

## **TUPAC SHAKUR: THE PLAN: SEPTEMBER 7, 1996**

"Fam, you good? Picasso asked.

"Hell, nah, I ain't good." Tupac walked out onto the private balcony. The Vegas lights seemed to dim as the sun began to wake up. Unlike the sun's light, its heat never slept in Vegas, especially in the summer months. This was evident by the drops of sweat forming in the worry creases of the young rap phenoms' forehead.

Not ten feet away, sitting cross-legged in the suites' leather recliner, the forty-something Black-Cuban looked as if he hadn't a worry in the world. He took a sip from the can of orange juice before uncrossing his legs and rising from his seat, making sure his six-foot three-inch frame was hidden from the rising sun.

"God, I been where you at. The true OG up top, tells us to fear no evil as we walk through the valley of death, and that's all good. But my lack of fear ain't gon' stop the shadow of evil from making money zombies out of our people."

The veins in Tupac's arms looked like tree branches under his skin as he gripped the patio balcony's stainless steel rails. He overlooked sin city and as daylight peaked through the early morning darkness he said, "Fear ain't in my DNA, fam. You know that P. I knew this day would come. Just didn't expect it to be today."

"I know, none of us know when it's time until it's time," Picasso said. "At least you've been broadcasting your upcoming death to your fans through your music."

“Come on, P,” Tupac said. “You already know they ain’t payin’ attention to the lyrics, unless I’m talkin’ about layin niggas out, gettin’ money, or fuckin’ bitches, and you know I only used that shit to draw ‘em in. They just can’t see the real shit I’m sayin’.”

Picasso chimed in, “Maybe your death will make ‘em open they eyes. Maybe once you’re gone, they’ll listen to your words for a minute instead of just bobbing their heads to the beat.”

“I hope you right, fam.” Tupac spoke in a melancholy tone while still looking over the thirty-eighth floor hotel balcony. “If they just listen, I done prophesized my death and who would kill me or try to kill me in so many of my songs.”

“It’s biblical, god,” Picasso said, relaxing in the 38<sup>th</sup> floor penthouse suite massage chair. “The message is plain. I just hope your death gives light to the slaves.”

“I hope so, too,” Tupac said. “I mean my album, All Eyez on Me should make us see the real conspiracy. Follow my life, it ain’t no mystery. Just search through the annals of recent history. Back home they brought us rum to keep us deaf, blind and dumb. Four hundred years later, our minds are numb to the dumb down, on TV, men dress up like women, play step-and-fetch-it, actin’ like clowns. Stolen memories of how we was once kings and queens, now we a nation of forty million money-dope fiends. Waking up a

right is the only way to kill a wrong. Thousands of years, the wrong has had us dancing to their song. A black man's rise is a black man's demise. Quit being food for their lies. It ain't the color of our skin that they despise, it's the inability to duplicate the brilliance of blackness, our minds, compassion, and the way we were able to manifest our visions into reality. Not the duality of falsehood spread throughout the hood, faked lawmakers foot on our necks smiling as if it's all good. Getting banked off the backs of the deaf, blind and dumb, hmmm, how come?"

Picasso applauded. "That's gangsta," Picasso spoke to Tupac's back.

"I know. Reality is gangsta, huh? Niggas out here wil'in' and profilin', killin over colors and money, when all they do is recycle that shit right back to the mind, rapin' mu'fuckas who control the economy. I thought this rap shit was gon' get niggas to readin' and believing, so they can be achievin' the self-mastery of getting' back to bein' kings and queens."

"It's comin', god, just not now. The CIA, FBI, NSA, all the government's alphabet boys got an X on your head. Tonight it's definitely going down, god. Just like the feds did Malcolm, sent one of us in to pull the trigger. Just like they plan to do to you, god, just like we knew they'd do. This is what we've planned for. It's time, god. We gon' make you bigger than life after your death."

“Then what?” Tupac asked.

