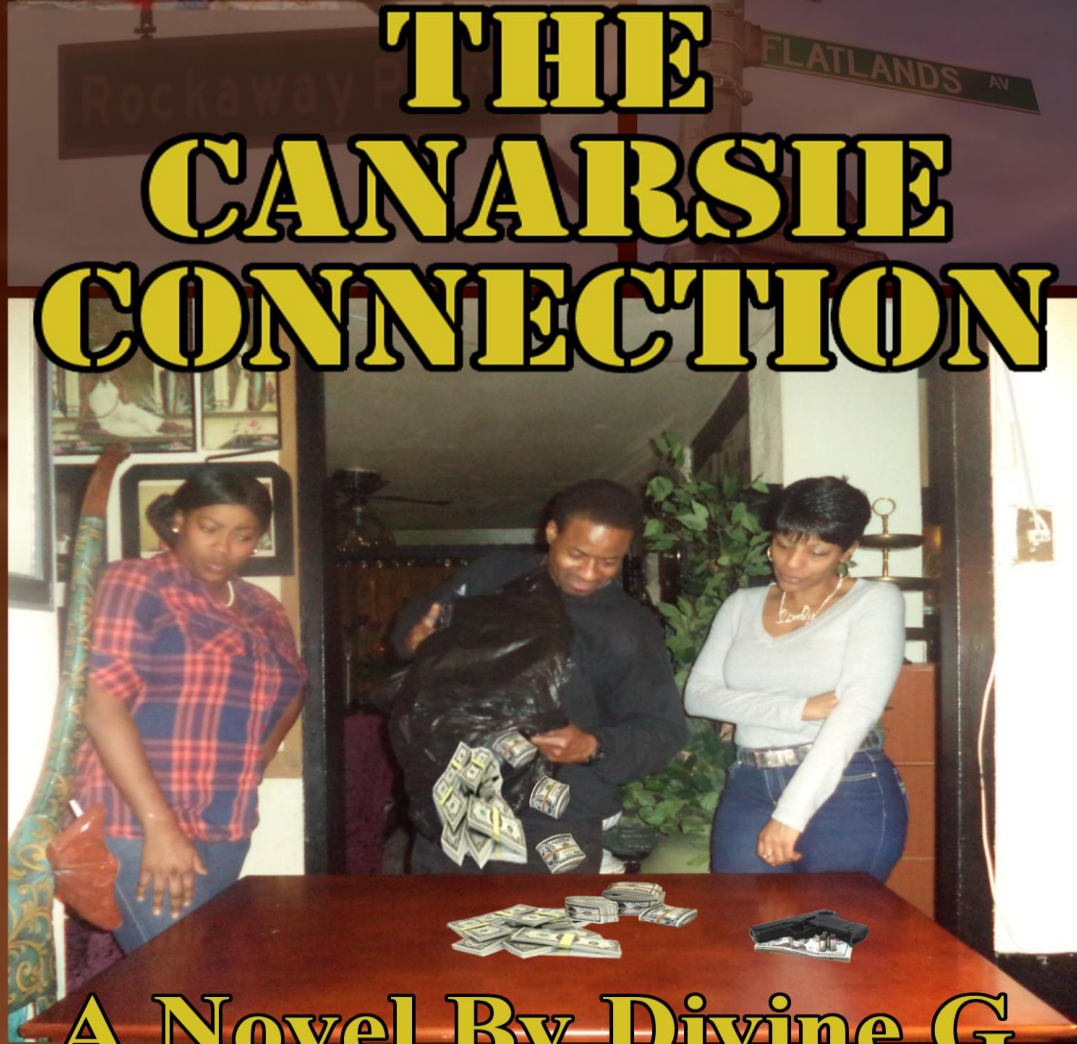


DIVINE G ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS



THE CANARISIE CONNECTION



A Novel By Divine G

THE CANARSIE CONNECTION

A Novel By Divine G

Also by Divine G

Novels:

Baby Doll (Published by Q-Boro Books)

Money-Grip (Published by Street Knowledge Publishing)

Money-Grip 2 (Published by Createspace)

