

A close-up portrait of a Black woman with long, dark, braided hair. She is wearing dark-rimmed glasses and a dark-colored top. The background is slightly out of focus, showing a light-colored, ribbed chair back. The image is overlaid with two black bars containing white text.

GHETTO NIGGER

MALCOLM BEN

Ghetto Nigger

By Malcolm Ben

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In a poor ghetto, a poor emaciated baby was born to a very poor family. Her father cried as soon as he saw her, and wondered how she will be fed?

Few days later, her mother died. Her father decided to commit suicide, and she was left to face the perils of the world all alone and unседated, with no Jesus and Mary beside her will to survive as a natural selection of choices she had to partake in...

She grew up wild. Wild as a ghetto nigger. No one took care of her; she took care of herself. Who looked after the baby, until she was old enough to take care of herself?

That's the mystery...

“I saw a photo of these elderly women in a nursing home sitting in chairs with water all around them up to their waist. Sad!”, she said.

She grew up compassionate - soft on the inside with buns of steel on the exterior posterior. She used to beat her bullies who used to beat her up after she beat them up but before she was beaten up by these bullies herself.

“ I be goin ta find you n' yo' crew. I be goin ta torture dem one by one, then i be goin ta bust a cap up in dem ”

She learned how to swing through the trees, and pick fleas. So she grew up strong and well fed.

“SOmetimeS \$kullss Iz THick. \$omeTImess HeaRTS Iz vAcant. \$oMetiMess WeRdzz Don'T hUstLe.” was her instagram quote, on a smartphone that she stole from someone, and using WIFI illegally she was.

“A playa can be a artist ... up in anything, chicken, whatever n' shit. Well shiiiiit, it dependz on how tha fuck phat he be at dat shit. Creaseyz art is dirtnap. Dat punk bout ta paint his crazy-ass masterpiece. I have not a god damn thang else ta say.” - Her Facebook Status

“ ah Finn Taa Tear YO' FAMilEe aparT PiecE bii Piece,, Chu uNdErstand ME! PiEcE BI Piece!!!! “ - Her Twitter

She grew up real fast, that ghetto nigger...

Then she fell in love. She sent her a love letter:

“ Da last time I saw you, mah ass fell. Da second time I saw you, mah ass fell. Da third time fourth time fifth time n' every last muthafuckin time since, mah ass has fallen.

I stared at her muthafuckin ass.

Yo ass is da most thugged-out dope biatch I have eva seen. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. Yo crazy-ass hair, yo' eyes, yo' lips, yo' body dat you aint grown into, tha way you strutt, smile, laugh, tha way yo' cheeks drop when you mad or upset, tha way you drag yo' feet when you tired. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! Every single thang bout you is dope.

When I peep you tha Ghetto stops. Well shiiiiit, it stops n' all dat exists fo' me is you n' mah eyes starin at you, biatch. Therez not a god damn thang else. No noise, no other people, no thoughts or worries, no yesterday, no tomorrow. Da Ghetto just stops n' it aint nuthin but a funky-ass dope place n' there is only you, biatch. Just you, n' mah eyes starin at you, biatch.

I stared.

When you gone, tha Ghetto starts again, n' I don't like it as much. I can live up in it yo, but I don't like dat shit. I just strutt round up in it n' wait ta peep you again n' again n' again n' wait fo' it ta stop again. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. I gots a straight-up boner fo' it when it stops. It aint nuthin but tha dopest fuckin thang I've eva known or eva felt, tha dopest thang, n' that, dope Girl, is why I stare at you ”

She was a ghetto nigger lesbian!

She wrote poems and stories.

“ fUcKNN DisherEEEE Uh \$tOREe, True gHettO \$toRy. THiSSS Iz MaH mo'fukin \$tOree,, Reel GheTTo \$tOREe

Ah ReMemBAA THose Days weN heLlll waS
Mayyy criB Wen ME a Mamma BEd Was Uhhhhhh Big
Peicee uh FoAm An' me nEvA DIGg BAthE An" MY
hairr nEvA COmb, Wen Mamma Gone UHHHHHH HUSTle
Me
Goo \$TReeT GoeE Roam. Ah REmEMbuhh Wen dOnnayy
dEm
take mee \$no COne an"" MeKK Him liKklee brEdda dEm
kIcK Uhpp JeroMe. Ahh Remembuh Wen We'S visit THEM
Wid PURRR Big \$tone An' De BWoayY DonNayyy Popp
OuTii \$OmethIng
weayy Full ChromE. Ah RemEmbUh WEnnn WE's RUN
FAtta GItt him
KneeS blOwn An" Meee MaIN DAWG Richiee GiT 2 inna
Him
doMe. AH rEmeMbuhh \$eh De Avenuee TURNNN Inna
WAR Zone.

and MiCkie moMMaaa FLEEEE Himm Outi Coss \$hEE
GITT Uhh LoaN.

butt MickiE GOe Ta ForeIgn AN" Goe Turnnnn al
capOne,, mek

whoLee HeaP Uhh bOnes An' \$eN ynnn R OWN. nww UH
We'sss Uh LoCk

the CitEe an' Dat Izz Wel KNowN. yesterDAAY MickEAyy
cAll

Mi PON De PhONe mE \$Eh Mickie.

WE'SSS Git DA Tyn dem, dEm OUtaa luck NW. We's
\$squeeze

sevens A De WhOLee uhhh DEMMMMM Uhh DUcK NW.
We's gots WhoLe heap Uhh ExtrA

clip Cos We'S NahH bRuCkk Nw. RAh, RAH,,, Rah, RAH.
We'S GiTT DEE TyNN Dem

so DEMMM GoTS FII R8 WE'sss an' We'SS Uhh Tek It TA
DEM WicKEddd \$inCeee LATeLY.

Andd Nw De WhOLEe ComMuniteE Uh liv GReaTLeE. rah,
rAh,, Rah, Rah

Ah RemeMbUh BOUtt 8o JaMAicA ExPlOde WeNN
TriNitee An'" toNy

hewitt deMMMMM uHH Runn RoaD dAt UH LOng BEfoee
LenG dem An' EvEmm biGgAA ford

WhEN AdamS DEMM aN" CoRpORal NaHh no dee RoaDD
cOde

iii RemEmbUhhh Wenn wE'sss Rob Da CHineayY \$hop
down DE ROad An' rumorr GOTs Itt \$eh

thee cHINeaYY mothaFUcKuH GoTS Uh \$WOrdDd Butt
We'ss DiDDDDDD Gotssss uH Won PoppPp WeHH Mek
Outtaaaaaaa Board

sOO Yuh no DA NeXt daaa MOmma Pot oVerload

ii RemEmbuH WEN We'ss \$tick DA Poll cLerks An' Dump
Da baLlOt Boxx Demm pon Tyvoli

Outskirts aN' hold Uh plaNe TyCket A Goe ChILL Ovaaa
Turks

when me com Bck Uh \$till INnAA DA HoLee Mee Uh
LurK. AH RememBuH Those Days WENn iNFormuh dirk

get wONNNN INnA Him FACE Cos Me Nahhh gIT Nahh
Perks AN' Da Bigguh Headss DeM Izz Uhh Couple

off Jerks COs UHH dEMMM Uh Mek Daa BoNes Wen
UHHHH We's MasH DA WorkS.