“The presidency,” Picasso said, a devious smile plastered on his face.

“What’s that mean?”

“Reagan and Bush have sent the nation in a downward economic spiral that is affecting over eighty-five percent of the population. We predict that within the next twelve to fifteen years, America will be thrown into a depression.”

“How you figure?” Pac asked.

“Based on America's crack like addiction to oil and world domination, their greed will cause the nation to implode.”

“And when that happens?” Pac asked.

Picasso nodded. “We’ll have our man ready.”

“What man is that? And what will he do?”

“Have you ever heard of Barak Obama?”

“No.” Tupac shook his head. “Should I have?”

“No, not yet. But you will.”

“Straight up?”

“No chaser,” Picasso said. “Barak Obama is the truth. Even before we began grooming him, we knew he was the answer.”

“So, where he at now? Congress? The Senate?”

“Neither. He’s teaching Constitutional Law at the University of Chicago.”

“You talkin’ about the presidency and main man ain’t even in politics?” Tupac stated as a question.

“Oh, he’s in politics. He just doesn’t have a title and he’s not in office.” Picasso nodded. “And we workin’ on changing that as we speak, god.”

“I can’t see it fam. A black president?”

“When the economy is on the verge of collapse, that’s when we’ll pull out all stops, spare no expense. Barak Obama will be president, you’ll see.”

“I hear you, fam. But how you figure Caesar gon’ allow a slave to rule?” Tupac asked.

“He’s not,” Picasso said before quoting Karl Marx. “The oppressed are allowed once every few years to decide which particular representatives of the oppressing class are to represent and repress them. The U.S. president is only a figurehead. But we need

that figurehead for the next phase in the poor people's revolution." Despite how well read

Pac was, Picasso knew he wouldn't be able to envision a black president of the U.S.

Tupac was quiet as he continued holding onto the balcony rail looking up at the sky.

"The conditions in America will get so bad, that the real powers that be will go on a terrorist mission, bombing oil rich countries in the name of democracy, attempting to take control of their governments, robbing them of their oil, then jacking up the prices. The world will eventually get fed up with America, and to buy time, America will have no choice but to allow a representative from the most oppressed class to be elected to the highest office in the land, making the world think that America is really serious about spreading true democracy to facilitate their acts of global terrorism," Picasso said.

Tupac's attention seemed to be somewhere else.

"Talk to me, god. You look like you half listenin'. What's on your mental, black man?"

"I'm hearing everything you sayin' and it all sounds good, but I'm about to disappear and I can't help but worry about my queen; how Kidada gon' handle my death and my moms, and what about my soldiers...."

“What about ‘em?” Picasso asked. “I ain’t gon’ tell you this shit gets easier over time. I know it hurts, but Pac, I use the memories of my sister, Rhythm, my dude Moses, and my other peeps to fuel my passion for freedom. Remember, god, freedom ain’t never been free. It comes with a price that most ain’t willin’ to pay.”

“Fuck it.” Tupac turned from the balcony and walked back inside the suite.

Picasso extended his arm.

Tupac wrapped his hand around the golden muscled forearm of his secret mentor.

“One Free.”

“For life,” Picasso said, pointing to the tat on Tupac's midsection.

The adjoining suite’s doorknob silently turned.

Picasso put a finger to his lips, pushed Tupac to the side and pulled out his cannon.

Tupac did the same.

A man wearing an oversized black hoodie and some too-big matching Levi’s walked into the suite. The man looked up. Picasso could hardly believe his eyes as he stared at the man and then back at Tupac.

Tupac's trigger finger relaxed as did his gun arm, but his eyes were fixed on the man in front of him. "Dr. Frankenstein ain't got shit on your folks, P. This mu' fucka' is me."

"Four surgeries over two years. Strict diet and exercise," the man said.

"What the fuck?" Tupac said, face twisted up.

"A voice synthesizer and ten hour days for nine months," the hooded man said.

Picasso replied, "Eight years ago when I was killed they didn't have no voice shit to make a god sound like me."

