



about them moving with us permanently and I honestly wouldn't mind. I absolutely love having them around. I've been ready to have kids of my own. For some reason it just won't happen. A number I didn't recognize sent a picture message, with the caption *Looking for your man (Crying laughing emoji)*. The knock off, Amber Rose, looking bitch wore the biggest smile on her face. Bandz was in the background driving, looking to be on a heated call. He wasn't paying any attention to the hoe, taking selfies. We suppose to be out together right now, instead I'm in the house with his kids while he's parading around town with some random. This type of shit, is what make me snap on him. I love Bandz with every thing in me. But there comes a point when you get sick and tired of being cheated on, constantly, especially with the bucket hood hoes. Maybe I'll feel better if he cheated at least cheated with a bitch above my standards. It may be a bit challenging, since I am fine as hell. But damn he should have some type of dignity in the hoes he fuck. My short five foot even frame comes with the perfect package. Packing in all the right places, a plump ass and a perky pair of double D's to go with it. Besides those assets my natural beauty is flawless. My mama always called me her beauty for as long as I can remember.

My phone chimed notifying me of a Face time from the same number. After swiping the green phone on the screen, I watched in disbelief. The bitch had Bandz huge dick down her throat. I'm talking bout sucking it like she's a professional porn star, at the same time she smiled into the camera. How she managed to do that without him noticing it is beyond me. He moaned loudly in the background sounding like a little bitch. Out of all the times I sucked his dick, I never heard him moan like that. And I'm a beast when it come to the head game. "Bandz are you fucking serious!!" I yelled at the screen, for some reason they didn't hear a damn thing. "Got damn ma, suck this big motherfucker, just like that." He hissed, hearing the way another woman pleased my man had my body on fire. The nerve of this cocky bastard. He stood me up for the next bitch. Truth be told I can't be mad at nobody but my damn self, he only do what I allow, right? I watched as he spilled his unborn kids down her throat. She swallowed them happily, licking him clean. Sitting upward she smiled into the camera, waved and hung up. I snapped a picture of her face looking over it a thousand times, she looked vaguely familiar. I just couldn't put my finger on where I knew her from exactly. I guess I gotta step my game up and start swallowing, maybe that's why he cheat. But I just can't get with that shit, every time I attempt it I throw up. "KJ and Kyrianna go get your things so we can go." I called the kids. "Where we going Ms Keys, I thought we was bout to eat." Kyrianna said, rubbing her stomach. "I'm starving if I don't eat soon I'm gonna die." She said in the sweetest little voice.

I love her adorable self, she's extremely smart and mature for her age. At the age of four she's smarter than most of these grown hoes including her bird brain ass mama. Her voice calmed me down instantly, I smiled at her. I simply adore her like she's my own. I been in her life since the day she graced this Earth. So when she say cute things and I look into her beautiful doe eyes, I soften up. I've heard people with kids say that numerous of times, now I see exactly what they meant. "You're not gonna die baby, trust me. Some important business came up so I gotta go handle it. We'll stop and get you something to eat on our way to your Nana house." "Okay, can we have happy meals?" Her eyes lit up like it was Christmas morning. "You can have whatever you like baby girl." "I don't want a happy meal that's for kids, I'm a big boy." KJ fussed, at six years old he thinks he's a little man. "KJ you can have whatever you like on the menu, you don't have to get a happy meal." I rubbed the top of his head, looking at him is like looking at Bandz himself. On our way to Bandz mama, Kathy, house I drove like a bat out of hell. Right now I'm on a mission, that I plan to accomplish. I stopped at Mcdonald's drive thru to get the kids food and was on our way. I pray Kathy is home since I didn't think to call her before I came this way. It don't matter though cause if she's not home, I'm leaving these kids with, Mary J, Bandz grandma. Either way it go, I'm going to find Bandz and his lil hoe. I'm bound to catch him at one of his spots, I do every time. His dumb ass need to learn to switch it up sometime. Turning onto Kathy block I spotted his shiny Black Range Rover sitting a few houses down from her house. Pulling in front of his truck, I blocked him in so he couldn't pull off. I hopped out, full force forgetting about the kids being in the car. The blonde bald head bitch hopped out smiling from ear to ear. Taking a long look at her I remembered where I knew her from. She look different with her new cut but I know exactly who

