

IT'S A DIRTY GAME...NOW THERE'S A HANDBOOK.



# HOW TO HUSTLE AND

# WIN

A Survival Guide for the Ghetto



PART ONE

SUPREME UNDERSTANDING

# HOW TO HUSTLE AND WIN: A SURVIVAL GUIDE TO THE GHETTO

Supreme Understanding © 2008

The following excerpts are snippets from the upcoming *How to Hustle and Win: A Survival Guide for the Ghetto*. *How to Hustle and Win* is a self-improvement book, but it is a book unlike one you've ever seen before.

The author uses true stories from the lives of Black gangsters, hustlers, rappers, and revolutionaries to illustrate important life lessons for young Black men struggling to survive in today's society. Part One begins the journey, introducing important ideas at an elementary level, while Part Two (due in December 2008) pushes the reader to even greater growth and development.

By the time a reader is finished with *How to Hustle and Win*, they will be prepared to do much more than simply "survive":

- They will have learned about over sixty personalities important to Black history.
- They will be informed on current events and world politics.
- They will have increased their vocabulary, reading ability, and critical thinking skills to a collegiate level.
- They will be exposed to ideas and concepts that the average college graduate has never considered.
- They will have eliminated dozens of self-destructive attitudes and behaviors, and replaced them with a formula for success.
- They will even be determined to bring about a revolutionary change in themselves, their community, and the world.

Put simply, this book will take any man losing in this dirty game, and will leave him prepared to win.

Enjoy the following excerpts from *How to Hustle and Win: A Survival Guide for the Ghetto, Part One* (336 pages, published by Supreme Design, LLC).

**Available everywhere June 19<sup>th</sup>, 2008!**

**Order your copy directly at [www.HustleAndWin.com](http://www.HustleAndWin.com)**

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### **WINNING THE GAME**

**A**s the rapper Jim Jones has said, “You respect my mind, or respect my grind.” In this game, you either think smarter, or work harder, if you plan to survive. Otherwise, you might as well kill yourself now. After all, this is a dirty game, and it’s made to wear you down...until nothing’s left. And if that isn’t death, what’s death?

Now, let’s be clear. The word “survive” means getting out, because staying trapped ain’t survival in any sense of the word. When I say survival, I’m talking about success. After all, there’s nothing less that we deserve.

There’s no reason you should come up out of all that hell, and not be strong as hell, and smart as hell...at least enough to be successful as hell.

But most of us don’t stand a chance in hell of “making it.” That’s why we live for the moment, focused on the next time we’ll ride high, while still living down the lows from the last time things went wrong. While folks on the other side of the fence are eatin’ the whole pie, it’s like we’re trapped in a hole, hoping a few crumbs fall over to our side.

And boy, do we fight hard for OUR side. After all, it’s all we have. We have to go hard for anything we need in life, and the first thing any man needs is

his dignity and self-respect. That's why we'll kill over pride, spill blood for our side, and be the first to ride or die...

Somewhere in the process, we forget that the first time someone told us "ride or die" was on a slave ship. And the first side, was the west side...of Africa...before we were tricked into taking sides, and taking rides...back when "taking a dive" meant jumping overboard to a cold death before we let them trap us into slavery.

Nowadays, the traps are everywhere, and some of us don't even feel trapped. Some of us are even part of the trap itself...but I can't blame you. We've watched the world abandon us...or so we thought...thinking that the only way to "get right" was to "get it by any means." In the process, we forgot ourselves...and each other.

Little did we know that the world hadn't forgotten us at all. In fact, the poor people of the world – the Black, brown, red, and yellow people of the world – they were waiting on us to rise up. They're still waiting on us to rise up now. That's why the world follows every trend set by the Black man. If the Black man of America should ever rise up and demand change, the world would follow. But it would take a great man to take that first step, because most people are just followers.

If you're up to it, get ready. It's going to be a long journey.

\* \* \* \* \*

## IS THIS BOOK FOR YOU?

If you're reading this and you're still not sure about whether you're the type of person who would benefit from this book, I'll give you a few hints on how to tell. This book is meant for you if:

- You've always been intelligent, but hated school because they only taught bullsh\*t.
- You see the injustices and wrongs going on all around you, and it's driving you nuts.
- You want to change something in the world or in yourself, but haven't figured out how.
- You know you're not just another "nigga."
- You're trying to turn your life around, but without church or the military!
- You're not waiting on Jesus to come back and save you.
- You wonder why other people are such followers and hypocrites.

- You know there's more to life than this.
- You're ALWAYS questioning things.
- You're able to take responsibility for the things that are happening in your life (without blaming it on someone else or "the devil")
- You're not scared to challenge the things most people believe.
- You want better for yourself, your family, and/or your people.

If you responded "yeah" to any of these questions, then do yourself a favor and read this book from cover to cover. If nothing in here sparks your mind, then either you know it all already, or you're brain-dead.

I tried to make this book an all-you-can-eat for your brain. There's stuff in here that you'll think is stupid, stuff that's funny, and stuff that will make you want to cry or knock somebody the f\*ck out. At the end, my goal is to reverse the way we've been destroyed.

\* \* \* \* \*

## WHAT THIS BOOK IS NOT

Everybody has expectations about something they're going to read before they actually read it. In school, I assumed every book would be boring, so I didn't really read much. In the process, I missed out on some pretty interesting books.

I never did run into any books that truly spoke to me and what I was going through. Not in school. Later on in life, I learned how to tell if a book would be worth reading.

I'm going to continue saving you some trouble by telling you what NOT to expect out of this book:

This book is NOT a storybook like those novels by E. Lynn Harris or K'Wan. If fiction is your thing, there are some good stories in this book, so you may still like it...but the stories are all true stories from the lives of hustlers, gangsters, conmen, celebrities, revolutionaries, and racists. On the other hand, if you want to read about steamy church romances and tough guys who are secretly gay, then that's not what this is about.

This book is NOT a church pamphlet. Sure, it has a message. But it's also full of cuss words and criminal activities. If life were different, I'd write it different.

This book is NOT politically correct. There are a lot of controversial topics and ideas in this book. You don't have to agree. I just want you to be able to think about the issues that your schoolbooks left out.

Finally, this book is NOT one of those “take power at all costs” books like the *Art of War* or *The 48 Laws of Power*. We've been chasing money and power, and hurting ourselves and each other in the process, for far too long. Change your mind and your body will follow. What do people of color look like following the business model that enslaved and exploited us? We're either going to exploit each other or ourselves. On the other hand, if you develop yourself into a determined, respectable man with the right mind, success is inevitable.