Tupac pointed his gun at the hooded man. "That nigga is me down to the tats and the small scar on my elbow. I got that from falling on a broken bottle when I was eight."

"It's all good, fam. I got mine in a lab filled with mad genius black scientists."

"Yo," Tupac looked over at Picasso, "get the fuck outta here. Playboy got my rhythm and my flow down."

"He's supposed to. Everything's riding on us pulling this off, god. Only way Caesar can fall is if we outsmart him at his own game," Picasso explained.



“So, yo,” Tupac addressed his look alike. “So, how can you... You ain’t got no family?”

“Six years ago, November 8<sup>th</sup> 1989, your country bombed a school in Baghdad. My girls, Khadija and Kamari were only seven.” The man trembled with rage. “Two hundred eighty-seven children. Two hundred eighty-seven.” He closed his eyes. “I still hear the gut-wrenching screams. I can still smell the stench of human flesh burning. Two hundred eighty-seven innocent children burned to death. For what?” The man shook his head from side to side. “For what? And the US has the nerve to use the word terrorist when speaking of others who don’t bow down to their economic interests.” The man held his head up and opened his eyes. “So, yes I have a family. And I am joining them tonight in the heavens, inshallah.” He pointed to Picasso and Tupac. “I believe in what the Truth Commission is doing. I believe in the will of Allah, and I believe that there is no greater cause than to die for justice. So, I shall leave you two here in hell to fight against evil and it’s minions. I ask but one favor.”

Picasso and Tupac nodded for the man to continue.

“Get the truth out.”

“No doubt.” Tupac balled up a fist and gave the man a pound. “On everything, fam, you got that.”

Picasso stepped forward. “As soon as the fight is over, Tupac, you'll go back to Tyson's dressing room and either console or congratulate him. Let the cameras see you tonight. After you leave Tyson's dressing room, one of your entourage will get word to you that,” Picasso pulled two folded eight-by-ten photos from his jeans' front pocket and handed them to the two men, “this man will be at the Grand Garden of the MGM.”

The men examined the picture.

“Orlando Anderson, Southside Crips,” Tupac said, recognizing the man in the gang photo.

“Once you get word, Tupac, you dash off, leaving your entourage in the hall of the MGM Grand. Right before you get to the Grand Garden, you will see a Men's restroom on your right. There will be a large yellow laundry looking cart in front of the door. Run inside and -”

“I run out and proceed to the Garden to confront Mr. Anderson,” the look alike interrupted.

“I'll help you into the cart and roll you out while,” Picasso turned his attention to the look alike, “he's causing a scene in the Grand Garden.”

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“We interrupt this program for this late breaking news report,” the anchor’s voice on Channel 11 filled the room. “We want to go straight to Wayne Hunter, reporting live from the outside of the University of Nevada Medical Center. Wayne, what’s going on?”

“For six days, Tupac Shakur has been fighting for his life after suffering multiple gunshot wounds in Las Vegas.” A picture of Tupac took over the television screen. “Less than an hour ago, Tupac Shakur suffered respiratory failure and went into cardiopulmonary arrest. At 4:03 pm, today September 13, 1996 Tupac Amaru Shakur was pronounced dead.”

## **VERSE 1**

### **Eleven Years Later**

“A toast,” the drug kingpin rose from his seat, and looked around the club's VIP area at the thirty-something faces of his entourage, “to capitalism, the American-motha-fuckin’-dream.”

Black Escobar's right hand man, Little Percy, stood up and lifted his glass, “To capitalism, and to the man we owe all our shit to,” he looked at his boss, “Black Esco-”

“Sit down, li'l nigga,” the three-hundred-plus pound Escobar said. “As I was saying before I was so rudely inter-motha-fuckin-rupted, this year was a good year. In two weeks we will enter into 2008,” he paused, “a great year.” He lifted his glass and waited about five seconds for the others to follow. “Tonight, the Cris and the Moscato will flow like a mighty river, as well as the hos.”