Enigma of Love (Published by Divine G Entertainment)

No Other Love (Published by Divine G Entertainment)

Short Stories:

Averted Hearts (appearing in *The Game*, published by Triple Crown Publications)

Stage Plays:

Peak-Zone (appearing in *Exiled Voices, Portals of Discovery*, published by New England College Press)

THE CANARSIE CONNECTION ®

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Dedication

This novel is dedicated to the numerous family members, friends and associates who were very instrumental in helping me to get this novel written, edited and published. The list of supporters is so huge and extensive, I am very apprehensive about attempting to mention names, because from past experience, if anyone is inadvertently left out and feels he or she should have been mentioned, it creates a lot of bad feelings. So, this time, I am taking the safe road by sending out a universal dedication to all those who played a part in the success of this novel, without itemizing each individual name. If you were there, by my side, had my back, and was supportive, then you are the person I am referring to when I send out this dedication. This novel is dedicated to you for being there when times got extremely rough, rocky and raw. Once again, thanks for all the support, love and understanding.

CHAPTER # 1

Shamara Fox walked slowly down the street as the sickly glow of the street lamps cast an eerie image upon the dilapidated Newark New Jersey houses. Her heart was pounding heavily in her chest and was pumping hard enough to be felt pulsating in her eardrums. There was also a faint ringing sound that confused her because she never knew fear could make the body respond in this fashion. Tonight her beauty was to be her strongest asset. She was hoping the skintight jeans she wore really made her heart shaped ass look as big and juicy as it felt, since she needed their target to put his guards down and keep them down long enough for them to get off a first strike.

Shamara looked across the street and saw her home-girl, partner, and life long friend, Fashawn Corcino, a caramel complexioned big boned sister with hips for days, walking with her hood covering her head, and her hands stuffed in the front pocket of her forest green hoodie. Shamara knew Fashawn was caressing a concealed 9mm in the same fashion as she was.

Moments later, Shamara saw the house they had been scoping out up ahead; she picked up speed, and as planned, she took a seat on the hood of the nearby gray car and waited for the signal. Why did she insist she be the lead shooter!? Her nervousness wouldn't let up. She answered her question when that voice said, *because you need to bust your cherry if you gonna be a hit woman! Calm down, girl*, she repeatedly told himself, *this is gonna be like skating on ice*. She and Fashawn had rehearsed this run in their heads

repeatedly; they even did a walk through three times and the routine was basically engraved in her memory bank, so there was nothing to worry about.

Shamara cut her eyes and saw Fashawn leaning up against the grocery store gate as two crack-heads scurried pass her, apparently on their way to cop some crack from the crack spot about two blocks away. Shamara pulled her hand from the pocket of her hoodie and stole another nervous peek at her wrist watch. It was ten minutes to eleven o'clock. She stuffed her hand back inside the pocket, looking around at the windows of the nearby houses, hoping it was late enough. Then, she realized, according to regular people's sense of time it was late, but for those in the game it was standard work time, and since Newark was a city not much different from New York City, it too was a city that never slept. But, then again, Shamara thought as she saw a skinny crack head slide down the stairs of a three family house next to the house she was watching, no drug infested community could ever sleep, since the monkey on the back of any motherfucker naïve enough to consume drugs would not permit it.

Shamara sighed frustratedly as she nervously snatched her hands from her pocket and wiped her sweaty palms on the front of her pants. There was no question she was scared half to death, she realized as she stuffed her hands back into her hoodie pocket and gripped the huge handle of her 9mm. She'd never killed anyone before, and wondered if Fashawn felt the same way she was currently feeling when she caught her first body oversees in Iraq.

Out of nowhere the Bible quote dealing with the question of committing murder slid back onto the surface of her thought process, and she hastily kicked the thought to the back of her mind, because she'd already grappled with that issue and had finally got pass it. *Why are all these crazy ass thoughts popping into my head!?*

Suddenly, the headlights of a car entering the street swept over the immediate area. She looked at Fashawn, saw the hand signal and her heart leaped in her chest. It was time. It was time to do the damn thing and she slid onto her trembling feet. She tried to move, but realized the fear literally had he stuck. She looked over and saw Fashawn had stopped walking and was staring at her, apparently wondering what she was waiting for. Although she couldn't see Fashawn's face clearly, Shamara knew she was grilling her with a rage-laden expression. Shamara sucked in a lung full of air, and forced herself to move. She picked up speed, realizing her hesitation had put the plan in jeopardy.

