

# Ties To The Streets

Pages: 96

Publisher: Books With A Message Publishing (May 5, 2016)

Format: pdf, epub

Language: English

---

**[ DOWNLOAD FULL EBOOK PDF ]**

---

## DEDICATIONS

I dedicate this book first to my beautiful mother, Deloris Beasley. I'm truly grateful for your belief in me and never abandoning me. If every child had a mother like you this would be a loving world. I further dedicate this book to my sister, Artavia Knight, and my children Shemari Beasley, Davonica Beasley, and Omar Beasley Jr. I love you all, the whole Beasley family!

Last but not least, a special shout out the best Attorney, Caroline Durham. Thank you so much for your assistance. And your dedication to not only myself, but the many others you all help along the way. It's truly a blessing to have met all of you!

I speak on behalf of myself and my family when I say thank you for being there during one of the toughest times of my life, I appreciate you. Thank you.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

First of all, I would like to thank God for allowing me to reveal a talent in me I never knew existed. It's too bad I had to come to prison to find this out!

A special thanks to all the readers and supporters of my work. I want to first thank JC at Midwest Bonding, who knew I always had it in me! "Talent" Thank you for believing in me and supporting my projects.

It's truly a blessing to be able to do something that you enjoy doing; while at the same time knowing it brings pleasurable entertainment into the hearts of others.

To all of my aspiring authors, don't let anyone stop your dream. Always have that motivation; drive you had when you were on them blocks. Believe this it's real companies who lost vision on my projects and thanks to them I kept on pushin and came up with BWMP 'Books With a Message Publishing'. And shouts out to the convicts behind bars...We DO have a voice.

Shouts out to my nigga Twenty and King-Knight, and Thirst Ball G. Also Zack, Roy, Young Buck, Young Jeezy, and Young niggas on a come up!

A special shout out to Derrick Johnson, I see you BOY! BWMP Lets get it! Katina its mad love to you and Andy for stepping on board.

Fighting this frame has made me strong and I refuse to be still. I had to do something to get my mind right! Cut the check BWMP!

## **CHAPTER 1**

Delores grew up in Memphis, Tn. She was a southern girl who believed in working hard and maintaining an honest living. It was a sunny afternoon in May, the day a man pulled up alongside her as she was walking down the street. He was driving a cocaine white 2014 Aston Martin, with all white leather seats. Stitched into the headrest of his seats in black, cursive lettering was his name...'*Big Slim*'.

He rolled down the window, and asked Delores, "Whats cookin' good lookin'?"

She replied, "Nothin. Just on my way home from work."

Slim asked, "You wanna go get somethin' to eat, baby?"

"Sure!" she replied, as she hopped into his car and they drove off towards the Waffle House.

Now, before you get all upset and worked up about Delores jumping into a strange man's car, who could very well be the crazed offspring of Ted Bundy. It should be known that Slim and Delores have known each other since grade school and grew up together. At one point, their friendship turned into love and Delores became the mother of his child. Slim was very proud of his son, always calling him "Little T". Slim would take that boy everywhere he went.

Later on, back at their home, Delores argued with Big Slim. They argued a lot, because Slim was a big time dope dealer. Delores was growing tired of it, and wanted him to change his ways.

"You can't be keep bringin' that dope shit around our son!" yelled Delores.

Slim had grown tired of her nagging and trying to control what he does, so he yells back, "This is how I put food on the table for our family!"

Delores fired back, "Had I known at first when we got together so long ago that you were involved in criminal activity, I woulda never even looked twice at your sorry ass!"

"You know what, bitch," Slim retorted. "I grew up poor! My mom and dad never provided me with nothin'. I had to go get it from the mud and grind to come up cuz' no one gave me shit! And that is why to this day, if my son don't grow up to be a smart man and make something of himself, he'll always be plugged to a Mexican cartel!"

Slim had been getting his dope[1]e from Mexico for years.

Delores threw her hands up in frustration and said, "See fool! That's how dumb you is! That's why your ass is gonna end up back in Club Fed!"

"Bitch, I don't need you burning bread on me!"

"Well, I don't want our son growin' up without a father!"

The thought softened Slim's tone and agreed, "That, baby doll, I understand."

Slim had to get ready to go out of town. He asked Delores, "Have you seen my passport?"