All thirty of Escobar’s street generals stood up as several baby-oil-shiny naked, beautiful women ascended the stairs. The charcoal colored kingpin continued. “A fleet of stallions, young stunnas for my soldiers, all paid for. Now, let’s get this pussy party crunk.”

On cue, UGK's *International Players' Anthem* blasted from the nightclub's high tech sound system.

"Esco, what was all that capitalist shit about?" Li'l Percy asked over the noise.

"Capitalizing off the weak, li'l nigga. This dope game ain't no different than these bullshit holidays. Especially Christmas." Escobar looked down at his man. "Crackas sell a nigga a dream, put that dream all over the TV and dumb mothafuckas feed into the hype generated by mothafuckas tryin to sell they goods."

"Sounds like some grade A USDA bullshit to me," Li'l Percy said.

Escobar shook his head from side to side. "Bullshit?" he questioned. "Li'l nigga, crackas ain't doin' shit but creating a demand, sellin' a nigga a dream, makin niggas think that everybody gotta have they shit. And then, niggas get hooked on the shit that come out of a cracka's mouth. So don't blame the cracka, blame the dumb motha fuckas that keep eatin' the cracka's shit."

"I hear you, my nigga."

"No, you don't." Black Escobar shook his head. "If you did, you wouldn't have that tree up in your spot, and you definitely wouldn't have bought all that gift wrapped shit you got under that tree in your den."

“My nigga, most hard legs I know don’t do shit for they family. Let alone set it out for they kids on Christmas. I do. I takes care of mines,” Li’l Percy said.

“Li’l nigga, don’t puff your nuts up at me, ‘cause you a slave to the economy.” Escobar put a hand around his boy's shoulder as the last of the naked women paraded up the stainless steel stairs. “Peep game, li’l nigga. They tell you that this cracka with blue eyes and blonde hair saved us two thousand years ago, and because the nigga saved us we go out and spend all our money buying presents for kids and others on his so-called birthday. Then, we spend the next six months robbing Tyrone to pay Tracy trying to get out of debt for the bread we shelled out last damn Christmas. And guess what?”

“What?” Li’l Percy asked.

“The nigga wasn’t even born on no December 25th. All a mothafucka gotta do is pick up a book and they would see that shit, and if Jesus was a blonde haired, blue-eyed devil, why the fuck a nigga wanna celebrate his enslaving ass any damn way? Crackas sellin’ dreams, just like I do, only thing is niggas smoke up the dreams I sell.”

“That’s some real shit, Esco.”

“Yeah, it is, but fuck all that, let’s party, li’l nigga.” Esco waved a couple naked stallions over.

While light skinned and white skinned slowly sauntered over to where the two men stood, Escobar said, "Speakin' of holidays, find out where Bo Jack gon' be on Christmas. That li'l rappin' nigga gon' sign with us one way or anotha."

"Hi, Big Daddy," the tall hour glass shaped sistah said as she stepped up to Escobar. "Is all of this ours?" she asked using a long red fingernail to trace a circle around Escobar's massive mid section.

Escobar looked from the tall Halle Berry-looking, Queen Latifah-shaped woman to the barely five foot J-Lo shaped white ho, beside her. "You two think you can handle three hundred and eighty seven pounds of..." Escobar stopped in mid sentence. His eyes were transfixed on the two women coming up the stainless steel V.I.P. stairs. "Damn!!!!"

Talking about freezing time. Hustlas and hos stopped to gawk, as the two six foot Hershey's dark chocolate twins made it over to Escobar's table.

"Be gone bitches," one of the twins said.

The woman behind Escobar dropped his fifty thousand dollar fur on the black concrete floor and stepped around in front of her benefactor. Naked as a jaybird, hands on her hips standing eye level to the woman that addressed her and her home girl, "Bitch, who the fuck you calling a bitch?"

"POP!"