This book is NOT a set of spiritual or philosophical ideas that don't work in real life. This book IS real life, and every part of it, including many parts you probably never knew about. This book isn't just about getting money, power, or the right mind, but about transforming yourself so that you can have all that and more.

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### THREE KILOS OF COLUMBIAN COKE

Carlos and Rey had sent word through some associates that some big-time drug dealers were going to be in Kansas City, Missouri, and were looking for a buyer. But they weren't interested in meeting with any small time hand-to-hand nickel and dimers. They had big weight, and were trying to unload it fast, but only if the price was right.

Before long, word came back. They had a buyer. Carlos and Rey drove out to Kansas City and set up shop in a motel room on the outskirts of the city. Carlos with his coarse hair slicked back in a ponytail, and the both of them wearing linen suits, they looked like foreigners. When the Kansas City boys showed up, they were four deep, and the two in back were almost certainly carrying big heat.

Rey, speaking with a Cuban accent, played the role of representative, and translated for the weight man, Carlos, who spoke only Spanish. Still, Carlos's gruff demeanor was hard to miss, and it appeared that at any moment he would cancel the deal. The Kansas City boys were big-time pushers, but there was a drought on cocaine that had seriously slowed down their operations as of late. The drought worked out in Carlos and Rey's favor, on the other hand. They were able to demand a ridiculously high price for the three kilos of powder they'd said they'd brought from Columbia by way of Cuba. Rey explained that the prices were high because of the costs of transporting during a time of increased surveillance, and several of the fishing boats they employed in shipping across the waters had been intercepted, resulting in significant losses.

The boys weren't convinced.

Carlos appeared incensed. He began yelling at Ray in Spanish, and Ray unsuccessfully attempted to calm him down.

Finally the head of the Kansas City unit intervened.

“All right, all right. Tell him to cool out. Let us sample this sh\*t first, and then we'll decide. If it's some high grade Columbian sh\*t, we'll f\*ck with you.”

Rey laid one of the bricks on top of a towel on the motel dresser and pulled out a small knife. One of their guys cut a small hole into the brick, and scooped out some of the powder with the tip of the knife. He tasted it.

The deal was sealed. The Kansas City boys handed over a small duffle bag containing 60,000 dollars and they left promptly to get to work.

Unfortunately, there wouldn't be much work for them to do.

Turns out, they'd been stuck with three bricks full of newspaper. There was an ounce of coke stuffed in the corner of one.

\$60,000 for f\*cking newspaper! Carlos and Rey were laughing their asses off on the drive home.

The lesson? Like the runner who isn't listening when the starter pistol is fired, those who don't pay attention in life are the first to lose. I was told that “knowledge” means to “look, listen, observe, and respect.” I was also taught that knowledge was the foundation of everything in existence. It seemed simple: What can you do if you don't know sh\*t? If you want to do something, and do it well, you need to “do the knowledge.”

So, how observant are you?

It is impossible for a man to be cheated by anyone but himself.  
Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)

Were there any clues that tipped you off about what was really going down? Look again. Did you notice that I spelled Rey's name differently in one place? Well, that's a dead giveaway there's something not entirely true here. Of course, his name wasn't really Rey, or Ray, and of course Carlos wasn't a Carlos. They weren't even Cuban. Just two Black dudes who knew enough Spanish to fake it. Half the time, “Carlos” was just saying random Spanish words really fast. The Kansas City boys had no idea.

Nothing is easier than self-deceit.  
For what each man wishes, that he also believes to be true.  
Demosthenes (384-322 B.C.)

They also let “Rey” decide where to stick that knife. If they had “done the knowledge” for themselves, they would've checked a little more thoroughly. But people usually don't do that. They don't count their change to see if

they've been cheated. They don't read a contract to see what they're agreeing to. They don't even find out the side effects of prescription drugs before they take them. Hell, people take ecstasy and don't even know that it's usually got heroin, speed, and crack in it! So, before you cheat yourself out of something serious, start with knowledge.

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**Inspect and Investigate.**  
**It's always in your best interest.**

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## YOU SCARED TO BE YOU?

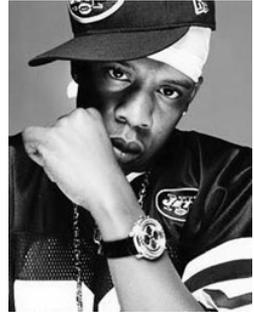
Like them or not, Jay-Z and Eminem are two of the most powerful people in hip-hop today. Beyond being incredible entertainers, they're highly successful businessmen as well.

But almost ten years back, when I was involved in the underground hip hop circuit, I remember hearing Jay-Z and Eminem's early music.

That sh\*t was awful.

Not only was it awful, nobody was buying it.

Jay-Z is now a Grammy Award-winning rapper, current president and CEO of Def Jam and Roc-A-Fella Records, co-owner of The 40/40 Club, co-owner of the New Jersey Nets NBA team, importer of Armadale Vodka, and co-founder of the Rocawear clothing line (which he sold in March 2007 for \$204 million). He's got a net worth of about \$340 million. That's incredible, especially considering the fact he came up in the Marcy housing projects, slinging crack, and never finished high school.



But the first song I heard featuring Jay-Z was a record called "Can I Get Open?" by a group named Original Flavor, of which Jay was a member. Around that time, the hot thing was the rapid-fire delivery of rappers like Das EFX and a young Busta Rhymes, who was then a member of Leaders of the New School. Jay-Z tried that on a couple of songs. Of course, you've never heard those songs, right?

When Jay-Z decided that Speedy Gonzalez sh\*t wasn't him, he reinvented himself...as himself. In 1996, he put out *Reasonable Doubt*. Jay's trademark flow caught a lot of attention; the way it would seem like he was just talking to you, baring his soul, but making no apologies. Of course, its been platinum albums and history ever since.

Similarly, most people have never heard Eminem's first album. He's sold seventy million records, making him one of the best selling rappers of all time. But his 1996 album *Infinite*, where he sounded very different from his later work, didn't even go wood.

Here's what he said about it:

Obviously, I was young and influenced by other artists, and I got a lot of feedback saying that I sounded like Nas and AZ. 'Infinite' was me trying to figure out how I wanted my rap style to be, how I wanted to sound on the mic and present myself. It was a growing stage. I felt like Infinite was like a demo that just got pressed up.

