started laughing. "Yeah, yeah, I see you shorty, I see you. Mal, where you been Yo, niggas told me you missing in action," Leon said. "Nah Yo, I just been chillin'. I'm bout to have a son in a couple months, you know. Me and shorty got our own apartment. I just had to take a step back for a minute," Mal explained. "yeah I heard you got Antoinette pregnant." "Yeah, she five months," Mal said then Leon's cell phone started ringing. It was Setty. "Where you at Yo?" he said. "On Caroline & Federal." "Come around here, I'm at the crew house." "Alright, I'm on my way." Leon hung up. "Ima see you later Mal," Leon said then hopped in the GS. "I see you come home and copped a big whip." Mal said as Leon started the engine. "Yeah, you know, Darnell and Setty got it for me. Holla at me Yo, don't be a stranger." Leon said then pulled off. Leon walked in the crew house and saw Setty sitting in the living room by his self. "What's up Yo, you sounded like it was an emergency," Leon said as he sat down on the leather couch next to Setty. "Nah, it ain't no emergency but its important. I been planning this shit for a minute now but I was waiting for my niggas to come hone, you know. Check this out, your peoples, Tony, hooked up with this nigga from Florida that got coke up the ass. Plus the shit he got is like 60 percent pure. Tony gonna sell us bricks of that for \$25,000. But check this out, I ain't finished. We can stop on it a couple time and made 3 bricks from that one, then sell' em for \$20,000 a piece. The shit gonna go like water cause our price is cheap and our coke is better.

We making a quick \$35,000 profit. We ain't gotta worry about bagging up nothing. We can just well weight in powder from now on. If a nigga don't want at least 9 ounces we ain't dealing with 'em," Setty explained. Leon sat there listening to this homeboy map shit out. The plan was lovely and he was all for it. "So what we gonna do wit Lil Joey," Leon said. "Just give him an eighth and the block, then let him shine on his own. When he want to re-up, he can cop from us. Plus that bitch Nay Nay live up Park Heights. I been fucking with shorty real heavy since you been locked up. She a lil gangsta Yo. I be going out her house a lot scooping them niggas out. They be selling Redy. I can push some of that shit off on them niggas up there through shorty, you know," "You definitely got this shit mapped out. I'm proud of you nigga. We bout to be young millionaires," Leon said happily. "Yeah nigga."

The next day.

Mookie went to court today. He didn't even know about his court date so none of his homeboys were there. His grandmother was there only because his lawyer called he late last night. When Mookie got to the courthouse, his lawyer came to see him while he was in the bullpen. "the State is offering a life sentence suspended all but 20 years. This is the final offer so if you don't take it we will start trial," the lawyer said. Mookie been telling his self for months that if the State offered 20 or less he would take it but the part about 'Life' scared him. "So, I'm not gonna have life right, just 20 years?" Mookie asked. "That's right." "Alright, I want that." Mookie sat in the bullpen for about another hour then the CO's took him upstairs to the courtroom. He pleaded guilty to 1st degree murder and received a life sentence all suspended but 20 years.

Mac got a \$5,000 bail for the pills he got locked up with. Greasy paid \$500 and got him out.

Setty was in his room in the crew house counting money. He had a couple thousand dollars in small bills scattered all out on his bed. He heard his cell phone ringing in his jacket pocket. He reached over on the chair and grabbed it. The number was Tierra's. He flipped it on. "Yeah, what's up shorty." Setty could hear sobs on the phone. It sounded like she was crying. "Setty (sniff), I'm pregnant." "What you mean, its mine?" "Yeah," she was still crying. "How you know its mine." "How can you ask me that. I ain't been fucking nobody else." "You just finding this out?" "Yeah, yesterday I went to the clinic. The doctors say I'm 5 weeks," she said. "Is you gonna have the baby." "Hell yeah, I'm not getting no abortion Setty, we just gonna have to deal with it." "How we gonna do that, what about Leon, I ain't letting this shit come between me and my man." "Well you shoulda thought about that before all them times you fucked me." So, you want me to tell Leon," Setty said then Tierra got quiet. "That's what the fuck I thought." "What we gonna do Setty? I love him. I don't want to lose him either." "I don't know right now, just give me some time to think. I'll call you later," he said then hung up.

Lil Joey was coming from his house on Lanvale & Spring. He was strapped. He had the black .38 snub tucked in his dip. He walked down Caroline Street to Federal. As usual, Lil Tazzy was out there selling weed and Leonard was standing beside him. Lil Joey peeped them and he was hoping Leonard gave him a reason to spark him. Lil Joey walked to the corner where they was at. Leonard was on point, he was watching Lil Joey close. They was mugging each other. "What I tell you yesterday nigga," Lil Joey said to Leonard. "Fuck you, what, nigga!" he said then Lil Joey reached for his gun. But Leonard did something he didn't expect. Instead of running, Leonard rushed towards him and tried to grab the gun. They started tussling for it. The whole time Lil Tazzy was just standing there watching. Even though Lil Joey had more muscle mass than Leonard, it still wasn't easy to get Leonard to let go. The gun was pointing at the

ground and all both of them had there hands on it but Lil Joey had the trigger. He pulled it (pop), the round hit the cement next to Leonard's foot. He was startled so he pushed off Lil Joey and ran. Lil Joey dropped the gun when it went off but Leonard just ran. So did Lil Tazzy. Lil Joey picked the gun up and fired the last 5 shots at them. Lil Tazzy got hit in his shoulder. Leonard didn't get hit. Lil Joey took off running towards his house.

When the police and ambulance arrived on the scene to get Lil Tazzy, he told them everything. He told them Lil Joey's name, description and address. It only took the police about an hour to piece everything together and start looking for Lil Joey. When they went to his house, Lil Joey was in there. They locked him up on the spot. They tried to get his sister, Kim, to tell them where he put the gun but she just slammed the door in their face. The police took Lil Joey to Central Bookings and charged him with 1st degree attempted murder.

Later that day

Darnell, Greasy, Mac, Tay, Doughboy, Leon and Setty was chilling on Bethel Street smoking weed. They knew about Lil Tazzy getting shot earlier cause they heard the gunfire then went up there. At first they had no idea Lil Joey had done it. They only found out later when his sister, Kim, called Greasy on his cell phone and told him. Now it wasn't anything they could do but wait to see if he got a bail.

The 7 B-boys was on the block hustling as usual. A block away on Oliver Street in a vacant house a camera constantly took pictures of them. Baltimore City's Special Investigations Division, which probes violent drug organizations, was investigating them, and they had no idea that they were being watched.

The next day – Wednesday, October 13th

Leonard & Twan was sitting on the couches in the basement trying to decide what should be done in retaliation for Lil Joey shooting at Leonard. They were loading up guns. Leonard put the fully loaded magazine in the Mac 11, cocked it back then sat it on the floor in front of him. Twan was putting bullets in the extended 21 shot clip for the 9 mm. "I think we should just run up in that house they got around on Bond Street and just clap all them bitch ass niggas," Leonard said. "I'm wit whatever Yo, It don't matter to me." Twan said then slid the clip in the 9. All of a sudden they heard a loud noise and a bunch of footsteps upstairs. Leonard & Twan immediately looked at each other and thought, 'Robbery!' They grabbed the guns. The basement door flung open and a pair of legs began to run down the steps. Before Leonard could even see the face of the person, he squeezed a 9 shot burst from the Mac at the legs. The man screamed out. "I'm hit", then started tumbling down the steps. When he got to the bottom he busted his head on the last step and laid unconscious. Only then did Leonard & Twan realize he was a Task Force member. Their ears were ringing from the gunshots Leonard spitted out in the small basement. They could hear other police at the top of the steps in the kitchen yelling, "Police! Police! Stop shooting!" The cops were panicking. One of their own was lying at the bottom of the basement steps unconscious and bleeding from gunshot wounds. No other officer tried to come down the steps because they couldn't even see who was shooting. It was a hard decision to leave a fellow officer but orders came in from a Lieutenant to evacuate the house and set up a perimeter. Leonard & Twan was scared and nervous. "Yo, Yo! What we gonna do," Twan said. Leonard cut the lights off so the basement wouldn't be so bright. Then he walked over and picked up the Glock 9mm the police dropped as he tumbled down the steps. "Just chill Yo, calm down," Leonard said to Twan. "How the fuck I'ma calm down nigga, you just killed a police." "He ain't dead, I only shot him in the legs." "Look at that nigga man! He dead Yo!"

Twan was shaking. Leonard looked at the police. Blood was pouring out of his head and legs. “Fuck him. Them bitches came to lock us up, stop acting like a bitch,” Leonard screamed at Twan. “We got to get the fuck outta hear Yo,” Twan said. “Nah man I know they got the house surrounded. If they want us, they gonna have to come get us,” Leonard said. He was standing near the bottom of the basement steps with the Mac in his hands. It wasn’t no other entrance or exit to the basement. At the front of the basement was two small windows that looked out onto Caroline Street and the front of the house. The police was carrying the incident as a hostage situation because they didn’t know if the police that got shot was dead or not. Outside they blocked off the whole 1600 block of Caroline Street. They positioned snipers accurately around the perimeter of the house. One of them had a clear shot to the top of the basement steps and the kitchen. After about 40 minutes of waiting, a hostage negotiator tried calling Leonard & Twan on the phone but neither one of them answered it. After about an hour into the standoff, the police decided to flush them out. Leonard & Twan was pacing back & forth in the basement trying to figure out what to do when 2 tear gas canisters came busting through the basement windows. They started choking from the gas immediately. They tried covering their faces with shirts but it didn’t work. The fumes overwhelmed them. “Come on, (‘cough’) Yo, we got to (‘cough’) (‘cough’) go upstairs,” Leonard said to Twan. They slowly walked over to the steps. They stepped over the now dead police officer and started walking up the steps. Leonard was in front with the Mac 11 pointing at the top of the steps. When they got to the top and into the kitchen, they came into the cross hairs of the police sniper’s rifle. “I have the suspects in my sights, they are armed,” the police sniper said into this radio. He waited for a response. “If they make any threatening moves, take ‘em out,” his Lieutenant said. The sniper kept them in his sights and waited.

Leonard & Twan was relieved to be outta the basement and able to breathe fresh air. Twan was still scared and nervous but Leonard was hyped up trying to figure out a way to get out of the house. He quickly ran over to the kitchen window and looked out. He saw several police cars and an armored SWAT vehicle parked in the alley. "What you see Yo," Twan asked Leonard. He was still standing by the basement steps. "It's mad police out there man, we ain't getting outta here," Leonard said but actually he couldn't see no police, just the vehicles. "Let's just give up Yo, I ain't tryna die like this," Twan said. "So, you would rather die in Prison? Cause that's where you gonna be for the rest of your life, fuck that, they gonna have to kill me," Leonard said, then he saw a police officer come into view behind a car. Leonard pointed the Mac at the window as if he was gonna shoot through it. Twan heard a loud (crack) and watched as his cousin Leonard's body jerked backward. Twan ducked down on the ground when he realized it was a gunshot he heard. His cousin laid sprawled on the kitchen floor. He crawled over to him and immediately knew Leonard was dead. He was laying on his stomach, lifeless. The bullet that struck his chest came with such force Leonard's body twisted at a 180-degree angle before he hit the ground. It was a hole the size of an orange in his back where the bullet exited his body. Twan started crying. He knew it was over now. He felt no need to go any further. He didn't want to go to prison for the rest of his life, but he knew that it was the only alternative. He sat on the floor looking at his dead cousin. He said a quick prayer then picked up the Mac and pulled the trigger. Six bullets slammed into the side of Twan's head at his temple. He slumped to the floor dead.

Hello, can I speak to Crystal," Darnell said into the phone. "This is Crystal." "How you doing shorty, this Darnell." "I'm doing okay, I was wondering when you was gonna call," she said. "You was waiting to hear from me?" He was smiling hard. "Yeah, you attracted my

attention a lil bit,” she said. “Only a lil bit?” Darnell said, then she started laughing. “Well maybe a lil bit more than a lil bit,” she sounded sexy as shit. “I got the money for some new rims, are you gonna help me pick ‘em out?” “When” “What you doing right now,” he said.

They talked for a couple more minutes than she gave him her address. She lived on Morello Road. A small street off Echodale. Darnell took a shower then got dressed. He was feeling good. He put \$6,500 cash in a brown paper bag then hopped in the Denali. He pulled up at the address Crystal gave him. It was an off yellow detached house and he saw her Benz parked there. Darnell parked at the curb and got out. The front yard was fenced in. He opened the gate then walked to the front door. The porch covered the whole front of the house. It was a white table with matching chairs off to the left. He rung the bell. Crystal opened the door. She looked even better than she looked at the car wash. “You ready to go,” Darnell said smiling. “yeah,” she said then stepped out onto the front porch and locked the front door.

