

Gemini Effect

written by:

Mort a.k.a got a Vision

Introduction

Amazingly ironic how life works. Sometimes in our path of understanding.. if you will call it that compared to negotiations, compromising or even succumbing to the pressure applied. You find out that the very same person or thing you may have avoided, hated (dislike much...very) can actually turn out to be your best friend and or savior.

In this story between best friends who started off as enemies you realize the traits of those around you. Everybody has some humbleness to them but when your thoughts are clouded by words and your patience is steadily being tested... that's when you see ones true demeanor. It's been said that all Geminies are considered two-faced and hard to understand at times. I say..."I can only accept so much bullshit before I explode and that timing depends on the direct approach of the person being spoken to. We are the most compassionate of all signs, yet when we had enough... I admit, sometimes we over-kill". Im a firm believer in patience, forgiving and understanding which is one part of being the Gemini I am. Then there is the other faces... I can be blatantly disrespectful, your loyal best friend who would die for you OR the one you tried to fuck over so now you have to watch your back... (depending on what you did) so sleep easy.

I'd like to give a special thanks to all those who help inspire the thoughts and ideas and I promise to everyone, the few I couldn't utilize for this book will surely be implemented in books to come. Especially since my life is an open book... check my rap sheet.

This book is truly dedicated to my Mass. Family... Everyone I met along my journey through the system from Pittsfield through Springfield, N.A, Holyoke, Worcester, Fall River, Malden, Dorchester, Roslindale, Chelsea, Quincy, Plymouth Forestry, Walpole, Revere, Jamaica Plains... all Boston. From the 413 to the Cape coast. A Super Special Love shout-out goes to my brother Nunu a.k.a Charles Smith, R.I.P. to my Fallen Soldier, my neezy Bird, Shortz,& 730. And you know that I'm only a call

away if ever really needed. If I'm good then we good. I love my boys... No Homo!!! Derek "D Boss" Adams, Robert "Rob" Smith, Jerrod "Hot Rod" Jones, Darrelle "Pop" Dickerson, Charles Harigan, Jermaine "Maino" Sistrunk, Buddy a.k.a Red, Karl "Pats" Womble... you know my Jets run things! La Roy "Porn" Cox, "Rell" Mungin and my dog Kevin "Pork Chop" Bridgeman. And to the ladies from Mass.. My daughter Amona Morton, Martha... my o.t mom Ms. Rose-marie, homegirl Angie Penna, Sara "Piff", my niece Brianna, my personal massage therapist (masseuse..lol)Liz P., Laura Truden, Sherrine "Reenie" Hamilton, Tiffany "Lil Red" Swanson, Trisha Eckert.

It's crazy how tight myself and my brother from another mother becameso close. At one point we couldn't stand each other, and now... I'd die for my nig... and that's real! We've known each other for quite some time and realized that in so many ways that we're so much alike. Excluding the fact that I'm a little heavier in weight, he's three inches taller and I have a tear drop under my left eye... we basically think and act the same, we're even born on the same day, May 28th, both Gemini's. We're so close that our initials are right next to each other on the Alphabet. His name is Rob Smith, my name... Shaun Morton. When combined, the initials equal R.S.M. (Respect Stacked Money). We're both from different parts of New York. Me, a Bed-Stuy Brooklyn brawler out of the big city. and Rob, from upstate New York, Utica to be exact... quiet is kept, neither one can be slept on. Well, to take you on the journey of what's about to go down, you gotta understand how it came to be.

*** Morton ...a.k.a. Mort ***

The first time I came cross Rob was in some mall of the Berkshire County in Lanesboro, Ma. I just stopped at a pretzel stand, along the corridor that leads from one end to the other of the mall, ordered some cinnamon covered pretzel balls and two buttered soft pretzels (fa' real, I love those shits !) While waiting for the cashier to finish pouring my large lemonade slushy, I looked up to notice some duck-ass nigga eyeing me count my cheddar. If he could read minds, he would've heard me say 'What da fuck this nigga looking at?' now stepping more into the open to show stacks of twenties and fifties within a knot I spent the day collecting... 'You want it? Then come an' get it nigga!'