"If I try to be like him, who will be like me?"  
Yiddish proverb

A year later, Eminem put out *The Slim Shady EP*. This time, he sounded a little more like Jay-Z. Again, you probably haven't heard this album.

In 1999, Eminem released *The Slim Shady LP*. Finally, he'd started sounding like the Eminem we're familiar with now. Between the references to gratuitous violence, drug use, and psychotic episodes (all of which were missing from *Infinite*), Eminem begins to show us who he really is, family problems and all. The difference? About 5 million sales.

What does this tell us? Like the aspiring rappers learn in the movie *The Hip Hop Project*, it's beginning to look foolish for us all to rap about the same thing, the same way. We all have stories to tell that are worth telling, and that applies to music as it does to life. It just doesn't make sense to try to duplicate someone else's story or style. Trying to be like someone else, or trying to *be* someone else, is something you're almost definitely going to fail at. Whether you're rapping or cutting hair, the surest bet is to be yourself, and be successful at that first.

"Be who you are and say what you feel,  
because those who mind don't matter and those who matter don't mind."  
Dr. Seuss

Eminem couldn't be Jay-Z. Jay-Z couldn't be Busta Rhymes. Eminem went platinum being Eminem. Jay-Z went platinum being Jay-Z. And Busta Rhymes maintained that rapid-fire delivery for over ten years and finally went platinum being Busta Rhymes.

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**You can't fail at being yourself.**

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## 26 REASONS TO STAY OUT THE GAME

**26. The fall.** The only thing worse than riding the bus everyday is going from driving a candy-painted Chevy on 26s to riding the bus everyday. Just remember, it ain't what you got, it's what you get to keep. When you lose, you lose it all.

**25. The IRS.** When you start taking all that money you making and start making those big purchases, and you can't prove where the money came from...or worse yet, that you gave a huge chunk of that money back to the government, you're either going to see the repo man or the inside of a cell for tax evasion.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I remember when if you was a hustler you was a winner  
Now that's like rakin' up leaves in the winter  
And that ain't even cool, to miss a few summers"  
Lil Wayne, "Don't Cry"

**13. Too Many Chefs in the Kitchen.** Unless you find out about a market no one has ever seen before, or create a new one, there's not a lot of room left for you. There's more boys trying to work on one corner than there are Mexicans outside a Home Depot. Unless someone else plugs you in, you're gonna have to fight your way in. And if you're plugged in, plan to pay your plug.

**12. The Pyramid.** There's only room for a few on the top. There's plenty of disposable nobodies on the bottom. Those are the ones that come and go and nobody notices, slaving away, while the fat cats on top are making millions, moving major weight. Guess who goes to jail first? Oh and, where are you in that pyramid? Let me guess.

\* \* \* \* \*

**4. No Retirement Plan.** How many old hustlers you know? All dead, in jail, or addicted. And there's a few that came home from long bids and they're 45 working as janitors now.

\* \* \* \* \*

**1. You're a Pawn, not a King.** Sure, you're making money, but look at who most of it goes to. Then look at who will keep most of your sh\*t once they've got you. Then look at who the drugs are hurting most. Then look at who is going to jail the most. Then look at who's dying the most. Now look at who put the drugs here. Now look at yourself. Ask yourself where you fit in the equation.

"By three methods we may learn wisdom:

First, by reflection, which is noblest;  
Second, by imitation, which is easiest;  
and third by experience, which is the bitterest."  
Confucius

With all that said, you can decide for yourself. Either you can read this information, as well as other lessons throughout the book, and soak up the game that way. Or you can learn about the game the HARD way...by going through it yourself. I can tell you now which one will be more painful. But, as always, it's up to you.

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**You can learn by ear or on your ass.  
Unlike school, however, life teaches you the lesson  
AFTER you fail the test.**

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## THE BLAME GAME

**Mil:** Have you handled that business we talked about yet?

**Red:** Naw, I ain't been able to do that yet.

**Mil:** What? Why not?

**Red:** My girl, man. She been trippin'. Lockin' me out my own house, man. Actin' crazy.

**Mil:** So? What that gotta do with you handling this business?

**Red:** Is you listenin' to me? I ain't even been able to sleep right! I'm sleepin' in my car!

**Mil:** And? How's that keeping you from handling your business? You had two weeks.

**Red:** Look man, I just told you what's goin' on.

**Mil:** Your girl had you locked out for two weeks?

**Red:** What? Nah...other sh\*t done happened too.

**Mil:** Yeah?

**Red:** Yeah, man I ain't bout to be answerin' all these personal questions right now.

**Mil:** Wait. Here's what you don't understand. You failed to handle your business. That affects me. You are being held responsible right now. If you don't understand how that works, let me know. I want to know what's keeping you from doing your job.

**Red:** I'm sorry man, I'm just under stress. My grandma been real sick.

**Mil:** That's too bad. I still don't see what that has to do with you handling your business. Why didn't you tell me all this before you took the job?

**Red:** What? Um, I thought I could handle it.

**Mil:** So when did you realize that you couldn't?

**Red:** What? I can handle it. I can handle it.

**Mil:** Obviously you can't. Because the deadline has passed. I just want to know when all this sh\*t started happening and you realized you weren't gonna be done by the deadline.

**Red:** I don't know.

**Mil:** Was it that you were so stupid you couldn't figure out that you wouldn't get it done, or so inconsiderate that you just didn't care enough to let me know?

**Red:** It ain't none of that! See, this is part of the problem! How you expect me to handle business for you when you talk to me like this? This ain't just about me! This is about you too!

**Mil:** Oh yeah? How did what I'm saying NOW keep you from handling your business these past two weeks?

**Red:** Man, you know you wrong. You know you wrong. My grandma is on her deathbed!

**Mil:** Are you being serious?

**Red:** Man, if my grandma was okay, and my girl was actin' right, you KNOW I woulda handled that.

**Mil:** What about all the other times you didn't handle your business like I asked you to?

**Red:** There was other sh\*t goin' on. Man, sh\*t is real out here. I don't know what it is. Maybe I'm cursed. Bad sh\*t just keep happening to me!