When Shamara saw the two typical urban thugs getting out of the black Audi, she panicked because there was supposed to be only one. Her mind was jumping all over the place now; she had forgotten that she and Fashawn had discussed this possibility, and had a contingency plan in place for it. The nervousness and fear was about to overwhelm her. Then, she remembered what Fashawn had told her repeatedly: "If you ever fell yourself gettin' nervous and it's about to interfere with you completing this mission, think about how Tommy brutally murdered your mom and dad; how that motherfucker mowed

them down and then got away Scott free. That'll be enough to get you on track.”

As Fashawn's words echoed in her memory bank, Shamara pulled up that nightmarish mental image of the drive-by shooting; a horror-stricken image that had been haunting her for the past fifteen years and her hand instantly reacted. The gun sprung from her pocket and was trained on the two thugs wearing baggy pants, typical hoodlum grills, and were about to approach the house. Shamara felt her confidence coming back when she saw their target, Ray Ray, was one of the two; he was a brown skinned dude with shifty eyes, and numerous jailhouse razor cuts on his face. The pictures they received from Malik were remarkably accurate.

“You know what the fuck this is, niggas!?” Shamara announced as she saw Fashawn through the corner of her eye moving rapidly towards the two. She was supposed to simply open fire, and didn't understand why she was procrastinating. The plan was simple; no talking, roll up, and start shooting. Fuck the drug money they were carrying, just shoot these muthafuckas! “Put your fuckin' hands up so I can see them!” She shouted and didn't understand why she couldn't pull the trigger.

Fashawn had her 9mm aimed at Ray Ray and his man as her anger mounted with each rapid step she took towards the situation. She wanted to yell, “Shoot them motherfuckers!” but knew that wouldn't help the situation. In fact, it would make it worst because then Ray Ray and his man would know this was a hit and not a robbery. Then, she saw Ray Ray's partner frantically

reaching for his weapon and Fashawn caught an instant Marine Corps flashback.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Fashawn's weapon roared as her first two bullets cut down the reacher while the other bullet struck Ray Ray in the neck.

The thug who reached for his weapon managed to squeeze off a shot that wheezed pass Shamara, causing Shamara to frantically take cover. The moment Fashawn's bullets ripped at the street thugs, Shamara noticed her fear brought her straight to her hands and knees and nearly caused her to wet her pants.

Fashawn was in a shooting stance as she fired two more rounds, carefully aimed at Ray-Ray as he crumbled to the pavement. She raced over to the back of Ray Ray's car, peeked around the back of the vehicle and saw the two were down. She could hear them moaning, and so she briskly moved towards them and fired a shot to each of their heads, execution style. She yelled as she ran towards Shamara, "Bitch, get the fuck up! Let's go!"

Shamara scrambled to her feet and before she was fully standing, Fashawn latched onto the sleeve of her hoodie, and dragged her down the street as they fled the scene at breakneck speed.

Five minutes later, Shamara and Fashawn were in the back seat of the get-away car, breathing hard as Kenyetta, a baby-face light brown skin brother with sparkling brown eyes, and a meticulously thin goatee, with matching side burns, maneuvered the sopped up black Ford Mustang down the Newark

streets. One of 50 Cent's latest, hard-hitting rap songs was whispering through the car's stereo system.

Fashawn sighed exhaustedly as she looked over at Shamara and smiled at her. "I'm sorry for yelling at you back there." The last thing she wanted to do was break her spirit at a time like this. She understood what Shamara was going through, since she could remember feeling the same way when she made her first kill, even though she ultimately had no serious problem putting some hot ones in her target. "Shamara, don't worry." She reached over and massaged Shamara's shoulder. "This is normal. Killing is not an easy thing. Don't let it discourage you."