*** Rob Smith... aka Smith n Wesson ***

I believe I've seen da nig a few times prior but the one encounter that made our presence known was

when we bumped heads at the mall. I just copped some cream and cranberry Timbs to match an outfit I bought for an upcoming stag party my man was having soon. I think y'all know and respect how somebody feel after copping some footwear... yeah! I'm that shit!. My guts were on the gate as I left the foot store with my crispy crèmes so I decided to stop for a snack til I can get a real meal. When I turned the corner exiting the store with my bag in Hand... That's when I saw this short, bald headed, think-he-got-money-ass nigga' Look at this nigga, countin' paper weight money! You lucky I don't have my grip right now or I'd stick you right here in broad-day...', releasing an evil grin of my thoughts. Taking a deep breath to let loose a heavy sigh while walking to the opposite end of the concession stand, 'I hate letting you bitch-ass niggaz acting like y'all can shit on me. Next time you might not be so lucky'

*** Mort ***

'Nigga! You looking like you want it with some fake-ass screw face but you keep walking by. I'll break ya frail ass up nigga, come test it!' now sliding my doe back in the pocket. Apparently there's a problem we need to address cause this motherfucker won't stop staring and I ain't no punk, so I guess we're gonna find out where this is gonna go. I ate a few of the bite size pretzel balls and sipped my slushy to clear my throat before speaking...

"What's good nigga?!" not to sound offensive but if that's how you take it, fuck it! It's an open invitation to do what you feel.

*** Rob... Wess ***

'Wha' da fuck dis nigga mean... what's good?' "What's good with you?! You ah-iight?!" which really meant, 'you want me to fix ya face for you Nigga'...

*** Mort ***

"Of course... I stay ah-iight. Da kid breathes easy baby.." grabbing my little snack and drink, I started backing up to leave, getting tired of the face-fight wars "...you stay up!" before turning around to head out the double door to the parking lot.

*** Rob Wess ***

‘Stay up?, did this nigga say stay up like he’s nice or sum’n... how bout I make sure you stay down’, thinking to myself, almost forgetting to pay the cashier. Pulling out the cell phone... ‘Yo Beanz!, what’s good?... I’m leaving da mall right now, we gotta talk. I just bumped into some nigga you might know...” now snatching my pretzels and heading to my car “yo check it, I’m in da mall and jus’ copped some crack to step on the scene with, when I come around da corner and see this dounce ass counting some paper. I wasn’t stressing da nigga but da motha’fucker kept staring like he know me or wanna know me... anyway, holla back when you’re done doing what you do. One!” hanging up the phone and disappearing into the parking lot.

*** Mort * around the same time...**

“Yo Pop! Wha’dup my nig... yo I just bumped into this slim-thug ass nigga at da mall. Son was trying to ice-grill the kid down... fa’real! I mean, son was all in my hand while I’m fixing my bread so I stepped out so he could get a good look at what money looks like. I’m at one end of the pretzel stand, this nigga goes to the other end just so he can front like he’s getting som’thing while eye fucking me... Well, hit me up when you touch down ... One!”

*** Rob ... Wess * 2 days later**

You ever happen to notice how it’s one of your knuckle-head friends who brings up a subject that pisses you off.

I’m at the crib twist’n up some exotic Kush with a L locked between my lips to blow on at the same time (NO HOMO)

“Yo Rob, you ever came across that kid from da mall again?” Chris asked suddenly “Nah!” removing the blunt from my face so I can speak “..and I wasn’t even thinking bout da nigga either” taking another pull before passing the dutch “Well, I found out his name is Mort and he fuck wit a couple of chicks down on Wahconah st. so what you wanna do?” Chris said almost choking on the smoke “Check this out... as long as that nigga stay outta my way then I don’t have to put him away” smiling with the thought of clapping a nigga.

*** Mort ***

“Boss! Wha’dup my nig?!” giving him dap and a hug “Come on in...” as I showed Doug and Jerrod the same love “..Wha’s good?”.

“You know wha’s good...” D-Boss said while dropping himself into my comfortable recliner.

“I see your scamma (scah-ma) and raise you some fresh off the boat Columbian Skunk” as if we were really playing poker.

“Well roll up...!” I quickly responded “..if y’all don’t have enough blunts, there’s a fresh box in the cabinet of the coffee table..” I said pointing at the feet of Doug and Jerrod who sat on the cushiony couch as I walked by to get some drinks “..hat’s ya choice? Hard, soft or water?”

“I don’t want no coke, crack or dust!” Jerrod responded.

“You an ass!” Boss said with a little chuckle.

“He’s not offering you drugs stupid! Do you want liquor, beer or water is what he’s asking... Yo!, is it white or black?” meaning, is it clear or dark liquor.

“For you I got both baby!” I yelled back.