**Mil:** I see. Well, who am I to expect any different then, right?

**Red:** Huh?

**[BANG!]**

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**Nothing happens to you.**

**With everything that happens in your life...you allowed it to happen,  
or caused it to happen.**

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## HUSTLERS CAN BE BRILLIANT, TOO

Jeff Fort was born in Mississippi in 1947. Upon moving to a poor neighborhood in Chicago, Fort dropped out of school after fourth grade, functionally illiterate. At 13, he became involved in a gang that started out fighting off the racist white boys in his community. Fort soon became recognized as the leader of the gang. Under his leadership, the gang adopted Islamic influence and was renamed the Black P. Stone Nation.

By 1965, Fort was controlling a coalition of 21 gangs whom he had united under his flag. Soon after, Fort was able to secure the Nation a federal grant of \$1 million for a highly-organized grassroots learning program. In 1969, even President Nixon referred to the Black P. Stone Nation as a community group, and invited Fort to his inauguration.



Of course, the Black P. Stone Nation wasn't all good works. In fact, they controlled a large amount of the drug trade throughout the Chicago area. In 1972, Fort was sent to prison, where he joined the Moorish Science Temple of America. While in prison, Fort renamed the gang the El Rukns and reinvented the gang as a religious movement. This allowed Fort to continue to run the gang from jail, conduct meetings with gang leaders under the guise of religious services, and send orders and messages without surveillance. From prison, Fort continued to control his operations by word of mouth and phone using code. Once out on parole, Fort bought up large areas in the city, expanded his empire, and furthered his political ties.

But in 1982, Fort was sent back to prison, sentenced to 13 years for participating in a drug conspiracy. Undaunted, Fort used his Muslim connections to get in touch with Libyan president Moammar Gadhafi...from prison.

The formerly illiterate Fort was now on the phone speaking fluent Arabic with foreign officials. Fort was accused of making deals with Gadhafi to attack the U.S. on behalf of Libya. Under Fort's orders, several El Rukn members were said to have been smuggled to Libya to enroll in terrorist training, and Fort was negotiating the purchase of a rocket launcher. Dozens of El Rukn members were convicted in the conspiracy, though no actual terrorist acts were committed. Fort was sentenced to an additional 80 years, in order to ensure he could not be released again.

He was shipped to the ADX Florence Supermax prison where he remains today under strict supervision. Fearing that the brilliant Fort could somehow STILL control his gang even under these conditions, prison authorities put him under a “no human contact” order.

Jeff Fort is just one example of how brilliant Black people can be, no matter how little school they attended, or what kind of background they come from. Jeff Fort is an example of the intelligence and ability used in a way that hurt his people, while Malcolm X represents the other possibility (See "True Freedom").

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## QUIZ TWO: APPROACH TO LIFE AND SITUATIONS

1. If I tell somebody I'll meet them in ten minutes, I...
  - a. will probably be late.
  - b. might get caught up and forget about them.
  - c. make sure I leave early so I'm not late.
  - d. already know it'll take at least 15 minutes or more.
  
2. When I speak to a woman I like, I...
  - a. let her do all the talking.
  - b. start talking bout sex as soon as I can.
  - c. tell her what I want to tell her.
  - d. tell her what I think she wants to hear.
  
3. People think I'm...
  - a. a screw-up.
  - b. crazy as hell.
  - c. bout my business.
  - d. whatever I want them to think.
  
4. If I made a thousand dollars today, I would...
  - a. probably not know what to do with it.
  - b. go ball out and spend almost all of it.
  - c. save or invest it.
  - d. tell everyone I was rich.
  
5. If someone tells me I'm f\*cking up in life, I...
  - a. figure f\*cking up is not a big deal.
  - b. tell 'em to worry bout themself.
  - c. listen if it makes sense.
  - d. pretend to listen and laugh when they leave.

6. When I'm around people I respect, I...
  - a. hope that they will notice me.
  - b. make sure I really stand out.
  - c. carry myself the same way I always do.
  - d. try to think and act like them.

\* \* \* \* \*

## STOP SNITCHIN'

There are a lot of decent people in our communities who are upset about the "Stop Snitching" campaign. They think the urban community is threatening everyone in the community to stay silent about the crimes that are happening. That's not what it's really about, unless you're a dummy like Cam'ron (See "Stop Lyin").

There's one thing you've got to understand about snitches. That is, the most common type of snitch isn't the little old lady who's scared to come out of her house because of the dope boys outside. The most common type of snitch is actually one of those dope boys.

Among the Chinese Triads, there is a blood oath in the initiation of new members that says: "If I am arrested after committing an offense, I must accept my punishment and not try to place blame on my sworn brothers. If I do so, I will be killed by five thunderbolts." If you know about the Triads, you can imagine what the thunderbolts are.

In the Italian Mafia, there's a code known as Omerta. Basically, it means you stay silent when you get caught. You do your bid and you come out with respect for not selling out your family. Well, that's becoming hard to find in our community, isn't it? At an alarming rate, people are being told on, by who? Not the concerned elders and neighborhood watch organizations, but by their comrades.

First of all, the elders and community groups need to be concerned with the conditions that drive our young men to crime instead of wagging their fingers and condemning them while 911 is on hold ANYWAY. At the very least, they could try talking to those young men and women without putting them down, maybe offer some advice or a helping hand, to set them on the right path. Even better, they could take all their concern and use it to fight to change the conditions that drive people like you and me to that crooked path. But either way, no matter what they do, they're not the problem.

The problem is that if I sell you an ounce of weed, and you get caught, you can tell on me and get off scott-free so long as I go to jail. As a matter of

fact, you can lie and say I sold you some weed even if I didn't. As long as I go to jail, you can go back to the hood and be free.

“Whoever gossips to you will gossip of you.”  
Spanish proverb

Doesn't it make you wonder when people get caught with all kinds of guns and drugs, but they're back on the street in a few months? Before long, all of their old buddies are going to jail...to stay. That's not dishonorable, that's despicable. If you're a criminal, take responsibility! Don't sell out the next man so that you don't have to suffer!

Take a look at most of the major Black gangsters who finally got charged with all the dirt they'd done over their 20 and 30-year careers in organized crime...What did they do? They told! And told! And told! And what did it get them? Maybe 5 years off, maybe 10. Wow.

It just goes to show how selfish some people can be, and the amount of trust you can place in someone who's doing dirt with you. Where did this start?

If you ask me, it goes back to slavery (see "Watch Out for the Sellouts").

How many successful slave revolts have you heard about? I can think of maybe two. Nat Turner. Toussant L'Overture. Even Nat Turner didn't make it far before someone sold him out.