she is. I been having problems with this bitch every since I let Bandz talk me into having a threesome with her. After our little rendezvous Bandz couldn't leave her alone, for some reason. He even got the slut pregnant, unfortunately, she had an early termination for free ninety nine, courtesy of me and my boots. How could I be so stupid and not know they was still messing around. She live right across the street from his mama so I'm sure he see her a lot. Every time my trust for him build up he find a way to knock it back down. "Hey Keys!!" She leaned up against the car smiling. If she knows what's best for her she'll shut the fuck up talking to me. The way I feel, I'll tear this bitch in two. "Really Bandz?" I walked to the driver side slapping him upside the head. "Keys don't come your ass over here putting your hands on me giving people a show." "Fuck you Bandz." I kicked his door with all my might, hoping to put a dent in his shit. "No need to, I did it good enough already, for the both of us." The bitch said laughing. "Shari shut the fuck up, with yo stupid ass. That's why I stopped giving you the dick before. You don't know how to shut your fucking mouth and play your part. It's always a problem when I fuck with you. Keep talking Imma have my baby fuck you up." Bandz arrogant ass snapped. I can't believe he bluntly admitted to fucking her, in front of my face. He got me completely fucked up if he think Imma beat her ass cause he say so. "Whatever Bandz fuck you and your little Shih Tzu. I got what I wanted, now y'all can take that drama from in front of my house." She walked towards her stairs. Before she made it to the first step I was on her ass like white on rice. She couldn't have thought she was getting away with that slick ass comment. I can't stand her disrespectful ass, she will learn I'm the wrong one to be fucked with. I kicked her so hard in the ass she fell face first. Taking that as my advantage I grabbed the back of her dress turning her around, I punched her in the face repeatedly. "Aight Keys that's enough ma, bring your ass on before one of these nosey ass neighbors call the police. Out here fighting with my kids in the car crying and shit." Everything he said went in one ear and out the other. If he learned how to keep his dick in his pants we wouldn't be having this problem. It pissed me off more the weak ass bitch didn't try to fight me back. I tried to bust her face open with my bare hands. Next time she'll think twice about fucking with the next bitch man. Then again probably not, cause she didn't seem to learn from the first ass whooping I put on her ass. "Ahh somebody get this crazy bitch off of me." She yelled blocking her face. "Keys get off that girl." Kathy grabbed my shirt "You know these uppity ass people hear any type of an altercation they calling the law." She better thank God Mama Kathy calmed me down. I hopped in my car and pulled off, Kathy is right, I know somebody called the law. Well when they get there, I won't be anywhere in sight. get there. Bandz blew my phone up continuously but I don't have a damn thing to say to his ass. Fuck him and the horse he rode in on. I'm going to get me a bottle and a room for the night, I need to clear my mind before I hurt somebody, seriously. Can't believe I let that bitch take me out of character in front of the babies. Them crying played in the back of my mind. **Â Â Chapter 2 Bandz** "Explain to me again what the fuck happened, and how these niggas was able to get away with my shit?" I yelled at the two new niggas we recently added to our street team. I don't usually add new niggas to my squad but against my better judgment, I allowed it. Solo, my right hand, put in a referral for the lil niggas. He claimed them to be some true hustlers. So I took his word for it, but now I might regret it. I don't know what happened. I just hope I don't have to lay these lil niggas down. "We was on our way to make a drop. When we got to the light on Sixty-Seventh, by the viaduct, a unmarked squad car pulled behind us sirens on. We pulled over, that's when three niggas with ski masks walked to the car, guns out, yelling for us to get out of the car. One of them shot lil Moe in the foot before they pulled off with the car. We had to walk back to the trap from there. I hit Lo up, right after it happened and told him what went down." I looked him deep in the eyes looking for a sign of disloyalty. A person's eyes tell everything and nothing in his eyes told me he was lying. I don't know what's going on in these streets but I'mma get to the bottom of this shit. Since my God daddy's, Big Jug, empire was passed down to me, I haven't had a problem, until now. But like they say, more money brings more problems and I'm making a shitload of that now. Especially since I invested into these businesses. It's always some hating ass nigga sitting in the shadows watching your every move, waiting to bring you down, if they feel like you're doing better than them. I hope they know shit just got real and it's bout to be a war in these parts of town fucking with my money. I'm ready and

