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A POOLS WAY OUT THA HOOD

AUTHOR: MICHAEL R. SIMMONS

Dedicated to My little girl Sierra

Special Thanks to: OutKast

Dj Craze

Daryl Mitchell (groove b chill)

Goodie Mob

Unknown Elite Entertainment

Joe & Roberta Simmons

The Roots

M.R. Unknown (BROKE ASS

PLIMP)

Common

Lil Mike, Clint, Ray Ray,

Wivee

Eraka Baduh

G.Naris Barkley (CEE Lo

Green)
Nas

they figured you was dead, they didn't realize who yall were and wanted in the United States, I stayed behind with one of my men under me, and told him to jump in and bring yall up, gave him \$2000.00 American money to forget yall was alive and to take us to the nearest hospital. So yall here like you are in protective custody. I had to do that solid for you. I told you cuz whenever I heard you scream, I'd come running. Now whose this little girl?" "That's my Daughter, Sierra." That day I told Big Pete everything, he didn't realize none of this shit was going on. Never thought Klean could do this shit, Big Pete went back to Klean's house to hit the safe that the cops wasn't aware of. it was at least \$500000.00 in one safe and at least \$30000.00 in the other. Me Big Pete and Sierra caught a flight to Trinidad and bought an estate. Now we shoot pool for fun. Now that's my story folk, folk.

A POOL'S WAY OUT THE HOOD

Hey, what up Cuz. My name is Mike Remy, from Forest Park, Georgia. I like to think of myself as a thorough breed., you know, AKA HUSTLER.I mean I could sell anything from weed (marijuana) to car parts, but my Uncle Ray always told me "Mike ,only one hustle can be your love", so mine was pool. Now wait, I know what you thinking. Another pool story, but Shawty I promise, you aint never heard a story like this.



I was born in Columbia, South Carolina, July 19th 1975, I don't know exactly where, but some of the elders say my mother died after having me in an institution (nut house). Hell I can remember vaguely living with an old black lady for a while before moving to Atlanta, Georgia with friends of the family. My dad, fuck him never seen him, so it could be you for all I know. He was a rolling stone.

Supposedly, my Aunt Dell and my mom's was close and she promised to take me in while mama finished the rest of her time in the crazy house, but mama died. Aunt Dell had a little girl named Stephanie and a pit bull name Do-ern. Steph was thirteen when I moved in and I was five years old.



When I woke up I was in a Brazilian hospital and Big Pete was holding Sierra, she wasn't hit, I thought I shot her, but I didn't. Big Pete told me that I shot the boat and it sunk, and I got shot, but not in the heart, just my shoulder, Big Pete used to help Klean move bricks, and after he got shot, he went to this doctor bitch he knew that worked at Grady Hospital.

"Damn nigga, when I heard a commotion going on at Klean spot and then I saw you, I knew what I had to do, my shit started getting real hot for me, so the last time Klean came in town, he hooked me up with a one way ticket to Brazil, and got me a job as a custom cop, so I could be a convenient asset and stack mine too. After your boat started sinking, the cops left,

the system. show her a pool's way out the hood, your baby Steph, p.s. I always and will always love you. Right then all I saw was white, you see the cops and the dogs had spotted me and their orders was shoot on sight, I was hit ,yeah man ,right after finding out that Sierra was mine, I told yall I was related to Charlie Brown, and my baby will definitely not fall to the system. Fuck that, I couldn't let it happen, I knew I was dying, these bitches shot me in my heart, but I had one ounce of energy, and I used it to kill Sierra, because I be damn if my baby was going to fall into the system, or police custody all her life, surrounded by people who don't really give a fuck, if I'm wrong, Ill just burn mutherfucker. No more prison for me.

Man, Aunt Dell worked for bell south as a telephone operator by day and a hoe by night. Craze kept Aunt Dell flyer than a mutherfucker. Craze was Aunt Dell's pimp, short stocky brother, always kept them pimp hats with the feather in it. Aunt Dell was his best girl. We lived on Main Street, where them smack heads be walking by. We were walking distance to every and anything you wanted. A lot of nights me and Steph had to hold it down at the crib (house). Steph was hard, a real tom boy chic, and although we was six years apart we learned quickly how to be a team. One night Steph shot an intruder trying to break in through the window. This nigga was tall with scars on his face and had only one eye, the other was straight white, no color dots. Aunt Dell explained to the cops she didn't know where the gun came from. Steph had always told me, "when ever you yell, I'll be there." You see so I saw the dude comin through the window and started screaming. From that point on, me and Steph been like real sisters and brothers.



Man I wish Aunt Dell could have seen me graduate, but three days ago, the police found her body in a metal trash bin, they say trick deal gone sour, but me and Steph knew that Craze had something to do with it. Aunt Dell had become a legend to the rest of these hoes and Craze had made her a madam. She started getting 40% of the action and Craze 60% as long as she hooked the deal up. As usual, however, it don't take long before a real pimp starts growing a head and figure, the hell with a second wheel. He started cheating Aunt Dell out of money and becoming irate with her when she questioned him about the money, so Aunt Dell decided to just quit the game. I mean she already put one of her babies through high school and

love her, so I grabbed her and try to make it to the ride, but it was too late for that because the cops was out there twenty deep. so me and baby girl went into the wilderness, man I could hear the dogs, I was getting tired, seemed like I just didn't have enough strength, but when I looked at this little girl, I knew I couldn't let her fall into the system, seemed like the dogs was beginning to bark in our direction, I could see a boat at the bottom of this hill, me and baby girl made it. this boat was old school, straight row a boat type shit, no motor. I put baby girl in the boat, got in and paddled that boat as fast as I could, I thought we was in the clear, a letter fell out baby girl pocket, I picked it up and opened it. The letter read "Dear Big Mike, by the time you read this, I'll probably be dead but I just wanted you to know that Sierra is your baby girl and Klean was ordered to tell you that she belonged to Carlito, take care of our little girl, baby, don't let her fall to

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never grew up like sisters and brothers. fuck me ,tell me you love me" I shot her again in her knee caps, None of this shit make sense and all Steph could tell me "Big MIKE ,it was hell in there ,baby I used to get raped, girl gang banged, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I started feeling a little sorry for her, because it's hard but this bitch caused me to suffer and as far as I knew she killed Uncle Ray.

Me, KLean and Steph, all laying down, but I was the only one that could stand up, I hopped over to Kleans gun and finished his ass then I hopped to Steph, looked her in the eye and told her 'BOO, I aint sorry" and finished her ass too,

I started hearing crying like from a little tot, When I hobbled out the door ,the little girl was in the hallway, looking for her mommy, I could hear the cops sirens, I figured I done went all this way for this little girl, because she aint mine ,doesn't mean I don't

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besides she made a lot of money on the side. and she was tight like a nat booty. Craze was cool with it at first because he knew enough of the connects to stay paid. Meanwhile Aunt Dell started running numbers.

I was in the eighth grade by now and auntie would make me and Steph collect the doe and place the bets. Steph was known as quick trigger since everybody knew she killed that man years ago, so we rarely ran into any problems, plus we always had Do-em with us. He aint play. Things was good for a minute, me and Steph stayed fresh and comfortable. By now I had seen so much different shit from shooting dice to strip poker to betting on skully (punch jar top with clay in it.) I was 13 but I was fucking, had my hands on dirty guns, jewelry, sometimes even dope as a trade in when niggas didn't have the money to pay Aunt Dell.

Three years went by and one day I came home from school and Craze was there trying to persuade Aunt Dell to come back to the organization but auntie said "hell no!" Craze went to pimp slap her but i stopped him as he turned and

looked up he realized the strength holding him back and told me "boy I used to feed your nappy headed ass, now you hard, and I just told him "cuz, don't play crazy, aint no way you bout to put your hands on my auntie" Then Do-em growled and the nigga left. Shit, I kept Do-em with me.

After Steph graduated she still stayed with us but she stayed gone. I think it was a cover up so Aunt Dell wouldn't know Steph was a dealer. When we used to get dope as trade ins for the money people would lose, Steph used to sell the dope, give Aunt Dell her share off the tickets and keep the rest, but when I asked her what was she doing, she'd tell me "mind your business, I'm handling mine." and she was. I mean she wasn't stingy or nothing. Whenever I asked her for some doe she always had me, but like I told you I had different little hustles to keep and make my own money. Craze left that day swearing undermeath his breath, got in his Caddy Eldog and peeled off. These confrontations went on up until auntie's death. I lost Steph the day of Aunt Dell's funeral to the system, its funny though, auntie looked so

back and then dropped, he wasn't dead. I turned to Steph then she pulled out on me, "How the fuck, man why?" "I'm sorry boo, but after you started blocking my calls when I was in jail, I felt like you was saying fuck me, Carlito started coming around, being real sweet, telling me a lot of lies about you out there and with me not able to talk to you, I became weak, Nigger you wasn't even returning my letters," "That's because I was trying to grind and save money" "I knew, after you came and finally visited, but then I had already had sex with Carlito and was pregnant, I'm sorry" "Bitch you made me think that fucking kid was mine" "No I didn't. I never told you this baby was yours, you assumed." "What", I pulled the trigger right then and caught Steph in the chest, she shot back, but the bullets went in the air. "I can't believe a couple months without hearing from me bitch, you treat me like we

in Chicago at one of Carlito's warehouse and had managed to rob some of Carlito's men with his surrounding hoes, your uncle was gonna die anyway for fucking with the mob".

"Oh I guess you know everything about the mob now huh, you might as well shoot me folk, if what you telling me is right, aint no need to think about Steph and fuck the baby, but what if Klean was lying, suddenly I heard shots then I fell, this nigger done shot me in my leg.
"I'm sorry folk, this is me now, see you on the other side"

I just knew this was it for me, Shouldn't surprise me though. Just my luck, a real Charlie Brown, Klean was standing over me, when I started seeing female heels running toward us, it was Steph, screaming at Klean
"Stop nigga. let him go, don't kill him"
When Klean turned to look at Steph, I shot that nigger with a dirty 380, in his jaw, he fell

real and Steph couldn't handle the way her mom was slain and swore she was going to kill Craze when she saw him, and this stupid nigga shows up at the funeral proclaiming how sorry he was. When Steph saw him, man, she aint hesitate, went in her lloui-votton bag pulled her nine out and shot Craze six times before I could stop her. When the police arrived and the ambulance, Craze was already dead right there next to auntie's coffin, the police apparently had a warrant for Craze's arrest in connection with auntie's death, but now they had a homicide instead, As far as I was concern as long as the police had a nigga to bring in, they was fine, and they didn't like Steph cause she got away with murder before and they knew she was in the dope game. They was always coming to the house asking me or auntie if we seen her. So Steph pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 10 years, do 4 before probation, period. How's that for late justice.



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me.

"I'm sorry cuz, after Carlito told me that my debt was paid for, he had given me the disease already, make this money off these dope heads, so I kept fucking with him. Hell he offered me Kilos for the low, so I couldn't help it, I got in too deep though, Big Mike, I know you think this is fucked up, but really you was the man back in the days, had all the master plans, in fact your ambition to conquer everything made all our lives the way it turned out. You always blamed the cat daddy and finally killed the nigger, but I always felt like it was your fault, You know Killing Uncle Ray was a plus, but really I wished it was you on the other end of my gun that day, and Steph was there that day, and to go further she called me ahead of time to let me know when they would be coming; do you wanna know why Uncle Ray didn't want you to do nothing while he was gone? Because he was

My uncle Ray decided to stay with me at the house after the funeral. Uncle Ray was a pimp from Harlem wanted for everything, murder, gambling, robbery but always managed to get away. He was Aunt Dell's only brother, she always say uncle Ray wasn't his real name but she never told us what it was so the name Uncle Ray stuck with him. I loved Uncle Ray. He was the closest male figure I could mimic, always had the latest shit. When I was 10 years old, I can remember dancing to his Teddy Pendergrass 8-track for the grown-ups. So when he asked if he could stay, I was honored to have him around. Hell, now I'm 18yrs old, got a high school diploma, and I'm in the trap selling weed, 10 dimes for

room cuz, damn!"

"Man fuck that nigga, you know all this dumb shit was from him, now tell me what's up with this moving brick shit, you know where Steph is?"

"Yeah nigger I know, Carlito been had Steph ,for at least two in a half years ago, there is something you need to know about Steph nigger."

"What nigger?"

"There was times when Carlito and Steph would come to Brazil together."

"What you mean together like"

"Yes nigger like a couple and that baby you seen cuz, believe it or not is Carlito's"

"How the fuck you figure that?"

"I had to play like I was numbless to what was going on because I'm trying to live", but the truth was I didn't tell Klean about seeing a baby, so how did he know I saw a baby? Klean must have seen me thinking or something because when my eyes met his again, this nigger had his gak in his hands, drawn to

\$70.00,Man,before Steph got locked up she finally broke down and told me where her other place was at and where the lute was, like she knew she was going to do something stupid.

Don't get me wrong, I wanted to get Craze too but hell she sold to dope heads she could have got a junky to bust that nigga for a rock, and she'd still be here.

Whatever the case I was living like Steph for a minute, going back and forth from, Steph crib to Auntie's. Every now and then i would help out with the hoes selection with Uncle Ray. He'd say "what up Big Mike, you ready to learn how to pick a Thorough bread.?"

Sometimes there would be over twenty hoes at the house at a time, trying on different outfits and shoe, high heels, low heels, stiletto's, Uncle Ray would buy. Me and Uncle Ray would slay at least 8 of the hoes blow some of that hash and pass out. My uncle had

one rule "don't never fuck with a hoe on that blow boy". I used to see him beat a bitch down and throw their ass the fuck out for asking about that C-4(powder). All the women that worked for Uncle Ray was either lawyers, doctors, nurses, and women working two jobs. You know his pimping was advanced. He got women he felt was strong to help him score in quantity, pay them a little more than they are used to in order for them to seduce whoever or whatever the situation. He told me how he used to know this dime piece who worked in a bank and how they worked the bank and now he got her over seas chillin. I thought that shit was genius.