Darnell only knew about the rim spot on Belair Road near Sinclair Lane but Crystal told him to go to the spot on Edison Highway and Monument Street. They pulled in the parking lot than went in. Darnell looked around. It was wall-to-wall car & truck rims. Darnell had the \$6,500 in his pocket. “So, what’s up Crystal, what should I get,” he asked her. She was smiling at him. “You like this?” She was pointing at some 18-inch BBS star rims. Darnell frowned his face up. “Nah” She started laughing. One of the salesmen in the store walked over to them. “How ya’ll doing, I’m Ron, can I ask what type of car ya’ll buying rims for,” he asked. Crystal looked at Darnell. “A Yukon Denali,” he said proudly. “Oh, so you need some truck rims,” Ron said then started walking to another section of the store. Darnell and Crystal followed him. They walked into another room where all the big boy truck rims were. “What size rims you want,” Ron asked Darnell. “Twenty fours.” Ron walked over and pointed to the chrome

Revolution 3.0 rims by Davin Blak. He pushed the inner spoke and they started spinning in place. “This is the hottest thing out right now. You can’t put that other bullshit on no Denali,” Ron said. The spokes was still spinning. Darnell liked the rims a lot but he knew they probably cost a lot more than he had on him. Crystal was standing next to him holding his arm. He looked at her. “So, what you think?” he said. “I like ‘em. I don’t think you can get no better than that baby,” she said smiling. Darnell started smiling when she called him ‘baby’. “When can ya’ll have them ready to put on my truck,” Darnell asked Ron. “We got these in stock, so I’m a say about..... 2 hours.” Darnell still didn’t even know the price but he didn’t want to ask Ron in front of Crystal. He wanted to play big shot. When they got to the front desk and sealed the purchase, Darnell finally saw what the price was. “13,000 for the set. He had the money to pay for it back at the crew house, but it put a ‘small’ dent in his finances. Darnell whipped out and paid \$6,000 to Ron. He told him he would bring the other \$7,000 when he came back to pick up his truck. Crystal stood next to Darnell watching the whole transaction. She was impressed that Darnell had enough dough to pay for some \$13,000 rims. She had been looking at him like a lil nigga with a couple dollars up to this point but now she realized he had more than just a couple dollars. Crystal loved money. She had a lot of it herself but when she seen Darnell spread \$6,000 cash on the counter, it turned her on. She tried to keep a straight face like she wasn’t too impressed, but deep down inside she admired Darnell a lot more than he knew.

Ron told Darnell & Crystal to come back in 2 hours, then they left. Since he had to leave the truck there, they had to catch a cab to the crew house and pick up the other 7 G’s. Crystal stayed in the cab while Darnell ran in the house and got the money. They went back to the rim store and Darnell paid the rest of the bill. They still had more than an hour to kill before the truck was ready. “What you want to do now,” Darnell asked Crystal. They were standing out

front of the rim store. “I’m kinda hungry, ain’t no stores around here?” she asked. “It’s a McDonald’s down the street. You want to eat there or go somewhere else?” he asked her. “McDonalds is cool.”

They walked about 3 blocks down to the McDonalds on Highland and Pulaski Highway. Darnell ordered a Big Mac extra value meal and Crystal ordered some Chicken McNuggets. Once they sat down at a table, Crystal started the conversation. “So, tell me something about Darnell, do you have any kids or brothers & sisters.” “Nah, I don’t have no kids and I’m the only child. What about you,” he said. “I have two older brothers that live in Pittsburgh. That’s where I’m from originally. I came to Baltimore with my father when I was 10. My brothers stayed in Pittsburgh with our mother.” “You ain’t never go back at all?” Darnell asked, then ate some fries. “No, but my mom and my brothers came down here when my father died...that was three years ago.” Darnell could tell she was still messed up about her father’s death because her voice started cracking up at the end of her sentence. He didn’t know how to respond. He wanted to get up and give her a hug but he didn’t. He asked her is she was okay. “Yeah, I’m fine, it just gets hard sometimes, you know.” “yeah, I lost a homeboy about 5 months ago. I know that don’t compare to a father but that shit hurt my heart,” Darnell explained. They ate and talked for over an hour. They got so carried away in conversation they had forgotten all about the rims. They shared personal things with each other. They even laughed & joked and kept smiles on each other’s face. After almost 2 hours of talked they finally remembered the rims then left the McDonalds.

When Darnell saw his truck with the new spinning chrome rims on it his eyes lit up. It looked like a whole different truck. He finally considered his self a big boy. When Darnell & Crystal left the rim store, they went out to the Checker Flag Go-Kart tracks on Pulaski Highway.

It was Crystal's idea and they had fun. Darnell was starting to realize that even though Crystal was 27, she still had the heart of a teenager. He liked that. He was able to be his self around her. He was starting to build a bond with her that he hoped would last a long time. It was getting late in the evening when they left the Go-Kart tracks. Crystal told Darnell that she had to be in the house by 7:30 p.m. because she was waiting for a call. It was already close to 6:30, so he decided to drive her back home. When they pulled up in front of her house it was beginning to get dark. Darnell pulled into a parking spot but didn't turn the engine off. "I had a nice time today baby, I hope we can do it again," Crystal said. She was still sitting in the passenger seat. "Yeah, definitely." He was looking at her smiling. She leaned over and they started kissing. She put her hand behind his neck. It was a long passionate kiss. When it was over Darnell was dizzy a little bit. "Call me, okay," she said then kissed him one more time. When she got out the truck Darnell watched her walk to the front door. Crystal turned around and smiled at him one more time then went in the house.

A couple days later

Greasy got out the passenger seat of the Crown Victoria. Doughboy was driving, he stayed in the car. Greasy knocked on the door and a lady answered it. "Lil Tazzy home." Greasy asked her. "What do you want with my son," the lady seemed angry. "I just want to talk to him." "Well he ain't got nothing to say," the lady said then Lil Tazzy came behind her to the door. "Chill Ma, he cool, let me talk to him." The lady reluctantly walked in the living room. Lil Tazzy stood on the top steps and shut the front door behind him. His shoulder was in a sling from the gunshot wound. "What's up," Lil Tazzy said. He looked nervous. "What you tell the police about Lil Joey," Greasy said. He was looking straight in his eyes but Lil Tazzy kept

looking at the ground. “I ain’t gonna go to court Yo.” “You fucked up when you talked to the police on the first night so this is what you gonna do. Lil Joey probably go for a preliminary hearing in a couple weeks. I’m a let you know what day it is. You gonna go in there and say Lil Joey didn’t shoot you. If you don’t do what I said and my lil man get some time for this shit, I’m a murder you, understand?” Greasy had a dead serious look on his face. Lil Tazzy was terrified. “Yeah.” Greasy reached in his pocket and pulled out \$350. “Here, take this. Go buy yourself something nice and don’t forget about what I said.” Greasy said then hopped in the Crown Victoria and they pulled off.

Mal & Antoinette took Leonard and Twan death real heavy. Mal felt like he knew them his whole life. Antoinette couldn’t stop herself from crying. Mal tried his best to keep her calm. He knew the stress and crying wasn’t good for the baby but for the last couple days all she did was cry. When they first moved out Gardenville about 2 ½ months ago, Antoinette met a girl named ‘Nita’ that lived in an apartment downstairs with her boyfriend name ‘Von’. Nita kept coming up to Mal house trying to comfort Antoinette. Mal was in mourning too but now he had an even bigger problem on his hands. Without Leonard & Twan he had no connect for weed. He had a couple thousand dollars saved up but pretty soon that would be gone. He had to figure out a way to keep his cash flowing. He remembered a talk he had with Nita’s boyfriend Von about 3 weeks ago when they were out on the balcony smoking weed. Nita & Antoinette was in the house doing whatever girls do when they are alone. Von was telling Mal that he had a cousin named Taterman who was a big shot out O’Donnell Heights. Taterman was an older dude, about 30, and he had a bunch of lil’ young niggas running a crack cocaine empire out there. Von told Mal that Taterman had a connect for coke but the nigga was getting hot so Taterman slowly strayed away from him. Von knew Mal had some money. He had an Acura Vigor, his own

apartment, and his lifestyle proved it. He figured Mal probably had a connect for coke so he asked him. At the time Mal ain't know about Leon & Setty's power move on the coke so he told Von that he only could get his hands on a couple ounces, a eighth at the most. Now Mal knew about Leon & Setty's power move so he started formulating a plan. Mal had been talking to Leon on the phone everyday since he been home. He was starting to feel like Leon was the only one he could trust.

Leon was in the crew house smoking weed with Mac when Mal called. "What's up Yo," Leon said into the receiver. "I think I got a way to help ya'll move those bricks," Mal said. "Yo, what the fuck is wrong with you, don't ever call me on no phone talking like that. Where you at?" Leon said to Mal. "At my house." "I'll be up there in like 20 minutes," Leon said then hung up. "Who was that," Mac said. "Mal. He on the phone talking about bricks, that's a no-no, I'm bout to go out there, you going?" "Yeah."

Leon and Mac hopped in the GS and drove out Gardenville to Mal apartment. Mal was in there by his self. Antoinette was downstairs at Nita's house. Mal was a little leery about Mac cause he didn't really know him but Leon reassured Mal that Mac was loyal. He stood up like a soldier when Homicide snatched him up about Cheetah's murder, so the B-boys trusted him. "So, what's up Mal," Leon said. They were all sitting on the couch. "I know this dude named Von who got a cousin that was looking for a coke connect. I just hollered at Von before I called you and he said his cousin still need coke. I told him that I might be able to make something happen for him," Mal explained. "How well do you know these niggas," Leon said. "I never met his cousin but the nigga Von, he cool as shit, he lives downstairs. Matter of fact, Antoinette down there right now with his girl." "How you know the nigga ain't a rat or trying to bring you a move." "Come on now Leon, Yo I ain't stupid, I know what's going on. Plus, they ain't even

gotta know nothing about you and Setty. They not gonna know where I get the coke from. I will make all the transactions, so if anything go wrong, it's on me," Mal explained. Leon was thinking. Mac just sat there smoking a Newport. Leon knew that if he could establish a buying system through Mal it would help him & Setty move bricks faster. Setty had already established a buying system through Nay Nay up Park Heights. Her uncle, 'Big Geedy', was a big shot in the dope game up there so Setty didn't have to worry about nobody trying to rip her off. Big Geedy had a lot of respect up Park Heights. The bricks of coke Nay Nay would be selling for Setty, most people would think she was selling for her uncle, therefore laying a security blanket over the whole operation. Leon loved the way Setty put that whole scheme together so he decided to give Mal a try. "This what I'll do, I'ma give you 9 ounces for now. Just to see how fast you get rid of it. Bring me back 5 G's," Leon said. Mal calculated the figures in his head. He would sell the quarter key to Von's cousin for \$6,500, making his self a \$1,500 profit. He knew Von's cousin would need that transaction 4 or 5 times a week, therefore leaving him with about \$7,500 every seven days. "Alright, let's do that," Mal said.

Darnell, Greasy, Tay, Doughboy & Setty was out on the block hustling and getting high. A couple of the lil hood rat bitches was out there with 'em. It was a nice day out. "Darnell, what's up with shorty that made you buy these rims," Doughboy said then walked to the Denali and spun the rims with his hand. "She ain't make me buy nothing, I did that on my own," Darnell said smiling. "I know you fucker her already," Setty said then took a long puff off the blunt. "Nah, not yet. I only saw her that one day, other than that we just be talking on the phone," he said. "You went to shorty house and ain't get the pussy," Greasy asked. "I ain't go in there. We just had a lil bit of fun, then I dropped her off. She got her own business Yo, shorty be busy," Darnell explained, then his cell phone started ringing. It was his mother, Ms. Debbie.

She told him she needed some money for the market. He told her he was on his way. ‘I be back. I got to go down my mother’s house real quick,’ Darnell said then got in the Denali and pulled off.

When Darnell pulled up in front of his mother’s house on Chapel Street he saw Dink and 3 other dudes across the street, on some steps. Darnell got out the truck and was about to go in the house when Dink called him. “Hey Lil Darnell, come here Yo,” he stood up. Darnell walked over to him. “What’s up.” “Which one of ya’ll lil niggas put ya’ll hands on my mother,” Dink said and Darnell got mad. Lil Joey had knocked Pinky out about 4 months ago and now all of a sudden this nigga want to question him about it. “Yo, don’t be asking me no questions about that bullshit,” Darnell said. Dink wasn’t expecting him to react with hostility. He was caught off guard. One of Dinks homeboys, ‘Bone’, whipped out a black 9mm Taurus and pointed it at Darnell’s chest. He didn’t move. Dink got up in his face and punched him in the nose. “Nigga who the fuck you think you talking to,” Dink said. Darnell was standing there holding his nose trying to stop it from bleeding. Bone put the Taurus to Darnell’s temple. He could feel the cold metal pressing against his head. “Hold up Bones, don’t kill ‘em,” Dink said then grabbed Darnell’s shirt. “Nigga don’t you ever in your muthafuckin’ life crack slick out ya mouth. I coulda killed all ya’ll lil niggas that night. You better remember who he fuck you dealing with.” Darnell was just standing there holding his nose. Bones still had the Taurus pointed at him. “If I ever catch you or any of your lil homeboys down here again, it ain’t gonna be no talking. Now go ‘head and get the fuck off my block fore I change my mind.” Dink said. His other homeboys were standing next to him. It took a lot out of Darnell not to react to the situation right then. He knew Bones was one of Dinks foot soldiers and wouldn’t hesitate to shoot him. It was a nice

amount of people on the block but nobody said nothing. Darnell didn't even go in his mother's house, he just got in his truck and pulled off.

Later that night

After the situation earlier, Darnell and the B-boys decided to kill Dink. They sent Doughboy to ride through Chapel Street in his gray Crown Vict, just to make sure Dink was still down there. "They all in front of the barbershop on Washington & Oliver shooting dice," Doughboy said when he walked in the crew house. All the B-boys were in there. "You sure Dink was out there," Darnell said. "yeah, he out there. He got on a blue & white Avirex." "Alright then, come on Tay, we out," Darnell said then put the banana clip in the SK. He clicked the selector switch on the side to full auto. All the other B-boys stayed in the crew house. Setty wanted to go when he found out that Dink was the one who really shot him but everybody decided to let Darnell go alone. They figured one nigga was a SK would do the job.