Jamaicaa GITT Fuk thRU GReeDD an' GLUtTon. POLitix
ManiPul8 An" pResS
yoUths BUTTON. BUTT WI RiCh Nwww \$o Dem cayn'TT
Tel MOThafUckUHHH nUtTiN. COSS UHHH WE'ss UH
mek
Mammaa NYAm CHiCkn An' MuttOnnn YoYyOyOo!!! OVa
deH \$O Mek MI Tell UnnU \$oMethin. TrUee Me
DEhh uh FoReignnn Uhh GuayY Kill Me Cousinnn an'
Meeee hUrR \$aayy TEilleeee DeH DeH But Him \$aAyy
HiMMMMM Wasn'T
anyTime mee flee Down him Uh Git BOUtttt DoZEN.”

“ Dat shiznit was a sprang Wednesdizzle up in 1997 n' there was a gangbangin' feelin of finalitizzle up in tha air fo' realz. At least there was fo' upper sixth hustlas at Angiez school. With A-level exams imminent lessons was comin ta a end yo, but it ain't no stoppin cause I be still poppin'. Leave of absence fo' revision started tha comin Monday. It make me wanna hollar playa! Some mackdaddys had already taken they last class n' chizzle ta wish mah playas well fo' tha future. Even tha endless stream of eighteenth birthdizzle partizzles was startin ta dry up.

They was bangin times then, yet fucked up ones like a muthafucka. Da hustlas had become adults up in they two muthafuckin yearz of sixth form but now tha sandz had almost run up on dem wild-ass muthafuckas fo' realz. Afta Mondizzle a shitload of long-familiar faces wouldn't be peeped again n' again n' again until Results Dizzle fo' realz. And afta tha thangs up in dis biatch was up most would be off ta live they freshly smoked up lives up in hallz of residence across tha land.

Two muthafuckin yearz of tha closest thangs scattered on tha wind.

Angie hadn't made nuff close playaz durin her time up in dis muthafucka but dat biiiiiatch wasn't immune ta tha general melancholy. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Biatch had a phat thang going, what tha fuck wit a cold-ass lil couple dope freaks n' horny-ass juice ta burn, so check it before ya wreck it. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. Well shiiiiit, it would be a wrench ta leave dem wild-ass muthafuckas fo' realz. And it would be a wrench ta leave tha school n' her everyday routines. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Suddenly even tha schoolmates whoz ass gots on her nerves seemed ta have redeemin features.

Well, most of dem did, anyway.

Exams weren't a major concern ta Angie, imminent or not. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. She'd always been a phat hustla, exams didn't faze her n' shit. In her mind she'd as phat as passed already. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. She'd gots A-stars up in all of her GCSEs; these sickest fuckin tests was just chizzle ta repeat dat success at a higher level.

Yes, entry ta her universitizzle of chizzle was virtually guaranteed.

Not dat dat biiiiiatch was a entirely worry-free unit.

Right now Angie wished dat biiiiiatch was as proficient n' Kool & Tha Gang personally as dat biiiiiatch was academically. Fuck dat shit, dat biiiiiatch wasn't lackin up in any way up in her two "romances"; dat biiiiiatch was on edge cuz dat biiiiiatch was ridin' solo wit a hoe whoz ass blatantly admired her muthafuckin ass.

Make dat yet another dope hoe whoz ass blatantly admired her!

In keepin wit tha finalitizzle theme tha two of dem was on they way ta peep a gangbangin' footbizzle match fo' realz. And it straight-up was a gangbangin' final. It aint nuthin but tha nick nack patty wack, I still gots tha bigger sack. To cap a successful season, tha schoolz "women's" soccer crew had won tha right ta contest tha county cup decider n' shit. That was tha phat news. Da shitty shizzle was dat they opponents tonight was tha unbeaten league champions whoz ass banged up goals fo' fun.

Local bookmakers hadn't taken any interest. If they had tha "reds" would done been odds-on over tha "blues".

Still it wasn't tha ballin dat mattered, was it, biatch? Dat shiznit was tha takin part.

Angie took a moment ta assess Suzanne. Together wit Liz, Suzanne made up tha sixth formz first lesbian pairing. Together wit Sandra, Angie made up a mo' recent lesbian duo. They'd been peeped as a item since Sandra stayed wit her over Easter, shaggin fo' most of a gangbangin' fortnight while Angiez muthafathas was sunnin theyselves up in Lanzarote. Okay, they'd openly flirted long before then yo, but dat spell of cohabitin sealed tha deal up in tha eyez of they contemporaries.

If only every last muthafuckin thang was so simple!

Sandra n' Liz was both fixtures up in tha school first crew fo' realz. Angie n' Suzanne was obliged ta git all up in they freshest match eva by virtue of bein "WAGs" fo' realz. And, although tha school had provided free buses fo' mah playas n' mah playas horny bout watching, Suzanne had arranged a loan of her mumz car.

(Isn't it dunkadelic how tha fuck itz always "Mumz car"! Dadz never entas tha equation, do it?)

Da final was bein held afta school at a neutral ground: one dat belonged ta a professionizzle footbizzle league crew based twenty-odd milez outta town. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. Da plan was fo' Suzanne n' Angie ta travel there together, ta spectate n' applaud n' then travel back wit Liz n' Sandra up in tow. Da possibilitizzle of stoppin ta celebrate/commiserate up in a pub on they way home was straight-up much on tha cards.

Problem was dat Suzanne openly fancied Angie . . . n' Liz was suitably jealous.

Angie blamed her muthafuckin ass ta some extent. That is ta say, she'd done cooked up a policy decision ta abandon her bra back up in January. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Secretly, dat had been cuz her dope ass didn't do dirty threadz n' bras looked like crap on her n' shit. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Biatch was six feet tall, over thirteen stones and, though straight-up fat-free, built like a muthafucka.

That was except fo' her tizzles.

But how tha fuck was a funky-ass brassiere eva goin ta look thugged-out on her!

Never was tha answer, so up tha window they all went, not eva ta be peeped again.

And cue a transformation! Bra-less, her tizzlez had stopped traffic. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Suddenly muthafuckas n' gals was payin her a astonishin amount of attention.

Suzanne had been among tha straight-up original gangsta ta notice fo' realz. Already kittenish, she'd been droolin eva since.

And ta be honest, Angie had appreciated her appreciation.

Suzanne was tallish, not remotely like a muthafucka n' had medium-length red-blond hair. Shiiit, dis aint no joke. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Biatch was straight-up different ta Sandra (tall, black n' a cold-ass lil cross between a Olympic athlete n' a Somali supermodel) n' Angiez secret olda biatch (a thirty-suttin' lookalike of Brigitte Bardot). But however you tried ta assess her, Suzanne was seriously fit.