That Tuesday afternoon everything in my life changed. One of my homeboys had dropped me off and when I got to the crib I could see Uncle Ray yelling at some niggas in a uniform. As I got closer I realized

used to tell me, man I wish a had your people skills. When the cat daddy first heard me tell the intercom I was Big Mike, I could see the fear in the cat daddy's eyes then, so while we was inside the mutherfucker, he had me scope all nite, but uncle Ray always told me "Look a man in his eyes before you kill him," so I decided that Klean was starting to piss me off a little with his attitude so I felt he needed to see how committed I was.I walked up to the cat daddy.and it was like the cat daddy knew because he started moving back, pleaded for his life "Come up Big Mike .I was just trying to come up, take care of my family, it wasn't personal, just business"
"Shut up mutherfucker, explain to God niggaa" I pulled my silver nine out my from underneath my hip and blasted the cat daddy ass, I wasted all my bullets I had in the clip, Klean said "Hey cuz calm down, you just killed that nigga in my living

became close."

"I mean I hated the nigger but this nigger is mob, you know them niggers gone find you, and kill you, whether its today or twenty years from now, and you know it."

"Nigga, where the fuck is

Steph ?",

"I don't know, you know Steph got a face lift"

"I know she visited me while I was in" I don't know why uncle Ray even came back, the nigger had money.

Klean phone started going off, he answered it, looked at me funny then said

"Yeah"

"Look cuz, you killing my uncle is something you gone have to deal with, right now I got to find Steph, Carito brought a tape with Steph tied up, while he basically raped her, physically and mentally."

When Klean saw me ,he saw the cat daddy and just let that nigger come in, but I think that was because Klean knew me and how I worked, he always

it was recruiters trying to convince my uncle the military was my best option. Man I hurried over there before my uncle starts whipping their ass; I said "A cuz, I'm not interested in no armed forces, leave or Ill let Do-em here get at you." I only took the test because they came to the school and it got me out of class. Turns out though I scored a high score on it and all these recruiters were on my dick.

Over the course of the years prior to her death, Aunt Deil wound up with an 8foot slate pool table, we kept it in the basement. Me and Steph would play each other to death arguing about the rules. Steph used to make me do my push ups in sets of fifty, that's why Craze noticed the strength. A nigga was solid. Anyway I used to invite some of my soldiers on the corner with me to gamble, you know shoot dice and play pool.

I only rolled with three niggas. Klean, Daryll and, Big Pete. My man Klean was that nigga, always used his head, tall so

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nobody in the hood ever tried him, but when it was time to get physical, that nigga was down like four flats. Daryll was my folk cause see, he stole a bike back in junior high and crashed after a police chase. It left him paralyzed from the waist down. He rolled in a muthafucking wheelchair. He was cooler than a fan though. And Big Pete was our enforcer. That nigga was helping his dad bounty hunt back in the days, kept the new gats (GUNS) in fact, one day I was walking down Auburn Ave, when these niggas was trying to rob me, all I heard was firecrackers, but louder than fire crackers, I look up and there was Big Pete, he had done laid all them niggas down. He ran to me and said "You straight nigga, I heard what happen to Aunt Dell, and my dad and me took the case on strength and gave the data to them boys, I got your back Big Mike" I never understood why he would call me big when this nigga was like a giant to me, but I never

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up to some gated estate, Klean had bull massifs and golden boxers patrolling throughout the area within the gate. We drove up to the speaker, and someone spoke thru the speakers
"Can I help you?"
"Yes I m here to see my fam,219."
"Your name"
"Big Mike, tell em I'm back"
The gate automatically swung open and I drove and followed the path until it led me to Klean door. Klean rushed out the house ,I couldn't even get out the car good, that nigger was to my window.
"What's up my nigga?"
"What's up folk, man tell me what's the deal"
"Yo, you know I had to kill Uncle Ray, or I would have died."
"Yeah cuz, Carlito told me everything, but trust me he wont be telling nobody nothing no more."
"What you mean folk, did you kill him?"
"You heard what I said nigga, I heard you and Carlito

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further getting myself into some shit."
"You don't know nigga, but right now you don't have nothing to look further to. Now, at least I'm guaranteeing your ass C-4 nigger."
"You a got point dawg, what you riding?"
"I was hoping you could help me find a ride?"
"that jaguar outside is for sale \$3000.00,tittle and everything"
"Let's do it then. Hook it up"
He got out the chair and went up to some dude and brought him back to me. I gave him the bread and me and the cat daddy was off. I guess we rode for about an hour, man, I never seen so much beaches, water so blue here folk, felt like the palm trees was moving with the calypso music playing on the radio, we must have past twenty nude beaches, ten live window hoes and over 50 clubs, this was close as Amsterdam(black man heaven, anything goes town) a brother could get. We pulled

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questioned it neither, so fuck it.
I always spank their ass in pool, I would lose half my doe on dice, win that muthafucka right back on some nine ball. Steph had made me sharp, but I never thought about becoming no hustler in this shit.
One day Uncle Ray came downstairs and peeped me waxing the fellas ass on the table. I guess I never realized that unc never saw me play. He lost it, "Boy you know you sitting on a gold mine don't you." I'm like unc "What you talking bout" He said "Boy you just don't know I can get you hooked up in some of these big boy tournaments", "man how can I play, you gotta be 21, I'm 19, and I play pool for me." Uncle Ray wouldn't let up though, offered me \$500.00 to go with him to shoot pool. All my niggas looking at me like man you betta take that shit. So I agreed. The first night I went, my homies couldn't roll, Uncle only rolled with hoes, I was an

exception cause we were kinfolk. We pulled up at the Glenwood Bowling Alley, Hoes was everywhere, cats had their own pool sticks. I just looked at my uncle's confident face and I knew what I had to do, "Wait here, I'm going to get you set to play" Man uncle went to some dude and came running back putting his arm around me. "Lets do it Big Mike" I told him though "Where my ends, Uncle Ray". He pulled the hundreds out, handed me my money and said "Alright nigga first game \$500.00, let me see how bad you need it". Uncle Ray could be foul when he wanted too, this was one of his times; before I could reply, some dude bumped me and said "I'm a wipe the table with your little chillin ass" "look cuz don't bump me again. Lets play nigga , I'll rack." Hell these tables were like what we had back at the crib. As soon as I lift the rack, that nigger was busting the balls, I admit I was a little nervous because cuz wasn't

Carlito, man, here's the mutherfucker that caused me such pain in my life, but he doesn't realize who I am and I need him right now. The cat daddy was tired looking, real drunk, hanging in different bars everyday, and there aint no telling how he got here, probably running from a lot of people he burnt .as this cat said

"What you want from him, he's no play, I used to work for him, caught me tasting a little C-4 and he threw me on my ass."

I was very familiar with these C-4 critters, one of my best friends was on that C-4, and gave him an overdose. I knew I could play on the cat daddy "Look man, Klean is my cousin, he don't even know I'm here, but I get down on that C-4 too, let's go back and I'll explain to him I told you to taste the product, and you was part of this surprise for 219."

"How I know your really his cousin?" you could be trying to get him, and I could be



Brazil was the shit for real, small stomach and thick ass syndrome over her in the islands. I had doe and my Id name was Mack Rowland and I told customs my business here was personal, tourist type shit, I knew I had to find Klean, but I didn't know what alias he was using. I remember when we was younger, he used to like to call himself 219, his date of birth, so I figure I start asking around for 219. I started to give up, at least for that day, when a cat daddy told me yea I know him, tall brother, ball headed, one of the dons here in Brazil, "Bingo cat, how can I find him folk?" and right then I realize this old man was the cat daddy that set up the first pool match between me and

missing no shots, solids he was, and stripes were all spread out but he missed on the eight ball. I cleaned his ass off the table, my uncle was excited screaming he saw the gleam in my eyes. I went on to make \$5000.00 more that night before me and Uncle Ray left, got my dick sucked and everything. When we left, Uncle Ray told me never to come back here without him. That was the first night I saw this pool shit for what it really was; a gift, an art.

I broke uncle Ray a grand (\$1000.00) but he told me to keep it and go take of my dawgs shopping cause we will need them to roll with us to another spot, "So we gone keep on doing this?"; "What you think player, Steph gonna be out in two more years. I want yall to own something, get the hell out of Georgia and put Aunt Dell name out there." "Why can't you do that, you got bread" "Nigga she didn't raise my ass

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for eighteen years, she raised yall black ass, so fuck what I got, be a man show respect." I felt him, and he was right, I mean I didn't even know what my mama looked like, when Aunt Dell would ask me to look at the pictures, I always say no, so she died never showing them to me. Uncle was right it was only right to want to do something besides sell this shit and oh yea I continued to run numbers when aunt Dell was murdered, so fuck it I'm down. The money I made from the numbers was pretty good but I used it to maintain my bills, and stash money away for Steph when she gets out. This money could be for legitimate business, hopefully bring structure to all our lives.

Pools way out the hood

it, Marissa kept passports, old evidence tapes, real crazy bitch but she was beautiful, I guess Ill never know what happen to my Spanish Fly. You know I hustled, sold weed, ran numbers, hoes, but I never thought pool would really get me out the hood though. As far as I'm concern I'm free and when I find Klean. I know if he's down or not, if he had any to do with my family, ill bust him, Man I miss Do-em, it just wasn't meant for us to be together, always some drama, flashbacks of some events I saw on the tape as I was pulling Carlito in popped in my head like Steph being forced to suck Carlito dick while his goons had a gak to my baby's head, duck taped.

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they go in my trailer and find the bodies , They gonna charge me with two murders. I got to get the fuck out of here, and all I could think of was Brazil. Besides I need to find Klean,

I was able to take my tournament ball check for \$25000 cash folk., When I got to the street, I caught a cabby to Atlanta Airport and got a flight to Brazil, one way, first class. I had to leave while I could, I never even flown before. All this fuck shit that's been happening in my life and yet I m still experiencing some G ass shit. Only connect I got to finding Steph and My baby was Klean and I knew he owned a barbershop. I know by now I'm all over the news, plastered on every radio broadcasting, but nigga I'm on Value Jet cuz and their TV Cable is fucked up and the passengers cant see what's going on. I got lucky, it took 36hrs but the last time I closed and then opened my eyes it was to some crystal clear water below, I had made

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Me and the team traveled with uncle Ray to different pool halls. Tight Pockets, Billiards Station, Central Station, and a whole lot of hole in the wall clubs. I loved the hole in the wall spots, I always made the most money there. Every club we went into I broke the team with at least \$1000 to \$2000 to split among each other for having my back. Klean stacked his doe to attend barber school, wanted his license and own his shop. He used to hook us up with the tight fades back in school, Daryll tricked his money off with hoers. We all knew it was stupid but D couldn't fuck no more and none of us could imagine that so we made a secret bond to always look after him, and Big Pete, he used his doe to continue to

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move bricks of that shit (dope) in McCanerville,(One of the hardest traps in Atlanta,Ga)

Look man I wasn't nobody's daddy. My favorite phrase for a mutherfucker was "Do you".

Steph will be out in a year if she don't fuck up in there.

Today I wanted to tell her what I was doing out here since she been locked up.

When I started this pool shit I started missing my visits with Steph. She would write me and curse me out cause the phone wont take collect calls.

So here I am back at prison visiting my big sis and explain to her what's been going on. When I got inside , the guard told me that Steph had

requested to see me in the fuck trailer, now keep in mine Steph wasn't my biological sister but, I didn't know what to think. When they brought her in, I said "Steph what's up with this" and she grabbed me put her finger on my mouth, and said "Mike I need some and you all I can trust. We not

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lose the crown, they went off, but when the ten minutes came there was no Carlito or even his boys so the official announced that I was the winner. The warden screamed out "You're the man Big Mike, you're the man Big Mike. You're free and I'm free", then all of sudden when the

warden held his drink to me , there was gunfire, I seen the warden catch seem like seven 12 gauge bullet holes in him, the crowd started a stampede, here was my chance to bail. I have to figure out where

Steph and my baby is later but right now I got to get the fuck out of here, I guess the warden didn't realize, he was a fucking in-law, and this was a big insult to these mob cats, Obviously Carlito was sour about the warden trying to disgrace him, even in Carlito's death, he was harming folks. Man I killed his ass though, and I would do it again if I had to.

I can hear the sirens coming, it aint gonna be long before

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you disturbing my time"
"Oh check that cuz, I thought I saw Carlito go in your room and then I heard some noise,"
"FOLK, nobody in this bitch but me.I was wondering where Marissa was, she should have been here by now, Carlito is in the front room dead. I began to drag Carlito to the bathroom, when I got the door open "Oh shit, Marissa, Marissa hung herself in the bathroom .or Carlito killed her then tied to make it seem like a suicide. I gotta get the fuck out of here, but I had to go back so Carlito could look like he forfeited, and I can be free. I left Carlito with Marissa in the bathroom and locked the door and left. As I was walking by the people to get to my table, the crowd was ecstatic, yelling for me to beat Carlito, but no Carlito, somebody whispered to the official that Carlito was not in the building, the crowd booted. The judges told Carlito's people they had 10 additional minutes to find Carlito or he will be disqualified and will.