There were hundreds, if not thousands, of slave revolts that were stopped or crushed almost instantly because some stupid ass slave sold out his brothers and sisters. These bold men and women were preparing to rise up and fight their masters for their freedom, but almost every time there were one or two slaves who would tell the masters what them “ornery niggers” was up to.

The worst part is, it was usually the field slaves. The ones who suffered worst under slavery, beaten, whipped, worked to exhaustion. Even their children slaved in the hot sun. But these snitches believed that, if they sold out their fellow slaves, they'd get a worthwhile reward. What did they get? Freedom? Hell no! They usually didn't get sh\*t except a pat on the head and the praise, “You's a good nigger, ain't ya?”

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**Have some honor. Don't sell out your own people.**

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## TELLIN' ON YOURSELF

If you haven't heard of this organization by now, you probably don't need to, so I won't name names. I'll just call them GMO (as in Get Money

Organization). GMO was one of the biggest Black crime syndicates to emerge in recent years. From selling 50 slabs of crack in high school in the 80s to running an empire spanning eleven states in 2006, the two heads of the organization were doing it big, making over \$270 million dollars off cocaine.

The only problem, besides all the drugs and killings, was that these dudes just couldn't keep a low profile. Now, white gangsters - doing the same kind of dirt - run modest businesses like restaurants as fronts and live discrete lives with their families in simple, but expensive, subdivisions. And they try to avoid any unnecessary attention. These guys, on the other hand, had one of their bosses appearing in music videos with stacks of money on a table, and billboards announcing their presence.

It's like they were dry snitching on themselves. Everywhere they went they were flashing money, spending \$50,000 a night at any strip club they visited, driving Ferraris and Lamborghinis, and living in mansions. Where was all this money supposedly coming from? GMO had two fronts, a record label that had yet to produce a hit record, and an exotic car dealership that wasn't really a front since they were using the cars to ship their drugs. Did these guys really expect to yell "GMO" and floss millions of dollars worth of jewelry everywhere they went and never fall under the scrutiny of the FBI, ATF, or DEA?

Of course...the inevitable happened. In October of 2006, GMO's two heads, along with seven other members, were indicted and arrested on drug trafficking. In July of 2007, sixteen more were indicted. Even one of my partners got caught up in all the indictments, just because he'd spent some phone time with a few GMO members.

"The government is one step closer to eradicating one of today's most violent and notorious drug trafficking organizations," said a DEA Special Agent. "[GMO] wreaked havoc from coast to coast. Their bold image and in-your-face reputation once propelled them into the media spotlight. Today, we are proud to cast an ominous cloud over this once-thriving criminal network."

"The Get Money Organization once had billboards...boldly proclaiming that the world was theirs," said the U.S. Attorney. "This indictment is a rejection of that claim...The government is shutting down [their] once-flourishing drug empire."

And ever since the indictments began, almost everyone who was screaming GMO just a year ago when GMO was makin' it rain, poppin' bottles with them in the strip club...all of a sudden they've stopped screaming. All of the hotheads and loudmouths that yelled GMO from the rooftops are quiet

as a mouse now while their leaders sit in cells awaiting their fates. Just goes to show you...

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**It's not always a good idea to attract attention to yourself.**

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## 20 COMMON ILLUSIONS

I know some of y'all really get off on watching *Criss Angel Mindfreak*. I'll admit: that stuff is pretty crazy to watch, like how he'll let himself get crushed by a steamroller or stick his arm up someone's ass and throw the peace sign up out of their mouth...and what makes you keep watching sh\*t like that is how REAL it looks. Of course, it's all an illusion...and we know that, since its on TV and its entertainment.

But illusions are everywhere...and most of us miss 'em. I've been very careful in studying life around me over the past few years and I've noticed a lot of sh\*t that ain't really what it appears to be. I thought I'd share 20 common illusions:

**Illusion #20: Money can buy you happiness.** I don't even need to explain this one. Just read up on the life story of anyone who's really rich. They're on drugs, they're miserable, they hate themselves and their family, and they want to run away from life. Not to mention their cousin Ray-Ray keeps asking for money.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Illusion #16: There is a perfect woman.** You're looking for a woman who looks like Nia Long, gets nasty like a two-dollar freak, gets paid like Oprah, and cooks like your big auntie? You keep waiting on that and you'll end up with a woman who looks like Oprah and gets paid like a two-dollar freak. Love is about accepting and embracing someone's imperfections, not trying to bag a supermodel with your stankin ass.

**Illusion #15: Ballers have money.** A lot of them dudes BAAAALLIN at the club and the strip club, makin' it rain and so on, ain't REALLY got no money. Half of them are ambitious dudes TRYIN to get into the music industry and tossin' around what they call "flash money" in the hopes that people with real money will notice them and f\*ck wit 'em. The other half are 9 to 5 ass motherf\*ckas that saved up their whole check from UPS or Target so they could feel like a king for one night out the month. They'll worry bout that light bill later.

**Illusion #14: The whole rap game is real.** It's like WWF. The white folks who run it are behind most of the beefs anyway. And since when do real

gangstas issue threats on songs that might take weeks or months to come out? And if you believe that dudes are gettin' spins and radio play cause of talent, you're REALLY lost. You ever heard of payola? It's how some of these wack-ass hits became hits. You can try to get in the industry and get big too, but I hope you ready to give up your values, give up your image, give up some money, or give up some ass (oh, you didn't know half of the industry was gay?). As Jay-Z says on "Ignorant Sh\*t":

They're all actors, lookin' at themselves in the mirror backwards/ Can't even face themselves! Don't fear no rappers/ They're all, weirdos, DeNiros in practice/ So, don't believe everything your earlobe captures/ It's mostly backwards, unless it happens to be as accurate as me/ And everything said in song, you happen to see/ Then, actually, believe half of what you see/ None of what you hear, even if it's spat by me/ And with that said, I will kill niggas dead

**Illusion #13: 'Model chicks' really look like that.** That chick you met last night ain't really that cute. She ain't got no pretty face, that's makeup and weave. She ain't got no perfect body, that's some designer jeans that hold her ass up and a bra that works magic. If she's spent some real money, she might have gotten some surgery or at least some booty shots. Speakin' of surgery, that chick might not even be a chick.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Illusion #10: A good job = A good life.** Them middle class dudes in business suits ain't really got they sh\*t together either. A lot of them bought big ass houses and cars they can't afford on payment plans that cost just a little bit to start out and increased a whole lot as time went on. And their jobs are the type that might fire you the moment you stop making them enough money. You're basically a paid slave, and they can even take that away whenever they feel like it. Then you're back on the bus with a briefcase full of resumes. How you gon' tell your golf buddies that the repo man took your sh\*t?