Sometimes Angie wondered how tha fuck her dope ass done did dat shit. Discountin tha straight-up dope bone

structure of her grill (and tha bouncinizz of her tizzles, of course), she rated her muthafuckin ass as utterly unattractive. Yet pimpin' dem hoes was afta her all of the time. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. She'd even had approaches from men!!

'Thatz a lil' bit of Sherwood Forest,' holla'd Suzanne, pointin ta they left.

'Really,' holla'd Angie. 'I thought dat was on tha other side of tha footbizzle ground.'

'Thatz tha tourist attraction,' Suzanne replied. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! 'This bitz smalla but just as original. It aint nuthin but tha nick nack patty wack, I still gots tha bigger sack. If our crazy asses had time we could take a thugged-out detour n' look fo' Robin Hood.' Biatch laughed. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! 'Or would you rather go lookin fo' Maid Marian?'

'Maybe I would,' Angie conceded, 'but dat only make our asses quits, don't it?'

'Knowin mah luck I'd end up wit Little John.' Suzanne laughed again.

Then, untypically serious: 'Yo ass went up wit Bobby fo' like a while, didn't yo slick ass?'

Angie peeped trees n' ghettoside pass dem by. 'Yes,' her big-ass booty holla'd carefully, 'I done did.'

'Did yo dirty ass . . . Yo ass know?'

'Did I what?'

,

'Did yo dirty ass fuck wit him, dopeheart, what tha fuck else?'

Up until then Angie had never revealed anythang bout any freak n' shiznit fo' realz. And Bobby had been experimental, ta say tha least.

Not dat dat biiiiatch was ashamed bout anythang horny-ass up in any way.

'I don't tittle-tattle,' her big-ass booty holla'd. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! 'Ask Bobby, not mah dirty ass.'

Suzanne laughed yet again. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. 'Dude don't tittle-tattle bout you, biatch. Dat punk a real gent. But we hoes confide at will, don't we, biatch? Sandra gives you da most thugged-out incredible references. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. So give me suttin' bout Bobby.'

'I didn't be thinkin you'd wanna know gritty details.'

Suzanne was silent fo' a minute . . . a event up in itself. 'I've only eva been wit Liz,' her big-ass booty holla'd finally. 'So I be a virgin as far as pimps is concerned. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! I aint even busted one wit any real intent. I just . . . Well, I just sort of wondered.'

Angie stared outta tha side window, seein tha thick knot of woodland vanishin behind dem wild-ass muthafuckas.

'I was intrigued,' her big-ass booty holla'd eventually. 'I've never straight-up been horny bout pimps yo, but Bobby has always been sick ta mah dirty ass. I suppose dat shiznit was flattered when he done cooked up a move. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. So fo'sho, I went up wit his muthafuckin ass.'

'And did you fuck wit him?'

'Of course I done did. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! I needed ta know what tha fuck dat shiznit was like. I needed ta know what tha fuck I was missing. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. So fo'sho, I did fuck wit his muthafuckin ass fo' realz. And our phat asses done did it on a shitload of occasions, if you must know.'

'What was it like?'

'Okay,' Angie admitted. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! This type'a shiznit happens all tha time. 'Dat shiznit was . . . cozy, up in a shitload of ways. Dat shiznit was thugged-out n' warm. I enjoyed dat shit.'

'Is it betta than . . .'

Angie cut Suzanne straight off.

'Dat shiznit was cozy n' cute fo' realz. And no disrespect ta Bobby yo, but dat shiznit was not a god damn thang like tha real thang.'

'So Sandraz tha real thang?'

Angie rolled her eyes dramatically. 'Havin sex wit Sandraz off tha scale.'

'What bout sex wit other girls, biatch? Has you done tried that?'

It wasn't up in Angiez nature ta lie. 'Yes,' her big-ass booty holla'd without hesitation.

'How tha fuck nuff other hoes have you busted a nut with?'

'I aint telling.'

'Do I know any of them?'

'No comment.'

Chapta Two

Admission ta tha hoopty park n' footbizzle ground was free of charge. That resulted up in a thugged-out decent number of locals attendin as well as swarmz of supportas from both schools. Well shiiiiit, it also resulted up in a shitload of trade fo' tha bars n' fast-food concessions, which had been thoughtfully opened fo' tha occasion. I

aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch fo' realz. Angie n' Suzanne was among tha early arrivals. Before they'd finished they first pints n' burgers tha buses turned up n' tha atmosphere started ta buzz.

'This be a funky-ass bigger crowd than County get,' Suzanne holla'd as they made they way ta they seats up in tha Westside Stand.

Angie was watchin a steward whoz ass was starin at her suspiciously. Maybe he'd noticed tha Docs n' skinhead cut n' supposed dat shiznit was a grudge match.

Meanin maybe he'd gots her down as Troublemaker Number One.

'Dude fancied you,' holla'd Suzanne as they sat down.

'No da ruffneck didn't yo. Dude thought he'd peeped mah crazy ass on a funky-ass banned list.'

'A list,' Suzanne echoed.

'Yeah; one of dem mug-shot thangs you peep on tha shizzle channels.'

'Maybe da perved-out muthafucka saw yo' grill n' was entranced.'

'And maybe Saturdayz lottery ticket won n' I aint checked it yet.'

'Angie Baby you so negative, n' wit so lil need!'

There was no segregation as such but tha main crewz of followers automatically took opposite endz of tha stand, redz ta tha left, blues ta tha right, neutrals up in tha middle fo' realz. Angie was interested ta peep dat tha gender mix was just bout even. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. Da muthafuckas had turned up ta support tha oldschool school just as keenly as tha gals. Or maybe they wanted ta leer over fuckin shitloadz of bare biatch hairy-ass legs n' sweaty shirts.

In other lyrics pretty much as her dope ass done did.

'I be gettin like tense,' dat thugged-out biiiatch confessed.

'Me too,' holla'd Suzanne, takin her hand, squeezin it n' not lettin go.

"Tense" as a thugged-out description of the straight-up original gangsta half was a understatement. Both crews set up wit the obvious intention of not concedin a goal. It aint nuthin but the nick nack patty wack, I still gots the bigger sack. Every conceivable safe option was taken n' not a single risk was run.

'Bar time,' Angie announced as the playas went up in fo' they half-time oranges n' lemons.

'I be driving,' Suzanne objected.

'Not fo' another minute or mo' you not fo' realz. And you've only had one. Come on, I be buying.'

Da bar was predictably busy. Well shiiiiit, it took Angie five minutes ta git served. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! Biatch frowned when she looked round the room fo' Suzanne n' saw her up in conversation wit Abigail fo' realz. Abigail was the schoolz most ghettofab girl. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. She'd also "stolen" Bobby from Angie n' was supposed ta be her rival.

Bustin her dopest ta smile (a task she'd never straight-up mastered), Angie joined the two hoes n' passed a Guinnizz ta Suzanne.

'Sorry Abs,' her big-ass booty holla'd, 'the barman had moved on ta another hustla before I saw you, biatch.'