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really blood, nigga I want you"
Steph was fine, she had a built body, small waist and a thick ass. I know she been fighting them hoers off her, but when I used to think of her like that ,I start feeling guilty, but she telling me that she love me ,I know she always been there for me, she always provided for me, I do love her. Before I knew it we was fucking. I started sucking her breast as she grabbed my dick and jacked on it and my shit was hard. No more feeling guilty, to me this felt right and she felt right. She came on me like five times. Afterwards I explained to her what I've been doing and the plan me and Uncle Ray has for the family. Steph was happy and said
"I knew something had to be up with you nigga. I thought something had had happen to you, I guess that's why when I heard you was coming to see me, I wanted to show you how I felt. These hoers in here crazy. My rep followed me some how though, I told

you that already. But nigga I'm down to be wherever you be. Hold it down out there for me big Mike"

I gave Steph a kiss before I left and she told me "Ah Mike, you know you came in me, and I'm not on the pill"
"yea nigga I know", but the truth was the shock of Steph even feeling like this way for me fucked me up. If she did get pregnant Ima have to really step my game up. Uncle Ray had an emergency call and had to go out of town to Chicago. Told me he would be back in two weeks. He told me not to pool hustle until he came back. I had the numbers running smooth still, but had to cut the time off earlier these days because there are more cops now than there use to be. Shit, I felt that I was nice enough to handle the tables without Uncle Ray. I mean I was the one breaking the balls not his daddy fresh ass. I called a meeting among the fellas to discuss them rolling to pool hustle. Daryll told me straight up "Man your

table, I had to play some lame Jo. He looked young, but he won the break. I smashed that fool and 29 other niggas after that, just like everybody thought.

Next game, Carlito Sanchez vs Big Mike, 1hr recess is set, when I went to my room, Carlito was there.

"Hey stupid I got something I want you to see"

He put a DVD in the TV. It was one of those combo TV's.

When he pressed play, I saw Steph handcuffed and in another room, my little girl duck taped up to her neck. I punched that nigger straight up, we tussled for a minute, the nigger caught me in the jaw, I grabbed my trophy ball off the table and I hit Carlito in

his head, causing him to bleed rapidly, he stopped fighting, in fact he stop moving, I felt Carlito's pulse, and it was official, Carlito Sanchez was dead. the door knocked, some voice outside the door like "Is everything alright in there?"
I said quickly "Yea, besides

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and I want to see someone break Carlito down."
I hated the way the warden would say my name. I really never had respect for nobody who didn't work for what they got, not wait until a mutherfucker obtain some shit, and deboo it, but he's right, I needed freedom so I could find Steph and my baby. I told Marissa everything about me and Steph, Yea I know players, you like ,why I did that, but understand, the pictures I needed from her was of no use because Carlito had already filled in the missing blanks so I told her I was out after the game and she could not come with me, She understood. We fucked for one last time, though, Marissa was fine as shit.

It seem like the music stopped when I opened that door to the tournament. All eyes was on me, I seen Carlito spill his drink, this chomp really thought I wasn't going to show up. The warden was there too, my name was on my

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uncle aint been gone a fucking week and you already wanna do some fuck shit" And that's all it took, the meeting would start.

"Shut the fuck up nigga, you riding around all day tricking off with these bitches, how the fuck you think you get to do that."

D would always get offended and be like "fuck you. I aint never ask yall to do shit for me nigga".

Big Pete would interrupt and say "Yeah you never turn shit down though"

Then Klean would say "Yeah nigga don't act like somebody else even remotely gives a fuck about your cripple ass besides us. Just tell me and I'll stop fucking with you right now

"Then Daryll would say "My bad folk, folk I know yall my real family, look I'm down with whatever you need."
Klean and Big Pete was always down with whatever I was with, but Daryl always made me think, if it wasn't but for a minute, I mean I know he

wish he could catch a second chance but that's another reason why I must get it .who knows maybe I'll make enough to buy D some legs so he can walk again before he leave the world.

That night we went back to Glenwood Bowling Alley and immediately ran to some brothers I played throughout different tournaments.

"Where's your bodyguard, Big Mike"

"I don't need no bodyguard cat, I'm real with mine. I came to shoot pool, we can handle whatever animosity you have for me with them sticks"

"What I look like, a mutherfucking fool" Big Pete said

"Nigga we don't know who you are and don't care folk, if you aint shooting, back the fuck up, chomp."

"Be easy young Pete, I don't want no trouble, boy I used to roll with your dad back in the day"

"look nigga, don't know you so bounce"



It was the day of the tournament, and Marissa woke up more nervous than me..

"What's up boo, you ready, you nervous, you got a plan,?"
"Chill out girl, I already beat this fool before, I'm not worried about winning, I'm more concerned about the after effects"

It was about 10o'clock in the morning, the tournament starts at 12:30 pm. somebody knocked on the door, when Marissa looked thru the peep hole, she said "Big Mike, it's the warden!"

"What, this mutherfucker aint came and saw me the whole time, but open the door."

She opened the door and the warden rushed in shaking my hand like we was down.

"You ready Big Mike, I know you are, you want freedom,

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job, so he currently works for me. Turned out to be a respected dealer in Brazil. Hey, look sucker you can't win, but do what you do nigga. I'm just here to tell you, you don't have to pay me nigga, your debt has been paid, you can say fuck my uncle and go free, or perhaps work for me."

As mad as I was with this nigga, he was helping me fill out some of the missing pieces to the puzzle, but I will deal with the source "I tell you what spic, you came here, said what you wanted, now go home and worry about if I'm a show up or not Mr tough guy with my mob" He left and Marissa hurried up and closed the door. I looked at Marissa and said "I'm a have to kill this mutha fucker" and she said "I know".

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"Alright but look here Big Mike, I got \$10,000.00 right now you can't beat my partner over there in some nine ball" "Nigga .you trying to call me out, you think cause Uncle Ray aint here I cant handle that?"

"A boy if I thought you couldn't handle it I wouldn't put the bread down, now what the fuck is up? "

Aint no way I was gonna let this arrogant son of a bitch call me out, I had \$10,000 in my socks, easy. "Look cuz, if you lose, it'll be \$10,000.00 plus \$500 for each ball that is left on the table, blacktop nigga"

"Agreed"

Klean asked me "folk you know what you doing?"

I said "Yea nigga.I got this."

Buddy(the guy) I was playing name was Carlito Sanchez. I remember thinking to myself the last name sound familiar but said fuck it I need the doe. We shook hands like players then buddy broke out his

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stick. Shit was nice, gold and white with the wide mouth tip. I never bought,(purchased)my stick and had doe .I always felt that it wasn't the stick its the driver nigga . I walked and as I grabbed my stick, it was like people stopped their game and began to gather around our table. I lost the chance to go first so Carlito broke the balls and it was on, He hit the one thru six before I finally got the chance to shoot, but his last shot left me with the seven ball in front of the nine ball, and the nine ball is by the corner pocket, so I'm thinking I'm fixing to clean up on his ass. Klean came to me and said "Yo nigga I cant find Daryll"
"What you mean you cant find Daryll, the nigga is in a fucking wheelchair" "Look folk I aint that nigger keeper"
"Man can I shoot this shot, you and Big Pete go handle that".
Meanwhile Carlito was getting anxious" Come on Caprone"
"Chill out Delayoha, I 'm fixing to give it to you"

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swear you was a skully"
Marissa was screaming for him to leave, but she knew if she didn't shut up, she was gonna get pimp slapped, and if she barked at him, she would die. I looked at him in his eyes and said
"You know what cuz, It's not impressive to me to see a mutherfucker act bad because he got the mob back, a crack head go play a bitch, but this 9-ball is more than that, if you want my respect you gonna have to earn it chomp, without the mob, remember I could have got away Carlito, I choose to go back and turn myself in, where was you at, you knew where I was, you aint tried to get the money back, so you all talk without your mob!",
"the reason I didn't bother to get the money from you is because my mob as you call it, found your boy Klean and beat him senseless then gave him dope packs to distribute out your old house to pay off your debt. Then he turned around and asked me for a

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Hey Marrassa, did you get me those pictures for me yet?"
"Yea, but you got 4 more days until the big day, so if you want privileged info, win nigger"

Shit Marrassa had her mind made up, but some how I got to get them damn tapes. I couldn't help but wonder about Steph and my little girl. I didn't even know my baby girl name. I have to find them. That night we got a visit from Carlito Sanchez. Marissa grab her gak and said "How the fuck you find my house?"
Do-em was growling, luckily we decided to keep Do-em on a chain. Carlito was like "So we meet again Caprone. I see my pussy-ass uncle in law is a little salty about his boy, but his boy didn't show respect, like you 5 years ago, that's why your special ed friend had to die, that's why your sister is on the run, and that's why your own homeboy killed your Uncle Ray, all cause of me, nigga, so don't be a fool and try to shine because I'll peel your top so fast you'll

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Big Pete and Klean walked around the spot looking for D, I went ahead and put Carlito out his misery. I called seven to the nine, nine ball corner pocket, let the stick loose and banged (made the shot) that mutherfucker. The cat daddy rushed up to me and gave me the cash, \$10000 and \$1000 for the last two balls left on the table. Everybody was cheering for me, acknowledging I was the man, but somebody in the crowd told me I was in trouble and that I was framed and that my life was in danger. Its funny cause as soon as he said that, I realize who Carlito was. He was mafia, nephew of Fidel Sanchez, Mexican Cartel. I heard a lot of sirens going on outside as I was getting ready to leave. Big Pete and Klean ran to me as I came outside
"Mike, they killed D, they killed D, nigga. Somebody threw Darryl from the building"
I started shouting "D, D, D, I didn't realize who buddy was, I'm sorry"

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Big Pete ran back in the club to see if he could find that cat daddy who set me up or Carlito, but them mutherfuckers was gone. They killed my boy, I cant fucking believe this shit. Somehow \$110000.00 don't mean shit to me now. Klean stayed with Daryl until they loaded him up in the ambulance, me and Big Pete got warrants so we couldn't stay, I didn't have a warrant but I didn't want to explain how I got my money. That night I got a phone call from Uncle Ray, I don't how he found out but he did and was furious and said not to move until he got home. My life was in danger. He told me he would explain to me later. all I could think of was killing Carlito and that cat daddy. Man that night was the first night I've ever seen Big Pete cry. All of us was pretty fucked up about it. I know I had to tell Uncle Ray about me and Steph so he can understand why I defied him. it wasn't like I was scared of

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Carlito or that cat daddy that set me up in the first place. When I didn't come back at the house by the hour, Marissa called the warden, but the warden was already notified where I was, at the bowling alley shooting pool. The warden had eyes all over, anybody if not everybody worked for the warden in some form of fashion. Everybody had love for me still. Its like since I've been gone there's been no Robin hoods out here. Marissa came charging into the alley like "Nigga, you gonna stop making me look stupid, or I'm a blow your black ass face off."

"Chill ma, I can explain, I wanted to test my pippin on the tables here where the G's be at."

"Boo all you had to do is tell me"

"a ma you too emotional to be a cop"

"shut up nigger"

I couldn't tell shortly about the lute I found, but I needed her still"

Pools way out the hood

straight to a bus stop. When the bus stopped, the driver was getting ready to talk shit, but realize that it was me and let me bring Do-em with me. "Big Mike, what it is boy?"

"Chillin man, look here, here's a hundred to take me by the old crib"

"For sure man"

People upset, arguing, and cursing the bus driver out for passing their spot, but fuck them.

"Thanks dude, I owe you one "

Me and Do-em ran to the house, yellow tape all over the place, boards nailed as a window, government property papers on the door. I hit the back and went for my hiding spot. Looks like no one has touched it. When I opened my spot, the muthufucking cash was still there. hell yeah, All \$25000.00 dollars was there. I grabbed the cash and me and DO-em bounced. Instead of going back to the house by that hour I went back to Glenwood Bowling Alley to see if I could spot

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unc, I just have a lot of respect for him. Shit, I'm lying I was scared of Uncle Ray.

Six months done passed by since I visited Steph, but we talked several times on the phone. I took the block off the phone so I could hear her voice. She didn't care about Uncle Ray knowing about us. It was 2:00 in the morning when the Taxi Cab came up. I could hear Uncle Ray voice telling the cabbie thanks, He came in and I was waiting on the couch. He said "nigga what the fuck was you thinking, shooting against that mob mutherfucker"

"Unc, I forgot who he was fuck, his partner came to me" "I told your stupid ass not to pool hustle until I came back" "Look Unc I'm grown and I make my own decisions, I don't need you to make money for me, " "No but it's apparent that you need me to think for your

dumb ass. You fell for the dumbest trick in the book, nigga, now your homeboy dead, and if you don't give that money back with interest, they coming for me, you, Steph and everybody else important to your life. Boy if we don't bust Steph ass out of jail they gonna kill her."

"Uncle Ray, she got six more months, what the hell are you talking about?"

"Look fool you should have thought of that before you decided to get all mutherfucking independent" Now listen nigger I got a homey that's a correctional officer in the prison Steph in, and he owes me a favor."

The next day Uncle Ray had arranged to visit with Steph. He told Steph about the situation and that she was going to have to grab the correctional officer gun and hold him hostage until they get out of there.

Steph was pissed but she also was pregnant and didn't want to die in jail for another mutherfucker.

the first nite.

"Hey playboy you think I can catch some dick?"

"Hell yea, I want to put it through your tonsils"

We left and stopped by Waffle house for some steak and eggs.

Nobody knew but I had money stashed away in auntie's house, I was hoping that those pigs didn't find it or that buster mutherfucker who was running dope out my house.

The next morning I told Marissa I was going for a run. She was like "Nigga don't get smart. I'm trusting you, because when you win I want to go with you."

"Yeah ma, I feel you, I'm just going for a jog to stay in shape, you know you a monster in the bedroom"

"nigga if you're not back in a hour I'm calling the warden, plain and simple"

"Damn Ma. Like that, I got you, one hour. That's why your bitch ass aint going no where with me.