**Illusion #9: Trends will last forever.** For example, platinum was some stupid sh\*t to buy if you bought you some while it was hot. Everybody else was wearin' white gold or some platinum-plated sh\*t and gettin' the same amount of attention. But you spent \$100 per GRAM (if you bought the real sh\*t) for some dull ass metal that's basically out of style now. What are you gonna do with that now? Wear it with that ugly-ass Coogi sweater?

**Illusion #8: Magic pussy.** The idea that pussy is something new and incredible every time you get it is a f\*ckin' illusion. That's just your dick

lying to your brain. If you f\*ck three different broads in your lifetime, then you've just about experienced all that pussy's got to offer. Ain't no magic pussy out there with superpowers. Unless you count inflicting a slow death as a superpower.

**Illusion #7: The “superior” white man.** White people ain't smarter than you. They're just more connected. In this country, even the dumbest white person can sound like other white people, no matter how dumb they are; while a smart Black child is gonna be treated like a retard just because he talks Black. Stop tellin' yourself you can't do sh\*t because you failed out of school. There's tons of successful white people who probably don't even know how to read. But they can pretend, hustle, and make sh\*t happen. The reason you can't do sh\*t is cause you stay sittin' on the couch or the porch with your boys eating Doritos.

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# Habits and Addictions

CREATING A CULTURE OF SUCCESS

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*“Watch your thoughts, for they become words. Choose your words, for they become actions. Understand your actions, for they become habits. Study your habits, for they become your character. Develop your character, for it becomes your destiny.”*

Your culture, or way of life, is the sum total of your behaviors, attitudes, and every action that you engage in so repeatedly that it's become second nature to you.

The choices you make take on a life of their own, and they produce a culture of either success or failure. Ultimately, it's up to you. In choosing which actions and attitudes you will make yours, you decide the way you'll live. You choose your habits. You choose your addictions.

That element of choice is the single most important factor in your life. It's bigger than the household you were raised in, the money your family had, the education you received, the environment you grew up in, or the problems you were born into.

All of those factors are important, but they take a backseat to the driver: You. You are the sole controller of your destiny, and the goals you set are

unattainable, regardless of your circumstances. However, depending on the pace you set and the direction you take, you may or may not make it to your desired destination.

So its about more than just what you want or why you want it. Its about how you're going to get there. The life you live is up to you. And regardless of whether you 'get it how you live' or 'live how you get it', the mindset you adopt is up to you. So who is the biggest influence on your lifestyle? You.

\* \* \* \* \*

## YOU ARE WHAT YOU DO

Tray did his best to appear calm when he spotted Black Smoke in the grimy strip club where Tray spent most of his Saturdays. Black Smoke, a street-hustler turned label-owner, was Tray's favorite rapper.

Seated at a corner table with some of the Black Money crew, Smoke was back in DC for the first time since he was shot at for his Lamborghini in 2006. It appeared that maybe he was trying to play it cool this time around. Tray paid the bouncer to let him and one of his stripper friends through the ropes and occupied a table nearby. He sent a bottle of Patron over, nodded, and that's when Smoke acknowledged him. When Tray came over he told his homegirl to sit with Smoke. Smoke wasn't interested.

Tray wasn't deterred. He bought drinks for everyone at the table and started talking to Smoke about music. Tray was trying to get into the music business, and he was willing to do whatever it took. Smoke was in the middle of dismissing him when – out of nowhere – a man appeared, his fitted cap pulled low over his eyes, his fists balled up, and it was clear that he wasn't a fan. Tray was the closest one to him. Before anyone could respond, Tray stood up.

Bam! Tray slapped him so hard that the dude – much bigger than Tray – actually fell back and hit the ground. Tray walked over to him while he was getting up, dragged him by his neck to the exit, and threw him outside. When he came back to the table, everyone's jaws were still open. Smoke was impressed. He told Tray he wanted him to be his “DC man,” and act as an extended member of the Black Money family. Tray was in.

But it wasn't going to be what he thought. Tray's musical dreams never took off. As a matter of fact, Tray never even got in the studio. Instead, whenever Black Smoke and the crew came through DC, Tray was called in as “security.” When someone in Black Money had a problem in DC, Tray was called in as an “enforcer.” Instead of an artist, Tray had become, as they said, one of the “goonies.”

That may seem bad enough, but what was worse was that Tray wasn't even a gangsta to begin with. You see, he had saved up that money he spent on Smoke and the others at the strip club that night. So when they'd expect Tray to cover the tab, he was usually left with bills that it took him months to pay off. And the guy he slapped, well that was Tray's old childhood friend. Since the 3rd grade, Shawn would do anything if you gave him enough money. As he grew up, Shawn never grew out of that behavior, mostly because that was his reputation, and people kept finding crazy things to pay him for. When someone wanted to stash their drugs at someone else's house, they used Shawn. When someone had a stolen credit card and needed someone else to go in the stores and make the purchases, they used Shawn. When Tray had the bright idea to "stage" the ass-whopping in the stripclub, it only made sense to call Shawn.

"One does what one is; one becomes what one does."

Robert von Musil (1880-1942)

But now Tray was the fool. He was being called in to "enforce" on people he wouldn't even go against in his dreams. Finally, he was promised his "big deal" if he could just handle this one last drug beef. Only six months after having met the Black Money crew, Tray was found dead. Nobody ever found out who was responsible. The dealers who killed him had paid someone else to do it.

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**Be careful of how easily a reputation develops.**

**Whatever you do once, you'll be expected to do again.**

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## THE FOURTH PATH

A young brother recently told me that he felt like it was impossible to make it out of poverty "unless you were one of the good people." He said the "bad people only end up dropping out and going to jail," while the good boys do okay but are considered "lame" and get picked on mercilessly. He was talking about what Anne Ferguson calls the two types of Black males in schools: The Schoolboys and The Troublemakers.

So which one is better? Being a Schoolboy or a Troublemaker?

### **Azeem**

Azeem grew up in Apartment 203B of the Winter Hill Housing Projects in inner-city Cleveland. His mother was a former crack user, who now spent a lot of her time drinking. All he knew was poverty. Roaches in the cereal box, hand-me-down clothes, uncles who were in and out of jail, etc.