She replied, "Yeah, baby, it's in the front drawer."

Slim grabbed his wallet out and handed her some cash, and in his best Terminator impression, he turned to her and said "I'll be back." As he headed out the door he called up his lieutenant, Snake, and told him to get ready to go to Mexico.

When Snake and Slim arrived at the airport, they did as always and bought their tickets to Mexico on the spot and paid all cash. This made Snake nervous, because of the seriousness of what they could face if they were to get caught. Normally, Snake was considered a beast in the streets. But when it came to flying down to **Apatizingan Michocan, Mexico** and playing by '**Caballelos Templamos**' cartel rules; he was more of a paranoid scardy cat. But who wouldn't be when you're doing business in a city that is also known as "The city of death" because bodies lying around was not out of the ordinary?

Snake turned to Slim and said, "Bro, we cannot keep paying for these tickets with cash money. We be drawin' too much attention to ourselves."

Slim shook his head and replied, "Man, shut your scary ass up!"

"You aint ever gonna listen, man," Snake countered. 'One day, you gonna wish you listen to me, Slim. But don't wait until we sitten in the joint somewhere havin to listen to them cracker jacks tellin us what the fuck to do. Then you'll be sitten there cryin' talkin like 'Man! I wish I woulda listened to my buddy Snake, and then my musty ass wouldn't be here!'"

"Man, you need to shut the fuck up! You worse than my baby mama with all that cryin' shit. I shoulda left your punk ass back in Memphis!"

Disappointed, Snake rebuffed, "You know what your problem is? You don't wanna listen to no one with good advice."

"Enough with that bullshit! Grab that luggage and let's roll," Slim ordered.

"Don't be talkin to me like I'm your duboy. Every time we be goin to see them wetbacks, you be actin like your El mother fuckin Chapo himself."

Slim rolled his eyes and asked "Bro, what time our plane pullin up?"

"Nine-fifteen," Snake answered. "Say, should we be hittin up the bar for a few tequila shots?"

"God damn, you gotta be drunk as a skunk every time we be handling our business?" Slim asked. "And you got jokes too? Who you think you is? Bernie Mac?"

"Bernie Mac?! And hell yeah I need some shots!" Snake responded. "I need some liquid courage dealing with your stupid ass! By the way, what we totin' in them bags today?"

Slim replied, "Two-million dollars in cash."

"Man! You is a dumb ass! We about to carry this shit through customs?! And you wonder why I gotta be drunk every time. I swear on everything this is the last trip I take with you to visit these wetbacks. Make El Chapo and his mules come get this shit next time you need help."

Slim wasn't fazed by Snake being so reluctant to assist him. He was confident that he could outsmart anyone including any police if it ever came down to that. And if Snake didn't want to do the job, Slim knew he would have no problem finding someone else to do it. There was a line of cats just waiting to make the kinda cash Slim was paying Snake.

Reminding Snake of this, Slim says, "You know what, Snake? You can be like Eddie Murphy in 'Coming to America' and go to workin at McDonalds, cuz I pay your ass thirty to forty g's a trip just to watch my back. So you shouldnt have too much to say about nothin'."

"Hey Slim, we 'bout to walk through customs, so you better hope that luggage don't set off some alarms through x-ray. These airports aren't the same since them ragheads flew them planes into those towers. You know that beefed up security all over the world. Bro, I might be comin off harsh on you, but I really need you to make sure your next move is your best move." Snake was obviously worried about what Slim had planned.

"Bro," Slim responded, "I don't take it like that....For real man.....that's why I fuck with you. You always see shit coming. You joke around, but you can always call good money."

They had made it through customs, going up to gate 15 to Cancun, and got ready to board the plane. As they approached, Snake spotted two white men at the beginning of the line staring them down suspiciously. Trying not to tip them off, Snake whispered to Slim, "By the gate, them two guys look like alphabet boys."

Slim grimaced, "Man...don't be actin so paranoid!"

As soon as Slim finished saying that, the two men approached them and the one on the left began speaking first, "Hello gentlemen! Where are you two headed today?"

Snake quickly snapped back, "Well, sirs, as you can see by what the gate says we sure as hell aint goin to Siberia."

The same man replied, "Well with that smart remark, we might just have to go ahead and detain

you gentlemen.”