Abigail smiled prettily. 'Don't worry,' she replied, 'Bobbyz gettin me a cold-ass lil chardonnay.'

'Us thugs was just poppin' off bout Bobby,' Suzanne put in. 'I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. 'I holla'd at Abs you banged up his ass at seven outta ten up in tha sack. Dat hoe still weighin up her own score.'

Angie shook her head all up in tha effrontery of tha girl. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Suzanne had axed fo' a score and, up in tha absence of a reply, had obviously made one up. Dat shiznit was typical of her, straight-up. Da only surprise was dat Abigail seemed ta be seriously thankin bout her answer.

'I aint much ta compare his ass with,' da hoe fuckin started.

'Pull tha other one,' Suzanne hooted. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! This type'a shiznit happens all tha time. 'Boyfriendz n' bangin' dinners, Abs, you've had tha lot.'

'I be goin ta say he averages eight,' Abigail continued. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! 'But don't tell him; his thugged-out lil' punk-ass big-headed all up in tha dopest of times.' Then, smilin dat smile again: 'So come on, Suzy, I've shown you mine. It aint nuthin but yo' turn, so check it before ya wreck it. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch yo. How tha fuck do you score Liz up in tha sack?'

'Ten outta ten,' Suzanne holla'd without battin a eyelash, 'same as I score Angie.'

Da second half set off as cagily as tha straight-up original gangsta but, afta bout ten minutes, tha breakall up in came. Liz intercepted a pass and, as a phat left back always would, immediately kicked tha bizzle up her wing.

Like tha rest of tha forwardz her winger, Wendy, had been tightly biatch-marked throughout fo' realz. As she received Lizz pass tha opposizzle right back was practically up in her shorts wit her n' shiznit yo. Her only obvious option was ta play tha bizzle tha fuck into midfield, up in tha hope a funky-ass blue hoodie would git ta it first.

Surprisin everybody, Wendy flicked tha bizzle up n' over her head. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! When dat dunkadelic hoe turned n' ran afta it her marker was caught flat-footed n' gaping.

'Go Wendy,' Suzanne yelled, along wit mah playas chillin round her muthafuckin ass.

As a known goal-scorer Sandra had been marked as tightly as mah playas. Now her erections was fasta than fast. For tha last time up in tha game she gots clear wata between her muthafuckin ass n' tha reds' centre-half. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Biatch sprinted along a left-to-right diagonal while Wendy closed up in on tha goal-line.

Da crowd gasped as tha cross went over n' shit. Wendy had pulled it away from tha goalkeeper straight-up sickly yo, but surely dat shiznit was too high!

Strainin every last muthafuckin sinew, Sandra threw her muthafuckin ass up all up in tha bizzle. Kick dat shit! But fo' once her contact was not ideal. It aint nuthin but tha nick nack patty wack, I still gots tha bigger sack. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Biatch was fallin as dat freaky freaky biatch headed it, gettin under it so it looped

back over tha keeper but without enough vim ta cross tha line. Well shiiiiit, it landed just behind tha centre-half who, rockin her initiative, instinctively back-heeled it away.

Liz should not have even been up in tha reds' half of tha pitch. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Biatch certainly should not done been harin towardz they penalty box fo' realz. And no way should dat freaky freaky biatch have kicked it wit tha back-heeled clearizzle wit her weak right foot. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Biatch was no markswoman. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. Nine times outta ten her impulsive blasted would have presented mo' dark shiznit ta local air traffic than tha oppositionz goal.

But dat freaky freaky biatch hit tha bizzle perfectly. From twenty yardz out, stayin at a steady ten inches above tha ground, never waverin once, it flew all up in tha area n' hit tha back of tha net like a speedin bullet.

Pandemonium erupted. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! This type'a shiznit happens all tha time. Da blues' hustlas was jumping, beatboxin n' openly weepin fo' realz. And dat was just tha muthafuckas; tha hoes went utterly bananas.

'Omigod,' Suzanne kept saying, 'omigod.'

Concedin dat goal spurred tha redz tha fuck into action. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. With half a minute ta go they poured forward up in wave afta wave of comin' at flair. Shiiit, dis aint no joke. Their passes was short, precise n' constructive. Pushed back onto tha defensive, tha blues did they dopest ta repel tha tide. But suddenly they was unable ta strang together even two passes. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Suddenly they was resortin ta hoofed clearances.

Da reds' hustlas was eva mo' vocal up in they support. "We is tha champions," they sang. "Come on you reds, attack, attack, attack!"

Bitin they fingernails, tha blues' hustlas yelled "Defence, defence!!" For some straight-up inexplicable reason a crew of muthafuckas started ta rap "We shall overcome."

And still tha waves crashed forward. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! If tha straight-up original gangsta sixty minutes was tense then tha rest of tha match was sheer torture.

Two minutes ta bounce tha fuck up fo' realz. A dozen narrow squeaks but tha blues was nearly home fo' realz. And then tha redz won a gangbangin' free kick just outside tha area fo' realz. A black-haired hoe wit a tidy backside took it, artfully curlin tha bizzle up n' over tha wall.

Da sight brought screams all round, n' all wit differin emotions.

'Goal,' tha reds' hustlas cried.

'Shiznit no,' tha blues' countered.

Time became elastic as tha bizzle curved. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! A thousand throats gulped up in air.

And still tha bizzle curved, wendin its way ta tha equalizer tha black-haired beauty n' her crewmates so dearly deserved.

But tha blues' goalie was up ta tha challenge yo. Heroically, divin at absolute full stretch, her big-ass booty somehow finger-tipped tha goal-bound blasted round tha post.

Dat shiznit was a cold-ass lil corner ta tha redz n' probably they last chizzle ta force extra time. Every single biatch on tha pitch was up in tha blues' area. Well, every last muthafuckin single one apart from tha corner taker her muthafuckin ass. Da reds' keeper was up there, so peek-a-boo, clear tha way, I be comin' thru fo'sho. Even Sandra, probably glued ta tha halfway line, was back there; biatch-markin dat centre-half fo' a cold-ass lil chizzle.

'I daren't watch,' Suzanne gasped, grippin Angie's hand harder than eva.

'We bout ta do it,' Angie replied, not convincin mah playas, not even her muthafuckin ass.

Da corner was unexpectedly smart-ass n' shiznit fo' realz. Afta like twenty longer ones tha taker went short, aimin all up in tha smallest hoe on tha pitch whoz ass was standin just up in front of tha near post. Obviously expectin it, tha lil' small-ass hoe flicked it on, over n' above tha relatizzle giants behind her muthafuckin ass.

Luck was on her side. Da intention was clearly ta pass tha bizzle on ta one of her crewmates but her angle wasn't

like right. Instead of goin straight back it done cooked up a funky-ass beeline fo' inside of tha far post.

Afterwardz Liz would claim she made tha slick defensive header n' shit. In truth tha bizzle hit her smack up in tha grill n' bounced up in a gangbangin' finger-lickin' direction favourable fo' tha blues. Even mo' fortunately, it then landed all up in tha feet of tha bluez skipper, Christine. Chrizzle didn't fanny bout back-heelin tha bastard thang; she immediately gave it mo' air than it had eva peeped before.