Tay and Darnell drove down to Chapel Street in the black Crown Vict. They parked near the alley on Chapel Street close to Oliver. Darnell had a red soldier rag around his face. He told Tay to keep the engine running then dipped in the alley with the SK in his hand. It was nighttime and real dark in the dirty alley. Mad rats ran around as Darnell crept out to the Oliver Street entrance. He looked up and down Oliver Street. He saw Dink and like 10 other niggas at the corner on Washington. They were on the far side of the street and it was a lot of traffic on Washington so Darnell decided to wait for a red light. When he finally saw the opportunity, he ran out the alley and up Oliver Street. Before he even made it all the way to the corner, somebody in the crowd spotted him. The nigga yelled and everybody started to scatter. Darnell squeezed the trigger and spit a 30 round burst at the corner on full auto. The SK had a distinctive

sound when it fired on auto, almost like a stutter. Darnell had never shot the gun on full auto before and he was shocked at how fast the 30 round banana clip was empty. Around the corner, Tay heard the gunshots ringing off. Darnell saw like 6 dudes fall to the ground. People in their cars at the red light looked on in amazement. Once the SK clicked empty, Darnell ran back through the alley and hopped in the Crown Vict. Tay sped off.

Two hours later the B-boys were all in the crew house talking. "I hope you hit that nigga Yo," Setty said. "I seen a couple niggas drop but I don't know if Dink fell. I'ma go down there and bang on them niggas tomorrow night too. I'ma do that shit until I see that niggas obituary," Darnell said. He was still hyped up about the incident. "Yo, you should tell your mother to leave that house," Tay said to Darnell. "Hell yeah Yo, call her and tell her to go to a hotel or come up here until we settle this," Leon added, then Darnell picked up the phone and dialed the number. "Hello" Ma, pack up some clothes and shit, then get out the house," Darnell said into the phone. "Why, what's going on," Ms. Debbie said. "Ma, just trust me right now, get outta that house." I'm okay, ain't nothing gonna happen to me. You must've heard about that shooting that happened around the corner earlier, didn't you?" "yeah, that's one of the reasons why you got to leave the house," Darnell said. "Calm down Darnell, that shit happened around on Washington over a dice game. I don't have nothing to do with that," Ms. Debbie said then heard a knock on the front door. "Hold on Darnell, somebody at the door," She put the phone down and went to answer it. "Ma! Ma! Don't answer it Ma!, Darnell was screaming into the phone, but his mother couldn't hear him. The rest of the B-boys was sitting around looking at Darnell yell into the phone. All of a sudden Darnell heard gunshots through the phone. 'Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop'. "Oh shit", Darnell said, then dropped the phone. "What Yo, what happened," Leon said as Darnell started to run out the front door. "They at my mother's house!"

he yelled then jumped in the Denali and peeled off. Leon, Greasy & Mac got in the GS and Setty, Tay & Doughboy got in the LS. They all peeled out right behind Darnell. Setty and Greasy managed to grab the .45 and .40 before they left the house.

When the B-boys pulled on Chapel Street three cars deep, the block was totally empty. They all jumped out the cars. Darnell was in front. Ms. Debbie's front door was wide open. Setty & Greasy had the heats in their hands as they followed Darnell into the house. They all stopped short in the living room. "Oh shit," Tay mumbled under his breath. Ms. Debbie was lying on the floor next to the coffee table with 6 big holes in her chest. Everybody knew she was dead. Darnell & Leon kneeled down next to her body and Doughboy called 911 on his cell phone. Setty & Greasy checked the rest of the house with the guns. Darnell and Leon started crying. One lost a mother and the other lost an aunt. "Ma, please don't die on me, I need you, Ma please," Darnell was pulling on her shirt. "Ma, get up Ma, you can't die Ma, come on just get up for me." He was in a state of shock. Leon was trying to calm him down. Within minutes the ambulance and police arrived. Setty & Greasy had put the guns in the car. The b-boys and the police had a hard time getting Darnell to let go of his mother's body. When he finally let go, they all walked him outside to get some fresh air. Leon still had tears coming down his face but Darnell just had a blank look like all the life was instantly sucked outta him. The police yellow-taped the front of the house. Police cars and people cluttered the whole block. Darnell sat on the curb and just stared at the ground. Leon sat down next to him. The rest of the B-boys were just standing around when Darnell's cell phone started ringing. It was laying on the passenger seat of the Denali so Tay reached through the window and answered it. "Hello." "Is this Darnell?" A female voice said. "Nah, hold on," Tay tried to hand the phone to Darnell but he wouldn't take it. He just stared at the ground like he was in another world. Leon grabbed the phone from Tay.

“Hello, who’s this,” Leon said. “This is Crystal, where’s Darnell,” she said. “This is his cousin Leon, listen, something bad just happened to his mother so he is not in the mood to talk to nobody.” “Oh my God, what happened.” “Um...um...,” It was hard for Leon to say it. He still had tears in his eyes. “Where’s Darnell at, I want to be with him right now,” Crystal said to Leon. “He’s real messed up and it is a lot of commotion. I don’t think you want to come down here.” “Well, can he come to me,” she said, then Leon looked at Darnell. He was still staring at the ground. “Yeah, where you at?”

Crystal gave Leon her address then they hung up. The b-boys then helped Leon put Darnell in the passenger seat of the Denali. Leon got in the drivers seat. “Ya’ll wait for me at the crew house,” Leon said out the window of the truck then pulled off. When he got to Crystal’s house, she was waiting on the porch. Leon pulled in the driveway behind her Benz. Crystal came to the truck and walked to the passenger side. “Darnell, baby can you hear me,” she said to him. She was rubbing his face. “I think he in shock,” Leon said to Crystal. She opened the passenger door and kissed him on the cheek. Darnell turned and looked at her but he didn’t say nothing. His eyes were red from crying. Crystal was staring at him. Leon was sitting in the drivers seat watching the whole thing. Crystal seemed genuinely sympathetic. Darnell snapped back into reality after a couple minutes of silence. He got outta the truck and started hugging Crystal tight. He bust out crying again and she was rubbing the back of his head. “Shh, shh, it’s okay, everything’s gonna be okay.” She still had her arm around him as they began to walk to her house. “I’ma call tomorrow,” Leon said from the truck. Crystal looked back at Leon then nodded. Darnell never turned around. Once they were in the house, Leon pulled out of the driveway.

When Leon got back to the crew house it was a lot of anger in the air but they had nobody to release it on. Everybody had a good guess who killed Ms. Debbie but didn't know where to find him. Dink was the number one culprit but nobody knew where he lived or even if he was still alive. They knew his mother, Pinky, lived somewhere down near Chapel & Lafayette. Dink himself had money though. Everybody knew he didn't live in the hood. Leon told all the B-boys (Setty, Tay, Doughboy, Greasy, & Mac) to use whoever they knew to try and find out where Dink or his mother lived. It was late in the night but the B-boys left the crew house and hit the streets looking for info. Leon went home to comfort his mother, Ms. Diane. Ms. Debbie was her younger sister.

The next day –

Crystal was in her kitchen making pancakes & eggs when she saw a news broadcast on a little TV she kept on the counter. It said that 3 people were killed and 4 more wounded in a gangland shooting on Washington and Oliver Street last night; apparently a dispute over a dice game. Plus they reported the shooting death of a 38 year old woman in her house in the 1500 block of N. Chapel Street. According to the newscaster, the two incidents were related.

Last night after Leon brought Darnell to her house, he didn't talk about anything. She still didn't really know what happened to his mother. Last night he just cried his self to sleep in her arms. She was in deep thought about Darnell when a noise behind her made her jump. She turned around and saw Darnell standing in the doorway. "Boy, Yo scared," she said smiling. She still had the spatula in her hand. "I ain't mean to scare you." He still had on all the clothes he had on yesterday. Crystal walked over to him and they hugged and kissed. She tasted Colgate in his mouth. "Which toothbrush did you use?" she said smiling as if she knew something that he

didn't. "The yellow one," he said then she burst out laughing. "Why you laughing," he asked her. "That's the one I use to clean my running tennis." Darnell started smiling then he faked a gag like he was gonna throw up. "You kissed me so you got it in your mouth too," Darnell said smiling. "I'm glad to see you smiling, I hate to see you upset," she said. Darnell looked at the ground then back at her. He wanted to change the subject. "So, what you cooking," he said then walked over to the stove. "I don't know what you like so I just made pancakes & eggs."

They sat down at the dining room table and ate. They were talking and Crystal thought it was the right time to tell Darnell everything about her. "I have a confession to make," she said. "What's up!" "Remember that call I told you I was waiting for the other day, well, it wasn't a business call. It was from my ex-finance'. He's locked up with the Feds." "What for." "Drugs and money laundering. This house, the car, and the business is really his but he put everything in my name so when he got locked up everything belonged to me." "What about when he come home," Darnell asked. "He's not ever coming home. He got 90 years, and the Feds don't have parole." "That's why you didn't marry him?" "That's part of the reason. I loved him and I still do but I have to move on Darnell. I can't spend the rest of my life waiting for a man that's never gonna come home."

They talked for a little while longer then things got intimate. They started kissing and hugging and before long they were on the bed in Crystal's room. She was more experienced than Darnell when it came down to lovemaking. She stripped him naked and made him lay on his back. She stripped naked then climbed on the bed with him. First she started kissing on his chest then she worked her way down. He was already aroused when she took him into her mouth. Crystal worked her tongue like an expert and she knew what she was doing. Darnell was in pleasure but he wanted to try something different with her. "Hold up, hold...um, up," Darnell

said. She stopped and looked at him. "Climb up here and turn around. Let me suck on that pussy a lil bit." She started smiling and did what he said. When Crystal got on top of Darnell, she sat on his face first then leaned forward and started sucking his dick. Darnell had sucked pussy before but he didn't know how good he was. The pussy was right in his face. She had a phat, pretty pussy. He spread her lips open and went to work with his tongue. They both seemed to be deeply in pleasure. Crystal started cumin/ before he did and his whole face was wet. Crystal had to stop giving him head because she couldn't hold back screams and moans. After a while they got up and Darnell started hitting it from the back.

Later that day –

Leon, Setty, Doughboy, & Tay was in the crew house plotting. Tay had found out where Dink's right hand man, 'Bones' lived. Word on the street was that he was the one who actually pulled the trigger. Dink was already dead. Four of the 7.62 slugs Darnell spit out the SK hit his upper body. Bones was riding for his dead homeboy. Tay gave a couple hundred dollars to some bitch named 'Lameeka' that he know. She's supposed to be reliable and she told him that Bones lives down the hill on Lakewood & McElderry. She even gave Tay his address, not knowing that Tay had intentions of killing him.

"We can go down there and whack this nigga now," Toddy said. "Yeah, let's go that," Tay agreed. "Let me call Darnell first," Leon said then picked up the phone.

Darnell & Crystal were exhausted and just laying in the bed together when the phone rang. "Hello," Crystal picked it up. "What's up Crystal, this Leon, let me speak to Darnell." She handed Darnell the phone. "Yeah." "Yo, Dink ain't do it. Dink is already dead. That nigga Bones did it. We got the drop on the nigga. Me, Setty, Tay & Doughboy 'bout to go handle

that,” Leon said. Darnell got excited with vengeance. “Wait for me, I want to be there, don’t leave, I’m on my way,” Darnell said then got outta the bed. “How you gonna get here,” Leon asked him. “I’ll catch a cab or something, just wait for me,” Darnell said then hung up. He stood up and started putting his clothes on. “Where you going in such a hurry,” Crystal said. She was standing in front of him naked. “I got to go handle something.” “Please don’t go Darnell, let Leon and them take care of that.” “No, I got to be there, that nigga killed my mother,” he said. Crystal was crying. “I want you to stay here with me baby, please stay here,” she grabbed his arm. “I can’t, I’m sorry Boo, but I gotta go,” Darnell started to walk away then Crystal yelled, “Why are you doing this to me! I already lost one to the streets, baby, I don’t want to lose you. Can’t you see I’m falling in love with you! Please don’t make me go through the pain of losing another man that I love.” Darnell stopped walking and turned to look at her. She sat on the bed and started crying even more. Darnell felt crazy. She just told him that she loved him. He couldn’t leave her now. Not like this. He picked up the phone and called the crew house. “Hello” “Yo, go ahead without me, I ain’t coming,” Darnell said to Leon. “You sure?” “Yeah, just make sure that nigga felt my pain,” Darnell said. “I wouldn’t have it no other way my nigga.”

Three B-boys were in the gray Crown Vic. Doughboy was driving, Leon was in the passenger seat with the chrome Mossberg 20 gauge and Setty was in the back with the chrome .44 long. They were parked in the 500 block of N. Lakewood Avenue. Tay was in the black Crown Vict parked a couple cars behind them. It was broad daylight, around 5 something in the afternoon. The plan was to get Bones to come to his door then dump on him, then throw the guns in the black car with Tay while Leon & Setty sped off in the gray car with Doughboy. Leon cocked the Mossberg but stayed in the car. Setty got out and knocked on Bones’ door.