Slim interrupted, “Were just goin to Cancun to catch us a good time.”

Finally, the other man spoke, “Well, you gentlemen be careful down there. Do not go meet with any cartels, because we will find out and have to prevent you from re-entering the United States. We’re with the DEA. Have a good time in Cancun.” He smirked at Slim and Snake, and they walked away.

Slim glanced over at Snake with an irritated look, pissed that he would talk back to them agents knowing what they had going on. But the two men were relieved, knowing that they just dodged a bullet, and boarded their plane to paradise.

They made it to Apatizigan Michoacan safely. Although the town’s population is over 100,000 people, most of the streets and buildings are rundown and dusty. The smell of blood in the air in this cold city. Slim and Snake were going to see the Perez brothers at Casa de Perez. They lived in a big house with red Spanish tiles covering the Stucco structure, six bedrooms, 2 ½ showers, and a Jacuzzi. There was a factory that sat behind the house, which is where they produced the heroin. Then behind that, sat another factory where they produced the cocaine. Within the walls of the estate, sat a farm where they grew beans, corn, and the marijuana.

A wrought iron gate and a guardhouse greeted Big Slim and Snake when they arrived. There were a few Mexican soldiers armed with AR-15 assault rifles that approached their vehicle as they pulled into the driveway. Without speaking, the soldiers escorted the two men into the house. As they walked in they were greeted by Jose Perez. He was a short man with a scar above his right eye. He says to Slim in Spanish “Nunez es huca. Confie en hinguino.” Translation: **Never trust no one.**

He continued, “Ninguno estuvo en este jueto en 56 anos,” **I have been in this game for 56 years.** “Mi amigo jo puedo mandaellh trailer a ta estado lleno de mota dos tomeladas de coca pol.” **My friend, I will send an 18-wheel trailer to your state filled with marijuana and two tons of coke.** Continuing in Spanish, Jose then asks “Can you handle this, amigo?”

Slim and Snake both understood and spoke Spanish as well.

Slim replies in Spanish, “All I have in this world is my balls and my word. I don’t break that for no one. And just to let you know amigo, I came here with two million dollars in cash.”

Pleased to hear this Jose replies, “No problemo. Your grandfather was a great friend of mine. Mi casa es su casa.” **My home is your home.**

Speaking in Spanish, Snake chimes in, “Because of the tougher custom laws back in the States, is there a place on our side of the fence where we can make payment arrangements?”

“Buen luga pala dejan dinero,” Jose answers. **A good place to drop off the money,** “is Phoenix, Arizona.” Jose then hops on the phone to charter a private jet back to Memphis for Slim and Snake, so they didn’t have to deal with customs again.

## **CHAPTER 2**

Big Slim and Snake make it back to Memphis safely. On their way back to Slim's from the airport they began to discuss the previous day's events and what could have happened had they not taken that private jet home.

"You know Snake," Slim said as he was driving, "I love you bro. The shit we be doin' seems unreal. So I might come off to you as scary, but the shit we be doin' could land us in the penitentiary for the rest of our lives."

Snake replied, "You know, bro, this shit is not a drill. It's for real, and any given day, the DEA could fall out the fuckin' sky. I ain't ever been to no fed joint, and I know you don't ever wanna go back. You just had your son and everything. That should mean something to ya. So basically, what I'm tellin you is to work smart not hard."

"Lemme tell ya my message, Snake. Sex, money, or murder is the game we play. Jail or death is what they say. Chances make champions. Which side you gon' take?"

Snake thinks for a second, then replies "That's some serious shit yer talkin'. But man, you's a stupid motherfucker goin through customs like that! I do take chances, Slim, but they are calculated. What we did through customs is damn near crazy and coulda popped us off!"

"Well hopefully we don't have to see the penitentiary, but if we do, I'm gonna take mine like a man," says Slim.

Sensing that Slim was implying that he was a snitch, Snake replies, "So what the fuck is you sayin', bro? Trying to call me Donnie Brosko or something?"

"No bro, I'm not calling you no snitch. I'm just trying to tell you if something were to happen, I'd be takin it like a man," explains Slim.

"You ain't got no other fuckin' choice," Snake retorts, "cuz El Chapo of the Perez brothers be comin' up here and choppin' your tongue off!" And they both started cracking up.