" Me and Do-em left, and I ran

Pools way out the hood

minutes went by before some jive nigger stepped up and bet \$500. Marissa stood up quickly and said "Private session over here man" I told her her to chill, because I needed this to become sharp and this bitch wasn't shelling out no money. "Lets play nigger, you rack." I'm ready, Let Marissa hold the cash." He said "what ever nigga, I'm a get it right back" He bust the rack, almost hit the eight ball in the pocket off the break, automatic win, but almost fried chicken don't taste good. All it took was one shot and it was on, I did that nigger, "Next" He said "Alright nigga, good to have you back Big Mike, you know you a legend in here." How about that, the nigger knew me and I aint been in the game for 5yrs.I played seven more games for like \$200 a pop ,won them all and told Marissa ,I was ready to go. Shit I came with nothing and we was leavin with \$1900.00dollars. Not bad for

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Mr. Unknown

Pools way out the hood

Klean was outside in a rented Suburban, Big Pete had heat on deck. The plan was for Steph to get outside and both her and Uncle Ray get in the suburban and ride out. Steph managed to get outside holding the gun to Uncle Ray head, but when she put Uncle Ray in the car and tried to get in, the pigs shot at her, striking her butt cheeks, I screamed out "Big Pete,"

Big Pete started bustin out the back window, he caught one in the chest, Klean hit the gas, and we was out. I had my car around the corner so Klean let us out by the ride, before the helicopters could follow us. Me, Steph, UncleRay, and Big Pete jumped in the ride, but Steph booty was bleeding, Big Pete arm was hit, now him and Steph needed medical attention. Between uncle Ray hoes money and my money from my hustling we had enough to get to Lawrenceville airport and go to Canada and stay with some

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kinfolks, elders.
Fuck, not even a week and I wanted to help Steph but instead I made her a fugitive six months before she would be off papers and she carrying my baby, my homeboy Daryll gone, and Big Pete got hit. Damn I fucked up. On our way to the airport, we heard on the radio that the police had found the suburban but no driver, so I don't know what happen to Klean because I never heard from him again. When we got to the airport, the police had a road block going on. I knew this was all my fault so I turned right to go on the back roads and gave Steph \$60000.00 I saved and Uncle Ray had x amount of doe on him. I told Uncle Ray to drive the back way to the airport and im'a turn myself in. My uncle Ray said "nigger, are you sure?"
Steph was screaming "Hell no nigger I didn't get broke out so you could get caught and die in there."
But my mind was made up,

Pools way out the hood

somebody just deboo my crib, that's why I got to see them tapes"
"I'll get them later my love. We have time. You need to concentrate on winning this tournament, get settled and changed into your pool gear, my orders are to take that ass to Babes in Fulton Industrial, and your table is already waiting for you."
Babes was a strip club, they had a few tables though. When we got there, the security let us right in. I saw stars in there. Chillin niggas like Sammy Sam the hit man, Sean Paul from young bloods, even that nigga that had J's at my door. Marc Decoca was there. All type of hoes was in here, sliding down the poles, giving lap dances, private rooms for more intense fantasy, most of the time it was more reality in them rooms. My table had my name reserved on the table. I told Marissa to rack the balls and I grabbed a stick and began to bust it up. Not even two

Pools way out the hood

"Now calm your ass down, five years ago we raided a house on main street, but when we got there we found some dope, weed, and Blade here, well you know him as Do-em."

"That's his name, and your story makes sense up until the part you said activity was going on there"

"No the hell I'm not wrong, we had surveillance tapes that were admissible in court that proves this"

"Let me ask you do you think you can let me see them tapes, please boo I knew a friend who used to live there and I was under the impression that he was dead, definitely not serving out the crib"

"Yeah the house came up under Della Banks, mother of the fugitive Trigger finger, and she had a treacherous son name Big Mike. Wait a minute, your that Big Mike, I cant believe it. Who the fuck you was letting sell that shit while you was in prison?"
"Nobody had permission ma,

Pools way out the hood

told Uncle Ray to drive, "I'll see yall later."

They left and I could hear Steph screaming for me. I just ran the other way straight to the pigs and all thirty of them cops drew their guns on me. I took mine like a soldier.

I got charged with helping 2 fugitives escape. I never told them where Uncle Ray and Steph was because the truth was I didn't know, but I

wouldn't have said shit if I knew. They never found Big Pete neither so I got charged with attempted murder also. I pled guilty and was sentenced to 20 years. Do at least 10 before I was even eligible for parole. First offense.



As I was shackled from my hands to my feet, wearing the black and white stripes, like the old days, I wondered about Steph and Uncle Ray. did they make it somewhere safe, Did Steph get to a hospital? Did she have the baby? Was Big Pete with them? What the fuck happen to Klean. All these questions but no answers, and really I cant think about this shit, right now I need to worry about keeping the fucking soap from falling in the bathroom. When I finally reached the general population, it was almost like being in the street, I knew everybody in this mutherfucker, either by running numbers or some fucking ghetto fabulous shit. Whoever didn't know me, knew Steph, or Uncle Ray, or



Well today's the day, man, the warden wasn't lying. He had Marissa escort me around. Marissa took me in her car and we was off. She said "I didn't know you could even shoot pool, boo .
"Yeah I do my best"
"Nigga you better do better than your best, you better win or for what I understand your dead."
"Where am I going to stay?"
"With me nigga, I told you I live alone with my pit"
when I got there at her house, Do-em ran out and came running straight to me.
"Hey ma ,what the hell is going on here, how the fuck you end up with my dog, you stalking me bitch?"
"First of all I got your bitch right here nigga"
She pulled her gun out

Pools way out the hood

you off wherever you see fit,
but when you pick your spot
nigga, that's your ass".
I'd be runnin for my life again
but I could get to the bottom
of what's going on with Steph,
my seed, and Klean. Perhaps
even find Big Pete.

"I'm down. I'll shut him down
warden"

We shook hands

"Thank you Big Mike"

I didn't have nothing on paper
but I was in a lose, lose
situation unless I beat this
spic.

Pools way out the hood

Aunt Dell so I had the no dick
in the ass pass. Thank God
because later that night I
watched them buffed up
niggas rape a mutherfucker.
Watching a nigga lose his
manhood is no pretty sight. I
knew if I was gonna survive
this shit I would have to
maintain my gangster status. I
got up with my some of my
old connects on the outside
and started hustling cartons of
cigarettes, smuggling that
weed and letting a couple of
dirty cops get in on the action,
you know the drill.

In a month I had over thirty
soldiers down wit me. One of
my dawgs from junior high
was in here too. Monty
Williams,

Monty used to knock niggas
the fuck out, one hitter-quitter
action.

"What up folk?, I never
thought they would get you,
not Big Mike, I heard how yall
bust Trigger finger out of jail,
and how you drove them to
safety then turned yourself in
so they could get away, real g
shit my nigga."

The story he got was definitely the short version, but the point came across so we kicked it hard. Monty caught 8yrs for armed robbery and aggravated assault. He hit this old white lady in the mouth with his gat (gun), a police car just so happen to pass by, the nigga did this shit in broad daylight. He was a dumb ox, but in here we was all dumb cause we got caught right?, or maybe we were just fucked up for how we thought. I used to ask Monty if he ever heard anything about where Klean might be or big Pete, and surprisingly he told me that he heard Klean caught some trip money and moved to Brazil, "My cousin flies to Brazil, to shoot porno flicks, and he said he saw Klean out there, the nigga has his own barbershop."

I told the nigga "Stop playing, for real"

"Yea cuz ,you know everybody got their fade from that nigger"

I didn't know what to think, I mean I know everybody had

I knew that mutherfucker was talking about Daryll.

"Man you're a warden. get that nigga locked up"

"Don't be a fool, You are in here because the mob scared you right?"

"you got a point, so what do you want me to do?"

"I'm going to approve your work release program but you will be assigned to a private pool hall accompanied by my personal officer, her name is officer San Tiago."

That was Marissa, how cool was that.

"There will be a Global Ball tournament in Athens in a week, Carlito already entered it, so will you, you will need to beat a total of 30 people in order to play Carlito. but you must defeat them and defeat Carlito.

"If I beat this dude again, what about my safety, he'll know for sure that I'm in here, man fuck that"

"Shut up boy, let me finish. When you beat Carlito, your papers will get lost and my people will take you and drop

Pools way out the hood

ability to still play"
"How's that?"
"Do you remember a guy by the name of Carlito Sanchez?"
"yeah, he's the reason I'm in this hell hole."
"Perhaps, I guess that's one way of looking at it, but he's my nephew in law. My wife's name is Maria Sanchez"
I knew then what this was, I mean if I wanted to stay alive I had to at least hear him out.
"So what is it you need me to do?"
"Look don't think because I told you Carlito is my nephew that I love him cause if that was the case, your black ass would've been dead. Since you beat Carlito he thinks you're out the picture. He has been dominating the pool tables and pulling that mob shit on everyone. My son shot against him two weeks ago and beat him and he had his goons break his legs permanently, now he in a wheel chair. Carlito said it reminded him of some cripple guy they threw off the building."

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to get the hell out of dodge, but where Klean get the doe to fly to Brazil and open up a mutherfucking barbershop? It just didn't add up.
Four years went by. July 19th, 2001
I made another birthday. My dawgs had rolled me some blunts and gave them to me at lunch, one at a time. Man who you know in jail on his birthday with over fifty blunts in his cell. Yes my team was stronger and grew tremendously. The only friction I had was fucking with them skinheads. They wanted to rule and they hated niggers but when I first got established in here, I met with the leader of the skinheads and we agreed to run different zones, because this mutherfucker had himself some followers as well, willing to die for the cause like some fucking Arabs. I respected his shit just don't tangle in my shit. But that cracker started getting jealous, wanted more territory, so time and time we

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had race wars and every time we be released from lock down, we lose soldiers, but as we lose ,we both begin to gain soldiers,
I've been back and forth to the medic, last scuffle. I was shanked slightly in my stomach and got 15 stitches. That's when I met Marissa, a police officer with a thick ass. They had her guarding me twenty four -seven until I got well enough to return back to general public. One night I asked Marissa to un cuff me to use the bathroom and asked if I could rub her ass one time. she said "is that your dream or something ,touch a cop ass?"
"No, my fantasy is a lot more vivid than that", she smiled so I got the vibe I was looking for but shit nigga she was still a cop. She uncuffed me and took my hands, put it on her breasts, told me she was willing to ride this dick if I promised to fuck her good. Yo, I didn't waste no time, I had that ass bouncing up in the air, the

Pools way out the hood

wires and light. I once helped him wire a 5200sqft house in Buckhead (rich part of Atlanta). The warden sent for me to see him; no telling what he wanted with me. I've been here for five yrs and even when I was fucked up in the jail hospital, this mutherfucker didn't see me, so what he could want now. I don't know. When I got there the warden had two drinks on his desk, I could smell the liquor, smell like some Grey Goose Vodka and I could see the cranberry juice. He told me to sit down and take my glass
"Have a drink. I think we can help each other"
"Hows that"
"Well I understand you have requested the work release program"
"Yeah that's right, tired of this scenery"
"I can dig it, I also understand you shoot pool."
"Yeah I used to dabble a little, but its been a minute, you can understand that"
"Sure but you getting an approval depends on your

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killed him
"No way".

She said she would explain everything later, kissed me good bye and left. I never received a letter from Steph.

It's been two years and another birthday. I'm more fucked up than I was when I didn't know where Uncle Ray and Steph was, now I know Uncle Ray is dead and Klean killed him, but where the hell is Steph and where was my baby when she came to see me. I needed answers, and I wasn't going to find it in this cell.

I started volunteering to work on the outside, you know apply for work release program. When I was a kid I used to be a electrician helper for this white man from the hood name Scott Howland, also an ex football star for one of them NFL teams. We used to call him a reversible Oreo. White on the outside, and black on the inside. He taught me a lot of different shit about

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more I thought about fucking this cop, the more harder my dick would become.

Marissa was Puerto Rican, 40dd with them big brown drip nipples. When the next morning came, the other officers would try and hit on Marissa but she wouldn't give them the time of day, Then they would fuck with me saying

"Nigga that aint the kind of pussy you like no more, you fudge packing ass nigger!" Little did they know though, I was fucking their compadre. You fat black ass Barney fife. Me and Marissa was straight up just a fuck thing, I mean she wouldn't risk her job to get me out, or nothing but she would risk her job to fuck, straight freak. When I returned to the cell, she would get me from time to time and cuff me, take me to her private hiding spots and pull my pants off and give me head, I loved it. Anyway later that day of my birthday, the guard told me I

had a visitor, now all the visitors I had I knew about because I arranged it, but I didn't arrange this one. When I got to the window, I see this thick ass sister, caramel skin tone, jet black hair looking at me like she knew me. Im like "Hey ma do I know you, and why are you smiling?" she said "Aint you got a baby with Trigger finger, what you doing looking at me all up and down, nigger?" "how you know girl, who the hell are you?" she asked me if it was too late to request to go to the fuck trailer?", now first this chick was tripping about Steph and the baby, now she wanted to fuck, and how the hell did she know about Steph or my seed? I talked to the guard and it was no problem, besides Marrissa saw me and she was cutting her eyes. I wasn't studying Marrissa right then because I knew I would deal with her later, I was bless with 14inches with the wide head dick so that

made me confident, and I had to figure out how this female knew me. When we got inside the room, I asked her name, she grabbed me and put her finger on my lips and whispered in my ear "it's me baby, Steph" She looked so different but her touch was the same, naw this bitch fucking with me, so I tested her, "What's Uncle Ray real name?" She said "fool, you know mama never told us, so we never asked." And right then I knew it , it was Steph, we both knew we couldn't talk right now because you never know who's listening so we just made love, when I grabbed her stomach, Steph told me She was fine, as if to say my daughter was alive and well. I told Steph which cop was dirty and that she needed to write what's happening all this time in Ebonics and give it to the cop to give to me, she agreed and told me that she love me and whisper to me that Uncle Ray was dead and that Klean

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A POOLS WAY OUT THA HOOD

AUTHOR: MICHAEL R. SIMMONS

Dedicated to My little girl Sierra

Special Thanks to: OutKast

Dj Craze

Daryl Mitchell (groove b chill)

Goodie Mob

Unknown Elite Entertainment

Joe & Roberta Simmons

The Roots

M.R. Unknown (BROKE ASS

PLIMP)

Common

Lil Mike, Clint, Ray Ray,

Wivee

Eraka Baduh

G.Naris Barkley (CEE Lo

Green) Nas

they figured you was dead, they didn't realize who yall were and wanted in the United States, I stayed behind with one of my men under me, and told him to jump in and bring yall up, gave him \$2000.00 American money to forget yall was alive and to take us to the nearest hospital. So yall here like you are in protective custody. I had to do that solid for you. I told you cuz whenever I heard you scream, I'd come running. Now whose this little girl?" "That's my Daughter, Sierra." That day I told Big Pete everything, he didn't realize none of this shit was going on. Never thought Klean could do this shit, Big Pete went back to Klean's house to hit the safe that the cops wasn't aware of. it was at least \$500000.00 in one safe and at least \$30000.00 in the other. Me Big Pete and Sierra caught a flight to Trinidad and bought an estate. Now we shoot pool for fun. Now that's my story folk, folk.