Leon was gonna wait until he saw Bones then hop out and blaze him. When Setty knocked, an old man came to the door. "Excuse me sir, is Bones home," Setty said. He had the loaded .44 in his dip. "He out right now, I think he went around to the sub shop," the old man said while leaning on a cane. "Do you know which sub shop he went to," Setty asked. He watched the old man's facial expression change to suspicion. "I owe him some money, that's why I'm looking for him." "Oh, okay then, uh, I guess he went to the one on uh...Monument and Luz...Luzerne." Setty thanked him then got back in the car. They drove around the corner to Monument and Luzerne Street. It was a couple dudes standing in the middle of Monument Street close to Port. Nobody was in front of the sub shop. The B-boys circled the block first and looked in the sub shop. They saw Bones and another dude inside. Doughboy parked in the 600 block of N. Luzerne Street close to the corner. Tay parked directly behind them. Leon & Setty tied red soldier rags around their faces. "You ready?" Leon said to Setty. "Yeah let's go!" The 2 B-boys jumped out of the Crown Vict and jogged the few steps to the corner. They had the guns out. When they got to the front of the sub shop, Bones was on his way out with a bag of food in his hands. Leon raised the Mossberg. 'Boom!' The 20 gauge shot hit Bones in his upper chest area. The blast from such a close range disintegrated his lungs and pushed them out through his back. The force lifted him off his feet and threw him back into the sub shop about 7 feet. Setty walked up to the doorway and pumped all 6 slugs from the .44 into Bones' already dead body, then they fled. They threw the guns on the floor in the back of Tay's Crown Vict. Tay pulled off. Leon & Setty then hopped in Doughboy's Crown Vict and peeled off in the other direction.

A couple hours later Leon, Setty, Tay & Doughboy was in the crew house smoking weed when Ms. Diane called Leon on his cell phone. "What's up Ma," Leon said into the phone. "Boy, what the fuck is wrong with you. I just got a call from Tierra's grandmother and she was

upset. You got that girl pregnant,” Ms. Diane said. “Nah Ma, what you talking ‘bout?” “Just go up there and talk to her, right now!” “Alright Ma,” Leon said then hung up. “Yo, that bitch Tierra got her grandmother calling my house talking ‘bout she pregnant. I just came home, how the fuck she pregnant,” he said to his homeboys. Setty’s heart started beating faster. He was already high as shit and still on a adrenaline rush from earlier. Now his homeboy might find out he was fucking his girl while he was locked up. Setty regretted fucking Tierra all those times. Him and Leon was pulling power moves all over the city. Now wasn’t the time to break up a serious partnership over some pussy.

Leon left the crew house and walked to Tierra’s house, two blocks up. When he knocked on the door, Tierra’s grandmother (Ms. Anna) answered it. She let him into the living room then she yelled for Tierra to come downstairs. When Tierra came down the steps Leon was sitting on the couch and Ms. Anna was standing up leaning on a cane. Tierra couldn’t look Leon in his eyes. Ms. Anna spoke, “Leon I already talked to your mother and she didn’t know nothing about this either. What you got to say?” “I really don’t even know what’s going on myself,” Leon said and he was telling the truth. “Tierra!, you didn’t tell this boy you was pregnant?” Ms. Anna said. “No,” she sounded like she was about to cry. She was staring at the ground. She couldn’t look Leon in his face. “Why you ain’t tell him!” “I don’t know, I guess I was scared.” “Scared of what girl! You was woman enough to have sex with him but you wasn’t woman enough to tell him that you are pregnant! I’m a go ‘on and let ya’ll two talk about this because I’m not taking care of no more babies. I already raised mine. Now go’ on upstairs..., both of ya’ll!” Ms. Anna said and Leon & Tierra went up to her room. “How the fuck is you pregnant!” Leon yelled at Tierra as soon as she shut the door. She immediately started crying. “I’m sorry Leon, I’m so sorry.” “When did this happen? While I was locked up?” Tierra didn’t respond. She was just

sobbing. “I was only gone for six fucking months! You couldn’t even wait for me!” Leon was mad. “I love you Leon, please, just stop yelling at me, I’m sorry, I’m sorry! I made a mistake!” “Who is the father? It better not be nobody I know! Who is he!” She didn’t answer him Her face was soaking wet with tears. Leon was so mad he never stopped to realize that he had done the same thing that she was doing to him. He was yelling at her for getting pregnant when at the same time he had Paris over the Westside carrying his twins. “Just calm down Leon. I can get an abortion if you want. I don’t want to be with him. I love you, I swear I do!” Tierra was still crying. “You don’t fucking love me! You shitted on me shorty. You ain’t only just fuck some nigga, but you let him get you pregnant. You got a bond with that nigga forever now. Don’t get no fucking abortion. Go ‘head and have that baby. Just do whatever you want. Stay the fuck away from me,” Leon said then tried to leave. Tierra grabbed his arm but he snatched away. “Don’t even speak my name when you see me shorty,” Leon said then left.

When Leon got back down to the crew house, Setty was in there by his self. “So, what happened?” Setty asked as Leon walked in. “I ain’t fucking with that bitch Yo, shorty crossed me. She wasn’t tryna tell me who the nigga was. It probably was somebody I know,” Leon said. Setty was caught between a rock and a hard place. He knew Leon would find out it was him eventually. He ain’t’ think it was safe to explain it to homeboy now. The guilt was burning a deep hole inside his chest but every time his mind said to tell the truth, his mouth wouldn’t comply.

For the next 2 months everything went smooth for the B-boys. Lil Tazzy went to court and set Lil Joey free at the preliminary hearing. Lil Joey wanted to whack Lil Tazzy for telling on him in the first place but Setty & Leon talked him out of it. Everything was about money now. As long as nobody fucked up their cash flow, everything was cool. Darnell got even closer

to Crystal. They spent a lot of time together. Crystal had been putting thoughts in Darnell's head about turning his dirty money into a legal business. The business that Crystal owned was a communications company. They sold cellular phones, 2-ways, beepers, laptops, etc. She only had one store which was located in the shopping center on Sinclair Lane and Moravia Road. Crystal was trying to get Darnell to help her open a couple more stores around the City. She could've done it on her own but she was in love with Darnell and wanted him to be legit. Darnell still had the dope shop down on Bethel Street bringing in \$10 to \$15,000 a day. He put more a leadership role on Tay when he started spending all his time with Crystal. Tay was really running everything. He had Doughboy and Lenny Mo under him. He even traded in his black Crown Victoria and got a navy blue 2000 Ford Expedition. Doughboy still had a gray Crown Victoria but he updated from a 1994 model to a 1999 model. Mac & Greasy went half on a Black 2001 Cadillac Deville fresh off the lot but they had to share it. Lil Joey even brought a car. He brought a Black 2000 Lexus ES 300. Leon & Setty kept the same cars they already had but they had big boy dough. The clientele picked up and they were slinging bricks all over the city. Nay Nay was putting in work up Park Heights. Mal was selling half of bricks to Von's cousin every 3 or days. Big Nick was copping eighths to take down Highlandtown every couple days. Even Greasy & Mac was buying weight from Leon & Setty. They had cash coming at them from all angles. They even rented a one bedroom apartment in Parkside to use for a stash house. Only them two knew about it, and they code-named it 'The Palace'.

The whole B-boys crew was shining. They all went to D.C. to a Rocafella-Ruff Riders concert. They spent thousands like it was nothing. They came through flossing like they were the celebrities. Bitches was loving them and niggas was hating them. The B-boys lifestyles exceeded the means of any average teenage crew. That attracted a lot of attention but not all of it

was good. The Special Investigation Division was steadily watching them. Even though they were building a case against the B-boys; they lacked the one crucial element that took criminal organizations down..... an inside rat.

2 months later

Monday, December 23rd

Doughboy & Tayesha were out White Marsh Mall shopping. As usual, she was spending up all his money. He spent \$2,400 that day all on Tayesha. He justified his actions by saying this was her early Christmas gift. Doughboy was in love. Couldn't nobody tell him different. Unfortunately for him, Tayesha didn't feel the same way. She had deep feelings for him but the love wasn't there. When they left the mall, Doughboy dropped Tayesha off at her house on Oliver Street. As soon as he pulled off a police car got behind him and hit the sirens. Doughboy thought they were just trying to get past but when he pulled over, they pulled right behind him. Doughboy got scared. Ever since he started getting serious money, Doughboy drove around strapped. He had the Glock .40 right under the drivers seat. The two police made him get out the car and put his hands on the hood. "What's up officers, I didn't do nothing," Doughboy said. One police was checking his pockets and the other one was standing next to him. "Shut the fuck up and keep your hands on the hood," the Officer said. Little did Doughboy know, the two police were only fucking with him because of a request by the Special Investigations Division. The S.I.D. told all officers that patrol the B-boys neighborhood to fuck with them any chance they get. The S.I.D. wanted to make the B-boys uncomfortable. The police handcuffed Doughboy then made him sit on the curb while they searched his car. "Whoa! What do we have here," the officer was holding up the Glock .40. Doughboy just put his head down because he knew he was about to go to jail.

Across town, Leon had just pulled up at Bon Secours hospital on Pulaski & Baltimore Street. He went to the front desk and got directions to the maternity ward. By the time Leon got to the room where Paris was, he was too late. His daughters were already born. He wanted to be there when they popped out but when Paris' Aunt called him he was way out Golden Ring Mall. It took him a long time to get there. Leon walked in the room and saw Paris laying on the bed holding their daughters. He washed his hands at a sink, then asked the nurse if he could touch them. Paris looked exhausted but she was smiling. Leon was smiling too as he walked over to the bed. Paris handed him one baby while she held the other one. Leon was in love instantly. He was surprised at how small they were. He remembered thinking, 'Damn, I'm a father now.' Leon looked down at Paris and they were just staring at each other smiling. They had already decided on names for the twins; Monique & Unique. Leon didn't expect to feel so in love. He underestimated the bond between a father and his kids. He didn't expect to feel this way about Paris either, but every time he looked at her holding their daughters, he grew more and more in love with her too.

Setty, Tay, Lil Joey, Greasy & Mac were out on Bethel Street playing C-lo. Micey, Big Nick, Booby & Duncan was out there too. Two other dudes pulled up in a Benz and started playing when they rode by and saw the dice game. It was a cold afternoon and everybody had on coats or leathers. Lil Joey was strapped. He had the Beretta in his dip. Micey had the bank with like \$12,000 in it. Lil Joey kept his eyes on the two dudes that got out the Benz because nobody knew them. Toddy had just rolled two aces and a six when his cell phone started ringing. Micey handed him \$1,300, then he answered it. "Yeah, what's up," Setty said into the phone. "What's up Yo, this Mal, I got something for you." "Alright, where you at?" "I'm at my house and

um...bring one of them 'games' with you." "Alright," Setty said then hung up. He knew what Mal meant by 'games'. That was their code word for a kilo of cocaine.

Setty left the dice game \$4,700 richer than when he started. He jumped in the LS and left. His first destination was the 'palace'. He pulled into the parking lot and went in. The only things that occupied the small apartment was a long couch, and an entertainment center. Setty & Leon kept the bricks in a small compartment under the kitchen counter. The safe was used only for money and they had it hidden inside a useless clothes hamper in the bathroom. Setty grabbed a brick then left out. He was relieved when he pulled into the parking lot at Mal apartment. He didn't like riding around with that much coke on him. When Setty knocked on Mal door, Antoinette answered it. He stomach was big. "What's up shorty," Setty said. "How you doing Setty," she said then gave him a hug. "He in the room," she said then Setty walked in the back room. He had the brick under his coat. When he opened the door he saw Mal sitting on the bed and it was 4 guns lying next to him. "Check these out," Mal said when Setty shut the door. Setty walked over and picked up one of the guns. "Where you get these from," he asked. "The same white boy I got that .45 from," Mal said. Setty had in his hands a two-tone .40 caliber Ruger. The bottom half was black and the top half was gray. The other 3 guns on the bed were the exact same model. Setty was examining the gun. The shit was beautiful. Fresh out the box. He opened his coat and dropped the brick on the bed next to Mal. "I'ma have the money for this by tomorrow," Mal said looking at the kilo of cocaine. "Alright, that's cool, But what's up with these guns," Setty still had one in his hand. "Three of them is ya'll. I'm only keeping one," Mal said. "Aieght, good looking out."

Later that night Tay got Doughboy out on bail for the handgun charge.

A couple days later it was Christmas. Most of the B-boys carried it as if it was just a regular day. Darnell spent his whole holiday with Crystal and Leon chilled over west with Paris and his daughters. The rest of the crew was out making money as usual. Just another day in a race to get rich.