Shamara felt a mixture of embarrassment and insecurity. "I—I don't know what the fuck happened, Fay. I swear--I--I don't know." She had bragged profusely about being able to handle this like a trooper, and now she had chumped herself in the worse way. She now realized this was nothing like committing an arm robbery, since the intent to steal was way different from the intent to kill. She wondered if she could ever get beyond this inhibition.

Kenyetta said without taking his eyes off the road, "I'm not gonna beat you in the head with the I told you so, but it sounds like you violated the first rule." He paused for dramatic effect. "Never, ever hesitate. One blink and lights out. Permanently." He glanced at the rearview mirror and made eye contact with Shamara. "Now you see what I'm saying when I said this is the real deal." He instantly noticed her depressed state. "Don't worry about what

happened back there; what you went through is the best kinda lesson you can get.”

Shamara sucked her teeth loudly.

Kenyetta continued, “You fell, now get back up, brush yourself off and keep it movin’.”

Shamara felt herself becoming more insecure by the seconds, and wasn’t surprise Kenyetta was beating her in the head, especially in light of her cockiness. She mumbled under her breath. “Y’all probably ain’t train me right.”

Fashawn heard what she mumbled and was about to say something, but realized Shamara didn’t mean what she was saying since she was just venting.

Kenyetta saw through the rearview that Shamara looked like she was about to cry. “We here for you, baby girl; we know what you been through, but if you going to play the field, you gotta remember it’s kill or be killed. You ain’t totally new to the game, so use what you already know. Tap into all that good energy you got going on inside you.”

Shamara was tired of Kenyetta’s broken record speeches. “Yeah, I know what time it is, being that you told me that shit a hundred times already.”

“And I’ll say it another hundred times,” Kenyetta sensed she was about to catch an attitude because he was making sure she didn’t mess up again. “We ain’t trying to beat up on you, Shamara.” He also knew Shamara was notorious for blaming folks for her own fuck ups, once she got a roll going. “I’m just making sure you understand that what we’re getting into ain’t no game. This

shit ain't no mufuckin' movie script where we can call cut and do it over again if we ain't satisfied with the results."

"Alright, alright," Fashawn saw an argument about to ignite. "Your position is well taken, Kenyetta. Let's not make this bigger than what it is. The hit was a success and that's all that matters. What you need to do, Kenyetta, is make sure we get inside Tommy's crew. Let your man Malik know we serious about that full time spot. Keep drilling it every chance you get."

"And especially, don't forget the money," Shamara said, realizing the shit load of bills and the two outstanding rent payments would disappear once their hands touched the rest of that money.

"The money is all good," Kenyetta glanced at the rearview mirror. "Once Malik confirms the kill, I'll pick up the cheddar. But, I doubt Tommy'll put y'all down with his team on account of this one hit."

"Well, let him know we can handle whatever he got for us," Shamara said, vowing to redeem herself during the next run. "I didn't come through like I wanted this time, but the next time I'm gonna go all the way with this shit, and that's my word is bond," She mumbled her next comment more to herself than to Fashawn and Kenyetta. "We gotta get inside there and get close enough to this chump to push his fuckin' wig back."

Fashawn and Kenyetta's eyes made contact in the rearview mirror and they both constrained the smiles that were trying to come to life.

CHAPTER # 2

Tommy Bossett sat on the sofa next to his seven-year-old son, Tommy Jr., with a joystick in his hands, playing the latest Play-Station video game. The two were really into the game, but Tommy Sr. seemed to be having difficulty controlling the karate figure on the TV screen.

With nonchalant energy Tommy Jr. duffed off his dad's karate man, and laughed joyfully. "I got you again, daddy."

"Hey, that wasn't fair," Tommy Sr. sighed playfully. "You didn't give me a chance to get ready. How you make the guy jump and kick like that?"

"Naw, I ain't telling you my secrets," Tommy Jr. said as he hit the button to start a new game.

"Oh, so you gone just beat up on me like that, huh?" Tommy Sr. said, gearing up for another game. He turned his head when he saw Kahmel entered along with Malik on his trail. He said to his son. "Uh oh, look who just popped up." He rose to his feet and sat the joystick down on the coffee table. "You know what this means. Yeap, it's work time."