“Black cranberry, no ice (more Jack Daniels than juice-warm)”.

“We’ll have beers!” Doug and Jerrod yelled after.

While sitting down smoking, sipping and watching the sports news talk about my Knicks with another disappointing year... Damn.

“Yo Mort..” Jerrrod suddenly spoke “>> Boss had mentioned for me to get some info for You. This kids name is Rob, he lives around my peoples way but they call him Wess”.

“Who he fuck wit?” I asked, kind of irritated that he brought the topic up.

“From what I seen, his right hand is this kid name Beanz and then there’s like three others whose been around’m”.

“What?, you wanna get at’m?” Doug followed.

“Nah, just fall back for now...” I replied “..as long as he don’t act up he won’t get packed up. Besides, you’re either making money or war and I like money”.

*** Rob ... Wess ***

“Yo Bean..” I said while sitting shotgun and staring out the cracked window to flick the ashes of the blunt “..what you think of the situation? Should I just go handle it or am I stressing over nuffin?”.

“On da real Rah..” reaching for the blunt (cause for smokers, it makes you feel that much more important to hold one when you talk) “..truthfully, I don’t know. Son doesn’t seem like he’s any type of threat. He gets money so I’m sure that he has a couple of burners, never really been in no major beef, ain’t known for clappin so I don’t think he want it”.

“So basically, you can trust Chris an’ Steve-O?” I asked.

“No doubt, but you know nobody can protect you better than you! That’s why I stick wit’ my Louisville Slugger..” pulling out a blue steel P-90 from under the steering wheel “..so what’s da plans for tonight?”.

“Shit, I gotta make a couple of runs, a couple of drop-offs, some pick-ups and then it’s whatever from there”.

“Say no more!, I’ma holla at da boyz and see what’s their plans.. an’ we go from there”

*** Mort ***

“Yo! Who dis?” I said , answering my cell without checking the caller i.d

“Pop, what you gett’n into for the night? “I ain’t got no plans, nigga on relax mode. Why what’s good?”.

“Me and Boss-man thinking about going to this stripper party tonight”.

“Sounds good to me” already visioning my dick in somebody face.

“What you doing now?” I could hear Boss’ voice over the phone.

“Y’all got me on speaker phone... who else is with y’all?”.

“Nobody..” Pop said “...I just bumped into this nigga while going to the car wash. So holla at me later!”.

“That’s love... One kicko” I said while hanging up.

*** Rob ... Wess * later that night about 10**

“Yo Beanz... “I said, turning the music down in my whip “... whose party is this anyways?”.

“You remember Dominique, light brown, short hair, mad fly, thick legs and pretty eyes”.

“Hold on... she used to fuck wit’ ... uhmmm, Black that had the shoot-out”.

“Yeah, that’s her! Well she’s throwing the party for her girl who’s just coming home from doing a bid for her nigga”.

“Oh... he ‘bout to beat that pussy up!” wishing it was me.

“Not really.. few months after she was in, he left her for dead and got one of her friends pregnant”.

“Okay...” feeling my pockets “..condoms check!”.

“Yo Rob.. stop at a store real quick, I need some candy to suck on”.

“While you at it, you might as well grab some blunts nigga..” I said while checking the armrest compartment “..and where’s everybody else at?”.

“Chris and Steve-O is chillin wit’ their peeps and said they’ll meet us there after”.

“Just hurry the fuck up... and bring me back some juice! Please” smiling.

A few minutes later I watched Beanz come out the store with a plastic bag full of shit.

“Yo! Wha’da fuck, nigga you went shopping?” not even offering to help him by Opening a door “..and don’t scratch my shit!”.

“Stop crying, you friendless fuck! I need this for the football game tomoro cause I’m not coming out after tonight” The party was being held in N.Adams (which was only thirty minutes away from Pittsfield) at some chick name Kayla’s house but the party was for Dominique’s best friend Maritza. She had a beautiful golden brown complexion with light eyes and pink lips. She was only 5’3 but always wore two or three high inch heels so she always had nice legs and Indian straight hair. She’s been gone for like 5 years now so ain’t no telling what she looks like now.

As we entered N. Adams and passed the city college, we came upon some kids at a convenience store'

“Yo, yo!” I said pulling over while turning the music and tinted windows down “Yo Shorty!” calling some chick leaning ona dented up Buick smoking a cigarette.

“You calling me?” turning around walking towards my passenger side window.

“Yeah... you from around here?” giving her the once over.

“Maybe...why?”.