6 days later

Dec. 31st – New Years Eve

The B-boys had a big party planned at the crew house. They hired a DJ and 15 strippers from the ‘Eldorado Club’. They brought a pound of weed, 3 gallons of Hennessy XO and 2 gallons of Remy Martin XO. They invited Micey, Fatz, Booby, Big Nick, Duncan, Bam, Fat Ramen and a couple of other dough getters from around the way. They even convinced Mal to come and he brought the nigga Von with him. Since Darnell spent Christmas with Crystal she let him spend the New Years with his crew. The B-boys went and brought 5 boxes of bullets for each gun they had. Everybody who was invited was cool with each other so nobody had to worry about beefing. The older niggas like Micey & them basically watched the B-boys come from rags to riches. They admired and respected everyone of them. No jealousy existed. When the b-boys shine they put a glow on the whole hood including the B.F.D. crew. The b-boys been through a lot in the last year. They’ve had ups and downs. Deaths and births. The New Years Ever party wasn’t just a get together; it was a milestone in the B-boys step to hierarchy. What made them so special was their ages. None of them was over 20 years old. The fact that they could throw a party and entertain heavyweights such as Micey & Fatz was a statement in itself. Everybody had fun at the party. Some niggas crept off into different rooms with the strippers to indulge in more than just dancing. Everybody was high or either drunk. Setty knew that they were making a lot of noise. He went to the neighbors’ house on both sides and gave them \$300 a

piece just so they wouldn't call the police. Little did he know they were terrified of the B-boys. Their reputation exceeded them. The neighbors wouldn't have called the police even if they wanted to. About 10 minutes before it hit 12 midnight they put all the guns on a picnic table in the backyard. The B-boys never really knew the firepower they had until they saw them all laid out on the table. Mossberg 20 gauge, two .38 snubs, SK, chrome .44 long, chrome .45, black Beretta 9, and three two-tone .40 cal rugers. Micey & them had a couple handguns and a Uzi 9mm. They sat them on the table too. As the time counted down to the New Year, everybody started picking up guns. It was cold and the strippers stood in the yard cluttered by the back door halfway naked. Some of them had blankets or niggas coats over their shoulders. Leon held up a gallon of Remy XO in one hand and the chrome .45 in the other. He started the countdown. "Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one." The gunfire that erupted in the backyard was overwhelming. It sounded like a war zone. Automatic guns like the SK and Uzi rung off non-stop. Semi-automatic handguns and the Mossberg echoed in the background. It was officially a New Year. New money to make and new problems to deal with. "Happy New Year!"

2002

January 4th

Doughboy was coming out of his house on The Alameda. As soon as he walked to this car, two plain clothes police officers got out of a Buick Century parked behind his Crown Victoria. They walked to him and displayed badges. "We need you to come with us," Detective Randall said. His partner, Detective Scott stood on the other side of Doughboy so he couldn't run. "Why, what's up!" Doughboy said. He was looking back & forth at both detectives. Det. Scott grabbed his arm. "Are you gonna come quietly or are we gonna have to put you in cuffs." Det. Randall pulled out a pair of handcuffs. "We just want to ask you some questions, Doughboy," Det. Randall said and Doughboy was surprised they knew his name. "How long is this gonna take," Doughboy said. "We'll have you back home within an hour," Det. Scott lied. Doughboy got in the back set of the Buick without any restraints. As far as he knew, they just wanted to question him and let him go. Doughboy had in his mind that he would tell them all lies. They took him to an annex building downtown near police headquarters. Det. Randall and Scott were members of the Special Investigations Division. They were just two of the seven detectives working on the B-boys case. They took Doughboy into a small room with a table in the middle of the floor. He sat down but the detectives didn't handcuff him. Det. Randall left the room while Det. Scott sat across from Doughboy. "so, what's up," Doughboy said to Det. Scott. "Wait till Det. Randall come back, then we'll start."

When Det. Randall came back into the room he had a clear plastic bag in his hand with a gun in it. He walked over and dropped the gun on the table in front of Doughboy. "Do that look familiar, Travis?" Det. Randall called him by his real name. Doughboy looked at the gun. It was a Glock .40. "Nah." "Well, you better look again because

according to my fellow officers you got pulled over a couple weeks ago and they found it in your car,” Det. Randall said. “Oh, yeah! I did get locked up with a gun a couple weeks ago, so what,” Doughboy said. “You’re in big trouble Travis. You see, this gun had been used in two homicides.” “How you know that’s the one I got caught with?” “We have your fingerprints all over it. But you know what, I know you didn’t kill those two guys Travis. You too soft. But I think you know who did,” Det. Scott said. Doughboy felt insulted. What the fuck they mean, he too soft. “I ain’t soft and I don’t know nothing about no murders.” “No, no, no, Travis, that’s not the answer we’re looking for. You see, we don’t need you but you need us.” “For what! I don’t need ya’ll.” “If you don’t tell us what we want to hear then we’ll just charge you with the two murders. Think about it Travis, we have the murder weapon with your fingerprints on it, found in your car. Both of the murders happened in your neighborhood and we can tie you to both of them.” Doughboy’s heart skipped a beat. He had a lump in his throat and his mouth got dry. He knew they were right and he got scared. “But you said you know I ain’t do it,” Doughboy said. “Well, then tell us who did,” Det. Scott said. “I don’t even know what murders ya’ll taking ‘bout?” Doughboy said. “Late January of last year, a New York man by the name of ‘Gizza’ was murdered with this weapon, tell us about that,” Det. Scott said. Doughboy put his face in his hands and thought hard. His palms were sweaty. Within the next couple of minutes he broke the most crucial code of the streets....he started telling.

The S.I.D. wanted to know more about the B-boys than just those two murders but Doughboy didn’t tell them. He told them he was a small fry in the crew and didn’t know about a lot. He lied and told the Detectives that he was with Boom when he shot

Gizza. Doughboy went off the story Leon & Boom told him except he deleted Leon and put himself in his place. Doughboy knew Boom was already doing a 10 year bid and therefore couldn't get to him. The Detectives promised Doughboy that his name would stay confidential. Doughboy refused to tell on anybody else. He knew that if they found out, he would be dead. The Detectives were glad he cooperated at all. It was their first major break in the case against the B-boys. Doughboy made a taped statement implicating Boom in Gizza's murder. He even gave the motive. Doughboy stayed down Police headquarters for 3 hours telling about Gizza's murder. After the detectives milked him for all his information, they let him go.

The next day –

Mookie and Boom were doing their bids at the Maryland Correctional Training Center (MCTC) in Hagerstown; better known as the 'the new jail'. They were in Housing Unit #6. The tier they were on held mostly the younger criminals. The Baltimore and DC hoppers on Unit #6 were trapped in a serious war. None of them really knew what they were beefing for. The war started many years before they even got there and they were just carrying on a never-ending battle. Mookie & Boom clicked up with a group of youngsters from Baltimore and they formed a little mob. They called themselves 'Red Rum Mafia'.

"Hey, I say right! Bring them demos out rec-time," Mookie yelled out the door of his cell. Another Red Rum member answered him. "Alright." The hoppers had just come back from lunchtime chow and they were locked in their cells. Mookie & Boom were cell buddies. "Yo, if any of them niggas get outta order, I'ma chop they fuckin head

off,” Mookie said to Boom. He was sitting on the bunk. “Yeah, I hope one of them niggas jump out there,” Boom said. All of a sudden their cell door came open. Mookie walked over and looked out onto the tier. A CO was at the top near the lock box. “Are you Smith,” the CO said to Mookie. “Nah, that’s my cell buddy,” Mookie said then Boom got up and went to the door. “I’m Smith,” he said. “Pack you shit up, you going out on a Custody Writ,” the CO said then hit the button for Boom’s cell door to close. “Custody Writ? What the fuck is he talking ‘bout,” Boom said to Mookie. “Ah Boy, Yo, somebody tellin’. They probably trying to give you another charge,” Mookie said. “Hell no, they ain’t got nothing against me.” “What about that shit with Gizza,” Mookie said. “Ain’t nobody see nothing except me and Leon and I know he not telling.”

After Boom packed his stuff up they sent him to receiving & ID. He waited up there for about 2 hours before the S.I.D. detectives picked him up. They drove Boom straight back to Baltimore City and rebooked him for 2nd degree murder. After he saw the Commissioner and got no bond, he was sent to D.O.C. Being as though he had an open charge now, Division of Correction raised his security level to maximum and sent him to the Maryland House of Corrections Annex in Jessup.

For the next four months, Doughboy was a confidential informant for the S.I.D. He fed them bits and pieces of the infrastructure to the B-boys empire. He portrayed the image that he knew a lot less than he really did. Doughboy had enough information to take down the whole B-boy crew but he chose not to tell all that he knew. When Boom called the crew house and told everybody that he was charged for Gizza’s murder nobody suspected Doughboy to be the rat. Everybody wondered why they didn’t lock Leon up too, but nobody had the balls to question him about it. Doughboy met with detectives

from S.I.D. once every two weeks to give up info. The S.I.D.'s case was getting stronger against the B-boys but they still needed more solid evidence.

Mal and Antoinette were the proud parents of a baby boy. They named him Terell and he was born on February 4th. Mal was getting mad dough fucking with Leon & Setty so Lil' Terell wanted for nothing. Mal brought so much baby stuff, his apartment was cluttered with it. Crystal had finally convinced Darnell to put his money into something legal. Him & Crystal now owned 3 more communications stores around the city. They put one in Mondawmin Mall and the other two downtown. Crystal was Darnell's whole life. She was the only person he thought about when he went to sleep and the first person he thought about when he woke up. She felt the same way about him. They brought each other expensive gifts and spent all their time with each other. March 6th was Crystal's birthday and Darnell brought her a \$19,000 tennis bracelet. He had serious money now and so did his homeboys. Leon & Setty traded in their Lexus' and got twin Mercedes Benz SL 500's. Leon had a silver one and Setty had a black one. They had niggas all over East Baltimore buying coke from them now. One day in March they all decided to just up and go to Jamaica. Leon, Setty, Lil Joey, Doughboy, Greasy and Mac went. Darnell stayed home with Crystal. The rest of the B-boys got plane tickets on Air Jamaica and went to Nigril for 6 days. None of them had ever been out of the country so it was amazing to them. Seven young niggas from the ghetto vacationing in Nigril, Jamaica. Clear blue water, expensive hotels, tropical foods and women. They had no worries in the world. They were truly living the good life. They stayed at the Windham Suites Hotel and spent the days out on the beaches, chasing Jamaican girls. They took a snorkeling class and the teacher was a sexy Jamaican lady. They partied at

various clubs every night. The B-boys had the most fun they ever had in their lives. When the 6 days were up and they went back home everything was the same in the hood.....violence, turmoil, drugs and death.

A month later

Sunday, April 6th –

Leon was driving down North Avenue in his Benz when he got a call on his cell phone. He didn't recognize the number. "Hello." "Hey, how you doing Leon," the man said. Leon recognized the voice. It was Steven Jenkins, the lawyer he had last year on the 2 attempted murder charges. A couple months ago when Boom got charged with Gizza's murder, Leon & Setty hired him again to handle the case. "Everything's okay with me. How's the family doing," Leon said. "They're great Leon, thanks for asking. Now let's talk business. I have something for you. Can you meet me in the parking lot behind Northern High School in say... 15 minutes." "I'll be there," Leon said then hung up.

When Leon pulled in the parking lot he saw Steve sitting in a white Toyota Avalon. Leon pulled into a spot next to him and got out. Steve opened the passenger door and told Leon to get in and shut the door. "We have a problem Leon," the lawyer said then handed Leon a small stack of papers. He flipped through them. "What is this," Leon asked him. "A 3-hour statement from an eye witness identifying Terrance as the shooter." (Terrance was Boom's real name) "Who the fuck made this statement," Leon started flipping through the papers looking for a name. "Just calm down Leon. I've already been down to Jessup to talk to Terrance. He told me everything. You have to

trust me. I know you was with Terrance when the shooting happened but according to the person who made this statement, he was with Terrance. Obviously the informant is lying,” Steve said to Leon. “Who is this fuckin’ rat! What’s his name!” “Leon you know I can’t give you his name.” “How much do you want,” Leon said. “What are you talking about?” “Everything has a price, now how much do you want.” Steven Jenkins had been a lawyer for 13 years and not once has he ever given the name of a confidential informant. On this case he knew that he was dealing with a bunch of trigger happy youngsters with a lot of money. They intimidated him. He knew they would pay top dollar for the info and he could use the money. Leon looked at Steve and could tell he was debating. “I’ll give you \$2,500,” Leon said. “Alright, I’ll do it, but you have to make sure nobody finds out,” the lawyer said. “That’s cool. Wait here, I’ll be right back,” Leon said then got in the Benz and pulled off. He drove straight to the palace and got \$2,500 cash out the safe. He then drove back to the parking lot behind Northern High. “Here,” Leon said and dropped the cash on the passenger seat. Steve counted it then looked at Leon. “You know I can lose my job so make sure this stays between us. The confidential informant’s name is Travis Banks and he’s been working for the Special Investigations Division for 4 months.” Leon’s heart jumped in his throat when he heard the name. He didn’t know what to think. A million thoughts were racing through his head. “Thanks Steve,” Leon said then hopped in the Benz and sped off.

Darnell and Crystal were at home watching a movie when the phone rang. “Hello,” Crystal answered it. “What’s up Crystal, is Darnell there?” Setty said. “Yeah, hold on.” She passed the phone to Darnell. “Yeah, what’s up.” “Yo, come down the crew house. We got to discuss something important,” Setty said. “What is it Yo, I’m

chillin' right now," Darnell said. "Nigga bring your ass down here, sho-nuff!" Setty said and Darnell could tell by his voice it was something important. "I'll be down there in like 20 minutes," Darnell said then hung up. He looked at Crystal because he thought she would be mad. "It's something important, it won't take long," he said to her. "It's okay baby, go hang with your boys. I have to go to the market anyway," she was smiling. "You not gonna finish watching the movie," he asked her. "No, I don't really like it. The only reason why I watched this much is because I thought you would be mad if I got up. But I'm free now. Your homeboys saved me," she leaned over and kissed him on the cheek then got up and went in the other room.