"Yeah, yeah," Tommy Jr. said as he activated the single player button and got brain-locked into the game.

Tommy exited the living room, heading for the backyard patio of his four million dollar mansion. He said nothing to Malik or Kahmel as his muscular physique moved through the mansion; he made a detour into his huge study room that was the size of a small gymnasium and had all sorts of awards and gold records hanging on the wall. Also on the walls were old rap posters;

the biggest one of all was the one of Tommy when he was much younger, holding a microphone, while dressed in back in the day hip hop attire, with the Kangol hat, Addidas sneakers, huge rope gold chains dripping from his neck, and the whole sha-bang. At the bottom of the poster in big letters was the statement: More Power to the People.

Tommy went to his gun cabinet that had shelves full of all sorts of antique weapons. There was an old fashion Tommy Gun from the Roaring Twenties, a Civil War one shot revolver, a complete set of silver plated automatics of all conceivable calibers, a WWII assault rifle, a Russian sub-machine gun, a Japanese WWII handgun and his most precious and prized possession: a gold plated Glock eighteen shot 9mm. Smiling proudly, Tommy opened the glass door, and retrieved the golden 9mm. Every time he laid eyes on this sheer work of art, it brought back a wave of memories.

After Tommy started touching major paper, he decided to fulfill one of his dreams, which was to one day own a golden gun. This compelled him to purchase this tailor made "Golden 9." After Skeeter and his mob had made an attempt on his life a few months back as he was exiting a business office in Elizabeth and a brief exchange of gunfire erupted, Tommy made it an ingrained habit of keeping this Golden 9 with him at all times (with the exception of when he spent quality time with his son). Likewise, Tommy not only kept twenty four hour bodyguard protection on himself, but he also slept with his Golden 9 under his pillow, despite constant protest from his wife, Ashanta.

Tommy shook loose of the reverie, tucked the Golden 9 in the back waist area of his pants, and exited the study room. Kahmel and Malik were waiting right outside the study room, and followed in Tommy's footsteps as he continued onto the patio. They both knew what Tommy retrieved from the study room.

A minute later, the three were sitting in lounge chairs with ice cold drinks in their hands talking as the early June sun beamed down upon the area. The water in the huge in ground pool about fifteen feet away cooled the atmosphere as the currents of the breeze bounced off of it. About several dozen feet from the patio two other bodyguards, Caddy and Slick, were dressed in street thug attire, and were patrolling the mansion grounds. By the way all of Tommy's bodyguards were dressed no one would have believed they were professional security personnel, especially since they weren't the huge muscular type bodyguards. However, the weaponry they carried at all times more than made up for their lack of body mass.

Tommy sipped on his Hennessy and ginger ale and said, "So your little killer hood rat crew came through?" He saw Malik nod his head. "And I see they laid down his homie, Snake, in the process. We got two for one outta this deal."

"Yeah, it's a good thing I held back giving them any instructions to hit only Ray Ray," Malik said, "Not that they would've followed it, but it's good they laid down another foe of ours."

“In this game you never leave witnesses behind.” Tommy added. “And I’m sure you’re schooling them on that fact.” He saw Malik nod his head. “How much gun play was there?”

“Wasn’t any actually,” Malik said as he picked up his drink. “Snake busted off a shot, and that was all she wrote.” He sipped on his glass of Hennessy.

Tommy shook his head as he screwed up his face at Kahmel. “You hear that shit, Kahmel. Them bitches smoked both of them niggas and only one shot was let off.” He was still furious with Kahmel and Caddy for butchering the hit they attempted on Ray Ray, turning a simple job into a full blown fiasco, equipped with a massive shoot out, a car chase, and the lost of two dedicated street workers to the Criminal Justice System. He wasn’t the type to belittle his staff in the presence of others, but this was simply too irresistible; plus, it was an opportunity to compel Kahmel to tighten up his game. “Maybe you should have a sit down with these broads, and learn some of their tactics. If they could air this chump out with only one shot being fired, there was no reason for you and your peeps not to do the same.”