Pandemonium erupted again. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. Twenty-one outta twenty-two playas followed tha leather outta tha area, all of dem tryin fo' ghetto records, tha reds' keeper leadin tha charge fo' realz. And never mind Gail Devers; big-ass as dat biiiatch was dat goalkeeper would have left Donovan Bailey up in her wake.

But dat biiiatch wasn't fast enough cause I gots dem finger-lickin' chickens wit tha siz-auce. Clear from her shadows once more, Sandra gots her muthafuckin ass underneath tha highly lofted bizzle. Kick dat shit! Well shiiit, it bounced like two yardz up in front of her muthafuckin ass.

Bitch hit it as it came down a second time, not lettin it bounce again.

Sandra was up forty yardz n' at a angle yo. Her accuracy was immaculate. Well shiiiiit, it would have shamed a top-class rugby kicker n' shit. Well shiiiiit, it also done cooked up a mockery outta tha reds' keeperz efforts ta git back up in position. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. Zoomin like fifty feet over her sprintin head, it bounced once, just shy of tha penalty spot . . .

And then it gameed on over tha bar.

Angie n' Suzanne joined tha choruz of agonized wails but tha miss didn't matter n' shit. Da referee let tha pantin keeper take tha goal kick then blew tha final whistle as tha bizzle was still aloft.

Victory was theirs!

Against all tha odds!!

Chapta Three

Da aftermath was overwhelmin fo' realz. Angie, Suzanne n' hordez of schoolmates flooded tha pitch up in spite of tha dogg pound announcerz pleas ta keep off. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Somehow "a few mo' league games" didn't seem as blingin as tha here n' now, nahmeean?

Bugger tha state of tha pitch! Dum diddy-dum, here I come biaaatch! Who tha fuck cared bout bladez of grass at a moment like that!!

To they enormous credit tha reds' hustlas stayed ta applaud tha medal presentations. By then tha blues' hustlas weren't goin anywhere.

"Champions," they roared as Chrizzle lifted tha trophy. Then, a lil optimistically, 'We is championz of Europe!'

All of tha schoolz PE mackdaddys was present, thug n' female fo' realz. And dat evenin they all deferred ta tha hoes first crew pimp.

'Everyone back ta school,' dat thugged-out biiiatch commanded. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! 'It aint nuthin but been a funky-ass big-ass secret but we've kept tha caterers there dis afternoon. I aint talkin' bout

chicken n' gravy biatch. We goin ta hold tha freshest jam eva held anywhere.'

All Y'all shouted up enthusiasm.

As if her dope ass didn't believe dem tha pimp coughed, mock-politely. 'Don't tell tha headmaster,' her big-ass booty holla'd, 'but itz a cold-ass lil champagne reception. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. So make shizzle you git there before tha victorious crew, yeah, biatch? Can't be greetin dem wit empty glasses, can we?'

Da unruly supportas on tha pitch was constantly jostling, constantly huggin fo' realz. At one stage, goin from gangbang ta hug, Angie came grill ta grill wit Abigail.

'Angie Baby,' her big-ass booty sighed, pullin her close n' humpin' her on tha grill.

Carried away wit tha spirit of tha moment, Angie busted back, dunkadelic her muthafuckin ass by trippin' off dat shit.

'I didn't straight-up give Bobby seven outta ten,' dat biiiiatch whispered tha fuck into Abigailz ear. Shiiit, dis

aint no joke. 'Suzy made dat up. I wouldn't know where ta begin.'

Abigail laughed. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! Biatch could be a lil' bit of a funky-ass biiiatch but just then her eyes shone wit sincerity. 'Never mind his score,' her big-ass booty holla'd, 'I wanna know mo' bout yo' slick ten.'

Encouraged by tha PE mackdaddys, tha crowd finally left tha pitch. By then Sandra had convinced Angie dat she "simply had to" travel back on tha crew pimp fo' realz. A massive welcome awaited them; sneakin off fo' all dem brews up in a cold-ass lil ghetto pub wasn't a option. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. Liz had simultaneously holla'd at Suzanne a similar story.

'Yo ass muthafuckas need ta head off,' she'd holla'd. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! 'We bout ta fool bout up in tha bath while you go. I gotta be wit mah crewmates at a time like dis y'all.'

'Teammates,' Suzanne snorted as her dope ass drove outta tha footbizzle hoopty park. 'I bet they all friggin each other up in dat friggin bath.'

'I'd frig Christine,' Angie offered, less than helpfully. 'I bet she'd be up fo' it tonight fo' realz. And I be prepared ta bet Lucy would be too, come ta that.'

'They're both straighta than straight.'

'So say dat biiiiatch wit eyes only fo' one girl.'

Suzanne was uncharacteristically on tha down-low fo' a while. Then, like three milez down tha road home, dat dunkadelic hoe took a unannounced right turn.

'Letz go find Maid Marian,' her big-ass booty holla'd, answerin Angie's unspoken question.

Angie's ass was bustin strange thangs. Blood was poundin all up in her, n' not just up in her temples.

'I don't be thinkin Maid Marian do Wednesdizzle evenings,' she ventured.

'I do,' Suzanne replied.

Da goin steadily deteriorated as tha "forest" steadily thickened. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! Leavin dual carriageway fo' slight woodland they was soon on a unkempt road surrounded by trees fo' realz. Another turn n' they was on a track under a cold-ass lil canopy fo' realz. And then tha track became exactly that: no mo' than two worn ruts wit a line of sorry-for-itself grass growin between dem wild-ass muthafuckas.

'We lost,' holla'd Angie.

'No we not. I gots a aunt whoz ass lives round here, so peek-a-boo, clear tha way, I be comin' thru fo'sho. I know dis bit of ghetto like tha back of mah hand.'

'What tha fuck iz she, a witch whoz ass lives up in a hut up in a cold-ass lil clearing?'

'Fuck dat shit, she a witch whoz ass lives up in a nearby village. I still know tha area, though.'

'So where is Robin n' his crazy-ass merry men?'

Suzanne took yet another turn, dis time tha fuck into a even rougher track; one which dead-ended up in dense woodland afta less than twenty yards.

'Screw Maid Marian,' her big-ass booty holla'd, switchin off tha engine. 'Letz git up in tha back.'

Angie had menstrually rehearsed what tha fuck she might do if Suzanne done cooked up a move. When it came ta pass her big-ass booty simply climbed tha fuck into tha backseat fo' realz. And then, wit her last reservez of propriety, she done cooked up a limp effort at bein reluctant.

'What bout Liz n' Sandra?'

'They're currently friggin up in a funky-ass bathtub. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Stuff them; what tha fuck they don't give a fuck can't hurt dem wild-ass muthafuckas.'

'I don't give a fuck if I can.'

'Trust me, Ange. Yo ass can. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch fo' realz. And I certainly can, even if you can't.'