Azeem's father had been around when he was very small, but after losing his factory job, he'd turned to drugs and went M.I.A.

Azeem went to school completely unprepared. He often hadn't slept much the night before, sometimes hadn't bathed, and his clothes were consistently wrinkled or stained. His mother was rarely home, and as a result, his homework was never checked, and he never had school supplies. The teachers scolded him and the other students picked on him. Not only was Azeem unprepared physically, he couldn't understand much of what was being taught. The parts that he did understand he didn't find interesting.

By the time he was eight, Azeem had learned to fight in order to shut up the other kids. By the time he was eleven, he'd been kept back twice, and had completely lost interest in school. Azeem just didn't see how school would help him in life, seeing his uncles - some of whom had finished high school - working at dead end jobs in fast food.

So when he turned fifteen he stopped going. He hooked up with some of the older drug dealers in his neighborhood and started hustling. Before long, he was making good money and got a small apartment with an older partner of his. Azeem could finally afford brand name clothes and fresh sneakers, and he only needed to be able to work a scale and count. He was doing really well for himself and had just bought a car when his entire ring was brought in on drug charges. Not only was there a ton of evidence against him, some of his homeboys were snitching on him to save themselves. Azeem, not knowing better, chose an unskilled lawyer who not only cost him all the money he'd saved up, but also got him a conviction and a sentence of six years.

### **Shahid**

Shahid grew up in Apartment 306C of the Winter Hill Housing Projects. Like Azeem, Shahid grew up in poverty to a single mother who was also a former drug user. His father was behind bars doing a long bid for an armed robbery he had committed when Shahid was still an infant. In their part of Cleveland, the number of men who were unemployed made crimes like this - and the prison rates - commonplace.

### **Did You Know?**

You don't technically "cook" crack? You actually just heat it enough to dissolve the coke and sodium bicarbonate so that you change the cocaine hydrochloride into its smokeable bicarbonate or carbonate salts. You then can cool it to precipitate out the cocaine and then separate or further heat it to a gentle boil to evaporate the remaining water. So as you can see there is no cooking, just dissolving, and if you choose, evaporation.

Shahid also knew all about poverty, and had known little else. By age ten, the furthest he had ever traveled was to the other end of Cleveland. However, by the same age, Shahid was in the honors program at his school and was expected to participate in the statewide spelling bee. Turned away by the other boys in the neighborhood, Shahid turned to books and dug in deep. He studied every night, amidst the occasional popping of gunshots and wail of sirens.

While the other boys fought and hustled outside, Shahid stayed in and worked on his reports and projects for school. Coming from such a limited background, a lot of the work was tough for him, but he was a model student and the teachers loved him. They did their best to protect him from bullies like Azeem, but Shahid usually had to run home to avoid the older boys in his neighborhood.

Shahid believed the teachers when they told him that education and hard work would equal success, and he was convinced that his dedication would land him a good job one day. So Shahid didn't just work on his assignments, he worked to please his teachers as well. He stayed late after school grading papers and cleaning up the class. During school, he could be counted on to snitch on students who were cheating or planning to cut class, and the teachers rewarded him with praise and compliments.

But when Shahid finished high school, his family didn't have the money to send him to college, and he hadn't done well enough on his SATs to get a full scholarship. Shahid, now 19 and needing money to support himself, reluctantly took a job at McDonald's. Shahid got stuck in a rut after getting his girlfriend pregnant. Dealing with a family now, Shahid couldn't even afford the thought of college, and never got out of working in the service industry.

### **Marcus**

Marcus grew up in Apartment 406A of the Winter Hill Housing Projects. Marcus's story starts the same as that of Shahid. However, Marcus excelled past Shahid in both academics and kissing up to the school staff. As a result of him being such a polite, respectful student, one of Marcus's high school teachers went out of his way to get Marcus a scholarship to a local college.

It is here that Marcus's story takes a turn away from that of Shahid. Marcus finished college at the head of his class. He was recruited by several large corporate firms, and took the position with the best salary and benefits. Marcus was now making good money simply by using his intelligence to develop programs and increase profits for his company. His company turned out to be the one that had once run several manufacturing plants in the Cleveland area, but had shut them down to increase profits.

It turned out that this was one of the main reasons why there were so many poor and unemployed people in Cleveland. Marcus's company was now in the process of tearing down the Winter Hill Housing Projects to make room for more profitable housing. The families there would be forced to relocate outside of the city or become homeless. This was going to be especially difficult for the many who didn't have cars to get around. Perhaps Marcus knew all this, but either he'd long forgotten or simply couldn't risk speaking up. He enjoyed the money he made in his position, and he wasn't interested in jeopardizing it for anything.

"I cannot tolerate Black exploitation of Black people any more than I can tolerate it from white people."

Minister Louis Farrakhan

Marcus simply did what he was told, and didn't protest. He was most happy when he was pleasing his superiors, something he'd been doing almost all his life. With his assistance, the company was able to displace all of the residents of the Winter Hill Housing Projects, including Marcus's own mother. Most of the former residents were relocated to a community built adjacent to a toxic waste site. Not surprisingly, many of them developed diseases from the effects of living so close to hazardous chemicals. Marcus's mother was diagnosed with cancer the day he was awarded his promotion.

So, who was successful? After reading this, it probably looks like none of them. That makes everything look pretty hopeless, huh?

Not really. In this book, I plan to show you a fourth path. Because, yes, those three paths did turn out to fail, all in their own ways.

In the ghetto, we usually take one of those three paths:

1. Like Azeem, we rebel against everything in society and turn to crime, only to end up dead or in jail, falling victims to the same system we hate
2. Or like Shahid, we try our best but don't have much to work with, so we end up working some dead-end job in a dead-end life
3. Or like Marcus, we make it out of the hood, become highly successful, but only end up serving the interests of the white people that made us miserable to begin with

Even the rappers and ballplayers that "make it big" end up being pawns in a game for people that don't care about them. So, if almost everyone ends up a modern-day slave one way or the other, what's the way out? What's the fourth path?

I'll tell you. Do what Azeem, Shahid, and Marcus never thought to do. Fight the system. Fight for change. Dedicate your life to challenging what's wrong about society, and the world the way it is. That way, even if you end

up dead, in jail, or in a minimum-wage job, it was with a purpose. You didn't perish in vain. And if you do become successful, which usually happens with people who have the determination to fight, and the intelligence to know how to fight, then you can look at yourself in the mirror and not hate yourself.