I'm not going out without a fight. "Did y'all catch on to any of their voices?" "Hell naw but one of them had some weird green-colored eyes." "Aight, good catch lil nigga. Usually a person wouldn't make it out of here with their life after something like this happen. Lucky for y'all my nigga Solo vouched for y'all. Plus, I don't see an ounce of fear or disloyalty in either of y'all eyes. So consider yourselves lucky. Be sure to keep your eyes and ears open. That go for every single one of y'all niggas in this room. They got away easily with the shit this time and I guarantee they'll try to pull it again. Only next time everybody will be ready, locked and loaded." I gave everybody a look of certainty. "From now on, only me and Solo will be doing pick-ups and drop-offs until we get to the bottom of this shit." My phone rung for the tenth time and I declined Keys' call again. We were supposed to be doing lunch today but this shit threw a wrench in our plans. I know as soon as I answer the phone, she's going to go off non-stop and not listen to a word I have to say. Right now, I can't deal with that, not when I'm dealing with this shit. "Like I was saying, we will be handling both until further notice. If y'all ain't got no questions, y'all free to go." I lit the blunt I took from behind my ear, taking a long hard hit. I need this plant to take its effect ASAP. "You good my nigga?" Solo sat across from me. "Yeah bro, I'm good. This shit just got me a little confused. We ain't never had these kinds of problems before. Then out of the blue some niggas try us. What you think that's about?" "On some real shit B, I can't even say, I just know we gotta stay on top of our shit. 'Cause we can't take another loss. Like you said, as long as we keep our eyes and ears open to the streets, something go pop up. This the Chi, the streets always talking." "You already know my nigga; you ready for this hard labor though? It's been a minute since we got our hands dirty." "You ain't never lied bro, but you know how we get down, we live and breathe this shit. We always ready for whatever. It's still money to be made so we gotta do what we gotta do." "That's all it is to it Lo. We can't even trip on that loss. It's over and done with now." "Exactly my nigga, regardless of what, we got this shit. I'm bout to get up outta here though. I gotta head to the crib and shower. I'm going to fuck with Brielle freaky ass for the night. Hit me later my nigga." "Aight Lo, tell my nigga Bri I said what up. I'm 'bout to head in the crib myself after I drop this package off to granny, be safe my dude." We walked out the trap together going in separate directions. After walking into mom dukes' crib, I made a sandwich before going down to the basement. I hadn't eaten since this morning and my stomach feel like it's in my back. After putting the mayo in the fridge, I headed down to holla at Mary J. I got the shock of my life when I made it to the bottom of the stairs, she stood in the corner with a shot gun pointed at my head. I raised my arms, laughing, sure not to make the wrong move. "Granny it's just me, don't shoot." "Nigga you better let yourself be known when you walk in this house. I shoot first and ask questions later. Upstairs making all that damn noise." She walked back to her chair in front of the sixty-inch I bought her for Christmas. "My bad granny." I doubled over laughing at this lady, she made my stomach hurt with her shenanigans. "What you doing with that big ass gun granny? You go fuck around and shoot yourself." "Don't worry about me and my gun, I know how to handle mine. You keep cursing and I'mma show you what I can do with it. I'mma shoot your ass right in your big toe." She pointed the gun towards my foot. "Where ma at?" "She ain't in my back pocket," she said sarcastically flaming up her joint. I swear my granny got the perfect name to fit her, Mary Jane. Every time I see this lady she got a joint in her mouth. She's the only sixty-five-year-old I know who smokes, more weed than you and I combined. At least the weed been good to her over the years, she don't look a day over fifty. "Aight granny, since you gotta be rude about it. I'mma holla at you. I'll call mama and see where she at myself." "You do that and stop being so damn sensitive all the time," she laughed. "Give me my shit while you trying to run up outta here." "Awe damn, I forgot all about that." I shook my head and put her package on top of her dresser. I walked up the stairs making sure to lock all the doors behind me. Backing out the driveway I spotted Shari thick ass walking down her stairs. It's been some months since I last fucked with her. The skin tight dress she wore had her ass sitting nice. My dick jumped looking at her, thinking about the mouth she got attached to her face. Her pussy isn't all that but her head game makes up for it. I had to stop giving her the dick a while back 'cause she's a messy hoe. I hate side bitches that don't know how to play their part and she's the spokeswomen for them. "What's up Shari?" I pulled in front of her house letting my window down. "If it ain't Mr. Bandz himself," she smiled back. The bald look was working for