Kahmel cracked a good natured smile, but deep down he wanted to spazz out. He hated when Tommy shitted on him with Malik around. In his humblest tone of voice he said, “In all fairness, Tommy, they had an advantage from the jump, since they obviously were able to get right up on them niggas.”

“That’s right!” Tommy shouted excitedly. “They got some things y’all niggas around me don’t got! They got pussys and military training. Most

ballers in the game don't expect bitches to bust their gun like that." For years Tommy had been trying to recruit a team of killer bitches and all he could find was a bunch of dizzy, come slurping tramps that couldn't even fuck straight, much less handle hardware. "With this shit brewing between us and Skeeter's click, we're gonna need some hitters that can get up on a mufucka." He stared off into the oblivion, dreamingly imaging how Shamara and Fashawn were going to change the conflict between him and Skeeter. "Man, as fine ass these. . . what's their names again?"

Malik said unemotionally, "Shamara and Fashawn."

"Yeah, Shamara and Fashawn." Tommy pulled up the image of their faces and banging bodies (he had viewed a couple of video recordings of their meeting with Malik and Kenyetta), and knew their beauty could get them in places no man could get inside of. "As fine as those bitches are, we'll be able to turn this beef around, and slide Skeeter's bitch ass right out of the game."

Kahmel felt a ping of jealousy erupting; the thought of finding these two bitches and smoking their ass before they forced him out of a job was strong. "You might be right, Boss, but it's way too earlier to start counting cash on them."

Tommy stared at Kahmel and then said impatiently. "That's obvious, nigga. What the fuck you think, I'ma just roll these broads up in here without making absolutely certain they're down with us 110%?"

"Naw, dawg, I—"

“After all the attempts made on my life, you playin’ yourself talking like that, Kahmel.” Tommy saw Kahmel shift nervously in his seat. “You of all people know I don’t even trust my mufuckin’ self, much less a few gun slinging chicks. You talking like I’m about to take a chance with a thirteen million dollar a year empire just ‘cause a few fine bitches show up at his door step.” Tommy was into everything from drug dealing, legal and illegal gaming, and prostitution to money laundering, music producing and luxury car smuggling. “You hear this shit Malik?”

Malik cracked a smile while nodding his head, enjoying what Tommy was doing. He’d been rolling with Tommy since his music industry days when Tommy dropped a rap album that didn’t do well on the market, and even back then Tommy was notorious for riding Kahmel. But, he had to admit; this treatment was well deserved in light Kahmel’s very brutal, vindictive and vicious personality. Malik often commended Tommy for knowing that Kahmel was the type of cat that had to be constantly reminded of who was in charge, since Kahmel stayed bullying the help as if he was running the show.

Tommy said to Kahmel, “So, basically you think I’m slipping? Is that what you implying?”

“Naw, I didn’t mean it like that,” Kahmel said easily. “I’m just doing what I do best, and that is watch your back. You know I always look at everything from another angle, you know.”

Tommy couldn’t argue with that. There was no doubt Kahmel watched his back with hawk-eyed precision, and kept all the troops in line like a

deranged Parris Island Marine drill sergeant. Although his pessimism was irritating at times, it was a healthy pain in the ass because it made him pause and look at everything very closely. There were countless instances since he'd teamed up with Kahmel over twenty years ago where Kahmel had prevented disastrous courses of action by throwing his pessimistic ideas into the equation. In fact, Kahmel had been rolling with Tommy ever since he was a street D-jay, playing music in the parks, clubs, community centers, house parties, and battling other D-jay groups. Kahmel was the crew's strong arm and protection man, carrying the guns and waiting for cats like stick up kids to get out of line, so he could brutalize them. When Tommy dropped the D-jaying bit and got into the drug game, Kahmel was right there by his side. A few years after that, Tommy had backed tracked a little and produced his own rap album entitled, "More Power to the People", and sure enough, Kahmel was dead on his heels. Even when Tommy eventually became a street lieutenant for a Brooklyn drug crew ran by two ruthless cats named Eternal and Remus (God bless the dead) Kahmel was with him and was one of his best soldiers. As Tommy gnawed, grind, and struggle up the ladder of ghetto glamour and glory, Kahmel stuck to him like glue, and to this day as Tommy reached true big boy status, Kahmel had never once crossed him, which was truly a very unique and phenomenal thing for ballers from hood. In short, seventy million dollars later, and Kahmel was still with him.