A POOL'S WAY OUT THE HOOD

Hey, what up Cuz. My name is Mike Remy, from Forest Park, Georgia. I like to think of myself as a thorough breed., you know, AKA HUSTLER.I mean I could sell anything from weed (marijuana) to car parts, but my Uncle Ray always told me "Mike ,only one hustle can be your love", so mine was pool. Now wait, I know what you thinking. Another pool story, but Shawty I promise, you aint never heard a story like this.



I was born in Columbia, South Carolina, July 19th 1975, I don't know exactly where, but some of the elders say my mother died after having me in an institution (nut house). Hell I can remember vaguely living with an old black lady for a while before moving to Atlanta, Georgia with friends of the family. My dad, fuck him never seen him, so it could be you for all I know. He was a rolling stone.

Supposedly, my Aunt Dell and my mom's was close and she promised to take me in while mama finished the rest of her time in the crazy house, but mama died. Aunt Dell had a little girl named Stephanie and a pit bull name Do-ern. Steph was thirteen when I moved in and I was five years old.



When I woke up I was in a Brazilian hospital and Big Pete was holding Sierra, she wasn't hit, I thought I shot her, but I didn't. Big Pete told me that I shot the boat and it sunk, and I got shot, but not in the heart, just my shoulder, Big Pete used to help Klean move bricks, and after he got shot, he went to this doctor bitch he knew that worked at Grady Hospital.

"Damn nigga, when I heard a commotion going on at Klean spot and then I saw you, I knew what I had to do, my shit started getting real hot for me, so the last time Klean came in town, he hooked me up with a one way ticket to Brazil, and got me a job as a custom cop, so I could be a convenient asset and stack mine too. After your boat started sinking, the cops left,

the system. show her a pool's way out the hood, your baby Steph, p.s. I always and will always love you. Right then all I saw was white, you see the cops and the dogs had spotted me and their orders was shoot on sight, I was hit ,yeah man ,right after finding out that Sierra was mine, I told yall I was related to Charlie Brown, and my baby will definitely not fall to the system. Fuck that, I couldn't let it happen, I knew I was dying, these bitches shot me in my heart, but I had one ounce of energy, and I used it to kill Sierra, because I be damn if my baby was going to fall into the system, or police custody all her life, surrounded by people who don't really give a fuck, if I'm wrong, Ill just burn mutherfucker. No more prison for me.

Man, Aunt Dell worked for bell south as a telephone operator by day and a hoe by night. Craze kept Aunt Dell flyer than a mutherfucker. Craze was Aunt Dell's pimp, short stocky brother, always kept them pimp hats with the feather in it. Aunt Dell was his best girl. We lived on Main Street, where them smack heads be walking by. We were walking distance to every and anything you wanted. A lot of nights me and Steph had to hold it down at the crib (house). Steph was hard, a real tom boy chic, and although we was six years apart we learned quickly how to be a team. One night Steph shot an intruder trying to break in through the window. This nigga was tall with scars on his face and had only one eye, the other was straight white, no color dots. Aunt Dell explained to the cops she didn't know where the gun came from. Steph had always told me, "when ever you yell, I'll be there." You see so I saw the dude comin through the window and started screaming. From that point on, me and Steph been like real sisters and brothers.



Man I wish Aunt Dell could have seen me graduate, but three days ago, the police found her body in a metal trash bin, they say trick deal gone sour, but me and Steph knew that Craze had something to do with it. Aunt Dell had become a legend to the rest of these hoes and Craze had made her a madam. She started getting 40% of the action and Craze 60% as long as she hooked the deal up. As usual, however, it don't take long before a real pimp starts growing a head and figure, the hell with a second wheel. He started cheating Aunt Dell out of money and becoming irate with her when she questioned him about the money, so Aunt Dell decided to just quit the game. I mean she already put one of her babies through high school and

love her, so I grabbed her and try to make it to the ride, but it was too late for that because the cops was out there twenty deep. so me and baby girl went into the wilderness, man I could hear the dogs, I was getting tired, seemed like I just didn't have enough strength, but when I looked at this little girl, I knew I couldn't let her fall into the system, seemed like the dogs was beginning to bark in our direction, I could see a boat at the bottom of this hill, me and baby girl made it. this boat was old school, straight row a boat type shit, no motor. I put baby girl in the boat, got in and paddled that boat as fast as I could, I thought we was in the clear, a letter fell out baby girl pocket, I picked it up and opened it. The letter read "Dear Big Mike, by the time you read this, I'll probably be dead but I just wanted you to know that Sierra is your baby girl and Klean was ordered to tell you that she belonged to Carlito, take care of our little girl, baby, don't let her fall to

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never grew up like sisters and brothers. fuck me ,tell me you love me" I shot her again in her knee caps, None of this shit make sense and all Steph could tell me "Big MIKE ,it was hell in there ,baby I used to get raped, girl gang banged, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I started feeling a little sorry for her, because it's hard but this bitch caused me to suffer and as far as I knew she killed Uncle Ray.

Me, Klean and Steph, all laying down, but I was the only one that could stand up, I hopped over to Kleans gun and finished his ass then I hopped to Steph, looked her in the eye and told her 'BOO, I aint sorry" and finished her ass too,

I started hearing crying like from a little tot, When I hobbled out the door ,the little girl was in the hallway, looking for her mommy, I could hear the cops sirens, I figured I done went all this way for this little girl, because she aint mine ,doesn't mean I don't

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besides she made a lot of money on the side. and she was tight like a nat booty. Craze was cool with it at first because he knew enough of the connects to stay paid. Meanwhile Aunt Dell started running numbers.

I was in the eighth grade by now and auntie would make me and Steph collect the doe and place the bets. Steph was known as quick trigger since everybody knew she killed that man years ago, so we rarely ran into any problems, plus we always had Do-em with us. He aint play. Things was good for a minute, me and Steph stayed fresh and comfortable. By now I had seen so much different shit from shooting dice to strip poker to betting on skully (punch jar top with clay in it.) I was 13 but I was fucking, had my hands on dirty guns, jewelry, sometimes even dope as a trade in when niggas didn't have the money to pay Aunt Dell.

Three years went by and one day I came home from school and Craze was there trying to persuade Aunt Dell to come back to the organization but auntie said "hell no!" Craze went to pimp slap her but i stopped him as he turned and

looked up he realized the strength holding him back and told me "boy I used to feed your nappy headed ass, now you hard, and I just told him "cuz, don't play crazy, aint no way you bout to put your hands on my auntie" Then Do-em growled and the nigga left. Shit, I kept Do-em with me.

After Steph graduated she still stayed with us but she stayed gone. I think it was a cover up so Aunt Dell wouldn't know Steph was a dealer. When we used to get dope as trade ins for the money people would lose, Steph used to sell the dope, give Aunt Dell her share off the tickets and keep the rest, but when I asked her what was she doing, she'd tell me "mind your business, I'm handling mine." and she was. I mean she wasn't stingy or nothing. Whenever I asked her for some doe she always had me, but like I told you I had different little hustles to keep and make my own money. Craze left that day swearing undermeath his breath, got in his Caddy Eldog and peeled off. These confrontations went on up until auntie's death. I lost Steph the day of Aunt Dell's funeral to the system, its funny though, auntie looked so

back and then dropped, he wasn't dead. I turned to Steph then she pulled out on me, "How the fuck, man why?" "I'm sorry boo, but after you started blocking my calls when I was in jail, I felt like you was saying fuck me, Carlito started coming around, being real sweet, telling me a lot of lies about you out there and with me not able to talk to you, I became weak, Nigger you wasn't even returning my letters," "That's because I was trying to grind and save money" "I knew, after you came and finally visited, but then I had already had sex with Carlito and was pregnant, I'm sorry" "Bitch you made me think that fucking kid was mine" "No I didn't. I never told you this baby was yours, you assumed." "What", I pulled the trigger right then and caught Steph in the chest, she shot back, but the bullets went in the air. "I can't believe a couple months without hearing from me bitch, you treat me like we

in Chicago at one of Carlito's warehouse and had managed to rob some of Carlito's men with his surrounding hoes, your uncle was gonna die anyway for fucking with the mob".

"Oh I guess you know everything about the mob now huh, you might as well shoot me folk, if what you telling me is right, aint no need to think about Steph and fuck the baby, but what if Klean was lying, suddenly I heard shots then I fell, this nigger done shot me in my leg.
"I'm sorry folk, this is me now, see you on the other side"

I just knew this was it for me, Shouldn't surprise me though. Just my luck, a real Charlie Brown, Klean was standing over me, when I started seeing female heels running toward us, it was Steph, screaming at Klean
"Stop nigga. let him go, don't kill him"
When Klean turned to look at Steph, I shot that nigger with a dirty 380, in his jaw, he fell

real and Steph couldn't handle the way her mom was slain and swore she was going to kill Craze when she saw him, and this stupid nigga shows up at the funeral proclaiming how sorry he was. When Steph saw him, man, she aint hesitate, went in her lloi-votton bag pulled her nine out and shot Craze six times before I could stop her. When the police arrived and the ambulance, Craze was already dead right there next to auntie's coffin, the police apparently had a warrant for Craze's arrest in connection with auntie's death, but now they had a homicide instead, As far as I was concern as long as the police had a nigga to bring in, they was fine, and they didn't like Steph cause she got away with murder before and they knew she was in the dope game. They was always coming to the house asking me or auntie if we seen her. So Steph pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 10 years, do 4 before probation, period. How's that for late justice.



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me.

"I'm sorry cuz, after Carlito told me that my debt was paid for, he had given me the disease already, make this money off these dope heads, so I kept fucking with him. Hell he offered me Kilos for the low, so I couldn't help it, I got in too deep though, Big Mike, I know you think this is fucked up, but really you was the man back in the days, had all the master plans, in fact your ambition to conquer everything made all our lives the way it turned out. You always blamed the cat daddy and finally killed the nigger, but I always felt like it was your fault, You know Killing Uncle Ray was a plus, but really I wished it was you on the other end of my gun that day, and Steph was there that day, and to go further she called me ahead of time to let me know when they would be coming; do you wanna know why Uncle Ray didn't want you to do nothing while he was gone? Because he was

My uncle Ray decided to stay with me at the house after the funeral. Uncle Ray was a pimp from Harlem wanted for everything, murder, gambling, robbery but always managed to get away. He was Aunt Dell's only brother, she always say uncle Ray wasn't his real name but she never told us what it was so the name Uncle Ray stuck with him. I loved Uncle Ray. He was the closest male figure I could mimic, always had the latest shit. When I was 10 years old, I can remember dancing to his Teddy Pendergrass 8-track for the grown-ups. So when he asked if he could stay, I was honored to have him around. Hell, now I'm 18yrs old, got a high school diploma, and I'm in the trap selling weed, 10 dimes for

room cuz, damn!"

"Man fuck that nigga, you know all this dumb shit was from him, now tell me what's up with this moving brick shit, you know where Steph is?"

"Yeah nigger I know, Carlito been had Steph ,for at least two in a half years ago, there is something you need to know about Steph nigger."

"What nigger?"

"There was times when Carlito and Steph would come to Brazil together."

"What you mean together like"

"Yes nigger like a couple and that baby you seen cuz, believe it or not is Carlito's"

"How the fuck you figure that?"

"I had to play like I was numbless to what was going on because I'm trying to live", but the truth was I didn't tell Klean about seeing a baby, so how did he know I saw a baby? Klean must have seen me thinking or something because when my eyes met his again, this nigger had his gak in his hands, drawn to

\$70.00,Man,before Steph got locked up she finally broke down and told me where her other place was at and where the lute was, like she knew she was going to do something stupid.

Don't get me wrong, I wanted to get Craze too but hell she sold to dope heads she could have got a junky to bust that nigga for a rock, and she'd still be here.

Whatever the case I was living like Steph for a minute, going back and forth from, Steph crib to Auntie's. Every now and then i would help out with the hoes selection with Uncle Ray. He'd say "what up Big Mike, you ready to learn how to pick a Thorough bread.?"

Sometimes there would be over twenty hoes at the house at a time, trying on different outfits and shoe, high heels, low heels, stiletto's, Uncle Ray would buy. Me and Uncle Ray would slay at least 8 of the hoes blow some of that hash and pass out. My uncle had

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one rule "don't never fuck with a hoe on that blow boy". I used to see him beat a bitch down and throw their ass the fuck out for asking about that C-4(powder). All the women that worked for Uncle Ray was either lawyers, doctors, nurses, and women working two jobs. You know his pimping was advanced. He got women he felt was strong to help him score in quantity, pay them a little more than they are used to in order for them to seduce whoever or whatever the situation. He told me how he used to know this dime piece who worked in a bank and how they worked the bank and now he got her over seas chillin. I thought that shit was genius.