“I’m looking for some party on River st... which way is that?” now putting a flame to a half-lit blunt, sparking her interest.

“Well...” as she explained the directions she was staring at the blunt.

“Wha’s ya name love?” Beanz asked staring at her plump breast.

“Samantha... What’s y’alls”.

“Marcus..” I said, basically because when I looked at her I thought of some porno flicks we could make and on instinct Beanz followed my lead with “Steele” (for those who don’t know, Mr. Marcus and Lex Steele put tag-team work in on porno flicks) “So.. I’m saying..” I said cutting back in “..if you not going in early, what’s up with later?” holding up my cell phone.

“Are you really gonna call?” sounding so seductive.

“You damn right!” adjusting my partner in my pants.

After a few minutes of bullshit’n and pleasantries, I got her number and pulled off givin' Beanz the dirty smile and dap. ‘We gonna take som’n to the mote tonight!’.

Followed her directions and was there in no time.

“Yo, this party must gonna be the shit son!” Beanz said feeling hyped.

“Fa real, fo’ real.. there’s mad bitches and whips out here..” feeling myself grip the steering wheel a little tighter, listening to the music and sensing my dick get aroused.

“Son, it will... go .. down!”

In a quick flash while circling the block for a spot my dick went limp, ‘I know I’m not bugging’.

“Yo, Bean.. did you just see that?”

“Nigga, I’m rolling this L and checking for my nut donor.. you ain’t smoking no more since you bugging”

“Nigga, I ain’t buggin’! I know I seen som’n...” hitting a button on the steering wheel to pop open a stash spot behind the door speaker pulling out a 17 shot.

German Ruger with diamond cut tips. “Son, fa’ real.. get ya shit!”.

“Yeah, yeah..I got you kid... there’s a spot over there”

I tucked the burner and grabbed the fitted, checked the rearview to make sure I looked right before stepping out. Waited for Beanz to get locked, stocked and loaded before getting out “And yo.” just remembering “put ya no-frills-ass-snacks in da back somewhere so you don’t make a mess in my car getting’ back in later”.so we got out the car and started walking around the block to the actual party, I kept getting this crazy feeling like somebody was right behind us. ‘I need to calm my nerves and smoke sum’n.

“Yo, how many L’s you rolled kid?” I asked

“Only three, one for each of us to the face and one that I’m bout to light up now” he Said while passing me my personal.

While slow stepping to this party, I started giving myself the final check-over on the wardrobe. I had on some fairly new red Timbs with two or three scuff marks on them, some tan loose-fit carpenter denims with a Lebron James home jersey and fitted. I thought about wearing my chain but unless I’m going o.t (outta town) or home, what’s the sense of flossing. When we got to the front gate, you noticed groups of people standing around listening to the music from the inside and talking, there was a line at the door with what appeared to be a doorman and two security people. All three was at least 6’4, looking like they bench 325 to warm up. Beanz took the lead.

“Follow me kid!”.

And that I did, at first we stood on the line for like five to ten minutes before I nudged him and whispered in his ear.

“Yo, I thought you had some juice with these people” basically throwing the gas line out.

Sucking his teeth, knowing I was testin’ his gangsta “Hold this...” passing me the rest of the slow burning dutch, I watched with a smile as he approached the human steroids.

“What’s good kid?” speaking as if he was big time talking to some little minions.

“Yo, is the party poppin yet?”.

“First of all” the doorman with the clipboard said in some deep voice “I’m not no kid, secondly... you see there’s a line here. I take a few from this line every ten to fifteen minutes and its ten dollars just to get in, twenty for those dressed like you” ‘Ah shit, by the look on Beanz face, he’s not feeling the way son is talking to him’ putting a hand under the jersey to get ready. So the doorman continued “if your name is on the list I have, then you and your friend over there with the killer face can go in without charge... What’s ya name?”. “Beanz, with a Z” he said proudly”.

The doorman took a breath while checking his list and released a sigh “Sorry my man, that one’s not working. Another name you go by?” showing some gold fronts with his smile.

Beanz didn’t even respond, simply went into his pocket pulling out some cash with his I.D and passed him just his drivers license as if the money was what he would’ve got if there wasn’t this little display of a scene.

“O.k..” the doorman mumbled taking the license to check his list “..Oh, okay okay, here you go” handing Beanz back his license “..glad you were able to make it.. Mr. William Bennett. Tell ya friend to come on in”.