When Darnell walked in the crew house he saw Leon, Setty, Tay & Lil Joey sitting in the living room. "What's up, what's so important," Darnell said then sat on the couch. All the B-boys had serious looks on their faces. "Doughboy a rat," Leon said calmly. Everybody was quiet just looking at Darnell. "He's a rat? What you mean," Darnell said. "The nigga fuckin' telling! That's what we mean!" Lil Joey blurted out. "Listen Darnell, I got the info from my lawyer. Doughboy is a confidential informant and he has been working with the police for 4 months. He the one told on Boom about Gizza," Leon explained. Darnell was thinking hard. He was just as shocked as the rest of them. He didn't know what to say. He kept getting flashbacks from when they were younger growing up together. How could he be a rat. Anybody but him. "Damn Yo, this nigga fuckin' grew up with us," Darnell said. He was real fucked up about it. "He knows too much about all of us. We gonna kill him. It ain't no other option. We just wanted to let you know, but now, how you feel about that," Leon said to Darnell. "We can't have a rat in our circle. Fuck it. Go ahead and chalk him up."

Later that night –

Leon and Lil Joey had just called Doughboy on his cell phone and was waiting for him at the crew house. “What’s up fellas,” Doughboy said when he walked in. “I need you to do me a favor. I got a caper I’m tryna do and I need you to drive us up there,” Leon said to Doughboy. “A caper! Come on now Leon, you, you slinging bricks all over the city and you talking ‘bout a petty ass caper.” “It ain’t just a caper nigga! He owe me some money and I’m dust him off after I get it. So, is you gonna take us up there or what!” Leon said. “I’m saying Yo, if that’s what ya’ll tryna do I’ll take ya’ll,” Doughboy said.

15 minutes later, Leon, Lil Joey & Doughboy was in his Crown Victoria en route to Lake Clifton High School. Leon was in the passenger seat and Lil Joey was in the back with the .44 long in his dip. Leon told Doughboy to pull around to the parking lot behind the school. It was late at night and the parking lot was very dark. “Pull up right here and cut the lights off,” Leon told Doughboy. On the other end of the parking lot across from where they stopped was a black Expedition parked with the lights out. It was so dark behind the school Doughboy didn’t even notice the truck until Leon pointed at it. “That’s the nigga over there,” Leon said. In the back seat Lil Joey pulled the .44 out and laid it in his lap. “Why the nigga parked all the over there,” Doughboy asked Leon. “I don’t know but fuck him right now nigga! Why the fuck you do it!” “Do what? What you talking about,” Doughboy said. “Yo, you fuckin’ grew up with us! How you gonna work for the police after all this shit! Huh!” Leon said and Doughboy got quiet. He knew what Leon was talking about now. He put his head down in shame. “You violated

all of us! You got Boom fighting a murder! For what! For nothing. That's all you had to do was keep your mouth closed! It ain't no turning back now," Leon said. Lil Joey put the .44 to the back of Doughboy's head. "Yo! Don't do this! I ain't say nothing about ya'll! I swear Yo!" Doughboy was pleading. Leon calmly opened the passenger door and got out of the car. Lil Joey had the back door open but he was still sitting in the car with the gun to the back of Doughboy's head. Leon bent down to the passenger window. Doughboy was still pleading. "Yo! I love ya'll nigga! Don't do this!" "The love is gone nigga! We live by the love of the streets and its death before dishonor," Leon said then looked at Lil Joey. "Whenever you ready soldier," he said then 'Pop'. Lil Joey pulled the trigger. The bullet went through the back of Doughboy's skull and exited his forehead, spraying brains and mucus on the dash and windshield. His body slumped forward.

Tay and Setty was in the Expedition watching the whole thing. Once they heard the gunshot, they drove over and picked Leon & Lil Joey up, then they left.

The next morning was a Monday, school day. Two 15-year-old girls walking through the back parking lot on their way to homeroom spotted Doughboy slumped in his Crown Victoria. His brains had dried up and hardened on the dash and windshield. The two girls ran to the school building screaming. Within the next 20 minutes, Homicide investigators had turned the whole left side of the parking lot into a crime scene. They yellow-taped the area off and began looking for evidence. Doughboy was identified immediately by his driver's license. One of the homicide detectives at the scene recognized his name as a confidential informant for the S.I.D. and notified them. When Det. Scott and Randall heard about Doughboy's violent death they were deeply

frustrated. Not because a young man's life had been taken but because he was their key informant in the B-boys rank. It was no doubt in the detective's minds that Doughboy was executed by one of his fellow homeboys. They were mad at themselves for not providing Doughboy with the proper protection. The S.I.D. were now stepping it up a notch. They called in a few favors and got plugged in with the Feds. The Feds had better technology and resources so the S.I.D. joined forces with them in a combined effort to bring down the B-boys. The Feds only had minor jurisdiction because it was still a state investigation. They put wire taps on every known B-boys phone. They stepped up surveillance on the crew. They started arresting B-boys for minor crimes like loitering and driving without a license. Over the next couple of weeks the S.I.D. recruited 4 more confidential informants. Unfortunately, the informants were nobody important and couldn't tell much about the B-boys except street rumors. Either way you look at it, the S.I.D. was getting closer and closer to the B-boys lair and they were starting to feel the pressure.

3 weeks later – Tuesday, April 29th 7:38 p.m.

Setty had just picked up a chunk of money from Nay Nay over Park Heights. He decided to stop at Mondawmin Mall before he went back over east. Setty parked the Benz in the parking lot around the side and went in. He stayed on the lower level and went in Shoe City. He brought 3 pairs of tennis and some Nike hooping shorts. He was already fresh from head to toe and all eyes were on him. He persona and the way he carried himself attracted females. After he left Shoe City he walked around in the mall for a while. He went in 'Changes' and brought a \$480 Iceberg sweatsuit with a matching

t-shirt. When he was leaving out of 'Changes', a short light brown skinned girl walked over to him. "Hey boy, my homegirl want to talk to you," she said. Setty had played this scenario out many times before. He cracked a little smile. "Where she at?" he said. "Over there. She real shy." Setty looked over to where the girl was pointing and he saw a phat-ass red bone girl standing in front of Inner City Gear. She wasn't looking his way. "I'll go holla at her," Setty said, then walked over to the girl. As he got closer to her she turned around and looked at him. "What's up shorty? How you doing?" "I'm fine," she said. "What's your name?" "Tina, what's yours," she was smiling. "Setty, so um, what's up with you. Why you standing all the way over here by yourself," Setty said. "I was checking out this shirt right here," Tina said then pointed in the store window at a white & pink Baby Phat T-shirt. "You like that?" "Yeah, it's cut. You like it," Tina asked Setty. "Yeah, it probably looks sexy on you too," Setty said looking at her body. Tina was blushing. Setty grabbed her hand. "Come on shorty, let's go see how it looks on you." They walked into the store. A sexy girl in her twenties walked over to them. "How can I help ya'll," she said. Setty looked at Tina. "She wants that Baby Phat shirt right there," Setty pointed at it in the window. The store lady walked them over to a rack where the shirts were. Tina picked out her size and held the shirt up to her body. Setty stepped back and looked at her. "Yeah, that's you shorty." Tina was smiling hard. Setty told her to get it. They walked over to the counter and he paid for it. While the lady at the cash register was ringing it up Setty's cell phone started ringing. It was Leon. He leaned on the counter and answered it. "Yeah, what's up." "Where you at Yo?" Leon said. "Mondawmin" "Yo, shit getting crazy. The police harassing niggas. I think they watching the crew house too. I'm moving everything to the palace," Leon said. "Alright

Yo, be safe. I'm out." Setty hung up the phone. Tina was standing next to him smiling with the bag in her hand. The cash register clerk gave Setty his change and a receipt. "Listen Tina, I gotta go shorty," Setty wrote his cell number on the back of the receipt. "Call me, Alright." "I will, thanks," Tina was blushing like crazy. Setty grabbed his other bags and left.

When he got outside to the parking lot it was nighttime. Being as though Setty parked around the side of the mall, it wasn't a lot of lights. It was almost 10 p.m. but the parking lot still had a lot of cars. Setty opened the trunk and put his bags in. As soon as he closed the trunk he felt a presence behind him and turned around. Two niggas with all black on stood behind him holding chrome revolvers. They didn't have on masks but Setty didn't know them. "You know that it is nigga!" the one on the left said. Setty was nervous and mad all at the same time. He had one of the .40 cal Rugers in the car under the seat, but he was trapped and couldn't move. He just put his hands up. "What ya'll want," Setty said. The stick-up boy on the right walked up and took Setty's necklace. Then he went in his pockets and took his cash, cell phone and keys. Setty didn't care about the cash, phone or car. All of those things could be replaced. He made mental pictures of the stick-up boy's faces. After the one dude took all of Setty's valuables the other one told him to strip. "I ain't taking my clothes off. Ya'll got all my shit Yo, I ain't getting naked." "Nigga don't make this no muthafuckin' murder scene! Take that shit off!" Setty didn't move. He just looked at them. He refused to be degraded to that level. Setty wasn't scared to die. He knew the rules to the game. When it's your time to go, then you go. One of the stick-up boys raised his gun to point at Setty and he lunged at him. 'Pop' A .38 caliber bullet tore through Setty's lower stomach but he still managed

to grab his assailant's arm. The stick-up boy started yelling for his partner. "Yo, shot that nigga! Shoot 'em" The other stick-up boy walked over but he didn't have a clear shot. Setty and his partner were tussling for the gun. Setty knew he had been shot but the anger and adrenaline gave him power. The other stick-up[boy hesitated for a minute then, 'Pop', 'Pop'. He fired 2 shots into Setty's back. Setty collapsed to the ground then the stick-up boys ran off.

The next morning –

Antoinette and Lil Terrell was in the apartment alone. Mal had just left out on his way to 'Giants' supermarket on Sinclair Lane. Antoinette heard a knock on the door then went to answer it. As soon as she unlatched the lock on the door, 3 masked men rushed in. She started screaming but then one of the men smacked her across the face with the barrel of a .357 long. Antoinette collapsed to the ground holding her face. "Bitch, you scream again I'ma split your motherfuckin' head open." The 3 men who were in the apartment worked for Von's cousin Taterman. Their names were Donte', Lil Mel and Black. They were all under 24 years old and ruthless. Black stood over top of Antoinette while Lil Mel and Donte' grabbed the baby. They wrapped duct tape around Antoinette's mouth and tied her hands up. Lil Terrell was crying loud. "Yo, shut that fuckin baby up!" Black yelled at Donte'. "Man, he won't stop crying." "Fuck it, come on, let's just go," Black said. Lil Mel laid a pre-written note on the couch, then they took Antoinette and Lil Terrell out front. They stuffed them into a black Cherokee then pulled off.

15 minutes later Mal pulled into the parking lot at his apartment. He grabbed the bags out the back seat then went in the building. When Mal walked in his house he

noticed it was unusually quiet. “Antoinette,” he called her but got no answer. He slowly sat the bags on ground. Something didn’t feel right. “Antoinette!” he called her again as he began checking the rooms. He was about to check downstairs at Nita’s apartment when he saw the letter on the couch. He picked it up:

‘We got your kid and your girl, so you better read this carefully. We want 2 bricks and \$100,000 dollars by 7 p.m. tonight. If you call the police, they are dead. If you play games, they are dead. Just cooperate and you won’t have to bury your first born. You will be getting a call at 7 p.m. Make sure you in the house cause if you miss the call or don’t have the shit by then, we gonna kill them both.’

Mal’ lets physically began to shake and he had to sit down. His head started hurting and he had a knot in the center of his chest. He didn’t know what to do. He didn’t have a 100 g’s or 2 bricks. But he knew who did.

Leon was over West Baltimore at Paris’ house spending time with his daughters. They were 4 months old now and growing rapidly. Leon had been spending a lot of time with them and Paris. He had brought them home to meet his mother a couple days after they were born. Ms. Diane loved the twins to death. She was a grandmother and loving it. Leon had met Paris’ family too. She had a lot of aunts and uncles and they liked him. Everything was cool.

The twins had just went to sleep and Leon & Paris was sitting on the bed when his cell phone started ringing. “Hello.” “Leon! Yo, I need your help! Them bitches Yo! I can’t believe this shit,” Mal was crying and hysterical. “Whoa! Whoa! Calm down Yo, calm down.” “Yo! Them niggas kidnapped my son and Antoinette Yo! Oh my God! I’ma kill these nigga!” “Hold on man, slow down. What niggas?” “I don’t know who

but them bitches left a note. Damn! Yo, I'm about to murk in this bitch!" Mal was outta control. "Yo, just chill the fuck out! You hear me! Calm down. Listen, meet me at the Rite Aid on North & Greenmount. Wait for me until I get there, alright?" "Yeah" Leon hung up. "Is everything okay Leon?" Paris asked him. "I don't know yet, but I gotta go. I'll call you later."

When Leon pulled in the parking lot at Rite Aid he saw Mal leaning up against his Acura Vigor. "What the fuck is going on," Leon said as he got out of his Benz. Mal was calm. "I went to the market earlier and when I came back Antoinette and Lil Terell were gone. I saw this note on the couch." Mal handed Leon the letter and he read it. "So what you wanna do? Do you have any idea who these niggas are," Leon said. "I've been thinking hard but I don't know. I'm just gonna have to pay them first and try to figure out who they are later," Mal said. "I got the cash and the bricks. Are you sure that's what you want to do?" Leon asked Mal. "Yeah Yo, I ain't got no choice."