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**There is another way.**

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## THE CYCLES OF LIFE

In his memoir *Cooked: From the Streets to the Stone, From Cocaine to Foie Gras*, world-renowned Chef Jeff Henderson writes about his experience as a major crack dealer before he was sentenced to 18 years in prison. The following is an excerpt from his book, describing his method for laundering his drug money:

I knew this girl Paula who ran a check-cashing place. On the first and fifteenth of every month everyone would cash their welfare checks. The night before, I'd go to her crib and trade a hundred grand in singles, tens, and twenties for the clean fifties and hundreds that she had just gotten off the money truck. I'd kick her a little taste and my money would be clean. I'd have the crisp bills that were easier to make deals with, and her customers would get the money that my people had gotten off the streets.

Of course, within a week, many of the customers of the check-cashing place would bring their county money back to our crack houses and we'd take that money right back to the white man, buying all the flashy sh\*t a hustler had to have. And, if we're caught, the DEA takes all our sh\*t and sells it back at auction. It's a f\*ckin game.

Let's review the cycle:

- Poor people, suffering from problems in society, become drug addicts and buy drugs with welfare and social security money, leaving little left to provide for their children
- Young men grow up poor and neglected, seeing they have little and others have so much
- These young men pursue the American Dream by selling drugs to get rich
- Drug dealers spend most of their money on material things purchased from white businesses and end up owning very little, but showing off so much they can't stay under the radar

- Drug dealers are easily caught and, not having saved enough money for lawyer fees, are quickly funneled into the prison system
- The prison system brings in billions of dollars in revenue, while the drug dealers' possessions are auctioned off by the government
- The government uses taxpayers' money to fund agencies and programs that are geared to stop the spread of drugs, but only incarcerate drug dealers
- Meanwhile, other government agencies are bringing drugs into the country and putting them in the hands of local distributors

I can break it down even simpler:

- We sell dope because we're poor and miserable.
- The dope makes the community worse, while we spend our money on frivolous bullsh\*t.
- Because of us, more children are born poor and miserable.
- Cycle repeats.

Or as Kanye West put it, "Crack dealer buy Jordans, crackhead buy crack, and the white man get paid off of all a dat."

When you think about it, there's many other "cycles" in the hood, besides the ones in the drug game. Here's ten of them:

### **1. The Cycle of Fatherlessness**

We all know how this one goes. You ain't have a daddy growin up. You swore you'd never do that when you had a kid, because you know how f\*cked up it feels. Then you f\*ck up and get somebody pregnant, and it's time to be a man. But you had no idea how that fatherhood sh\*t feels. And you've never been shown HOW to be a father. And you got stuck with an ignorant female who you can't keep a stable relationship with, in the first place. You ain't even done runnin' the streets yet! So what do you do? You run. Just like your daddy did.

Or, you try your best to be there...but you can't get out the streets. So you get locked up before your child finished grade school. Just like your daddy did.

\* \* \* \* \*

## **HOW TO DEAL WITH A CRIMINAL CHARGE**

The goal is for you NOT to get jammed up any more, but if you do, here are 15 tips that will help you get the best outcome:

1. If you are interrogated, don't admit to anything. Even if they say your partner snitched, keep your mouth shut. That "he told on you, now tell on him" is the oldest trick in the book. Wait for a lawyer.
2. Depending on how strong the evidence is, weigh out your options with your lawyer. If you feel you have to plead out, plead out. But keep in mind, that evidence often isn't as strong as they make it seem IF you got a decent lawyer. And sometimes a plea deal (with the wrong lawyer) could be the worst move to make.

Money talk and bullsh\*t walk a thousand miles  
You ain't got a paid lawyer, then don't go to trial  
Crackers owe each other favors, they'll swap ya out  
"You give us him, we'll give you him" Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
Nigga took thirty years on a cop out  
F\*ck you get thirty years for breakin' in a bitch house?  
Crackers playin' a dirty game, boy, this sh\*t wild  
Plies, "100 Years"

3. Keep in mind that there are dozens of things the police and courts can do wrong. Any one of these things can result in you being acquitted. Learn them and look out for them.
4. If you choose to fight, do your legwork. Don't rely on your lawyer alone. If they're a public defender, they're overworked and probably won't even meet you until the day of your trial. Unless, that is, you go see them first. Meet with them and do as much work on your part as you can.
5. That means find your witnesses. That includes people who saw the incident in question, as well as character witnesses who can vouch for you as a person. If you're a good-for-nothing bastard that chokes out kittens and old ladies, don't bother looking for character witnesses.
6. Write down exactly what happened. Read up on similar cases. Study the law now (it's better than studying it in the jail library). Meet with your lawyer and discuss what you can offer them to help their case. They want to win too; they just don't have the time to do everything Johnny Cochrane would.
7. If you are convicted and sentenced, do your time with your head up. Finish a degree or something. I won't tell a man what to do if he's facing twenty years, but you're a dummy if you go on the run for a six month charge. Living as a fugitive is NOT easy, and it's NOT fun. I don't recommend it.
8. Before you get out, make sure you know what your plans are, and follow through once you're out.

9. Make seeing your probation officer a top priority. He or she may be an asshole, but they're an asshole with the power to send you back. I'd advise you not to smoke or be around anyone (or anything) you shouldn't. But if you can't quit smoking, at least have the sense not to smoke before seeing your P.O., and drinking that Detox juice like you supposed to.

\* \* \* \* \*

## REAL MEN DON'T...

...base their manhood off how many times they've been shot or stabbed. Getting shot a gang of times doesn't mean you're a tough guy. It means you're a victim...actually a repeat victim.

...base their manhood off how many times they've been locked up. Going to jail over and over doesn't mean you're a gangster. It means you're not good at what you do, cause you keep getting caught.

...drink anything with an umbrella in it.

...bitch and moan or gripe and complain. When things aren't right, either they make a change or they soldier up and deal with it like men.

...talk about other men when they're not around. If it's not big enough to step to him about, it's not worth discussing. If it is big enough to step to him about, but you don't, you're a bitch.

...steal and "sneak-thief" from each other. If you're going to take something from someone, take it in their face.

...betray each other. When a "friend" goes to jail, you help support his family, not f\*ck his wife.

...obsess over their clothes and shoes. Being fresh is one thing. Being a metrosexual in a muscle shirt is another. Real men don't check each other's tags.

...get their salad tossed. If I've gotta explain that to you, you're so lost that I can't help you.

\* \* \* \* \*

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