“Got damn,” Li'l Percy exclaimed, covering his mouth with one hand. “You put that bitch to sleep with one blow.”

“There's about to be an encore performance,” she turned her attention to the other female cowering beside Escobar, “if this white bitch don't get her girlfriend and get the fuck up outta our space.”

“Your space?” Escobar spoke for the first time.

“Did I stutter, nigga?” Before he could speak, she continued. “Be careful what you say, cause I'll use that shit against you when I wrap this tight, wet, black pussy around that dick.”

The girl helped her groggy friend to her feet and they both scurried away. Violence being the norm instead of the exception in the underground world of strippers, hookers, and hustlers, the players and hos in the V.I.P. returned to their carnal activities as if nothing had transpired.

Escobar began unbuttoning the world's largest pair of sagging Red Monkey jeans.

“Bitch, you got a lotta' mothafuckin' mouth. But damn, you and your twin fine as frog hair.”



Slowly and carefully enunciating every syllable of every word, the twin said, "You think you got something big enough to stop up this big mouth?" She licked her thick catcher's-mitt lips.

Black Escobar unzipped his pants. "Do a pig eat slop?"

The other twin spoke for the first time. "It ain't goin' down in public, big daddy. The heaven you gon' experience tonight is only for you." She stepped forward, grabbed Escobar's huge meaty hand and starting at her neck line, ran his hands between the creases of her 36 D cups, down her flat stomach and into her thong, where her skin was as smooth as a newborn baby's ass, down to her silky, warm wet womanhood.

"Fuck all 'at," Escobar said, grabbing the woman's shoulders and roughly spinning her around to face the thick glass table filled with bottles of Cris and wine glasses. "This my party." Pants on the ground, he pulled out his short tree trunk, charcoal colored throbbing dick. "I paid for all you bitches and I'm 'bout to put work in."

Before the half naked kingpin could act, with cat-like quickness, the woman dropped to her knees and slid beneath his legs. She was behind him before he could turn around.

"Your money ain't long enough to pay for this big daddy." The other twin spoke as the huge kingpin waddled around to face the two six foot tall chocolate twins.

"If you two bitches don't take off that shiny red lingerie shit."

One of the twins pulled out a rubber-banded, rolled up bankroll from her thong. "Big daddy, this is five stacks. Now I know you wipe your ass with small change like this, but it's a lot of money to me and my sister." She tossed the wad in the air. Li'l Percy caught it and gave it to his boss.

"What the fuck?" Escobar asked, not noticing his dick withering under his mountainous mid-section.

"Spend the night with the two of us and if we don't take you to heaven, make you cum a river, if our pussies and our lips are not the best thing you have ever had or imagined, the money is yours. But if you scared that two six-foot, one-hundred and sixty pound twins will turn your big ass out, then we understand."

"Scared?" Escobar looked at the women and then at his right hand man. In a couple octaves higher than his usual baritone voice, Escobar asked, "Li'l nigga, who these bitches?"

Li'l Percy shrugged. "I don't know, Esco, but hot damn, I wanna shot at the title. Shawty talkin' bout' takin' a nigga to heaven while a nigga still breathin'."

"Sweetie," one of the twins said, "we'd hurt your little ass."

"Hurt me. Please, I need some pain in my life, fuck." Li'l Percy turned to his boss.

"Esco, what you gon' do, my nigga?"

The big man bent down and pulled his pants up. "What the fuck you think? I'm gon' break all nine inches of Moby off into both theses slick mouthed bitches."

"What about all this?" Li'l Percy asked, looking at the carnal scene around him.

Escobar extended his arm in the direction of the huge orgy. "Look at every bitch in this mothafucka." He paused. "You lookin'?"

It was like a modern day urban Caligula. The scene was almost as freaky as one of the massive orgies thrown by the biblical King James.

"Yeah, you did your thing Esco, these stallions are puttin' in work."

"Now, look at these two slick mouth pretty mothafuckas."