Mal was going through a crisis and Leon went against his own rules and brung him to the palace. Only Leon and Setty were suppose to know about it but things were getting kinda thick. Mal followed Leon in his car to Parkside Apartments. He counted out \$100,000 in cash and put it in a duffel bag. He put 2 kilos of cocaine in it too, then went outside and dropped the bag on Mal passenger seat. "Everything is in there, are you gonna be alright?" "Yeah, I'm cool but these niggas are gonna pay for this." "Yo, just go ahead and get your peoples home safe then call me. We gonna handle this, alright?" Leon said. "Yeah, what you 'bout to do," Mal asked. "I got to go find Setty. I been calling his cell phone all night and this morning. Don't nobody know where he at."

“Alright then, Ima get at you after I make the transaction,” Mal said then he gave Leon a pound and pulled off. Leon got in the Benz and pulled off in the other direction.

When Leon pulled up on Bethel Street he saw Greasy, Mac, Tay and Lil Joey standing by the bar. “What’s up fellas, ya’ll seen Setty?” Leon asked when he got out the car. “Nah, we ain’t seen him since yesterday,” Greasy said. “I can’t find this nigga and he won’t answer his cell,” Leon said. “He probably laid up with some bitch,” Tay said. “I don’t think so man, shit kinda crazy. Some niggas ran up in Mal house and kidnapped Antoinette and his son. They holding them for ransom and now all of a sudden Setty is missing too,” Leon said. “What! Where was Mal when that shit happened,” Greasy said. “He wasn’t there, but I gave him the dough they wanted. He’s gonna call me when he make the transaction.” “Why the fuck ya’ll pay them niggas man. Fuck that! Once the word get out he an easy target, mad niggas gonna try the same shit. Let that nigga deal with his own problems. He act like he ain’t need us when Leonard bitch ass was alive,” Lil Joey said. “He still a B-boy though Joey, we can’t leave him for dead,” Greasy said. “Yeah Yo, we can’t do that,” Leon agreed. Lil Joey was mad. He ain’t really fuck with Mal no more after the incident they had with Leonard. “Fuck that nigga man, we got to find Setty,” Lil Joey said. “Did anybody check around his grandmother’s house,” Mac said. “Nah, Ima do that now though. I’ll be back,” Leon said then hopped in the Benz.

Leon drove around to Caroline & Preston Street to Setty’s grandmother’s house. He knocked on the door and Setty’s Aunt ‘Penny’ answered it. “How you doing Penny, have you seen Setty?” Leon asked her. “Oh, you haven’t heard? He got shot up last night at Mondawmin.” Leon’s heart skipped a beat. “He what! He ain’t die did he!”

“No, no, he got is pretty bad though. They say somebody tried to rob him. He got shot 3 times. Two in his back and once in the stomach. The doctors say he might not be able to walk again,” Penny looked upset. She almost cried with her last sentence. “What hospital he at? Can I go see him?” Leon said. “Me and momma just came from down there. They flew him to Leons Hopkins. He had to go through 2 surgeries but he is in the recovery unit now. The visiting hours are from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. You can go see him but I don’t know if he’ll be able to talk to you.” Penny explained. “Alright Penny, thanks for telling me. You alright? You need anything?” “I could use a couple dollars for the market,” Penny said. Leon reached in his pocket and peeled off \$200 dollars. “Thanks Leon,” she gave him a hug. “Don’t worry about it. If you need anything else just come around Bethel Street. One of us will be out there,” Leon said then got in the Benz and pulled off. He had many thoughts running through his head. He wondered if the same niggas who kidnapped Mal peoples was the ones who robbed and shot Setty. There was no way of finding out. Things were happening too fast and Leon didn’t like the feeling that was boiling in his stomach. He was on his way to the palace when he decided to make a call on his cell phone. “Hello”, a female voice answered. “Is this Nay-Nay,” Leon said as he stopped at a red light on North and Caroline Street. “Yeah, who’s this?” she said. “This Leon.” “Oh, Hi Leon what’s up.” “When the last time you heard from Setty?” he asked. “He came over and picked up some money yesterday,” Nay Nay said. “Then where did he go?” “I don’t know. Why Leon, what happened! Did something happen to my baby” she said. Leon didn’t say nothing for a moment then he said, “He got shot last night.” “Oh my God! Is he okay! What happened.” “Somebody tried to rob him at Mondawmin.” “Is he hurt bad?” “I don’t know yet but um... check this out.

Some crazy shit is going on. I don't know what it is yet but if I find out you got anything to do with it, I swear to God on everything I love, I'ma murder your whole family," Leon was sincere. Nay-Nay felt offended. "How the fuck you gonna threaten me like that Leon! That's fucked up! You know I would never do anything to hurt Setty. I can't believe you coming at me like this," she sounded like she wanted to cry. "Listen shorty, if I'm wrong, I'll apologize later but right now I'm not trusting anybody. A lot of shit is going on and I'm trying to piece it all together. I just wanted to let you know what was going on. I'ma get back at you later, I'm out," Leon said then hung up.

Leon pulled up at the palace and went in. Everything was happening so fast and Leon was getting paranoid. He went in the safe and took out \$75,000 cash. He put it in a pillow case then left. He drove to his mother's house and stashed the money in the basement. For some reason Leon had the feeling that the walls were closing in on him. He felt trapped and stashing that extra cash seemed like the right thing to do. Afterwards he drove back around to Bethel Street and told everybody what happened to Setty.

Later that day –

Mal had spent the whole day pacing back and forth in his apartment. He didn't want to leave out at all, just in case the kidnapers called. He called downstairs to Von's apartment but he got no answer. Mal didn't know that Von and his cousin Taterman was behind the whole scheme. Mal still had the cash and coke in the duffel bag sitting next to the couch.. All he could think about was his son. At 7:03 p.m. the phone rang. "Hello." "You got the shit nigga?" a male voice said. "Yeah, I got all of it. What you want me to do?" Mal said. "Take the money and coke to the corner of Rickenbacker and Serversky

Street in Tall Trees Village. It's a store called 'Gussies' there. Somebody will be parked out front in a red 4Runner. Give him the shit then you'll get further instructions. Make sure you come by yourself. We're waiting," the caller said then hung up. Mal quickly got dressed. He grabbed the .40 cal Ruger and the duffel bag then left out. When Mal got outside to his car it was still daytime. He was about to unlock the doors when 2 black Chevy Suburbans raced into the parking lot. They screeched to a halt behind Mal car and several men with suits on jumped out. They pulled out guns and displayed S.I.D. badges. It happened so fast Mal didn't even have enough time to react. The S.I.D. detectives quickly detained Mal and got the .40 caliber Ruger and the duffel bag containing \$100,000 cash and 2 kilos of cocaine. As they handcuffed him, he pleaded, "Nah! Ya'll can't do this! They gonna kill my son! Please! Just listen to me!" They stuffed Mal in one of the Suburbans and took him to the S.I.D. substation in an old shopping center on Radecke & Marquette Ave. Once he got there they took him out of the Suburban and put him in a black Van. When Mal got in the van he saw 2 detectives and a lot of mechanical equipment. They made Mal sit on a little stool on the inside, then took his handcuffs off. "How you doing Mal, I'm Det. Scott and this is Det. Randall." "Man, ya'll got to let me go, they gonna kill my girl and my son if I don't meet them soon!" Mal was irritated. "Calm down. We know everything. Your apartment has been under surveillance for the last couple of weeks. Unfortunately my officers were on break when your girlfriend and son were kidnapped. Your phones are tapped and we have the kidnappers whole conversation on tape. We are here to help you. We can help each other, but you have to listen. We have officers stationed around the store 'Gussies', where you are supposed to make the drop. Unfortunately, we don't know where your family is being held, so you

have to go along with the drop. We have a duffel bag with 2 fake kilos and cash with a tracking device. What we want you to do is take it to the drop off site and do exactly what they tell you. We'll handle the rest," Det. Scott said. Mal was shocked and caught off guard. He didn't absorb the full extent of what was going on. Everybody knew about Doughboy ratting, then getting whacked but how did they know to tap his phones. Mal got scared all at once but he knew that the main focus for right now was to get his family back.

30 minutes later –

When Mal pulled up at the corner of Rickenbacker and Serversky Street he saw the red 4 runner parked near the store. Mal got out of his Vigor and walked over to the truck with the duffel bag in his hands. Several undercover S.I.D. members were watching. Mal walked over to the passenger side of the truck and got in. A man about 27 was sitting in the drivers seat. Mal shut the door and gave the man the duffel bag. He opened it and looked inside. "How much is this," the man said. His name was 'Gus' and he had on a black Girbaud Sweatsuit. "It's 100 thou cash and 2 bricks," Mal said. He was nervous. The man flipped on a cell phone and dialed a number. "Yeah, it's me. I got the shit, what now?" The person on the other end of the phone was Taterman. He had Lil Mel and Black holding Mal' family tied up in a vacant house. When Taterman got the call from Gus, he told Lil Mel and Black to drive Antoinette and the baby to the parking lot in front of Mal building and let them go. But he had other plans for Mal. "Where he at?" Taterman asked Gus. "He right here." "Alright, kill that nigga," Taterman said then hung up. Mal didn't know what was going on. He sat in the

passenger seat watching the man next to him talk on the phone. When he hung up, Mal felt something was wrong. Gus had the duffel bag sitting in his lap and Mal couldn't see his left hand. "What's up Yo, you got the shit, where my peoples," Mal said just as Gus swung his left arm around. He had a chrome Smith & Wesson 9mm in his hand. Mal ducked and grabbed the door handle as Gus let the first shot blow. 'Pop'. The bullet flew passed Mal head and shattered the passenger window. Mal used his left arm to try to push the gun away as he opened the passenger door. 'Pop', 'pop', 'pop', 'pop', 'pop'. Gus fired 5 more shots at Mal as he made a exit from the truck. 2 bullets hit him. One ripped through the back of his right shoulder and the other one hit his side. As Mal stumbled the few steps before he fell, Gus peeled off. The undercover S.I.D. detectives that were watching the transaction sped off after him. Detectives Scott and Randall ran over to where Mal fell. "Charlie 19 over! We need paramedics at the corner of Rickenbacker and Serversky Street! Teenager with multiple gunshot wounds!"

A couple blocks away Gus was in a high speed chase with Baltimore County police and S.I.D. detectives. The pursuit reached speeds in excess of 110 miles per hour on small side streets. Gus had a small head start as he drove through suburban Baltimore County neighborhoods. He slammed the 4 runner into a light pole after he missed a turn at 86 miles per hour. The collision only shook him up because of the air bag and he continued his escape on foot. Gus left the duffel bag in the smashed up truck and disappeared into some woods.

Back in the city, Lil Mel and Black had just pulled into the parking lot at Mal apartment. The S.I.D. had several police waiting in ambush. As soon as they opened the door to let Antoinette and the baby go, Baltimore City police officers emerged from

everywhere. Lil Mel and Black was caught off guard and surrendered without a fight. They got arrested and Antoinette & Lil Terrell were safe.

8:20 p.m. –

Leon, Darnell and Lil Joey drove to Leons Hopkins Hospital in the gray Benz. Tay, Greasy and Mac followed them in the black Expedition. Setty was recovering and his visiting time was only two hours. Only one person was allowed in his room at a time, so the B-boys had to take turns going in to see him. Everybody went in and spent about 10 minutes with their homeboy. At 9:46 Leon was the last one to go in. Setty was lying in the bed on his back with an IV taped to his hand. When Leon walked in he started smiling. “What’s up dog,” Setty said. “What’s happening nigga, how you feel,” Leon said. “I’m a warrior Yo. This shit don’t stop me.” “Yeah, I hear that, but what happened.” “I was at Mondawmin shopping and shit. Just chillin, you know. When I went in the parking lot to leave, two bitch ass niggas stuck me. I let ‘em have everything, I wasn’t worried about the money or car, feel me? Then one of the niggas tell me to get naked. I wasn’t going for that so a little tussle jumped off. The nigga hit me and ran off,” Setty explained. “Did you recognize them,” Leon asked him. “Nah!” “So that bitch Nay Nay didn’t have anything to do with it?” “Nah.” “Damn, I leaned on shorty for nothing,” Leon said. “Ah boy, what you say to her Yo,” Setty was smiling. “I’m apologize. Don’t even worry about it. But um, some niggas snatched Antoinette and Mal’ son for a ransom.” “What! Setty said, then tried to lean up in the bed but he squinched his face in pain. “Everything cool though. I gave him the dough. I’m waiting for him to call me now,” Leon said. Setty got quiet for a minute then a tear rolled down

his cheek. “What’s wrong Yo,” Leon asked him. “Shit happening out there Yo and I can’t even help ya’ll do nothing about it. The muthafuckin’ doctors said I might not be able to walk again!” Leon could tell Setty was scared. This was the first time he ever saw his homeboy cry. “Everything’s gonna be alright Yo. We gonna take care of each other. You like my brother nigga and that’s what brothers do,” Leon said, then an overwhelming guilt rushed through Setty’s body. “Yo, I got something to tell you,” Setty said. “What’s up.” “Yo, it ain’t no way for me to justify why it happened but it did. I’m admitting it now before it’s too late. While you were locked up me and Tierra got together a couple times and one thing led to another. That baby she carrying is mine.” Leon felt a sharp pain in his heart but he didn’t say anything. He just looked at Setty. He wanted to be mad at Setty but for some reason he couldn’t. He felt the betrayal in his heart. He walked over closer to the bed. Setty didn’t know what was about to happen and he didn’t care. He figured that if Leon popped him then he deserved it. Leon walked closer then leaned over the bed and hugged his homeboy. Setty hugged him back. After their embraced ended, Leon stepped back. “I ain’t gonna lie Yo, I’m hurt ‘bout that but you my nigga. Through thick and thin you were there. It wouldn’t be right to let a bitch come between that. Pussy come and go but real niggas last forever.”