Tommy instantly realized he was being too hard on his life long comrade, and said, “Kahmel, I’m only fucking with you, dawg. I’m just trying to keep you on your toes.” He throw up his fist to give him some dap.

Kahmel felt a hundred times better as he gave Tommy some dap, and said, “We fam, and fam hold fam down no matter what.”

Tommy said to Malik, “Now that they passed the first initiation test, I guess we can agree that they ain’t no deep-cover agents, or some kinda super snitches trying to slide through the back door of our operation. Dropping bodies like that tells me they the real deal. I also had Bobby do a few paper and record checks on them and everything came back with flying colors.”

“They just wanna make some money,” Malik said as he shrugged his shoulders. “Like I said before, Fashawn just came home from the Iraq War; she was a professional sharp shooter; the military fucked her around, and now she’s ready to make some serious dough doing what she does best. And that is . . . kill people. The other one, Shamara, did some heavy time upstate for arm robbery, and possession of a weapon. These broads just wanna make some real money, and ain’t got no problem laying motherfuckers down. If you want my opinion, they’re the kind of hitters an organization like ours should bend over backwards to get ‘em on our team. You better make sure Skeeter don’t get wind of them, because he’ll snatch ‘em up with the quickness.”

“Oh, you can believe we ain’t lettin’ ‘em slip through our fingers. I got a couple more jobs for them. If they pass these tests, we’ll talk about bringing them in.” Tommy saw Kahmel screw up his face and sighed impatiently. “Be

easy, Kahmel; you gonna always be my head of security. You acting like these broads are about to take your position or something.”

“Naw, dawg, it’s just that I don’t trust these bitches,” Kahmel said as he stared at Malik to give emphasis to what he was saying. “Out of all the crews getting cheddar in hoods all over the tri-state, why these bitches wanna vibe with us? It just don’t feel right to me.”

Malik smirked up his face and said calmly, “What, you don’t think the streets are talking? You don’t think mufuckas know we the biggest and most organized underworld crew in the tri-state? Kahmel, these bitches got plenty sense and know if they gonna roll with a mufucka, it might as well be with the best, or at least a crew that’s destine to take that position. Yeah, there may be some other crews that can compete with us, like Skeeter, the Diablo Brothers and a few of those Dominican clicks, but they don’t got what we got, and that’s diversity. We ain’t just into the drug game. We got gaming spots, stolen car operations, clubs where a cat can get his shit off. We’ve reached a level the average crew will never touch. If you were an up and raising hitter, wouldn’t you wanna roll with a team like that?”

Tommy smiled proudly. It was always a pleasure to know people were recognizing the advancements his mob was making in the game. His smile faded when he locked eyes with Kahmel, because Malik’s comments were right on target, and it was clear Kahmel was getting on some emotional bullshit. “Check it, Kahmel. Stop letting your insecurity get in the way. Just ‘cause they completed a job you couldn’t, don’t mean I’ll put them before you,

so chill out with all this sensitive bullshit. Look at their coming on the team as you having more folks to beat up on.” He laughed along with Malik, but was disappointed when Kahmel didn’t find the joke funny. “Come on, Kahmel, you know we fuck with the best, and we do groundbreaking shit. If these chicks can get us where we wanna be and stay where we at, then they will be on this team.”

Kahmel sighed as he nodded his head, “Hey, big papa, this is your ship; if you want ‘em down with the team, you got ‘em. I’m with you wherever this ship goes.”

“Now, that’s what I wanna hear,” Tommy said as he downed the last of his drink and poured himself another shot.

“So what’s up with the payment for this last job?” Malik said as he gulped down the last of his drink, and sat the glass down. That was it for him.