'But itz still daylight.'

'That make all dat shiznit tha better, don't it, biatch? I wanna peep as well as feel.'

'What if mah playas findz out?'

'What if you stop bleatin n' break me off a kiss?'

Kissin Suzanne was crazily good. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! I be fly as a gangbangin' falcon, soarin all up in tha sky dawwwwg! Angie already scrambled dome stopped tha analysis n' did a lil' bit of straight-up trippin' off instead.

Well, it tried ta trip off but thangs still remained.

Why did every last muthafuckin freshly smoked up freak seem betta than tha last?

Why was furtively makin up in tha back of a funky-ass borrowed hoopty mo' bangin than wantonly fuckin up in a thugged-out double bed?

Why had she forgotten all bout Sandra n' Miss Pearce?

And why was her knickers wetta than wet?

Suzannez handz was predictably busy. By tha time Angie decided ta drop tha def humpin' sort of a approach they was grippin her tizzlez all up in her T-shirt. By tha time da hoe fuckin started suckin on Suzannez tongue they was inside tha fabric, grippin bare flesh.

Angiez tizzlez had always been responsive yo. Havin handz on dem busted shockwaves down all up in her body, straight tha fuck into tha core of her n' shit. Within moments dat thugged-out biiiatch came. Then, when Suzanne kept humpin' n' grippin, dat thugged-out biiiatch came again n' again n' again . . . n' again n' again n' again n' again.

Enthusiastic as ever, Suzanne grasped tha hem of Angiez T. Rather than tuggin it off she rolled it up so dat shiznit was above her exposed tizzles.

'Delightful,' she murmured before gettin her grill up in there.

'Oh mah God, fo'sho,' Angie endorsed.

Space was at a premium on tha backseat, not dat either of dem complained bout close quarters.

'Yes, fo'sho, fo'sho,' groaned Angie as her sickest fuckin freshly smoked up freak kissed, sucked, nibbled n' gnawed.

Suzanne was tireless yo. Her admiration had clearly not been exaggerated.

'Yes, fo'sho, fo'sho,' Angie repeated. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! This type'a shiznit happens all tha time. 'Fuck me, yes!'

Perhaps Suzanne took dat as a instruction. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. Or like she'd decided ta move thangs along anyway. Whatever, her handz was suddenly hustlin lower down, poppin tha button on Angiez jeans before unzippin her zip.

'Help me here,' her big-ass booty holla'd, momentarily removin her lips from Angiez diamond-hard nips.

Angie obediently lifted her bum off of tha seat. Two secondz lata her jeans n' pantizzles was round her ankles, only held even remotely up in place by her boots.

Fuck mah oldschool boots, dat dunkadelic hoe thought, bustin up insanely.

'Yo crazy-ass tit-workz good,' her big-ass booty holla'd aloud, in-between genuine gasps. 'But I need more.'

Her handz closed on Suzannez shouldaz and, gently at first, fuckin started ta push.

Suzanne seemed loath ta go but, afta a cold-ass lil couple final chews, her big-ass booty slid downwards.

And glad ta report, her pussaaaaay-work was even better.

Chapta Four

Bein smoked was pimped out but Angie was startin ta find her vocation. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Biatch could remember snoopin on Suzanne n' Liz up in tha not-too-distant past. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Suzanne had been tha receiver on dat occasion. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. Okay, it might done been a one-off yo, but Suzy had definitely relished Lizz enthusiastic servicing.

Relished, biatch? Fuck dat shit, tha hoe had patently loved dat shit.

And Angie definitely relished servicin a girl.

'Pants off,' dat thugged-out biiiatch commanded, pullin Suzannez head away from her honeypot.

Suzanne didn't hesitate. Gaspin fo' air, straight-up up fo' it, dat freaky freaky biatch had tha sense ta kick away her Nikes before unfastenin her jeans n' deftly denudin tha bottom half of her body.

Angie nearly swooned all up in tha sight. Up until then she'd only had close acquaintizzle wit two pussies n' thought dat biiiatch was up in ludd wit both of dem wild-ass muthafuckas. But dis one belonged on a ancient Greek statue.

Or would dat dunkadelic hoe be thinkin dat bout every last muthafuckin pussaaaaay, biatch? Was she literally pussaaaaay-struck, hopelessly all up in tha mercy of every last muthafuckin freshly smoked up one dat strutted along?

Not dat she straight-up took time ta consider tha ins n' outs . . . at least not all tha philosophical ins n' outs, anyway.

With generous use of tongue n' two fingerz of both hands, she gradually brought Suzanne ta climax n' then skilfully kept her there, maybe not like multiply but definitely not just occasionally.

Controllin her like dat was ace. Orgasmic up in her own right, Angie straight-up gots off on seein n' feelin Suzanne cum n' cum fo' realz. And tha mo' Suzanne came, tha mo' orgasmic she got.

Fab deal or what!

A timeless time lata Angie slid back upwards. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Biatch relished tha feel of her tizzlez on Suzannez bare hairy-ass legs n' tummy. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Biatch relished tha feel of dem on Suzannez noticeably damp T-shirt like a muthafucka.

Most of all she relished tha feel of they groins pressin together n' shiznit yo. Hers was shaven wit a number one guard, just like her head. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! Suzannez was bare apart from a gangbangin' finger-lickin' dirty-ass short neat triangle just over tha straight-up gatez of heaven.

Cramped n' at a odd angle across tha seat, they was up in prime position;

'Letz fuck,' holla'd Angie, tryin fo' seductive, possibly failin miserably . . . or possibly not.

'Oh fo'sho,' Suzanne holla'd eagerly. 'Yes, yeaaaa please.'

Thanks ta her secret olda biatch, Angie was experienced at tribbing. Presumably props ta Liz, so too was Suzanne. Without needin ta be axed tha reddish-blonde repositioned her dirty ass. Bein as dat biiiiiatch was, unrestricted by jeans n' Docs, dat biiiiiatch was able ta spread up wide.

'Come on, Ange,' her big-ass booty holla'd. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! 'Fuck mah dirty ass.'

Angie moved tentatively at first, tryin ta git slick measure fo' both of dem wild-ass muthafuckas. In response Suzanne groaned n' then flexed her hairy-ass legs up against tha carz roof. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Suddenly tha grillz of they vajazzlez was kissing.

Dat shiznit was warm, wet n' tha dopest sensation eva.

Conscious dat biiiatch was supposed ta be tha donor, Angie fuckin started ta move on a vertical plane. Down a lil, so her hood was under Suzannez hot, wet grill, n' then slowly up, crossin it all dem millimetres at a time. Onwardz n' still slowly upwards, her hood leadin tha way between Suzyz dope parted lips, along her foldz n' tantalizingly over her clit fo' realz. And higher upwardz still, trippin' off every last muthafuckin microsecond of every last muthafuckin thang.

Suzanne responded wit yelps n' screams fo' realz. Angie knew exactly where dat biiiatch was comin from. Within moments dat thugged-out biiiatch came, damnin her muthafuckin ass fo' it, certain Suzanne should done been first. But not stopping, pressin on, they wetnizz mergin, they nerve-endings twangin together.