That Tuesday afternoon everything in my life changed. One of my homeboys had dropped me off and when I got to the crib I could see Uncle Ray yelling at some niggas in a uniform. As I got closer I realized

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Mr. Unknown

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used to tell me, man I wish a had your people skills. When the cat daddy first heard me tell the intercom I was Big Mike, I could see the fear in the cat daddy's eyes then, so while we was inside the mutherfucker, he had me scope all nite, but uncle Ray always told me "Look a man in his eyes before you kill him," so I decided that Klean was starting to piss me off a little with his attitude so I felt he needed to see how committed I was.I walked up to the cat daddy.and it was like the cat daddy knew because he started moving back, pleaded for his life "Come up Big Mike .I was just trying to come up, take care of my family, it wasn't personal, just business"
"Shut up mutherfucker, explain to God niggaa" I pulled my silver nine out my from underneath my hip and blasted the cat daddy ass, I wasted all my bullets I had in the clip, Klean said "Hey cuz calm down, you just killed that nigga in my living

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Mr. Unknown

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became close."

"I mean I hated the nigger but this nigger is mob, you know them niggers gone find you, and kill you, whether its today or twenty years from now, and you know it."

"Nigga, where the fuck is

Steph ?"

"I don't know, you know Steph got a face lift"

"I know she visited me while I was in" I don't know why uncle Ray even came back, the nigger had money.

Klean phone started going off, he answered it, looked at me funny then said

"Yeah"

"Look cuz, you killing my uncle is something you gone have to deal with, right now I got to find Steph, Carito brought a tape with Steph tied up, while he basically raped her, physically and mentally."

When Klean saw me ,he saw the cat daddy and just let that nigger come in, but I think that was because Klean knew me and how I worked, he always

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it was recruiters trying to convince my uncle the military was my best option. Man I hurried over there before my uncle starts whipping their ass; I said "A cuz, I'm not interested in no armed forces, leave or Ill let Do-em here get at you." I only took the test because they came to the school and it got me out of class. Turns out though I scored a high score on it and all these recruiters were on my dick.

Over the course of the years prior to her death, Aunt Deil wound up with an 8foot slate pool table, we kept it in the basement. Me and Steph would play each other to death arguing about the rules. Steph used to make me do my push ups in sets of fifty, that's why Craze noticed the strength. A nigga was solid. Anyway I used to invite some of my soldiers on the corner with me to gamble, you know shoot dice and play pool.

I only rolled with three niggas. Klean, Daryll and, Big Pete. My man Klean was that nigga, always used his head, tall so

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nobody in the hood ever tried him, but when it was time to get physical, that nigga was down like four flats. Daryll was my folk cause see, he stole a bike back in junior high and crashed after a police chase. It left him paralyzed from the waist down. He rolled in a muthafucking wheelchair. He was cooler than a fan though. And Big Pete was our enforcer. That nigga was helping his dad bounty hunt back in the days, kept the new gats (GUNS) in fact, one day I was walking down Auburn Ave, when these niggas was trying to rob me, all I heard was firecrackers, but louder than fire crackers, I look up and there was Big Pete, he had done laid all them niggas down. He ran to me and said "You straight nigga, I heard what happen to Aunt Dell, and my dad and me took the case on strength and gave the data to them boys, I got your back Big Mike" I never understood why he would call me big when this nigga was like a giant to me, but I never

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up to some gated estate, Klean had bull massifs and golden boxers patrolling throughout the area within the gate. We drove up to the speaker, and someone spoke thru the speakers
"Can I help you?"
"Yes I m here to see my fam,219."
"Your name"
"Big Mike, tell em I'm back"
The gate automatically swung open and I drove and followed the path until it led me to Klean door. Klean rushed out the house ,I couldn't even get out the car good, that nigger was to my window.
"What's up my nigga?"
"What's up folk, man tell me what's the deal"
"Yo, you know I had to kill Uncle Ray, or I would have died."
"Yeah cuz, Carlito told me everything, but trust me he wont be telling nobody nothing no more."
"What you mean folk, did you kill him?"
"You heard what I said nigga, I heard you and Carlito

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further getting myself into some shit."
"You don't know nigga, but right now you don't have nothing to look further to. Now, at least I'm guaranteeing your ass C-4 nigger."
"You a got point dawg, what you riding?"
"I was hoping you could help me find a ride?"
"that jaguar outside is for sale \$3000.00,tittle and everything"
"Let's do it then. Hook it up"
He got out the chair and went up to some dude and brought him back to me. I gave him the bread and me and the cat daddy was off. I guess we rode for about an hour, man, I never seen so much beaches, water so blue here folk, felt like the palm trees was moving with the calypso music playing on the radio, we must have past twenty nude beaches, ten live window hoes and over 50 clubs, this was close as Amsterdam(black man heaven, anything goes town) a brother could get. We pulled

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questioned it neither, so fuck it.
I always spank their ass in pool, I would lose half my doe on dice, win that muthafucka right back on some nine ball. Steph had made me sharp, but I never thought about becoming no hustler in this shit.
One day Uncle Ray came downstairs and peeped me waxing the fellas ass on the table. I guess I never realized that unc never saw me play. He lost it, "Boy you know you sitting on a gold mine don't you." I'm like unc "What you talking bout" He said "Boy you just don't know I can get you hooked up in some of these big boy tournaments", "man how can I play, you gotta be 21, I'm 19, and I play pool for me." Uncle Ray wouldn't let up though, offered me \$500.00 to go with him to shoot pool. All my niggas looking at me like man you betta take that shit. So I agreed. The first night I went, my homies couldn't roll, Uncle only rolled with hoes, I was an

exception cause we were kinfolk. We pulled up at the Glenwood Bowling Alley, Hoes was everywhere, cats had their own pool sticks. I just looked at my uncle's confident face and I knew what I had to do, "Wait here, I'm going to get you set to play" Man uncle went to some dude and came running back putting his arm around me. "Lets do it Big Mike" I told him though "Where my ends, Uncle Ray". He pulled the hundreds out, handed me my money and said "Alright nigga first game \$500.00, let me see how bad you need it". Uncle Ray could be foul when he wanted too, this was one of his times; before I could reply, some dude bumped me and said "I'm a wipe the table with your little chillin ass" "look cuz don't bump me again. Lets play nigga , I'll rack." Hell these tables were like what we had back at the crib. As soon as I lift the rack, that nigger was busting the balls, I admit I was a little nervous because cuz wasn't

Carlito, man, here's the mutherfucker that caused me such pain in my life, but he doesn't realize who I am and I need him right now. The cat daddy was tired looking, real drunk, hanging in different bars everyday, and there aint no telling how he got here, probably running from a lot of people he burnt .as this cat said

"What you want from him, he's no play, I used to work for him, caught me tasting a little C-4 and he threw me on my ass." I was very familiar with these C-4 critters, one of my best friends was on that C-4, and gave him an overdose. I knew I could play on the cat daddy "Look man, Klean is my cousin, he don't even know I'm here, but I get down on that C-4 too, let's go back and I'll explain to him I told you to taste the product, and you was part of this surprise for 219." "How I know your really his cousin?" you could be trying to get him, and I could be



Brazil was the shit for real, small stomach and thick ass syndrome over her in the islands. I had doe and my Id name was Mack Rowland and I told customs my business here was personal, tourist type shit, I knew I had to find Klean, but I didn't know what alias he was using. I remember when we was younger, he used to like to call himself 219, his date of birth, so I figure I start asking around for 219. I started to give up, at least for that day, when a cat daddy told me yea I know him, tall brother, ball headed, one of the dons here in Brazil, "Bingo cat, how can I find him folk?" and right then I realize this old man was the cat daddy that set up the first pool match between me and

missing no shots, solids he was, and stripes were all spread out but he missed on the eight ball. I cleaned his ass off the table, my uncle was excited screaming he saw the gleam in my eyes. I went on to make \$5000.00 more that night before me and Uncle Ray left, got my dick sucked and everything. When we left, Uncle Ray told me never to come back here without him. That was the first night I saw this pool shit for what it really was; a gift, an art.

I broke uncle Ray a grand (\$1000.00) but he told me to keep it and go take of my dawgs shopping cause we will need them to roll with us to another spot, "So we gone keep on doing this?"; "What you think player, Steph gonna be out in two more years. I want yall to own something, get the hell out of Georgia and put Aunt Dell name out there." "Why can't you do that, you got bread" "Nigga she didn't raise my ass

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for eighteen years, she raised yall black ass, so fuck what I got, be a man show respect." I felt him, and he was right, I mean I didn't even know what my mama looked like, when Aunt Dell would ask me to look at the pictures, I always say no, so she died never showing them to me. Uncle was right it was only right to want to do something besides sell this shit and oh yea I continued to run numbers when aunt Dell was murdered, so fuck it I'm down. The money I made from the numbers was pretty good but I used it to maintain my bills, and stash money away for Steph when she gets out. This money could be for legitimate business, hopefully bring structure to all our lives.

Pools way out the hood

it, Marissa kept passports, old evidence tapes, real crazy bitch but she was beautiful, I guess Ill never know what happen to my Spanish Fly. You know I hustled, sold weed, ran numbers, hoes, but I never thought pool would really get me out the hood though. As far as I'm concern I'm free and when I find Klean. I know if he's down or not, if he had any to do with my family, ill bust him, Man I miss Do-em, it just wasn't meant for us to be together, always some drama, flashbacks of some events I saw on the tape as I was pulling Carlito in popped in my head like Steph being forced to suck Carlito dick while his goons had a gak to my baby's head, duck taped.

Pools way out the hood

they go in my trailer and find the bodies , They gonna charge me with two murders. I got to get the fuck out of here, and all I could think of was Brazil. Besides I need to find Klean,

I was able to take my tournament ball check for \$25000 cash folk., When I got to the street, I caught a cabby to Atlanta Airport and got a flight to Brazil, one way, first class. I had to leave while I could, I never even flown before. All this fuck shit that's been happening in my life and yet I m still experiencing some G ass shit. Only connect I got to finding Steph and My baby was Klean and I knew he owned a barbershop. I know by now I'm all over the news, plastered on every radio broadcasting, but nigga I'm on Value Jet cuz and their TV Cable is fucked up and the passengers cant see what's going on. I got lucky, it took 36hrs but the last time I closed and then opened my eyes it was to some crystal clear water below, I had made

Pools way out the hood



Me and the team traveled with uncle Ray to different pool halls. Tight Pockets, Billiards Station, Central Station, and a whole lot of hole in the wall clubs. I loved the hole in the wall spots, I always made the most money there. Every club we went into I broke the team with at least \$1000 to \$2000 to split among each other for having my back. Klean stacked his doe to attend barber school, wanted his license and own his shop. He used to hook us up with the tight fades back in school, Daryll tricked his money off with hoers. We all knew it was stupid but D couldn't fuck no more and none of us could imagine that so we made a secret bond to always look after him, and Big Pete, he used his doe to continue to

Pools way out the hood

move bricks of that shit (dope) in McCanerville,(One of the hardest traps in Atlanta,Ga)

Look man I wasn't nobody's daddy. My favorite phrase for a mutherfucker was "Do you".

Steph will be out in a year if she don't fuck up in there.

Today I wanted to tell her

what I was doing out here

since she been locked up.

When I started this pool shit I

started missing my visits with

Steph. She would write me

and curse me out cause the

phone wont take collect calls.

So here I am back at prison

visiting my big sis and explain

to her what's been going on.

When I got inside , the guard

told me that Steph had

requested to see me in the

fuck trailer, now keep in mine

Steph wasn't my biological

sister but, I didn't know what

to think. When they brought

her in, I said "Steph what's up

with this" and she grabbed me

put her finger on my mouth,

and said "Mike I need some

and you all I can trust. We not

Pools way out the hood

lose the crown, they went off, but when the ten minutes came there was no Carlito or even his boys so the official announced that I was the winner. The warden screamed out "You're the man Big Mike, you're the man Big Mike. You're free and I'm free", then all of sudden when the

warden held his drink to me , there was gunfire, I seen the warden catch seem like seven 12 gauge bullet holes in him, the crowd started a stampede, here was my chance to bail. I have to figure out where

Steph and my baby is later but right now I got to get the fuck out of here, I guess the warden didn't realize, he was a fucking in-law, and this was a big insult to these mob cats, Obviously Carlito was sour about the warden trying to disgrace him, even in Carlito's death, he was harming folks. Man I killed his ass though, and I would do it again if I had to.

I can hear the sirens coming, it aint gonna be long before

Pools way out the hood

you disturbing my time"
"Oh check that cuz, I thought I saw Carlito go in your room and then I heard some noise,"
"FOLK, nobody in this bitch but me.I was wondering where Marissa was, she should have been here by now, Carlito is in the front room dead. I began to drag Carlito to the bathroom, when I got the door open "Oh shit, Marissa, Marissa hung herself in the bathroom .or Carlito killed her then tied to make it seem like a suicide. I gotta get the fuck out of here, but I had to go back so Carlito could look like he forfeited, and I can be free. I left Carlito with Marissa in the bathroom and locked the door and left. As I was walking by the people to get to my table, the crowd was ecstatic, yelling for me to beat Carlito, but no Carlito, somebody whispered to the official that Carlito was not in the building, the crowd booted. The judges told Carlito's people they had 10 additional minutes to find Carlito or he will be disqualified and will.