Mal was at Bayview Hospital out near Eastpoint. Three S.I.D. detectives stayed closed by him at all times. The bullet that hit Mal shoulder was just a flesh wound, but the one in his side did a little more damage. The small bullet tore a hole in his small intestine. The surgical team operated on him and recovered the bullet and sewed up his intestines. They just cleaned out his shoulder wound and put it in a sling. It was now close to midnight and Mal was propped up in a recovery room. He was still a little

sedated from the surgery but he was coherent. All he could think about was his son and Antoinette. Nobody had told him yet that his family was safe and sound. He drifted back off into a light sleep then woke up around 2 o'clock in the morning, when Det. Scott and Randall came into his room. "Hey Mal! How you doing buddy. We brought you some orange juice and a sandwich," Det. Randall said holding up a bag. Mal was starving. He slowly sat up in the bed and opened the bag. Det. Scott and Randall pulled chairs up on both sides of the bed. "Is it good," Det. Scott said as he looked at Mal chewing. Mal just nodded his head. "You did good earlier and we wanted to let you know that," Det. Scott said. "Where is my son and my girl, are they safe?" "That depends on you," Det. Randall said. "What you mean," Mal said. "the deal was – we will help each other. We can bring you your son and girl safe and sound but you have to help us." Mal just looked at them. "We know you ain't get those 2 kilos and 100 thousand cash on your own. We want some information. You got something we want and we got something you want." Det. Randall said. "I don't know nothing," Mal said. "You better tell us something 'cause if you don't, the only time you gonna see your kid again is behind Plexiglas. We found 2 kilos of cocaine and a .40 caliber handgun in your possession. That's enough to send you to the Penn for life." Mal was so focused on getting his family back he had forgotten all about the coke and the gun. Mal suddenly got a real bad headache. "Tell us about the B-boys Mal and we'll make a deal with the States attorney to get you a reduced sentence. At least you'll be home in time to see your son start pre-school," Det. Randall said. Mal thought hard for a couple minutes. "Can I see my son and my girl?" Det. Randall looked at Det. Scott. "Yeah, we can arrange that."

Det. Randall got a regular Baltimore City Police officer to go pick up Mal family. About 30-minutes later, Antoinette walked in Mal room holding Lil Terell. The detectives left out and gave them some privacy. Antoinette handed Mal the baby then they hugged and kissed. Antoinette had tears in her eyes. Mal was holding the baby just watching him sleep. "Did they hurt ya'll?" "No, they just taped my mouth and tied up my hands. They had a hard time keeping Lil Terell from crying but they didn't hurt him." "Did you see their faces?" "No. They on masks." What did they want from you Mal?" she said. "Some drugs and money." "Why did they shoot you?" "I don't know. I guess they thought I was gonna retaliate," Mal said. "What's gonna happen now? Why are those police standing guard outside the door?" she asked him. "Because they want to lock me up. They are trying to get me to tell on Leon and them but I ain't doing it," Mal said. "What's gonna happen if you don't tell! What did they catch you with," Antoinette was getting upset. "Some bricks and a gun." "Oh my God Mal, how much time will you get for that!" "I don't know. They're trying to scare me, talking bout 'life'." Antoinette burst out crying. "No, no, no, Mal baby no! You have to tell them what they want to know! Please!" Mal felt bad but he didn't want to rat. He knew about what they did to Doughboy. He felt like crying himself. He wanted to be a good father to his son. He didn't want Lil Terell growing up with his father in prison. He looked at Antoinette. She was sitting on the end of the bed with tears pouring down her face. "Do it for us Mal! Look at him! How could you leave him now! He won't even know you!" Mal looked down at his son cradled in his arms. He loved him more than his own life. Mal called Det. Randall and Scott back into the room. "I'm ready to talk."

2 days later – Friday, May 2nd –

The B-boys empire came crumbling down like a deck of card. The S.I.D. hit them hard in the early morning hours. Several different task forces were dispatched to arrest the B-boys. They kicked in the door of the crew house and arrested Leon, Greasy and Mac. Lil Joey was apprehended coming from his girl's house up near Old York Road. They kicked in the door to Tay's house and locked him up. They ran up in Crystal's house and arrested Darnell. With the information Doughboy leaked to them and what Mal told them was enough to secure arrest warrants. Mal told about the apartment in Parkside. The S.I.D. raided the building and found out which one was the palace. They found cash, coke and guns in there. Lenny Mo got arrested too and started cooperating with the police immediately. The S.I.D. sent a set of police to put a 24-hour watch over Setty at the hospital until he was well enough to be transported to the infirmary unit at Baltimore City Detention Center. All of the B-boys cars and trucks were seized. The B-boys took a hard blow. Mal was sent to the infirmary unit at B.C.D.C. and placed on protective custody. Lil Joey was the only juvenile, so he went to L-section. Their days of partying and fun was over, and they all knew it.

The next day –

Housing Unit #6 at the Maryland Correctional Training Center in Hagerstown had just been let out of their cells for rec time. “Here Mookie,.” A dude named Lil Jo handed Mookie the Baltimore Sun as he sat at a table. Mookie read the Maryland section. When he flipped to the second page he saw an article that caught his eye:

MEMBERS OF VIOLENT EAST-SIDE

DRUG GANG ARRESTED

--The Special Investigations Division which probes violent drug organizations have arrested key members of a violent East Baltimore drug gang called the 'B-boys'. The S.I.D. were investigating the group for more than 7 months.

According to police, the b-boys ran a well organized cocaine and heroine empire in the 1500 block of N. Bethel Street and murdered any rivals that stood in their way. Police believed they are responsible for more than 10 homicides and a half dozen shootings in a 17 month period. Six of the homicides they are suspected of were close range execution style murders. In January, one of the B-boys, Travis "Doughboy" Banks, 19 was arrested for possession of a .40 caliber handgun supposedly used in two of the homicides. He started to cooperate with police and was found shot to death in his car behind Lake Clifton High School early last month. Another member, Earl "Lil Mal" Leonsen, 18, was arrested with 2 kilograms of cocaine and a .40 caliber Ruger handgun. He cooperated with police and remains the star witness. Among those arrested were, Darnell Williams, 20 (the suspected leader), Leon Ruga, 19, Delontay "Lil Setty" Rogers, 18; Tayrell "Tay" Jackson, 19; Deshawn "Greasy" Meyers, 19; Tavon "Mac" Kendall, 19 and Joseph "Lil Joey" Edwards, 17. Police raided two different locations owned by the crew and recovered 4 ½ kilograms of cocaine, 107 grams of heroine and more than \$450,000 in cash. Several vehicles were seized including 2 Mercedes Benz, a Lexus and 2 SUV's. They also recovered several high powered handguns and a Chinese-made SK assault rifle. --

Mookie was shocked. He couldn't believe what he just read. That was his crew they were talking about. This was the first Mookie had heard about their arrest. All he could say was 'Damn'. Later that night he cut the article out of the newspaper and put it in his photo album.

For the next 8 months the B-boys sat over City Jail preparing for trial. The S.I.D. detectives made frequent visits to the jail to try to get other members of the crew to cooperate. Late in September, Detectives Randall and Scott came to see Darnell. "Hey Darnell, how's it going?" Det. Scott said once Darnell sat down on the other side of the glass. "I don't know why ya'll keep coming down here! I'm not telling ya'll shit!" "What's all the hostility for pal. We're just trying to help you, that's all. Sooner or later one of your homeboys will cooperate. Who ever talks first gets the deal and we thought we would give you the first chance," Det. Scott said. "I don't need no fuckin' deal. Ya'll don't have nothing for real," Darnell said hoping they didn't. "Come on now Darnell, you don't believe that yourself. Ya'll going down and you know it, but anyway, just listed to this. We know you tried to do the right things out there. We did a little research on you and we know about the communications stores you and your girl own. By the way, that was smart for you to put everything in her name, but we know you helped her finance these stores. The States prosecutor is offering you immunity if you testify against your ho...." "I ain't no fuckin' rat!" Darnell yelled, then got up from the booth and left.

2003

Monday, February 23rd –

The B-boys started their trials today. They all sat in the court room well groomed with expensive casual clothes on. Setty was in a wheelchair, paralyzed from the waist down. Several high priced lawyers sat beside them. Mal sat off to the side along with the rest of the State's witnesses. The courtroom was packed. Family and friends of the B-boys were there in abundance. Ms. Diane was there with Paris and her 2 granddaughters – Unique and Monique. Tierra had gave birth to Setty's son in July of last year. She was there with Lil Setty in her arms. Crystal stood in the front row for Darnell. Lil Joey's sister, Kim, was there with Donna, Keisha and Tricey. Antoinette and Lil Terell sat on the other side of the courtroom, for Mal. News reporters and a lot of bystanders crowded the back rows. Families of some of the people murdered by the B-boys sat in the middle rows. The State started off by calling Detectives from the S.I.D. to the stand to testify. They showed pictures and played tapes that incriminated the B-boys. They called Lennymo and a couple other informants from the neighborhood to the stand. Mal got on the stand and testified to what he knew. The State displayed murder weapons and pictures of the gruesome killings. They had crime scene investigators get on the stand and testify to physical evidence. The trial was going on for over a week, but the State saved its best witness for last. On the tenth day of the trial, the State's prosecutor, Henry Tuft, stood up, "I would like to call my last and final witness to the stand, Darnell Williams." The courtroom erupted in chatter and the judge had to bang the gavel to get silence. Leon, Setty, Lil Joey, Tay, Greasy and Mac looked at Darnell in surprise as he stood up from his chair and walked up to the stand. "What the fuck is you doing Nigga!" Lil Joey yelled at Darnell. "Silence in my courtroom," the judge yelled. Lil Joey's lawyer talked to him to try to calm him down. Darnell walked up to the stand. "Raise your right hand. Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the

truth.” “I do,” Darnell said then sat down. He took one glance at his homeboys then put his head down in shame. Leon wanted to run up there and break his fucking neck. A couple days after Detectives Scott and Randall came to see Darnell back in September, he decided to cooperate. All he could think of was what Crystal had said to him about her ex-finance’. ‘I can’t spend the rest of my life waiting for a man that’s never gonna come home.’ He didn’t want to lose her so he took the immunity deal. He told everything he knew. He made an 11-hour taped confession. It took him that long to tell everything he knew. Now as he sat on the witness stand he began to spill all the intimate details of the B-boys. He told everything. Starting with Gizza’s death and ending with Doughboy’s death. The rest of the B-boys couldn’t believe it. They sat and watched Darnell spell out their everyday activities. He left nothing out. When a tear rolled down Leon’s right cheek, the judge thought he was crying because he was about to go to jail, but that wasn’t it. Leon was crying because the man that was testifying against them was not only his homeboy, Darnell was his cousin.

5-days later Leon, Setty, Lil Joey, Tay, Greasy and Mac were found guilty for all charges. Conspiracy to several murders, drug trafficking, murder in the aid of a criminal organization, distribution of narcotics, more than a dozen counts of attempted murder and numerous more charges. Being as though Mal testified he took a plea deal of 10 years. The rest of the B-boys had to come back next month for sentencing. Darnell was immediately released. The S.I.D. detectives offered to put him and Crystal into a witness protection program in North Carolina, but he refused.

2 weeks later – Tuesday, March 9th

Darnell and Crystal had been searching for a new house since his release. They didn't feel safe in Baltimore but they didn't want to go too far. They found a nice house in Charles County. Crystal was at home packing and Darnell was on the way to one of their stores downtown. They had stashed some money in a safe there and he went to pick it up. Darnell was driving Crystal's black Mercedes Benz. He had just pulled up to a red light at Guilford and Biddle Street. It was a nice day and he had the windows rolled down with DMX blasting out the speakers. Two dudes in a white Toyota Cressida pulled up next to him on the driver's side. He glanced at the passenger in the car and he looked familiar but Darnell didn't pay it no mind. He turned his head and looked forward. The passenger in the Cressida quickly leaned out the window with a .357 magnum in his hand. "Remember me nigga!" Darnell turned to look at the dude then recognized his face. It was Lil Cal. The nigga he shot up at the rec party 2 years ago. 'Boom!' The shot hit Darnell in his left eye socket. The bullet ripped through his skull and blew a big piece of the back of his head off. Darnell slumped over almost in the passenger seat. The white Cressida pulled off. No other cars were at the red light. Darnell died instantly and his foot eased off the brake pedal. The Benz drifted slowly over to the curb and came to a stop up against a fire hydrant.

Darnell thought he could beat the game. The street life always catches up to those who lived it. You can take a nigga outta the hood but the streets is always watching. It catches up to you wherever you to or whatever you decide to do. Whenever you see the light and decide to go a different route just always remember that once you're in, There is No Way Out....

Epilogue

The B-boys went to get sentenced on March 16th. The Judge asked all of them if they had any last words before sentencing and they all declined. They knew what they were getting into from the start. They stood up like warriors and faced the consequences. Setty got a double life sentence, plus 130 years. Lil Joey got double life, plus 60 years, Tay got double life, plus 15 years; Leon got life, plus 135 years and Greasy and Mac got life, plus 40 years. They are serving their time respectfully at the Maryland House of Corrections Annex in Jessup. The charges against Boom for Gizza's murder was dropped after Doughboy was murdered. Mal is serving his 10 years in a Protective Custody wing at Western Correctional Institution (WCI) in Cumberland.