her, I actually liked it. She favored Amber Rose a lot but Wiz Khalifa's bitch was still shitting on her. "It's me in the flesh, baby. Where yo' sexy ass on your way to?" "Out, to have a couple drinks." "Well come ride with me. I need a drink or two myself." I know I'm suppose to be on my way to the crib for the night, but fuck it. A little head ain't gone to hurt nothing. The way I'm feeling, I can definitely use it to clear my mind. "Now why would I do that? You ain't fucked with me in months, nigga." She cocked her head to the side with her hands on her hips. "Here you go bringing up old shit, just get in the car and show me how much you missed a nigga." Her smile told me she missed me and was dying for my dick to be in her mouth. She locked her car doors before getting into my passenger seat. "You looking real good ma, I know you missed me." I flashed my million-dollar smile at her. Bitches loved when I smiled, my deep set of dimples and perfect white teeth did something to them every time. So many people tell me I favor the nigga Morris Chestnut but I honestly don't see it. I know for a fact I got that nigga beat. We might possess the same dark skin complexion, but that's about it. "You know I always miss yo' sexy ass, no matter how long I don't talk to you. You got a new number on me and shit. I see Ms. Keys finally got a lock on that ass." "What she got to do with anything we talking about right now?" I gave her the side eye. Here we go with the bullshit already. "You right. I'm sitting next to you right now so I might as well make the best of it." "That's what I'm talking about, with that pretty ass mouth of yours." I traced around her lip line with my finger. Her lips made my dick spring to attention. Ava called my phone back to back, without giving me a chance to even get it out my damn pants' pocket. I swear you'd think her and Keys is in a *Who Can Call Bandz the Most* race. She's lucky she got my kids or I would've been cut her ignorant ass off. "Ava what the hell you keep calling me for, damn. It better have something to do with my kids or I swear I'mma knock yo' ass out when I see you." "Nigga you ain't go do shit. I'm glad it ain't shit wrong with yo' kids, 'cause if it was you wouldn't know since you never answer your damn phone." "Whatever man. I ain't bout to go back and forth with you. What's up?" "Where the hell you at? I'm in front of your house with your kids. I got some business to handle so I need you to get them for a day or two." "I'm busy right now but Keys should be in there. Ring the bell or call her phone." I hung up the phone before she could respond. I don't have time for Ava's shit, especially when I have something else to tend to. She talking about she got business to handle, keep the kids for a day or two. I don't know who she think she's fooling, she's only going to be a hoe. She stay dropping my kids off on whomever will take them. I never have a problem with getting my kids. I rather have them come live with me anyway. But the way Ava's thirsty ass is set up, she knows if they move in with me, her money supply from me will be cut off. Not only that, she'll have to pay her own bills. She isn't trying to let that happen. Shari didn't waste any time before she had my dick deep in her mouth sucking the life out of me. The way she swallowed me whole, you would think she was looking for a treasure at the end of the tunnel. "Goddamn Ma, suck this big motherfucker just like that," I moaned trying to keep my focus on the road. It was so intense I had to pull over on a side street before I caused an accident. She had me moaning like a little bitch when my dick touched the back of her tonsils. Till this day, I still hadn't come across anybody that can deep throat my big dick like Shari. Hoes always choking and gagging from this big motherfucker. Keys can handle this motherfucker too, but even she's no comparison to this head hunter sucking me up right now. My toes curled so tight, I thought I went cripple for a minute. I let off my heavy load down her throat and like a good girl she swallowed it all. Before I could contest she climbed on top of me hiking her dress up. She wasn't wearing any underwear so it was easy access. She tried easing her way down before I could put the rubber on. "Hold on ma, slow down let me strap it up." "What you trying to say Bandz? It ain't like you never raw dog before." "Right and you see where that got you. We ain't going down that road again. No glove no love baby." I laughed at the ridiculous look plastered on her face. These hoes be thirsty for the raw dick. Easing her fat ass down she threw her head back in pleasure. I'm not sure what she was feeling 'cause I swear I didn't feel nothing but air. Shari too damn sexy for her pussy to worn out like it is. I should have just let her suck my dick and left it at that. Her loose pussy ass just pissed me off that fast. I let her do her thing and attempt to get her rocks off before my man's went limp. "Oh Bandz you big dick fucker." She hissed and moaned, "I missed this dick baby." She tried kissing me but I moved my face to the side. At that moment my dick went down and I practically