Tommy gave Kahmel a head nod, and he headed towards the mansion after giving Caddy the signal that he was leaving, apparently to retrieve the money. Tommy locked eyes with Malik and said, “This next job is gonna be a lot different from the last one. In fact, it’s a job I don’t even think a mob of true thorough niggas could pull off. How much they charge for a job with a body count of at least four?”

Malik almost lit up with delight. After he got his cut off of a four body run, he’d have himself a nice chuck of extra paper. He’d have more than enough to buy that fur coat he’d promised his main girl, Diana. He was breaking himself off a cut of the money he was giving Kenyetta, who in turn

hit off the chicks. Off the last job he had clipped off five gees. With this next job it was obvious he could squeeze himself about fifteen gees. Then, Malik suddenly realized Tommy was asking him to make sure he got a play with this next job, since it was obvious that the standard fee was supposed to be multiplied by four (70 gees x 4 = 280 gees), and if he had intentions of paying that much he wouldn't have brought up the issue of cost. Malik was about to blurt out a number, but decided to play it safe. "I'll shoot it pass Kenyetta. Give me a couple of hours and I'll holla at you. For the record, he said they were giving up discounts for certain type of jobs. A four men run would probably qualify for such a discount. However, I need to know if all four are gonna be together?"

"Yeah, all four will be together." Tommy said as he reflected back on the last transaction while gazing at the acres of open space he owned. He had paid thirty five gees up front and now was about to give up another thirty five gees since the job was completed. Seventy gees wasn't a bad deal, in light of the fact now he could take over Ray Ray's territory and his customers, a set up that brought in about fifty gees a week. Although money was a major motivator for knocking Ray Ray off, another reason Tommy felt obligated to cancel his contract was because he hired a drug crew of kids as young as eight years old to sell his drugs. Tommy had stepped to Ray Ray and asked him to be easy with the kids, and Ray Ray got on some real arrogant shit, talking about nobody had a right to tell him how to make his money, and started grandstanding like he was Al Capone or untouchable. Everybody knew the

rules of drug dealing was getting grimier by the minutes, but even the most corrupt minded individual could agree that there had to be lines drawn that couldn't be crossed, and as far as Tommy was concerned, fucking with the babies was one of those limitations.

Malik saw Tommy was in the zone with his current daydream, and decided to acquire some clarification with the next job before Kahmel returned. "I guess it's fair to say this next run involves that dude Gangsta over in Jersey City? Since he's the only one I know that rolls with three other homies at all times, it's gotta be him."

"Yeap, Gangsta's gettin' too big for his breeches." Tommy said. "He gave me his word that he would always use my connects, and would piece me off, and now that he's moving major weight and got himself an army of workers, and gunslingers, he thinks he can say fuck me without there being consequences. Plus, I got a few peeps on standby waiting to move in once he's out of the picture." He turned when he saw Kahmel approaching with a suitcase.

After Kahmel sat the opened suitcase filled with money in front of Malik and Malik glanced at the content, Tommy continued, "I hope you make it clear to Shamara and Fashawn, and Kenyetta that in order to hit this cat, Gangsta, they gotta go real deep into some extreme hostile enemy territory." Tommy liked the way that sounded; it sounded like some real military shit: extreme hostile enemy territory. "He's literally got an army of young, wild mufuckas holding him down, and wherever he moves, at least three of them are his

shadow. This is the type of hit, I can't even consider sending my crew inside, since they'll probably swallow them up before they get within twenty yard of their clubhouse." He looked over at Kahmel with a smirk and smiled, "You might get your wish after all Kah, 'cause if they slip up in any way when they step to Gansta, you can bet your ass he's gonna do them real dirty."

Malik understood clearly what Tommy was pointing out, since he was all too familiar with Gangsta, and his team. Besides the fact Gangsta's gang had an arsenal of high tech military weaponry, and plenty of young fools dying to use them, but they were also notorious for banging out with the police. In the game, it went without saying that if a crew didn't give a flying fuck about the police, it was evident that they would bring sheer hell to anyone else, especially two pretty hood rats, venturing off into a dirty and dangerous business like contract killing.

End of Chapter 2

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