'I'ma cum,' Suzanne wailed.

'Not yet,' Angie grunted.

On n' on they went; yelps n' screams merged now, both of dem closer than close but reluctant ta yield.

'I'ma cum,' Suzanne repeated.

'Two ticks,' Angie grunted. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! This type'a shiznit happens all tha time. 'Two ticks n' I be bout ta be there wit you, biatch.'

'Two ticks . . .'

'Thatz it . . . Now, Suzy!'

Suzanne didn't need spittin some lyrics ta twice. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Biatch let go n' they contracted together n' shiznit fo' realz. A choreographer couldn't have timed it mo' betta n' shit. Nor could she/he have stopped they bodies' near-death throes. Even up in tha straight-up heightz of ecstasy they continued ta clash n' writhe n' contort.

And they continued ta yelp, cry up n' scream. Their vocal release wasn't so far behind tha starburst of physical joy.

Angie became aware of tha knockin when she finally stopped soarin n' fuckin started ta float back down ta earth fo' realz. Assumin dat shiznit was her or Suzanne judderin against some hoopty part, she initially ignored dat shit.

Then her big-ass booty saw her freakz eyes widen.

'Oh shit,' holla'd Suzanne. 'It aint nuthin but tha Sheriff of Nottingham.'

Lookin over her shoulder Angie saw dat was a half-truth. Well shiiiiit, it wasn't tha actual Sheriff but dat shiznit was one of his crazy-ass modern-dizzle henchmen. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch fo' realz. A uniformed policeman was rappin on tha window directly behind her muthafuckin ass.

'Okay sonny boy,' da perved-out muthafucka holla'd, 'your funk is over n' shit. Git outta tha car.'

Only mildly annoyed by bein mistaken fo' a funky-ass bloke Angie lifted her muthafuckin ass off Suzanne, givin tha cop a eyeful of tit n' pussaaaaay up in tha process. Expressionless, dat schmooove muthafucka had tha decency ta turn away yo, but only afta he'd peeped what tha fuck needed ta be seen.

Gettin her jeans n' pantizzles back tha fuck into posizzle wasn't so easy as fuck . Unrollin her T was a relatizzle cinch. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Somehow, clumsily, she prevailed. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka!

Satisfied dat biiiiatch was as respectable as dat biiiiatch was likely ta be, Angie gots outta tha car, leavin Suzanne mostly naked n' scrabblin fo' her socks.

'And yo ass is?' tha policeman asked, lookin her up n' down.

Angie gave his ass her name n' home hood without offerin a address yo. Dude nodded n' didn't bother takin notes. 'Is dis yo' vehicle?'

'Fuck dat shit, itz Suzanne's.'

'Is dat Suzanne pullin her knickers up?'

'Yes yes y'all.'

'Okay. Go sit up in there.' Dude pointed down tha dead-end track which was now blocked by a patrol car.

Da cop didn't need ta tell Angie not ta cook up a run fo' dat shit. They was trapped n' her hairy-ass legs had rubber bandz up in dem anyway. Maybe dat shiznit was tha sex or maybe dat shiznit was fear.

Exposed, dat dunkadelic hoe thought as dat dunkadelic hoe trudged towardz tha five-o jam sandwich. What tha fuck is dem hoes goin ta say when dis gets out!

There was a funky-ass biatch fool in tha front seat yo. Her short afro was so blonde dat shiznit was almost white n' her attitude thangs was immediately obvious. While Angie let her muthafuckin ass tha fuck into tha back she just sat n' stared rigidly forward.

Worried as dat biiiiiatch was, Angie decided it wasn't tha right time ta try ta make playas.

Whatz Liz goin ta think, biatch? dat biiiiiatch wondered. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! And Sandraz goin ta hit tha roof!

Afta two or three minutez of silence tha policewoman turned up in her seat, her dismissive gaze insultin up in any language. 'So whatz yo' excuse?' her big-ass booty holla'd. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! 'Couldn't he keep it up in his thugged-out lil' pants?'

In other circumstances Angie would have laughed. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! Da muthafucka had

mistaken her fo' "sonny boy" n' tha gal assumed she'd been gettin a manly shafting.

Ironic, wasn't it?

'Dat punk a gangbangin' finger-lickin' dirty-ass she,' her big-ass booty holla'd as innocently as dat thugged-out biiiatch could. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! 'Bitch aint gots anythang up in her pants, n' you can put dat on yo' toast. Well, not tha sort of anythang you mean, anyway.'

Blondie tutted loudly n' then reverted ta silence, her glacier-like eyes strictly facin forward again.

Angie glanced back up tha track ta peep a gangbangin' straight-up dressed Suzanne n' tha arrestin fool approaching. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Suzanne was bustin lyrics ta his ass but dat schmooove muthafucka had a radio transmitta ta his wild lil' fuckin ear n' didn't seem ta be listening.

Peepin tha copz signal Suzanne gots up in tha back fo' realz. As she pulled tha door shut Angie saw there was no internal handles; tha door could easily be tugged closed but only reopened from outside.

How tha fuck unfair, dat dunkadelic hoe thought. We bein treated like we Bonnie n' Clyde. Fuck dat shit, make dat Thelma n' Louise!

'Oops,' holla'd Suzanne.

'Oops indeed,' Angie agreed.

Chapta Five

Da two five-o fools left they prisoners up in tha back of tha hoopty n' had a cold-ass lil consultation bout twenty yardz away, beside a oak tree, well outta range of hearing.

'Us dudes doomed,' holla'd Angie. 'What tha fuck iz tha penalty fo' fuckin up in hood anyway, biatch? Is it transportation or straight execution, biatch? And will we be humiliated before our peers first?'

'Fret ye not,' holla'd Suzanne. 'Those two aren't goin ta arrest us. Ya Mom shoulda told ya, I gots they measure.'

'Thatz why our slick asses lockin up in tha back of a five-o car, is it?'

'Trust me, Angie; I've gots a phat feelin bout all dis bullshit. Dizzle won't let our asses down.'

'Dave?'

'That thug cop. Dat punk on our side.'

'Yo ass could have fooled mah dirty ass fo' realz. And how tha fuck do you know his schmooove ass called Dave?'

'Dude axed mah name so I axed his fo' realz. And itz Polish or Ukrainian or something. When I axed his ass ta repeat it da perved-out muthafucka holla'd ta just call his ass Dave.'

'Hmmm, I thought you didn't like blokes.'

'I don't yo, but needz must, eh, biatch? And shush, here his schmooove ass comes.'

Leavin tha policewoman all up in tha tree Dizzle gots tha fuck into tha patrol car, kneelin on tha passenger seat so his schmooove ass could peep both his captives at once.

'My fuckin partnerz not afraid of paperwork,' his thugged-out lil' punk-ass fuckin started. I aint talkin'

bout chicken n' gravy biatch. 'Bitch wants ta throw tha book at you, biatch. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Biatch reckons our crazy asses have you fo' Outragin Public Decency n' Exposure if not a god damn thang else fo' realz. And there is tha straight-up real possibilitizzle of long sentences on both of dem offences.'