threw her into the passenger side. Circling the block, I headed towards her crib to drop her back off. Her weak ass pussy made me want to go home and fuck the shit out of my bitch, something I know is always on point. "I thought we was going to have drinks baby, what happen?" "Change of plans ma." "Whatever Bandz, you ain't changed not one bit. You got what you wanted and that's it huh?" She whined, folding her arms. "And I didn't even get mine off," she huffed and puffed. "Blame yo' self for that ma, I'mma hit you up later. I gotta go handle some shit." I pulled in front of her crib." Keys truck pulled up in front of me and I knew then it was about to be some bullshit. She hopped out full force headed to my window. Shari got out the car leaning up against it waiting for shit to pop off. I don't know why when she knows she's no competition when it comes to Keys. "Hey Keys!!" she said smiling. "Really Bandz," Keys slapped me upside my head before I could respond. "Keys don't come your ass out here putting your hands on me giving people a show." "Fuck you Bandz." She kicked my car door hard as hell. "No need to, I did it good enough already, for the both of us." The bad pussy bandit had to say something else. "Shari shut the fuck up, with yo' stupid ass, that's why I stopped giving you the dick before. You don't know how to shut your fucking mouth. It's always a problem when I fuck with you. Keep talking I'mma have my baby fuck you up," I snapped. I'm so tired of her shit, it doesn't make any damn sense. Now I have to get back in good graces with Keys over fucking with an old news bitch, with bad pussy at that. I know my baby about to snap on my silly ass, especially since the last time we had problems with her she was pregnant by me. "Whatever Bandz. Fuck you and yo' little Shih Tzu. I got what I needed, now y'all can take y'all drama from in front of my house." She walked towards her stairs. Keys attacked her ass before she made it to her stairs. I let her whoop her ass until I heard my kids crying in her back seat. Then I had to break it up. I couldn't have my shorty out here acting all wild in front of my babies. "Daddy, daddy," my baby girl screamed from the window. "Get Ms. Keys before she get hurt," she cried. At that moment I felt bad. Kyrianna love Keys like her own mother so I knew it hurt her seeing her fight. "Aight Keys, that's enough ma. Bring your ass on before one of these nosey ass neighbors call the police. You got my kids out here crying and shit while you fighting." Keys didn't pay my ass any attention. Luckily my mama was pulling up in the midst of the craziness. Neighbors stood outside watching in amazement. A few of them recording on their phones. I know one of them called the police so we gotta get the fuck out of dodge before they get there. "Keys get off that girl." Mom Dukes grabbed Keys off of her. "You know these uppity ass people hear any type of an altercation they calling the law." Keys backed off leaving her laying on the stairs bloody. She walked to her car without saying a word to nobody, got in, and sped off. My mama, the kids, and I walked down to her crib. My mama talked shit the whole way there. "Kyrie what the fuck is going on? Why was Keys over there fighting that girl?" she snapped. "Ma I don't know what happened, it happened so fast." "What the fuck ever Kyrie, you must think I'm a fucking fool. You know what the hell happened. You still messing with that messy ass girl, that's what it is. I keep telling you to leave all these fast-tail girls alone. You got you a good girl in Keyana. Keep playing you go lose her. When she's gone, don't come over here crying to me either. Now get her on the phone so I can try to talk her out of doing something crazy. By now I know she's beyond pissed." "I keep calling her, she won't answer the phone for me. She ain't going nowhere ma, if she was she would've been gone a long time ago. But I'mma get it right, I'm getting too old for this type of shit." I called her phone once again only to be sent to voice mail. "Damn man I hate when she do that shit." "What, the same thing you do to her?" My mama shook her head but she was telling the truth. Keys can call me fifty times, I won't answer. But if she doesn't answer for me one time, I'm pissed off. "Aight Ma. I'm bout to get out of here so I can put the kids to sleep." "Too late for that. Leave them alone and come get them in the morning. They miss they Nana I'm sure." I turned around and both of my babies were knocked out on the couch. Kissing them both on the head, I left out the door on the search for Keys. "Be safe baby," my moms yelled out the door. I tell you, my moms and pops cursed me when they blessed me with this dope dick. I bet if I was a lil dick nigga I wouldn't have to deal with this kind of shit. These hoes get good dick in their lives and don't know how to act. Keys' crazy ass doing the most for no reason when she know she's not going anywhere, and neither am I. Sure I do my dirt in the streets but I know where home is. I'm not doing anything more than what men was put on this Earth to do, fuck and get money. That's it,