As Beanz looked at me I could sense his irritation, nobody in our hood like some motherfucker you don’t even know putting your government name on blast in the public. If you know it, be glad you know it and shut the FUCK UP!

He was so pissed that he didn’t realize the group of chicks in a variety of flavors watching us as we entered, three of the five were close to an eight or nine out of ten. One was straight foreign beautiful but had no body whatsoever, and I’m not doing a sixteen for eighteen to twenty. (Anything under 18 is considered statutory rape, even with her consent... SO they appear innocent enough but parents refuse to acknowledge it takes two when they are around the same age but will press charges.. end result.. doing a sixteen (16yrs old) will get you eighteen or more (in state prison).

Back to the story... he last one was dark-midnight-african-juju-bee black with some beautiful breast, legs and ass but everything beautiful about her was overlooked because of the massive white spots of pimple-heads or something forming on her face. Y’all betta ditch that bitch if you want some dick tonight’ thinking to myself while keeping an eye out on Beanz wandering ass.

“Yo B!, what da fuck you doing?” I had to ask.

“I don’t know..” realizing he didn’t “..let me call this chick” pulling out his cell.

“Nigga, let’s go get som’n to drink” walking towards the kitchen.

“Yo Rah! I just spoke to Dominique, she’s upstairs with the party girl and Kalya now... They’re coming down now”.

“That’s what’s up!” ‘see what’s up with this ass’, thinking with a smilen about three minutes after, in-came the familiar pretty face of Dominique and her girls’ looking sexy as hell.

“Well, well, well...” I said, leaning on a kitchen counter “.Christmas came early!” almost drooling on myself.

“Hey Rob..” Dominique said giving me a hug “..it’s been awhile. You look good!”

“Thank you..” squeezing her tighter and smelling her neck “..I do this for the people baby” spreading my arms in the air “.. this is strictly for the people to see. Oh! And by the way, y’all are looking type right tonight. One of y’all slip up and I’m a slide right in.. condoms... optional but doubt it!”

“You, buggin!” Maritza said in response with a smile.

“I’m dead serious...” now walking up to Maritza “..and You! You should already.

know how I felt about you from before you went in!”

“Then why didn’t you write or visit?” giving me a hug.

“Truthfully, up til Beanz told me, I thought you an o’boy were still together. I mean, you held it down for him an’ all. Plus niggas catch feelings over some skins... How would it look for me to ask son for ya’ info so I can write and visit? Not happening”.

“Well yeah, you right ‘bout that but he’s done tho’. He ain’t no real man... letting me go down... and then leaves me for dead!”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa baby...” sensing her disgust “..Say no more! This is your night, enjoy yourself, I’m not far if you need me..” giving her a kiss on the forehead.

“Welcome home”.

As I was leaving the kitchen to give the girls their space, I noticed Beanz was in a conversation with Kayla, a pretty faced white chick with hazel eyes, short in height with long curly hair, not top heavy but the backside was ridiculous. Being they both had smiles on their faces, I wasn’t going to interrupt. I simply nudged him to get his attention and give him the nod and wink (meaning..ok playa, I see you... enjoy yourself, I’ll be off in the cut and holla if you need me!) then dapped him for approval. Feeling bad about the way the talk ended with Maritza, I went back to ask where could we all smoke. Being that Beanz and Kayla was busy, I didn’t want to disturb so we exited to the backyard where a few people were already back there blowing down. grabbed three beach chairs for us and pulled out the dutch I had behind the ear, passing it for either Dominique or Maritza to take.

“One of y’all can have the honors” I said with lighter in hand.

Dominique took it and gave it directly to Maritza “You go first, then me... You know you probably would’ve been better off with him in ya’ corner instead of that busta”.

Though she might’ve been joking, it felt good to hear, which made me smile. As Dominique took her two baby pulls and passed me the blunt, I couldn’t help but to stare at these two beautiful women and think ‘How can guys have something so sexy and just let it go? What da hell do we be thinking to let devoted beautiful women be single, knowing there’s three other men waiting to take our place’.

“Hellooo... Robbb” Maritza said in a seductive voice “..you’re babysitt’n the blunt.. puff puff pass?”.

“Oh sorry, my bad”.

“What!?! You thinking bout ya girl?”.

“You funny, do you really wanna know?” now sitting back.

“Hmm.. I guess, intrigue me!”

“OK, I’m wondering what would it take for you to be my baby, then maybe we can work on goin’ half on a baby”.