Pools way out the hood

really blood, nigga I want you"
Steph was fine, she had a built body, small waist and a thick ass. I know she been fighting them hoers off her, but when I used to think of her like that ,I start feeling guilty, but she telling me that she love me ,I know she always been there for me, she always provided for me, I do love her. Before I knew it we was fucking. I started sucking her breast as she grabbed my dick and jacked on it and my shit was hard. No more feeling guilty, to me this felt right and she felt right. She came on me like five times. Afterwards I explained to her what I've been doing and the plan me and Uncle Ray has for the family. Steph was happy and said
"I knew something had to be up with you nigga. I thought something had had happen to you, I guess that's why when I heard you was coming to see me, I wanted to show you how I felt. These hoers in here crazy. My rep followed me some how though, I told

you that already. But nigga I'm down to be wherever you be. Hold it down out there for me big Mike"

I gave Steph a kiss before I left and she told me "Ah Mike, you know you came in me, and I'm not on the pill"
"yea nigga I know", but the truth was the shock of Steph even feeling like this way for me fucked me up. If she did get pregnant Ima have to really step my game up. Uncle Ray had an emergency call and had to go out of town to Chicago. Told me he would be back in two weeks. He told me not to pool hustle until he came back. I had the numbers running smooth still, but had to cut the time off earlier these days because there are more cops now than there use to be. Shit, I felt that I was nice enough to handle the tables without Uncle Ray. I mean I was the one breaking the balls not his daddy fresh ass. I called a meeting among the fellas to discuss them rolling to pool hustle. Daryll told me straight up "Man your

table, I had to play some lame Jo. He looked young, but he won the break. I smashed that fool and 29 other niggas after that, just like everybody thought.

Next game, Carlito Sanchez vs Big Mike, 1hr recess is set, when I went to my room, Carlito was there.

"Hey stupid I got something I want you to see"

He put a DVD in the TV. It was one of those combo TV's.

When he pressed play, I saw Steph handcuffed and in another room, my little girl duck taped up to her neck. I punched that nigger straight up, we tussled for a minute, the nigger caught me in the jaw, I grabbed my trophy ball off the table and I hit Carlito in

his head, causing him to bleed rapidly, he stopped fighting, in fact he stop moving, I felt Carlito's pulse, and it was official, Carlito Sanchez was dead. the door knocked, some voice outside the door like "Is everything alright in there?"
I said quickly "Yea, besides

Pools way out the hood

and I want to see someone break Carlito down."
I hated the way the warden would say my name. I really never had respect for nobody who didn't work for what they got, not wait until a mutherfucker obtain some shit, and deboo it, but he's right, I needed freedom so I could find Steph and my baby. I told Marissa everything about me and Steph, Yea I know players, you like ,why I did that, but understand, the pictures I needed from her was of no use because Carlito had already filled in the missing blanks so I told her I was out after the game and she could not come with me, She understood. We fucked for one last time, though, Marissa was fine as shit.

It seem like the music stopped when I opened that door to the tournament. All eyes was on me, I seen Carlito spill his drink, this chomp really thought I wasn't going to show up. The warden was there too, my name was on my

Pools way out the hood

uncle aint been gone a fucking week and you already wanna do some fuck shit" And that's all it took, the meeting would start.

"Shut the fuck up nigga, you riding around all day tricking off with these bitches, how the fuck you think you get to do that."

D would always get offended and be like "fuck you. I aint never ask yall to do shit for me nigga".

Big Pete would interrupt and say "Yeah you never turn shit down though"

Then Klean would say "Yeah nigga don't act like somebody else even remotely gives a fuck about your cripple ass besides us. Just tell me and I'll stop fucking with you right now

"Then Daryll would say "My bad folk, folk I know yall my real family, look I'm down with whatever you need."
Klean and Big Pete was always down with whatever I was with, but Daryl always made me think, if it wasn't but for a minute, I mean I know he

wish he could catch a second chance but that's another reason why I must get it .who knows maybe I'll make enough to buy D some legs so he can walk again before he leave the world.

That night we went back to Glenwood Bowling Alley and immediately ran to some brothers I played throughout different tournaments.

"Where's your bodyguard, Big Mike"

"I don't need no bodyguard cat, I'm real with mine. I came to shoot pool, we can handle whatever animosity you have for me with them sticks"

"What I look like, a mutherfucking fool" Big Pete said

"Nigga we don't know who you are and don't care folk, if you aint shooting, back the fuck up, chomp."

"Be easy young Pete, I don't want no trouble, boy I used to roll with your dad back in the day"

"look nigga, don't know you so bounce"



It was the day of the tournament, and Marissa woke up more nervous than me..

"What's up boo, you ready, you nervous, you got a plan,?"
"Chill out girl, I already beat this fool before, I'm not worried about winning, I'm more concerned about the after effects"

It was about 10o'clock in the morning, the tournament starts at 12:30 pm. somebody knocked on the door, when Marissa looked thru the peep hole, she said "Big Mike, it's the warden!"

"What, this mutherfucker aint came and saw me the whole time, but open the door."

She opened the door and the warden rushed in shaking my hand like we was down.

"You ready Big Mike, I know you are, you want freedom,

Pools way out the hood

job, so he currently works for me. Turned out to be a respected dealer in Brazil. Hey, look sucker you can't win, but do what you do nigga. I'm just here to tell you, you don't have to pay me nigga, your debt has been paid, you can say fuck my uncle and go free, or perhaps work for me."

As mad as I was with this nigga, he was helping me fill out some of the missing pieces to the puzzle, but I will deal with the source "I tell you what spic, you came here, said what you wanted, now go home and worry about if I'm a show up or not Mr tough guy with my mob" He left and Marissa hurried up and closed the door. I looked at Marissa and said "I'm a have to kill this mutha fucker" and she said "I know".

Pools way out the hood

"Alright but look here Big Mike, I got \$10,000.00 right now you can't beat my partner over there in some nine ball" "Nigga .you trying to call me out, you think cause Uncle Ray aint here I cant handle that?"

"A boy if I thought you couldn't handle it I wouldn't put the bread down, now what the fuck is up? "

Aint no way I was gonna let this arrogant son of a bitch call me out, I had \$10,000 in my socks, easy. "Look cuz, if you lose, it'll be \$10,000.00 plus \$500 for each ball that is left on the table, blacktop nigga"

"Agreed"
Klean asked me "folk you know what you doing?"
I said "Yea nigga.I got this."

Buddy(the guy) I was playing name was Carlito Sanchez. I remember thinking to myself the last name sound familiar but said fuck it I need the doe. We shook hands like players then buddy broke out his

stick. Shit was nice, gold and white with the wide mouth tip. I never bought,(purchased)my stick and had doe .I always felt that it wasn't the stick its the driver nigga .I walked and as I grabbed my stick, it was like people stopped their game and began to gather around our table. I lost the chance to go first so Carlito broke the balls and it was on, He hit the one thru six before I finally got the chance to shoot, but his last shot left me with the seven ball in front of the nine ball, and the nine ball is by the corner pocket, so I'm thinking I'm fixing to clean up on his ass. Klean came to me and said "Yo nigga I cant find Daryll"
"What you mean you cant find Daryll, the nigga is in a fucking wheelchair" "Look folk I aint that nigger keeper"
"Man can I shoot this shot, you and Big Pete go handle that".
Meanwhile Carlito was getting anxious" Come on Caprone"
"Chill out Delayoha, I 'm fixing to give it to you"

swear you was a skully"
Marissa was screaming for him to leave, but she knew if she didn't shut up, she was gonna get pimp slapped, and if she barked at him, she would die. I looked at him in his eyes and said
"You know what cuz, It's not impressive to me to see a mutherfucker act bad because he got the mob back, a crack head go play a bitch, but this 9-ball is more than that, if you want my respect you gonna have to earn it chomp, without the mob, remember I could have got away Carlito, I choose to go back and turn myself in, where was you at, you knew where I was, you aint tried to get the money back, so you all talk without your mob!",
"the reason I didn't bother to get the money from you is because my mob as you call it, found your boy Klean and beat him senseless then gave him dope packs to distribute out your old house to pay off your debt. Then he turned around and asked me for a

Pools way out the hood

Hey Marrassa, did you get me those pictures for me yet?"
"Yea, but you got 4 more days until the big day, so if you want privileged info, win nigger"

Shit Marrassa had her mind made up, but some how I got to get them damn tapes. I couldn't help but wonder about Steph and my little girl. I didn't even know my baby girl name. I have to find them. That night we got a visit from Carlito Sanchez. Marissa grab her gak and said "How the fuck you find my house?"
Do-em was growling, luckily we decided to keep Do-em on a chain. Carlito was like "So we meet again Caprone. I see my pussy-ass uncle in law is a little salty about his boy, but his boy didn't show respect, like you 5 years ago, that's why your special ed friend had to die, that's why your sister is on the run, and that's why your own homeboy killed your Uncle Ray, all cause of me, nigga, so don't be a fool and try to shine because I'll peel your top so fast you'll

Pools way out the hood

Big Pete and Klean walked around the spot looking for D, I went ahead and put Carlito out his misery. I called seven to the nine, nine ball corner pocket, let the stick loose and banged (made the shot) that mutherfucker. The cat daddy rushed up to me and gave me the cash, \$10000 and \$1000 for the last two balls left on the table. Everybody was cheering for me, acknowledging I was the man, but somebody in the crowd told me I was in trouble and that I was framed and that my life was in danger. Its funny cause as soon as he said that, I realize who Carlito was. He was mafia, nephew of Fidel Sanchez, Mexican Cartel. I heard a lot of sirens going on outside as I was getting ready to leave. Big Pete and Klean ran to me as I came outside
"Mike, they killed D, they killed D, nigga. Somebody threw Darryl from the building"
I started shouting "D, D, D, I didn't realize who buddy was, I'm sorry"

Pools way out the hood

Big Pete ran back in the club to see if he could find that cat daddy who set me up or Carlito, but them mutherfuckers was gone. They killed my boy, I cant fucking believe this shit. Somehow \$110000.00 don't mean shit to me now. Klean stayed with Daryl until they loaded him up in the ambulance, me and Big Pete got warrants so we couldn't stay, I didn't have a warrant but I didn't want to explain how I got my money. That night I got a phone call from Uncle Ray, I don't how he found out but he did and was furious and said not to move until he got home. My life was in danger. He told me he would explain to me later. all I could think of was killing Carlito and that cat daddy. Man that night was the first night I've ever seen Big Pete cry. All of us was pretty fucked up about it. I know I had to tell Uncle Ray about me and Steph so he can understand why I defied him. it wasn't like I was scared of

Pools way out the hood

Carlito or that cat daddy that set me up in the first place. When I didn't come back at the house by the hour, Marissa called the warden, but the warden was already notified where I was, at the bowling alley shooting pool. The warden had eyes all over, anybody if not everybody worked for the warden in some form of fashion. Everybody had love for me still. Its like since I've been gone there's been no Robin hoods out here. Marissa came charging into the alley like "Nigga, you gonna stop making me look stupid, or I'm a blow your black ass face off."

"Chill ma, I can explain, I wanted to test my pippin on the tables here where the G's be at."

"Boo all you had to do is tell me"

"a ma you too emotional to be a cop"

"shut up nigger"

I couldn't tell shortly about the lute I found, but I needed her still"

Pools way out the hood

straight to a bus stop. When the bus stopped, the driver was getting ready to talk shit, but realize that it was me and let me bring Do-em with me. "Big Mike, what it is boy?"

"Chillin man, look here, here's a hundred to take me by the old crib"

"For sure man"

People upset, arguing, and cursing the bus driver out for passing their spot, but fuck them.

"Thanks dude, I owe you one "

Me and Do-em ran to the house, yellow tape all over the place, boards nailed as a window, government property papers on the door. I hit the back and went for my hiding spot. Looks like no one has touched it. When I opened my spot, the muthufucking cash was still there. hell yeah, All \$25000.00 dollars was there. I grabbed the cash and me and DO-em bounced. Instead of going back to the house by that hour I went back to Glenwood Bowling Alley to see if I could spot

Pools way out the hood

unc, I just have a lot of respect for him. Shit, I'm lying I was scared of Uncle Ray.

Six months done passed by since I visited Steph, but we talked several times on the phone. I took the block off the phone so I could hear her voice. She didn't care about Uncle Ray knowing about us. It was 2:00 in the morning when the Taxi Cab came up. I could hear Uncle Ray voice telling the cabbie thanks, He came in and I was waiting on the couch. He said "nigga what the fuck was you thinking, shooting against that mob mutherfucker"

"Unc, I forgot who he was fuck, his partner came to me" "I told your stupid ass not to pool hustle until I came back" "Look Unc I'm grown and I make my own decisions, I don't need you to make money for me, " "No but it's apparent that you need me to think for your

dumb ass. You fell for the dumbest trick in the book, nigga, now your homeboy dead, and if you don't give that money back with interest, they coming for me, you, Steph and everybody else important to your life. Boy if we don't bust Steph ass out of jail they gonna kill her."

"Uncle Ray, she got six more months, what the hell are you talking about?"

"Look fool you should have thought of that before you decided to get all mutherfucking independent" Now listen nigger I got a homey that's a correctional officer in the prison Steph in, and he owes me a favor."

The next day Uncle Ray had arranged to visit with Steph. He told Steph about the situation and that she was going to have to grab the correctional officer gun and hold him hostage until they get out of there.

Steph was pissed but she also was pregnant and didn't want to die in jail for another mutherfucker.

the first nite.

"Hey playboy you think I can catch some dick?"

"Hell yea, I want to put it through your tonsils"

We left and stopped by Waffle house for some steak and eggs.

Nobody knew but I had money stashed away in auntie's house, I was hoping that those pigs didn't find it or that buster mutherfucker who was running dope out my house.

The next morning I told Marissa I was going for a run. She was like "Nigga don't get smart. I'm trusting you, because when you win I want to go with you."

"Yeah ma, I feel you, I'm just going for a jog to stay in shape, you know you a monster in the bedroom"

"nigga if you're not back in a hour I'm calling the warden, plain and simple"

"Damn Ma. Like that, I got you, one hour. That's why your bitch ass aint going no where with me.