that's all. If I'm wrong for that shit, I don't know what to say. Keys and I have been in this shit for five years strong, but we're more friends before anything. Truth be told, she's my supposed to be god sister but there's no blood ties. Our parents ran the streets together back in the day. I love the shit out of Keys. How can I not? She's been by a nigga's side through a lot of shit. That's my true ride or die. No matter what, she's riding no questions asked. I plan on taking it to the next level and giving her my last name one day, just not today. I'm only twenty-seven. I got my whole life ahead of me. Everybody call it cheating. The way I look at it, I'm considered single in the real world. I don't know about y'all but when I file my taxes, my status is single. Don't act surprised, hood niggas file taxes too. So until I tie the knot officially, I'm free to do whom and whatever the hell I please.

Â Â Â Â Â **Chapter 3 Keyana** I finally turned my phone off of *Do Not Disturb* mode and the notifications came pouring in instantly. I had numerous texts and voicemails from Bandz confessing his love for me. It's been over a week since the fight and I have yet to talk to him, or anyone else for that matter. There's no way in hell I could have went home that night. I'm sure I would have killed Bandz' stupid ass. After all we've been through with that stupid bitch Shari, he goes right back to fucking the bitch behind my back. He doesn't seem to use his brain when it comes to fucking these hoes 'cause he's too busy using his other head. I keep telling myself how tired I am of dealing with his shit. But it really doesn't matter because I still take him back every single time. You would think after all these years he would show me some type of respect. In the past five years, I've dealt with nothing but constant cheating, lying, and countless of other things. Shit I even sat in the trap many nights cooking shit up, breaking it down, and counting boatloads of money by hand. Not to mention I stayed with his peanut head ass after he got his ignorant ass baby mama pregnant a second time. Let's not forget about the other baby he had on me with the bitch Jacey. But what thanks do I get for holding him down? You guessed it, nothing. Of course I knew Bandz wasn't shit when I first started dealing with him. Truth is, it wasn't in my plans to fall in love with him. He swept me off my feet and obviously my game too. With a body like a god, a million-dollar smile with a deep pair of dimples to go with it, and his luscious lips, I couldn't help myself. Every other bitch in the hood and I wanted a piece of the Notorious Bandz. Although I'm pissed at him, he still makes me wet between my legs. Growing up I looked at Bandz like a big brother, I mean he was my daddy's godson. We grew up in the same neighborhood. He got me by two years so he's not that much older than me. He used to hang with my big brother, Keyjuan-or Jug as everybody called him. As we grew older, I grew a crush on him. I would have never thought we would be on the level we're on now. We was raised on Sixty-Second and Cottage Grove on Chicago's Southside. Growing up on the strip, or Hollygrove as we called it, was always fun for the most part. Like any other hood, there was plenty of violence day-to-day. Nonetheless, we stuck together and were like one big happy family. Life was good for me and my family until the police changed it all. My daddy, Big Jug, was one of the biggest drug dealers the Southside had ever seen. Him and my mama, Star, were high school sweethearts and conceived my brother when they were just fifteen. A year later I came along. Despite what people say about young people having kids, they were damn good parents. We never went without and got anything we desired. My dad adored everything about my mother and vice versa. They were the hood's Bonnie and Clyde. Wherever you saw him, bet to believe my mama wasn't far behind. One day my brother got into a fight with some dudes from another block. Let's just say when you fight somebody in our hood, it's never a one-on-one. Somebody called the police and they swarmed our block like it was a murder scene. One of the police officers ruffed my brother up and he didn't like that so he got tough with the police and they jumped on him. My daddy, being the protector that he's always been, wasn't having that shit. Before we knew it, he was in a battle with the police himself. One of the officers claimed my brother pulled a gun on him, but we all knew better. He shot my brother five times with no remorse like he was some type of stray dog. We watched the entire thing transpire from beginning to end. To make matters worse, it was a black officer who did it. My daddy couldn't take that. He pulled his gun out and shot the police officer instantly. The officer survived but his partners riddled my daddy with over a dozen bullets. That night changed my life forever. Not only does the image haunt me day-to-day, but it also changed my mother to somebody I still don't know till this day. My mother's parents died when she was very young so she