“Not saying that my girl does or doesn’t want a baby..” Dominique had cut in “but how do you go half on a child cuz I have one wit’ no help?” causing Maritza to smile with her not knowing that I was dead serious.

“It’s simple, we spend some time to where I can show you what I have to offer. When you’re comfortable, you let me in and then I show you what LOVE is about. And from the time that you’re pregnant and on, let me give an’ be everything you want and need in life. That’s how we go half on a baby!”, maintaining the serious face from beginning to end had left everyone speechless as I reached for the blunt which lost its flame minutes ago “and stop baby sittin’ the smoke!” I took a few pulls and left the blunt with them as I went inside, I could feel their eyes on my back watching me walk away. Even with the half-naked chicks walking around the house giving lap dances, plus drinks and smoke in the air... it wasn’t as fun as I thought it would be, and I don’t pay for pussy. ‘If Beanz is having fun then I’ll fall back, if not, we getting the fuck outta here’ telling myself while texting ‘Where R U@?’ In a minute or two he responded, ‘Wit K.K by ur car!;)’.

At first I was gonna say good-bye to the ladies but I didn’t want them to feel like I was stressing or sweating them.

While stepping out the front door, you could still see groups of people talking along, with the long-ass-line of people waiting to get in, some offering extra Grants and Jacksons’ to avoid the wait.

“Get wet-n-jet huh?” I heard a deep voice say.

I turned around to see if he was actually serious. My first thought was to let loose on his monkey-bitch-ass, but with my luck...by 12 midnight my face and name would be on the news. ‘Another punk motha’ fuck wit a pass...’ mumbling to myself ‘...and his two boys stepping up like their faces won’t get shell shot’.

Walking back to the car I was itching to burn something, looking for a reason to pull out the cannon and exercise my fingers. Walking through crowds trying to bump the closest person in shoulders distance... especially if it’s a female cause niggas stick up for pussy, even if it’s not theirs. Then finally the window of opportunity arose as I turned the corner, I noticed Beanz moving Kayla behind him against the car, looking like he was about to square up against three... two young bucks and an

older dude. 'If these bastards think they're bout to jump my manz... hmm, I got a big surprise for y'all', trying to creep up and speed walk onto the scene.

The closer I got the more anxious I was to pull out, keeping my hand on the butt of the gun. As soon as Beanz was able to see me clearly without making them aware, I motioned for him to head for the street while I was already cutting through cars, turning my hat to the back as if that would put me in stealth mode.

They were so focused on jumpin' my manz that they never seen me come or heard the hammer cock. I didn't know what the beef was about, nor did I care as I lifted the barrel to the back of their manz dome.

"Son..." I said in a calm voice "...I don't know what y'all had planned but that's not going down. And you.." pressing the barrel a little harder against his skull "...I don't believe in shooting cats in the back, but if you turn around or do some tough guy shit... this will be the last thing you ever see. Hey Kay!, are you ok?"

She nodded her head, her face now appeared to be worried, apparently not for us.

"Baby" Beanz said getting Kayla's attention "...go back to the house and call me in about an hour!", giving her a slap on the butt and kiss on the cheek.

That's what I love about my man, even when shit's about to get hectic, he's still calm trying to prevent it.

I waited for Kayla to get a little distance between us before...

"Nigga.. all y'all empty ya pockets and get on the ground, NOW!"

"Son! Chill!.. Not here!" Bean yelled to get my attention while putting his piece away. I didn't even know he had it out.

"Y'all motherfuckers are lucky my man is being nice.." kicking one of the three in their side as we headed back towards my car. "Son.. that's the third pass this week. I swear on everything No more!" kissing my hand and raising it as my solemnly swear. Bong! Bong! Bong!

"Fuck y'all bitch ass niggas!" somebody yelled amongst the shots.

"Oh shit!" Beanz chuckled while dipping behind a silver O-something Maxima "...I came to get some buns and instead, I'm bout to catch a body" now cocking his shit.

"Who da' fuck is shootin an where da hell did they come from?!"

Beanz didn't even respond, now laying on the ground to look under vehicles to see if anyone was

close. I popped the back of a Ford F-150 flatbed sitting on 20's and laid there, gun in hand waiting for my cue. A couple of shots rocked the truck and shattered the windows which only help determine which way they were approaching from. I started to look up til another shot took my cap off.

“Yo! I got one!” someone yelled in the distance.

“Yo Rah! You ah-iight?!” Beanz yelled.

“No doubt.. one of these niggaz tried to grape me tho’!”