" Me and Do-em left, and I ran

Pools way out the hood

minutes went by before some jive nigger stepped up and bet \$500. Marissa stood up quickly and said "Private session over here man" I told her her to chill, because I needed this to become sharp and this bitch wasn't shelling out no money. "Lets play nigger, you rack." I'm ready, Let Marissa hold the cash." He said "what ever nigga, I'm a get it right back" He bust the rack, almost hit the eight ball in the pocket off the break, automatic win, but almost fried chicken don't taste good. All it took was one shot and it was on, I did that nigger, "Next" He said "Alright nigga, good to have you back Big Mike, you know you a legend in here." How about that, the nigger knew me and I aint been in the game for 5yrs.I played seven more games for like \$200 a pop ,won them all and told Marissa ,I was ready to go. Shit I came with nothing and we was leavin with \$1900.00dollars. Not bad for

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Mr. Unknown

Pools way out the hood

Klean was outside in a rented Suburban, Big Pete had heat on deck. The plan was for Steph to get outside and both her and Uncle Ray get in the suburban and ride out. Steph managed to get outside holding the gun to Uncle Ray head, but when she put Uncle Ray in the car and tried to get in, the pigs shot at her, striking her butt cheeks, I screamed out "Big Pete,"

Big Pete started bustin out the back window, he caught one in the chest, Klean hit the gas, and we was out. I had my car around the corner so Klean let us out by the ride, before the helicopters could follow us. Me, Steph, UncleRay, and Big Pete jumped in the ride, but Steph booty was bleeding, Big Pete arm was hit, now him and Steph needed medical attention. Between uncle Ray hoes money and my money from my hustling we had enough to get to Lawrenceville airport and go to Canada and stay with some

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Mr. Unknown

Pools way out the hood

kinfolks, elders.
Fuck, not even a week and I wanted to help Steph but instead I made her a fugitive six months before she would be off papers and she carrying my baby, my homeboy Daryll gone, and Big Pete got hit. Damn I fucked up. On our way to the airport, we heard on the radio that the police had found the suburban but no driver, so I don't know what happen to Klean because I never heard from him again. When we got to the airport, the police had a road block going on. I knew this was all my fault so I turned right to go on the back roads and gave Steph \$60000.00 I saved and Uncle Ray had x amount of doe on him. I told Uncle Ray to drive the back way to the airport and im'a turn myself in. My uncle Ray said "nigger, are you sure?"
Steph was screaming "Hell no nigger I didn't get broke out so you could get caught and die in there."
But my mind was made up,

Pools way out the hood

somebody just deboo my crib, that's why I got to see them tapes"
"I'll get them later my love. We have time. You need to concentrate on winning this tournament, get settled and changed into your pool gear, my orders are to take that ass to Babes in Fulton Industrial, and your table is already waiting for you."

Babes was a strip club, they had a few tables though. When we got there, the security let us right in. I saw stars in there. Chillin niggas like Sammy Sam the hit man, Sean Paul from young bloods, even that nigga that had J's at my door. Marc Decoca was there. All type of hoes was in here, sliding down the poles, giving lap dances, private rooms for more intense fantasy, most of the time it was more reality in them rooms. My table had my name reserved on the table. I told Marissa to rack the balls and I grabbed a stick and began to bust it up. Not even two

Pools way out the hood

"Now calm your ass down, five years ago we raided a house on main street, but when we got there we found some dope, weed, and Blade here, well you know him as Do-em."

"That's his name, and your story makes sense up until the part you said activity was going on there"

"No the hell I'm not wrong, we had surveillance tapes that were admissible in court that proves this"

"Let me ask you do you think you can let me see them tapes, please boo I knew a friend who used to live there and I was under the impression that he was dead, definitely not serving out the crib"

"Yeah the house came up under Della Banks, mother of the fugitive Trigger finger, and she had a treacherous son name Big Mike. Wait a minute, your that Big Mike, I cant believe it. Who the fuck you was letting sell that shit while you was in prison?"

"Nobody had permission ma,

Pools way out the hood

told Uncle Ray to drive, "I'll see yall later."

They left and I could hear Steph screaming for me. I just ran the other way straight to the pigs and all thirty of them cops drew their guns on me. I took mine like a soldier.

I got charged with helping 2 fugitives escape. I never told them where Uncle Ray and Steph was because the truth was I didn't know, but I

wouldn't have said shit if I knew. They never found Big Pete neither so I got charged with attempted murder also. I pled guilty and was sentenced to 20 years. Do at least 10 before I was even eligible for parole. First offense.



As I was shackled from my hands to my feet, wearing the black and white stripes, like the old days, I wondered about Steph and Uncle Ray. did they make it somewhere safe, Did Steph get to a hospital? Did she have the baby? Was Big Pete with them? What the fuck happen to Klean. All these questions but no answers, and really I cant think about this shit, right now I need to worry about keeping the fucking soap from falling in the bathroom. When I finally reached the general population, it was almost like being in the street, I knew everybody in this mutherfucker, either by running numbers or some fucking ghetto fabulous shit. Whoever didn't know me, knew Steph, or Uncle Ray, or



Well today's the day, man, the warden wasn't lying. He had Marissa escort me around. Marissa took me in her car and we was off. She said "I didn't know you could even shoot pool, boo .
"Yeah I do my best"
"Nigga you better do better than your best, you better win or for what I understand your dead."
"Where am I going to stay?"
"With me nigga, I told you I live alone with my pit"
when I got there at her house, Do-em ran out and came running straight to me.
"Hey ma ,what the hell is going on here, how the fuck you end up with my dog, you stalking me bitch?"
"First of all I got your bitch right here nigga"
She pulled her gun out

Pools way out the hood

you off wherever you see fit,
but when you pick your spot
nigga, that's your ass".
I'd be runnin for my life again
but I could get to the bottom
of what's going on with Steph,
my seed, and Klean. Perhaps
even find Big Pete.

"I'm down. I'll shut him down
warden"

We shook hands

"Thank you Big Mike"

I didn't have nothing on paper
but I was in a lose, lose
situation unless I beat this
spic.

Pools way out the hood

Aunt Dell so I had the no dick
in the ass pass. Thank God
because later that night I
watched them buffed up
niggas rape a mutherfucker.
Watching a nigga lose his
manhood is no pretty sight. I
knew if I was gonna survive
this shit I would have to
maintain my gangster status. I
got up with my some of my
old connects on the outside
and started hustling cartons of
cigarettes, smuggling that
weed and letting a couple of
dirty cops get in on the action,
you know the drill.

In a month I had over thirty
soldiers down wit me. One of
my dawgs from junior high
was in here too. Monty
Williams,

Monty used to knock niggas
the fuck out, one hitter-quitter
action.

"What up folk?, I never
thought they would get you,
not Big Mike, I heard how yall
bust Trigger finger out of jail,
and how you drove them to
safety then turned yourself in
so they could get away, real g
shit my nigga."

The story he got was definitely the short version, but the point came across so we kicked it hard. Monty caught 8yrs for armed robbery and aggravated assault. He hit this old white lady in the mouth with his gat (gun), a police car just so happen to pass by, the nigga did this shit in broad daylight. He was a dumb ox, but in here we was all dumb cause we got caught right?, or maybe we were just fucked up for how we thought. I used to ask Monty if he ever heard anything about where Klean might be or big Pete, and surprisingly he told me that he heard Klean caught some trip money and moved to Brazil, "My cousin flies to Brazil, to shoot porno flicks, and he said he saw Klean out there, the nigga has his own barbershop."

I told the nigga "Stop playing, for real"

"Yea cuz ,you know everybody got their fade from that nigger"

I didn't know what to think, I mean I know everybody had

I knew that mutherfucker was talking about Daryll.

"Man you're a warden. get that nigga locked up"

"Don't be a fool, You are in here because the mob scared you right?"

"you got a point, so what do you want me to do?"

"I'm going to approve your work release program but you will be assigned to a private pool hall accompanied by my personal officer, her name is officer San Tiago."

That was Marissa, how cool was that.

"There will be a Global Ball tournament in Athens in a week, Carlito already entered it, so will you, you will need to beat a total of 30 people in order to play Carlito. but you must defeat them and defeat Carlito.

"If I beat this dude again, what about my safety, he'll know for sure that I'm in here, man fuck that"

"Shut up boy, let me finish. When you beat Carlito, your papers will get lost and my people will take you and drop

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ability to still play"
"How's that?"
"Do you remember a guy by the name of Carlito Sanchez?"
"yeah, he's the reason I'm in this hell hole."
"Perhaps, I guess that's one way of looking at it, but he's my nephew in law. My wife's name is Maria Sanchez"
I knew then what this was, I mean if I wanted to stay alive I had to at least hear him out.
"So what is it you need me to do?"
"Look don't think because I told you Carlito is my nephew that I love him cause if that was the case, your black ass would've been dead. Since you beat Carlito he thinks you're out the picture. He has been dominating the pool tables and pulling that mob shit on everyone. My son shot against him two weeks ago and beat him and he had his goons break his legs permanently, now he in a wheel chair. Carlito said it reminded him of some cripple guy they threw off the building."

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Mr. Unknown

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to get the hell out of dodge, but where Klean get the doe to fly to Brazil and open up a mutherfucking barbershop? It just didn't add up.
Four years went by. July 19th, 2001
I made another birthday. My dawgs had rolled me some blunts and gave them to me at lunch, one at a time. Man who you know in jail on his birthday with over fifty blunts in his cell. Yes my team was stronger and grew tremendously. The only friction I had was fucking with them skinheads. They wanted to rule and they hated niggers but when I first got established in here, I met with the leader of the skinheads and we agreed to run different zones, because this mutherfucker had himself some followers as well, willing to die for the cause like some fucking Arabs. I respected his shit just don't tangle in my shit. But that cracker started getting jealous, wanted more territory, so time and time we

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had race wars and every time we be released from lock down, we lose soldiers, but as we lose ,we both begin to gain soldiers,
I've been back and forth to the medic, last scuffle. I was shanked slightly in my stomach and got 15 stitches. That's when I met Marissa, a police officer with a thick ass. They had her guarding me twenty four -seven until I got well enough to return back to general public. One night I asked Marissa to un cuff me to use the bathroom and asked if I could rub her ass one time. she said "is that your dream or something ,touch a cop ass?"
"No, my fantasy is a lot more vivid than that", she smiled so I got the vibe I was looking for but shit nigga she was still a cop. She uncuffed me and took my hands, put it on her breasts, told me she was willing to ride this dick if I promised to fuck her good. Yo, I didn't waste no time, I had that ass bouncing up in the air, the

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wires and light. I once helped him wire a 5200sqft house in Buckhead (rich part of Atlanta). The warden sent for me to see him; no telling what he wanted with me. I've been here for five yrs and even when I was fucked up in the jail hospital, this mutherfucker didn't see me, so what he could want now. I don't know. When I got there the warden had two drinks on his desk, I could smell the liquor, smell like some Grey Goose Vodka and I could see the cranberry juice. He told me to sit down and take my glass
"Have a drink. I think we can help each other"
"Hows that"
"Well I understand you have requested the work release program"
"Yeah that's right, tired of this scenery"
"I can dig it, I also understand you shoot pool."
"Yeah I used to dabble a little, but its been a minute, you can understand that"
"Sure but you getting an approval depends on your

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killed him
"No way".

She said she would explain everything later, kissed me good bye and left. I never received a letter from Steph.

It's been two years and another birthday. I'm more fucked up than I was when I didn't know where Uncle Ray and Steph was, now I know Uncle Ray is dead and Klean killed him, but where the hell is Steph and where was my baby when she came to see me. I needed answers, and I wasn't going to find it in this cell.

I started volunteering to work on the outside, you know apply for work release program. When I was a kid I used to be a electrician helper for this white man from the hood name Scott Howland, also an ex football star for one of them NFL teams. We used to call him a reversible Oreo. White on the outside, and black on the inside. He taught me a lot of different shit about

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more I thought about fucking this cop, the more harder my dick would become.

Marissa was Puerto Rican, 40ddd with them big brown drip nipples. When the next morning came, the other officers would try and hit on Marissa but she wouldn't give them the time of day, Then they would fuck with me saying

"Nigga that aint the kind of pussy you like no more, you fudge packing ass nigger!" Little did they know though, I was fucking their compadre. You fat black ass Barney fife. Me and Marissa was straight up just a fuck thing, I mean she wouldn't risk her job to get me out, or nothing but she would risk her job to fuck, straight freak. When I returned to the cell, she would get me from time to time and cuff me, take me to her private hiding spots and pull my pants off and give me head, I loved it. Anyway later that day of my birthday, the guard told me I

had a visitor, now all the visitors I had I knew about because I arranged it, but I didn't arrange this one. When I got to the window, I see this thick ass sister, caramel skin tone, jet black hair looking at me like she knew me. Im like "Hey ma do I know you, and why are you smiling?" she said "Aint you got a baby with Trigger finger, what you doing looking at me all up and down, nigger?" "how you know girl, who the hell are you?" she asked me if it was too late to request to go to the fuck trailer?", now first this chick was tripping about Steph and the baby, now she wanted to fuck, and how the hell did she know about Steph or my seed? I talked to the guard and it was no problem, besides Marrassa saw me and she was cutting her eyes. I wasn't studying Marrassa right then because I knew I would deal with her later, I was bless with 14inches with the wide head dick so that

made me confident, and I had to figure out how this female knew me. When we got inside the room, I asked her name, she grabbed me and put her finger on my lips and whispered in my ear "it's me baby, Steph" She looked so different but her touch was the same, naw this bitch fucking with me, so I tested her, "What's Uncle Ray real name?" She said "fool, you know mama never told us, so we never asked." And right then I knew it , it was Steph, we both knew we couldn't talk right now because you never know who's listening so we just made love, when I grabbed her stomach, Steph told me She was fine, as if to say my daughter was alive and well. I told Steph which cop was dirty and that she needed to write what's happening all this time in Ebonics and give it to the cop to give to me, she agreed and told me that she love me and whisper to me that Uncle Ray was dead and that Klean