had no backbone besides our father and us. She always showed herself to be a strong Black woman, but that incident broke her down to the core. She went into a deep depression and tried to take her own life on numerous occasions. I love my mama with all the breath in my body and it pains me to see her continue walking around in a sulk over something that happened seven plus years ago. At the time I was only seventeen and completely lost. Our savings had disappeared rather quickly, so we were broke before we knew it. Since mama couldn't do shit for us but hit the bottle, there was no other choice for me but to get in the streets and do the best I could. My daddy was a hustler and we got the same blood flowing through our veins. So you know I'm a hustler by heart and by all means I got shit done.

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Keyana aka Keys had it all until Chicago Police changed her life forever. Turning her life into a nightmare, she thought she would never wake up from. After securing a minimum wage job to make ends meet, she realized the money wasn't enough to cover her daily expenses. She dove into the world of hustling, head first to care for her and her incompetent mother.

Kyrie &#x22;Bandz&#x22; Hilton is Chicago's current street King. Taking Keys under his wing, he teaches her everything she needs to know about surviving in the thirsty and grimy Chicago streets. The undeniable chemistry, between the two, soon turn into more than business partners. They become the new Power Couple of the city. It amazes Bandz everyday how Keys broke the code to his heart. Although he love her with all of him, he has the hardest time committing to only her.

Fed up with his selfish ways, Keys decides to nest out into a different love world of her own. She finally realizes she can't keep giving Bandz all of her love if he's not willing to accept it. Will their love be enough to get them through their rough times? Or will the lies and deep secrets be enough, for Keys to leave him forever?

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Long Love Words For Her - And I Love Her (I give her all my love that's all I do, and if you saw. LOVE TITLE SONGS: BOOK â€“ BOYS Book Of Love â€“ 1958 â€“ Mudlarks. Minus All These Things for a Perfect Holiday (& The Most - All you can really do is accept it for all its mystery when it comes into your life. by brene brown, author of the book The Gifts of Imperfection could be helpful on Just always remember that when you learn how how to love... don't give your Getting The Love You Want: A Guide for Couples: Amazon.co - â€œThank you for coming into my life and giving me joy, thank you for loving me and to me, and I want to thank you for all the love and care that you give every day, even if. Thank you for bringing me piles of books to read, even when I'm tired. 75 Best Love Quotes of All-Time - Bright Drops - We imagine that they will fulfill our desires, give us all the things we didn't. book about the 5 Stages of Love that you can download instantly. 18 Feel-Good Books That Will Make You Believe In Love - The Song of Songs is a beautiful poem that portrays the mutual love of the Lord and The Greek Septuagint Old Testament also includes the Books of Wisdom and Sirach. The Song of Songs - x©Ö´x•x™x”

שׁוֹמֵר אֶת אֱלֹהֵינוּ, or "Shir HaShirim," is a Hebrew way of saying the most excellent of all songs... There I will give you my love. Other Words For My Love - MyGriefAssist I'll Give All My Love to You (song) - Wikipedia - Share an experience with the gift of you in a personalized coupon book. He threw hot coffee in my face, giving me third-degree burns, she writes.. I love thee with the breath, Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose, I shall but love Mansi My Love Novel - aufenthalterverband.de - Need some read-alikes now that you've watched the Jenny Han 10 Books to Read After Watching TO ALL THE BOYS I'VE LOVED Trixie will do anything to get her name ranked over Ben's, including give up sleep and comic books well, If you love the idea of strategic alliances with your crushes that You May Want to Marry My Husband - The New York Times - "Trust people," he would tell me, "until they give you a reason not to. The Best of Me "Love, after all, always said more about those who felt it The Most Highlighted Quotes in Every Nicholas Sparks Book (You'll Feel All the Never give all the Heart by William Butler Yeats - Love is the bridge between you and everything. Love is the cure, for your pain will keep giving birth to more pain until your eyes constantly exhale love as Catalog of Copyright Entries: Third series - 13 hours ago Diss Tech Buddhists All You Want but Read This Book First... I give you all the love I want in return sweet darlin' But half a love is all I feel It's

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