“Fuck it! Yo, it’s our turn” squeezing the trigger. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The sound alone made everything else sound quiet in comparison, I took a quick look at mine wandering ‘what da fuck he got?’, knowing my gun was a little bigger, ‘Fuck it! Let’m feel my thunder’, letting the shells from the Ruger fly.

“Yo son! To your left” Bean yelled.

On instinct, I didn’t even look in the direction, just pointed and shot. I don’t know if I had hit or just skimmed somebody but I heard somebody scream in pain. I looked up to see some young brown-skin kid get up holding his arm bleeding. He had to know death was calling him as we locked eye to eye, I couldn’t contain the devilish grin seeing him stuck in his tracks like a deer to headlights... and then an angel must’ve saved him as one of his boys tugged him out of the way right before I squeezed the trigger.

“Let’s get the fuck outta here!” Beanz said getting off the ground.

I wanted to hunt my wounded prey down but the sirens in the distance quickly changed that thought. ‘At least I know what one of those motherfuckers look like’ as I cuffed the Ruger, running to the car to join the convoy of vehicles trying to clear the area.

*** Morts’ crib around 10:20 - same night ***

Beep Beep.

“Yo! Come da’ fuck on! We already late for the bitches!” I heard Pop yell from outside standing next to his car.

“Hold da fuck up! I ain’t rushing for no slutts!..” I yelled out the window.

“Still yo, we would like to get our dick wet!” Pop said dapping D-Boss.

“Y’all ma-fuckaz is rude, I got neighbors an’ shit. I’m coming now”.

No, I wasn’t rushing for no hoes but I was nicely dressed just for some. I was wearing a baggy one

piece white button-down linen suit with zipper pockets on the chest and sides, suede emerald green Timbs with my N.Y.Jets scully under the fitted. A sprinkle of babay powder with a splash of Haicku cologne and I was straight, grabbing my wrist pouch as I headed out the door.

“Yo Pop...” Boss said being loud “..yo, check out this fake R. Kelly slash, I don’t wanna be a playa Joe-ass-nigga. You ain’t going to no mutha’fuckin grammy nigga! This is a house stripper party, not the mutha’fuckin 40/40 club”.

“Ahiight!! Shut da fuck up already.”

I hopped in the car, stretched out in the backseat of a Lincoln MKZ. Taking the .380 out the pouch, checking the safety before putting it in my shorts pocket underneath the linen. Took the couple of hundred or so and put that in the right pocket of the linen, cell phone in the left just leaving ditches and smoke in the pouch.

“Yo” tapping Pop on the shoulder “who’s throwing this party anyway?”.

“You remember Mal, who moved to Maryland with his girl Jessie from Boston”.

“Yeah”.

“Well, his boy Black who got murked by the D’s two years ago. His b.m, Dominique and her friend Kayla is throwing a welcome home party for another chick who did a bid”.

“Word?, for what?”.

“Her man left a half bird in her whip and let her go down”.

“Damn..” was all I could say thinking to myself, how she must hate men now.

After stopping for gas, we reached N. Adams around 10:45.

“Yo! Stop at this store..” Boss said tapping Pops arm “..I’ma need more condoms. I only got one”.

“Yo , you make me sick!” Pop uttered but still pulling over.

I sat in the back rolling up and laughing to myself on how all we do is basically complain to get along. There was a group of people hanging out front of the convenience store, my guess, late teens to early twenties . Three girls and five guys which seem like they were on some Lil’ Wayne tight jeans shit with skateboards... and one of them was the token black kid you see on t.v shows. Thinking to myself ... ‘If only they had one more black friend’. Fuck it. It is what it is!

D, wanting to make sure he was noticed when he got out, cranked the music as he opened his door Pumping Dip-sets ‘This is how the Gangstas do it!’ so everyone can hear how he felt. As he walked inside the store Pop decided to let the music bang as he put all the windows down watching the

spectators bob their heads along with us. 'Fuck it!' I'm feeling my gangsta, sparking the dutch. Pop started waving his hand to get my attention as if I didn't already see the chicks staring at us.

"Wha'dup ma?" I basically yelled over the music, now signaling Pop to turn it down a little.

"What you say?" one of the females said, approaching as if they weren't sure who we were talking to.

"I'm saying ma, wha's good?"

"Oh! We're just hanging out with some friends".

"How can we be your friends?!" Pop added quickly.

"I don't know.." seeming so innocent with smiles.