"Okay." Li'l Percy turned to face the TV-commercial-Colgate smiling beauties in front of him.

"Must I say any mothafuckin' more?" Escobar asked.

"Hell, nah. Ain't a ho' in this bitch that can touch these pretty mothafuckas," li'l Percy said.

"We know," the twins said in unison.

“Grab a couple hos, li’l nigga, so we can bounce.”

“I was hoping you’d let me go a round with them after you finished, Escobar.”

“After I finish, ain’t gon’ be nothing left.”

“I bet the nothing you gon’ leave behind tastes better than everything up in this piece.” Li’l Percy licked his dark, weed stained lips.

*Maybe I’ll put these bitches on Bo Jack*, Escobar thought. But then, he changed his mind. *Nah, that li’l nigga gotta learn some respect ’fore I give him shit.*

Thinking about Bo Jack was pissing the kingpin off. He had offered that high-school nigga the keys to his kingdom, offering the rapper a deal with his record company, Plead the Fifth.

But Bo Jack had turned him down, and spit on his offer as if he was nothing. Sure, Escobar had set it up so that Bo Jack would earn much less than the standard artist royalty rate, but where else was that nigga gon’ go? Ain’t like he had no money. Penny-anny nickel and dime bag crack hustlin’ li’l nigga.

Escobar pushed those thoughts out of his mind as he made his way from the building. He wasn't going to waste too much time thinking about Bo Jack when he had these fine bitches in front of him. No, his thoughts were going to be all on pussy tonight. Tomorrow, he'd deal with Bo Jack. *He'll sign on with Plead the Fifth records by Christmas or else, it'll be his last.*



## VERSE 2

Usually, the only white Christmas Atlanta residents witnessed were the ones they saw on TV. It was a rare occasion to get snow in the ATL in December, and this year was no different. While most people were sleep, or getting ready for Sunday school and church, Li'l Percy was daydreaming about last night and his half of the twin sex superstars while cruising down Peachtree, past Lenox Mall. The sun was shining, there wasn't a cloud in the sky - it was a lovely day.

Behind him, his boss sounded like a fleet of freight trains snoring in the back seat of the bullet-proof Navigator. While turning the radio even louder to block out his boss's snoring, he glanced at the outside temperature reading on the tricked out SUV's computer. Fifty-seven degrees. Last night at the Ritz Carlton, in room 1373, the temperature was hovering around hell.

Percy turned left at the light and smiled at more memories of last night. His face had been buried between the chocolate thighs of one of the twins for so long, he had lock-jaw. By the time he came up for air, his tongue was so numb he couldn't speak for a good fifteen minutes.

"We fall down, but we get up," Li'l Percy sang along with the radio. "For a saint is just a sinner--"

"If you don't turn that shit down and shut up with all that blessed shit." Escobar's hands went to his forehead. "What time is it?"

“Almost seven-thirty.”

"Fuck!" Escobar grumbled before laying back down sideways on the reclined back seats of the large SUV. “That fine-ass gymnastic mothafucka need to run a marathon before she fuck anyone. Bitch broke my damn dick, bouncin’ up and down on my shit. I ain’t never cum so many times in my life.”

“Who you tellin’, Escobar? Mines was gooder than a mothafucka, but them hos got to be shootin' steroids in they pussy or something. Ain’t nobody got that much energy.” Lil’ Percy pulled into the long driveway of a large, ranch-style, older, white brick home, with black shutters. After pulling up to the garage, he turned to check out Escobar in the back. That fast, once again, his boss was sound asleep. *Good*, Lil’ Percy thought as he put the truck in park, jumped out, went to the alarm pad outside the garage, and put in the code manually.

Afterward, he strolled back to the car. “Escobar, wake up. We here.”

Slowly, Escobar used the back of his hand to wipe the sleep from his eyes. After Lil’ Percy opened the back door, Escobar asked, “Why we all the way out here?”

“Cause, this where you live.”