'Do you mean sentences as on lockdown?' holla'd Angie.

'Yes, I do.'

'Thatz insane,' Suzanne holla'd hotly. 'Dat hoe pickin on our asses cuz our slick asses lezzies.'

'It aint nuthin but all bout decency n' exposure,' he replied calmly, 'not horny-ass persuasion.'

'My fuckin arse it is. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Biatch can't accept dat there aint no damn age restriction on lesbians up in dis ghetto, so she relyin on technicalities.'

'Suzy,' holla'd Angie, concerned her playa was bout ta rap dem eva deeper tha fuck into tha mire.

But Suzanne wasn't fo' heeding. 'They're revisin tha thug age of gay consent,' dat biiiiatch went on. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. 'That dates back ta Victorian times. But phat oldschool Biatch Vic didn't believe our asses hoes could bust a nut together, so our carte blanche has gone on n' on. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch. Yet yo' partner . . .'

'Enough,' Dizzle snapped. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! 'Listen ta me or I be bout ta arrest you fo' bein a pain up in tha arris, never mind some technicalitizzle dat don't exist.'

Thankfully, Suzanne canned it . . . fo' tha time being.

'Nuff props,' Dizzle resumed. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! 'Now herez how tha fuck it is. Da law cook up a funky-ass big-ass deal outta "possibilities". In other lyrics, no muthafucka should have outdoor sex up in broad daylight when there be a tha possibilitizzle of bein peeped by two or mo' peeps. Or up in pitch black, fo' dat matter.'

'We up in tha middle of nowhere,' Suzanne retorted. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! This type'a shiznit happens all tha time. 'Okay, so it is broad daylight yo, but whoz ass

is round ta peep us, biatch? And what tha fuck is you bustin here, anyway, biatch? Shouldn't you be settin speed traps ta catch playas bustin forty-two up in a gangbangin' forty mile unit?'

'Shouldn't you have waited until afta dark?' Dizzle responded.

'Dat shiznit was sort of spontaneous,' Angie offered before Suzanne could screw thangs even further n' shit. 'Us dudes aint gots fuckin shitloadz of opportunities.'

Dizzle nodded. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! 'Me,' da perved-out muthafucka holla'd, 'I don't give a fuck bout paperwork fo' realz. And I be conscious dat dis be a isolated spot. I be also conscious dat only one thug saw what tha fuck you was bustin. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. So I be prepared ta let it go.'

'Nuff props, fool,' Angie holla'd quickly, her fingernails deep tha fuck into Suzannez palm ta hopefully keep her grill shut. 'We bout ta never do it again n' again n' again up in daylight. Or up in a cold-ass lil hoopty anywhere, come ta that.'

Dude nodded then opened tha rear doors fo' dem wild-ass muthafuckas. 'Vamoose,' da perved-out muthafucka holla'd, 'before I git over-ruled.'

They juiced it up back ta Mumz hoopty up in double-quick time. Then, showin off considerable rollin game, Suzanne reversed tha length of tha dead-end track. Da patrol hoopty had pulled back ta give her room so, showin off even mo' game, her dope ass deftly turned n' headed fo' tha main road.

Neither of tha five-o fools waved dem farewell.

'We nicked they spot,' Suzanne holla'd as they rounded a cold-ass lil corner, outta line of sight.

'What?'

'Think bout it, Ange. They weren't patrollin dis stretch, was they, biatch? They was up fo' a lil' bit of extra-curricular nooky. I bet they do it up here dis time every last muthafuckin evening.'

'I be thinkin you wildly jumpin ta conclusions.'

'Did yo dirty ass peep tha look on Sour Pusss face, biatch? That was a hoe goin without fo' realz. And dat shiznit was all props ta us.'

Angie supposed her playa might gotz a point. 'So we gots away wit it,' her big-ass booty holla'd. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! 'Whew, wasn't dat a narrow escape!'

'I want more,' holla'd Suzanne, eyes on tha road n' as sincere-soundin as heck.

'We hustlin late as it is,' Angie protested.

'I don't mean mo' now, I mean mo' soon, n' somewhere where our asses aint likely ta be disturbed.'

Angie hesitated. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! This type'a shiznit happens all tha time. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Biatch was at a tippin point, she realized.

'What bout Liz,' she axed eventually, 'and what tha fuck bout Sandra?'

'Sandra knows you have another hoe.' Suzanne laughed. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! 'Da whole school

knows; our laid-back asses just don't give a fuck whoz ass she is. But Sandz def wit dat shit. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. So why should one mo' matter?'

Chewin dat over didn't help Angie much. Yes, Sandra did know dat freaky freaky biatch had another freak n' shiznit fo' realz. And fo'sho, dat freakz identitizzle was secret. But Sandra was second up in line, wasn't she, biatch? She'd been aware one of mah thugs was up in tha equation all along. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. She'd been aware n' aiiight ta accept fo' realz. A third freak was different, though, wasn't it?

And never mind Sandraz vibe, what tha fuck bout Liz's?

'Liz would go ballistic,' Angie holla'd flatly.

'Bitch would yo, but only if she findz up fo' realz. And you phat at secrets, aren't yo slick ass, biatch? Why should she eva smoke up?'

Angie recalled tha feel of Suzannez clit under her tongue. Right back up in yo muthafuckin ass. Biatch tried ta tell her muthafuckin ass ta reign up in but her dome wasn't listening. Tippin point, biatch? Okay, so dat dunkadelic hoe tipped.

'My fuckin muthafathas work nights,' her big-ass booty holla'd. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! 'Well, Mum works most of tha night. I have tha doggy den ta mah dirty ass on mo' occasions than not. Yo ass could call round, I suppose.'

'Do Sandra call round?' Suzannez eyes was suddenly off tha track. 'Is dat why she always gots a funky-ass big-ass goofy grin on her face?'

'It has been known. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch fo' realz. And look where you driving, fo' Godz sake!'

Suzanne concentrated on her rollin again n' again n' again . . . mo' or less. 'Is we poppin' off all night here . . . all night up in a real bed?'

'We poppin' off up until say three up in tha morning. Yo ass can arrive at any time you like afta seven. I aint talkin' bout chicken n' gravy biatch fo' realz. And itz mah single bed . . . cuz of tha implications as regardz sheet-washing.'

'Fuckin hell, Ange, you sound as if you've been bustin it alllll muthafuckin day.'

'Not forever; just often enough cause I gots dem finger-lickin' chickens wit tha siz-auce fo' realz. And I aint proposin forever wit you, biatch. We both committed. Y'all KNOW dat shit, muthafucka! This type'a shiznit happens all tha time fo' realz. A one-off night be all I be offering. Is you interested?'

'Angie Baby, I be there up in mah trips already!'"

“Ghetto Grandma'
blasts son-in-law 12
times, goes gambling,
rejoices at shizzle of
dirtnap”