"How bout this" I added further "..we get each others digits and after we go see some people in a minute we'll holla".

"Hold on" the friend interjected ".. ya people over on River st.?"

"Yeah" Pop answered "..why wha'dup?"

"Nothing, it's just some guys asked for directions to a party over there a lil earlier so y'all must have a good party to go to".

"Wha's ya name shorty?" Pop continued.

"Samantha" then stepping to the side to show Pop what I was already looking at "..that's my friend Jessica".

Samantha wouldn't be considered the average white girl... from the looks, she was about 5'5-5'7, dark brown eyes with juicy pink lips. I don't know if it was dyed or natural but she had curly reddish-brown hair which went past her shoulders, a tank top to show off her heart pendant belly ring. Her breasts weren't big but suckable along with some baby-making hips and a nice ass. But Jessica, appeared to be a natural red-head with freckles. She had blueish grey eyes that glowed with a pretty smile, with her hair wrapped into a bun it exposed a gentle smooth neck with a beauty mark right above her cleavage. She wore a v-neck t-shirt that hugged tight against some definite d-size breast and I don't know what kind of jeans she was wearing but no doubt to it, she had to be a Similac baby. Motioning her to come to the window while Samantha kept talking to Pop.

"Can I get ya number?" passing the dutch to Pop, noticing D coming out the store.

"Where's ya phone?" she said almost at a whisper, putting her hand out. Checking the screen before handing it to her, I just smiled.

"Damn!, Y'all just couldn't wait for me to leave.." D shouted "niggas is smoking.. got convo with da

shortys', shit, just drop me off and then y'all can do y'all!" D said getting back into the car.

Nobody really paid Boss too much mind as we wrapped up our conversations with the chicks and pulled off.

The closer we got to the actual party, the more vehicles we seen going in the opposite direction as if we were going the wrong way.

"Yo! Where da fuck is this party at?" Boss turned the music down to ask.

"It's s'pose to be up the street and round the corner..." Pop answered.

"Not judging by the traffic" I responded.

Just when we got to the corner, everybody noticed the warning signs of flashing lights.

"Nigga, don't do that broh!" D said extinguishing the blunt.

"He betta not!" I added "Yo, take the long way back home, it's flaming out here!"

All the way back, no one said much to another, while we smoked and listened to the music, Pop was talking to someone who was having the party, Boss was basically talking to himself about something cause I paid him no mind while texting my 'Pink Toe', Jessica.

As the night came to close, I sat in my recliner with a dutch in one hand ready to smoke myself senseless and the universal remote in another flipping through channels until something on the news caught my attention.

*** Rob ... Wess ***

"Yo, I swear to gawd I almost had that lil nigga" Rob said, banging on the steering wheel "I'mahave his face stuck in my head til I see that motherfucker again".

"Son, relax, take a bath or sum'n.." Beanz said "...or call Maritza... just do something that'll keep you in the house cause you know the streets are hot now. Drop me off at the crib and fall back for da night and I'll holla in the a.m".

"Yo, I gotta feeling I know who did this... or atleast set it up. I'm almost certain it was that nigga from the mall that I gave a pass to".

Pulling up to Beanz crib, we dapped up before he grabbed his shit from the back seat. Feeling myself getting tired suddenly, I took my ass home, calling it the wrap for the night.

*** Mort ... next morning ***

Walking up feeling better than I did last night, it suddenly flashed through my mind what I seen on the news last night. I had to call somebody to see if they saw what I seen.

“Yo Pop?!, did you see the news last night?”

“No, but I’m pretty sure I’m watching now what you saw last night”.

“What channel?” heading to the living room.

“Uhhh.. hold on.. channel 64 WMLV... oh shit!”.

After fumbling with the remote, I finally had a picture and volume. ‘Here in this quiet, serene part of North Adams where the kids used to be free to play in the yards and street, has now been disrupted by continuous gang activity. Right behind me is where plenty of witnesses say the whole ordeal took place. It was reported that three young men approached another young couple, a fourth person mysteriously appeared and had some type of weapon when he helped the couple, some words were exchanged and abruptly, shots were fired. If you look closely, you can see bullet holes in this Ford flatbed, there were shell casings found in the bushes across the street and frankly... the community said they had enough and are willing to fight back. Members of the neighborhood have confirmed setting up a watch committee to retake the community over. Live from the corner of Howland, this is.

“Yo, who da fuck was shootin’ up there last night?” I asked.

“I don’t know but we’ll find out soon enough” he responded “One!”