Escobar looked down at Li'l Percy. "Don't make me fuck your li'l smart ass up."

Escobar got out of the truck and walked around the other three cars in the garage. "Why didn't your dumb ass go to the high-rise? We was right around the corner at the Ritz."

"I don't know." Li'l Percy shrugged his shoulders. "I guess I thought you wanted to come home."

"Nigga, that's my home, too," Escobar shook his head as he walked into the house through the garage's kitchen door. "I got to be the dumbest dope nigga alive for payin' a dirt-dumb, happy meal sized mothafucka to watch my back."

"That ain't why you the dumbest nigga alive," a familiar voice echoed from the living room.

Escobar pulled a Glock .40 from his inside coat pocket and slid a kitchen drawer open and took out the Glock's twin. Escobar waved for Li'l Percy to get in front of him.

Seconds later, a man met the two men in the hallway that separated the den from the kitchen.

"Bo Jack!" Escobar pushed Li'l Percy to the side. "Nigga, what the fuck... P, you see this shit. Nigga got his dick beaters on my Charles Bibb original, leaning his little ass on my painting with a smoked up blunt in his mouth, lookin' like the black Marlboro man."



“I was nappin’ since I done smoked up all the cush I could find in this piece.”

“What the...Nigga, how did you....?” Escobar turned to Li’l Percy. “Shoot this mothafucka. No wait!” Escobar pointed one of the glock’s at the intruder’s knee. “I got this one, P.”

CLICK.

CLICK.

CLICK.

Nothing happened!

Escobar held up the other gun and did the same.

CLICK.

CLICK.

CLICK.

With wide eyes, he dropped the guns, turned and grabbed Percy by his shoulder and pulled the little man in front. “Shoot that motha—”

“Calm down before your big ass has a heart attack. Now, no one is going to shoot me, at least not this morning,” the young man said as he walked back into the den.

Escobar was just about to snatch Li’l Percy’s glock when another familiar voice exploded, “Put your hands down slowly, turn around and keep walking, fat boy.”

"Ain't this a bitch!" Escobar shook his head, recognizing the voice right away. He didn't have to see the woman. He'd heard her voice all last night. "Set up by two funky bitches."

"Clown, you and your little boyfriend are the only bitches in here." One of the twins walked right up on Escobar. "Now, shut the fuck up and keep it moving."

Escobar hesitated until the other twin nudged him forward with two silenced .25 magnums pressed into his back. He followed Bo Jack into the den, a huge, windowless, theatre room. The screen took up one entire wall and the other walls were painted black. There was a black leather couch and six expensive looking matching leather recliners facing the screen.

"I tell you what, young nigga," Escobar began once they stopped moving, "I'm gon' give you a pass this one time. You obviously have lost your mind coming up in my spot, thinkin' you 'bout to rob me."

Bo Jack strolled over to Escobar. He looked like a child up against a giant, as he was physically half the man Escobar was. Not in height, but in size. Bo Jack stood at five ten, like Escobar, only he weighed around one seventy.

Bo Jack took a half pack of swisher sweets out of his black jeans pocket and dropped it at Escobar's feet. "Take your pass, roll it up in a blunt and smoke it out your ass, playa. And, playa," Bo Jack raised his long slender arms in the air and arched his

back to stretch. Seconds later, his arms were relaxed back at his side. Bo Jack continued, "I ain't thinkin' about robbing you."

Escobar mean mugged Bo Jack, looking him up and down. "So why the fuck you here?"

"I already robbed you."

"You just said—"

"I said I wasn't *thinking* about robbing you. Already thought about it, planned it, got Percy in on the deal, and paid the twins very well to do their part and now," the teenager shrugged, "here we are playa."

Escobar looked over at Li'l Percy with a mixture of hurt and rage in his eyes before turning his attention back to the kid who was supposed to be his ticket into the music game.

"See, while you were plottin' on doin' some fuck shit if I didn't sign, I was plottin' on you. You see, the way I figure, even swap ain't no swindle."