"Boy Snake," Slim says after catching his breath from laughing so hard. "I love hangin' out with you. You funny as hell, bro!"

Changing the conversation to a more serious subject, Snake asks Slim, "What was it like in the joint, bro?"

"When I was first housed in the joint, I was in Beckley, Virginia. That was a medium-high security federal prison. You'd have motherfucka's stealing bell peppers and onions from the kitchen. Gambling to make a living and survive." Slim reminisced, "Me on the other hand, I grabbed a degree in paralegal. And that's how I came off a thirty-year sentence."

Surprised that his friend had a degree, Snake replies, "Damn, you a smart motherfucker, bro. But it seems to me that the smarter ya get, your stupid ass gets dumber too. You right back out here floodin' the streets with this dope, and movin fast as a motherfucker. You gone from zero to one hundred real quick. You've only been out six months, and you've accumulated more than one of them tight ends from the Tennessee Titans."

Slim said, "Bro, ain't no sense of me lying to myself about change. I knew what I was gonna do from day one when they let me out of R.D.," the release department in federal prison. "Guess who was up there with me? Funny ass SJ. He just came home back to Detroit. And my other partner, JB, just got out, and he up in Minnesota. He just got out of Sandstone. These are the dudes that I'm gonna give these bricks to."

Snake frowned, "Them nigga's just as stupid as you! They ain't been out for thirty days, and they already up to their ass in El Chapo shit, not wanting to give themselves a chance. Lemme ask ya somethin', Slim. How your motherfuckin' P.O. feel about this? You drivin around in a brand new 2014 Bentley truck, and you got all this shit sittin' on Forges rims. Big dummy, you know what you sayin' when you do stupid shit like this? You got a big neon sign flashin' over ya head. You on some high power shit like the B.M.F.!

"This fool, Big Meech, had big billboard signs sitting right off the highways in Atlanta sayin' 'The world is ours!' He had a network worth 227 million dollars. Are you trying to go that route? Cuz' if you is, please leave Snake outta that shit."

"Bro," Slim replied, "the route already been started. You know how many bricks we gonna get? You be always doin' stupid shit, too! I signed ya up for a lifetime bid! Let's get to it! I'm gonna front you 200 kilos."

Snake says, "Aww hell no! Boss, ya better rethink that crap! You gonna have El Chapo after MY ass! Put that shit on one of your other duboys."

"Bro, bro, all bullshit aside, I'm gonna front Corey some work and let him hold down south Memphis. Then, I'm gonna hit up my homie Bubba-Lee, and front him some bricks so he can light up north Memphis. Then, I'm gonna send some shit up to my boy JB in Minnesota. I'm actually thinkin' about movin' there. It's a real nice state, and they gots that big ass mall up there called "Mall of America." My only competition there would be the Hoodrich Boys. Now, there's this nigga that I use to guck with named Big O. He fell out of Minnesota and caught a fed case. Big O was gettin money mothfucka, man! Probably gonna go up there and get it in with my niggas JB and O." Slim continued, "Matter of fact, I talked to O last week and he got some soldiers up there from Block-Money and he told me this is how he gonna run the organization; He said he gonna front B 300 birds. Then he gonna use Thirst-Ball for security when Big O and I move through the town, cuz Thirst-Ball is a killer from the Gardens Projects in Chicago. And B will feed Reese money. O is also so wrapped up in his rap career, he gots a few artists. One of them is named King Knight. O done dropped about 2 million dollars on Knight. But knight just wanna dib and dab in the game when O be tryin to tell him to keep followin his career. Knight still a shooter, though. Sounds to me like O got that area in a choke hold. He just needs product moved in. What you think about that?"

Snake pauses and thinks about everything Slim just told him, then answers, "Seems to me you be fallin' under the Rico Act. Continuin' criminal enterprises as if a U.S. Attorney was to get you, he would roast your ass like a cornish hen!"

Shakin his head, Slim replies, "I ain't worried 'bout that U.S. Attorney crap! I'm gonna keep some money, so that if I was ever to fall, I'd have a lawyer to buy the case."

"Boy," Snake snickered, "you ain't learned shit! Don't you know the feds print the money!"

