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↳ Essay

Oct. 4, 2018

"Don't Awake The Devil"

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The Holy QU'RAN teaches us that your tongue can be your worse enemy.

Doesn't matter if you're speaking truth or fiction. There's always words being spoken that offends and even threaten others...

I had this older friend from my neighborhood who took me under his wing, and he was moving kilograms of cocaine, pussy and using me to turn off the lights of his rivals. That's until I found out through the grape vine, how he had raped his own daughter!

So he wasn't a gangster after all. He was a sorry ass bum, who had raped his own daughter, and destroyed her mentally, forever...

I was taught that rape wasn't manly. 'cause a man, can use his words, to get just about anything. I'm living proof of that fact, and that's fact. So next, I branded this dude by making copies of the public records and passing them out like concert flyers!

within 24 hours, whispers of my demise was being plotted by his younger brothers.

I guess, in their minds, I was trying to get their older brother murdered. And they was completely on point with them thoughts.

I was trying to use my block to block network to get him executed! So, within a month, there was two attempts on my life! Had me thinking, perhaps I was in the

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wrong? Like, I was the father, who sought pleasure between his own daughter's legs.

The first attempt on my life, was how the crips out of California took out the late-great Tupac Amaru Shakur; as him and Suge Knight of Death Row Records stopped at a red light on Flamingo/Koval street in Las Vegas, NV.

Tupac was murdered for violating the crips; the moment he stomped out Orlando, in the MGM Resort casino.

He was a rap artist that became the greatest in my opinion, but lost focus horribly like a snake with his back to a Mongoose!

The gang-banging lifestyle-culture, is faster than a venomous viper striking another snake in the wild. Meaning; the minute you violate the belly of the beast, there's no point of return!

But I wasn't in the wrong for making people aware of this foul-human-predator.

He was scum of the earth and needed a tragic ending from his peers, in the streets.

That dude/or rapist of the worst kind, left his home for Sacramento, California and never reached his destination. 'cause he was in a two car pile up on the 80, and had his neck broke.

The other injured party, had minor injuries and bruises but would survive...

I believe God, did his Job that day. There wasn't any room on earth, for something that foul.

In my mind, God deals with most bad seeds at the end of the time. And many of them are in misery like homeless dogs...

Bad deeds, is how you awake the devil and i've awoken the devil on many occasions! so these days, at the solid age of 37, I think about my every move and how I influence men around me, and try my best to live as a good heart...