"Nigga, ain't nothin' even about you tryin' to take my shit," Escobar barked.

"My girls here gave you my five stacks. They fucked your fat ugly ass and that pint sized Percy. You of all people know pussy ain't free, playa! I mean," Bo Jack held a hand out to the twins pointing the silenced handguns at Escobar, "look at them. My girls ain't no crack bitches. They top notch stallions. And then I had to pay them to make sure you and Percy were gone long enough for me to hit your downtown condo, and then come here and do the same. Working by myself and cleaning up the mess, and my

fingerprints took a while. And then I had to pay Percy for the alarm remote, which I had to get from Keisha last night at the Ritz.”

He looked at Li'l Percy with pure hate in his eyes. “If it’s the last thing I do I’m gon’ gut your pussy licking wife and them three ugly ass kids that probably ain’t even yours. I swear ta God,” Escobar spoke through clenched teeth.

Li'l Percy took a step back.

Escobar turned his neck to one of the twins, “And you whore, I shoulda’ known!” He shook his head at one of the twins. “I shoulda’ known somethin’ was up when your skank ass came back to the room with an empty ice bucket last night. So, the li’l bitch ass nigga Percy gave you my remote and your skank ass left the room to give my shit to your pimp.

“I’m my own pimp, trick.” Keisha puckered up and blew a kiss at Escobar.

He turned to Bo Jack. “Do you really think you gon’ get away with this shit?”

"I'm here, ain't I?"

“I guess you expect me to just give you my shit?” the big man asked.

“Nigga, is you deaf? Didn’t I just tell your fat ass, I been workin’ my ass off all night to relieve you of your shit - eighteen kilos of coke, 23-hundred dollars in cash and a wall safe that I gotta get busted the fuck open.”

“If you got what you came here for, why you still here?”

“I didn’t quite get everything I came for, I just told you that you have something I want.”

“Do what you gotta do, I ain’t givin’ up the combination to my safe.”

"That's not why I'm still here." No one, not even Escobar, saw the hunting knife until Bo Jack was twisting the eight-inch blade into the fat man's belly.

Escobar's eyes bulged.

"Now, I have everything I came for."

His mouth opened but words didn't form.

"Your first mistake was trusting a snake ass nigga like Percy, and the biggest one was tryin' to muscle me into signing with you. But no worries, you'll have eternity to regret plotting on a real nigga."

Escobar dropped to his knees. A pool of blood darkened his white T-shirt.

Bo Jack turned his attention to the female assassins. "Ladies."

Keisha walked in front of the fallen Escobar while the other walked up behind the kneeling man.

*Poof! Poof!*

Keisha shot him in the groin while the other shot Escobar in the back of the head.

Li'l Percy knew that his fate was sealed. "Please, my nigga, don't kill me." Li'l

Percy slipped to the floor. "Please don't kill me. If it wasn't for me...please!"

"Percy, don't worry playa. I'm not gon' kill you. I wouldn't bite the hand that fed me."

Percy stumbled back up to his feet. With relief in his voice, he said, "I didn't like that fat bastard any damn way. Fuck him." Percy hawked and spat on the man he'd worked for, for over ten years.

“That was some nasty shit.” Bo Jack paused. “Ladies,” Bo Jack called out. Both women raised their guns.

“You just said you weren’t going to kill me,” the little man cried.

“I’m not.”

“God bless you. Thank you. Thank you.”

“They are.”

“Why?” the little man cried.

“You sold your man out for thirty stacks and some pussy. You don’t deserve to share my air.”

“But, But, I can help you get to Tarzan, that’s who Esco—

*Poof! Poof!*

One of the twins shot him in the head. The little man crumbled to the floor.

Bo Jack glanced down at the two bodies before he said, “Let’s roll, ladies. I got work to do and you two have a flight to catch.”

Stepping over Lil Percy first, then Escobar, the three marched out, leaving the carnage behind.