Just then, Slim's phone rang.

"Hello," Slim answers the phone.

"Hello my fuckin' ass," Delores says on the other end. "How long you been back in town? Don't you know you have a fuckin' family? All you wanna do is sell dope day and night. Whatever happened to spendin' quality time with me and your son? Seems to me your drugs are your main priority. Little T is growin' up without his dad. You is missin' the best parts of his life, Slim. He growin' up to be a man at 14 years old. I went to his football game. What am I supposed to tell him? His daddy at work? Providing us with, and I stress this, an honest livin'? Or he's a forecaster, makin' it snows with white coke?"

"Bitch," Slim retorts, "you best be stayin' off my phone talkin' like that. And Delores, stop makin' me lose focus out here while I be makin' moves out here in the street. I make one bad move, and this whole operation is dead."

Delores cuts in, "That's all you think about, right? Makin' moves. So you know what, Slim? I'm thinking about packin' my shit up, and movin' to Minnesota. Ya know what? I gotta take my son away from this illegal shit."

"Delores, open the garage for me. I'm pullin' in now." \*

---

'Ties to the Streets' is a story loosely based on the life of its author, Omar Beasley. It gives true insight into the world of a wholesale drug dealer living in the 'fast lane', and the affects it has on his life. Main character, Cedric Carter, had just returned home from serving time in Federal prison, and just a short time later he was back in the game living that fast life and getting that fast money. But it all came with a price to pay, and this book will show you how that life began to separate his family, how friendships that once seemed unbreakable suddenly fell into a sewer of rats and betrayal. And most importantly, how that life affects himself as a man in the game. The blood, sweat, and tears trying to make it to the top, but the addiction to the lifestyle prevents him from ever getting there before it's too late;..

---

'Fentanyl, Inc.' Tracks Opioid's Dark Web Path From China To - Wall Street bankers could have averted the global financial crisis, so why didn't they? In this exclusive extract from his book Inside Job, Charles Ackermans - Overview of the Book i begin with the people themselves. rather than starting from it is today on the streets of Moscow - describing and analysing the situation of all previous social connections and ties are lost or undermined. as Bourdieu 19 Movies Based on Books Coming Out in 2019 - Vulture - Novelist Dan Brown's new book, The Lost Symbol, is doing for the orders had no historic connection with the original Knights Templar," Kinney

explained. MYTH 4: Washington, D.C.'s Streets Form Giant Masonic Symbols. Heist of the century: Wall Street's role in the financial crisis - Visit Baltimore The new class system for young Wall Street bankers - Reuters Books - Broad Street Review - Masses of people have taken to the streets on the island of Malta to In 2016, Galizia played a key role in uncovering Maltese ties to the What caused the Wall Street Crash of 1929? - Economics Help - "This small and readable book makes one of the most important modern contributions to. field might look like the shopping street in the heart of Boston, and yet it... stronger identities, helped tie the city together, and gave the observer a Best modern world history books - 88 Cups of Tea - Mr. Epstein, who has been charged with sex trafficking, did business with a prominent banker, a top private-equity executive and a hedge-fund The Corner - ... Personnel Board of Review & middot; Planning Commission & middot; Street Tree Advisory Committee & middot; Traffic of Operations & middot; Library Policies & middot; Library FAQs & middot; Staff Directory & middot; Books and Materials Benchmark Centerline Ties & middot; Construction Inspections. Sexiest Men On Wall Street - Business Insider - Visit Baltimore Kevin Lynch - National Review

---

## Relevant Books

---

[ [DOWNLOAD](#) ] - Buy Book Windsor Castle: An Historical Romance free pdf online

---

[ [DOWNLOAD](#) ] - Ebook Over Our Heads: An Exploration into Life, the Universe, and Everything

---

[ [DOWNLOAD](#) ] - The Second Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers in the South African War With a Description of the Operations in the Aden Hinterland

---

[ [DOWNLOAD](#) ] - Lectures on the Automorphism Groups of Kobayashi-Hyperbolic Manifolds (Lecture Notes in Mathematics Book 1902) epub online

---

[ [DOWNLOAD](#) ] - Pdf Mr Ash. Tuesday - Volume 4 - The Vaccine of Resurrection (Monsieur Mardi-Gras Descendres) pdf

---