

THE
Litt-est
Nigga I knew
I had the
town

Check me out, Doe. I was the litt-est nigga I knew in the town. Pure, there were nigga^z wit more bread than me, but even they were following my ~~step~~. I'm talking, from my slang I made up, to wanting to cop the same exact garments I wore, hiding from me, so I want see that they bit my ~~step~~. So lit, I could come up with the sudden idea; that I wanted to throw a party 2 hours from now; make 2 phone calls, and that shit filled with 30 bitches. Saying what I feel to be true, and that automatically becoming the Gospel. The type of lit where I'm sitting at the table with 5 nigga^z who are the litt-est nigga^z wherever they at, and we gambling chains, watches, and earrings etc., like we don't got no sense. Nigga^z who entire hoods looked up to... looked up to me. Your favorite nigga's favorite nigga. I remember 1 time I spilled a quarter pound of ~~sausage~~ sausage on the floor. I picked up everything I could salvage, and what I couldn't... got swept up in the trash! So you can imagine how amazing it is to me, that I now find myself in a maximum security prison scrambling to get my hands on less than a gram of marijuana. Chasing a high and feeling that has become so precious and important to me. When in fact that high and feeling was so apart of me that people use to use it as part of my description. Amazing. It^z amazing to me, that the same bitches I practically had to beat off with a bat in the streets - because they were so attached to me - now barely got time for me. The same women who used to call loox^z back to back. Leave 100 voicemails, 100 texts, and 1,000 riced pictures trying to entice a response; now claiming to be too busy to come thru when I ask them to, or too busy to write a letter. (Since when bitch?). The same women that used to fight, to be the one to catch everything my penis squirt for the night. The same women. Amazing! The most amazing this is I now find myself having to deal with ~~by~~ talk to nigga^z I would never even exchange sentences with in the town. Not knowing: "NAH fern, I dont fuck wit you, because I fuck wit you. NAH, I fuck wit you because I'm stuck wit you." And the crazy shit is, ~~these~~ these nigga^z really believe; if they get the same amount of visits, use the phone the same amount of time, and spend the same amount of money at commissary, then

We're equals! But in actuality that is so far from the truth. Even these C.O. Niggas! I literally blew their yearly salary on a foreign vehicle multiple times. Just to drive it for a month or 2, get bored, and do it again. And they look at me like I'm stum!?! They're my superior?! Amazing! And the C.O. Bitches... Shit... Man I know from personal experience that on equal turf, they're as easy to ratchet as the hoodrat? But in here - if you let them tell it - they got plaitrons in their pussies. And I pre like they're Kim K, or Rihanna. And a nigga in my position couldnt even sniff the pussy. Amazing. When 99 times out of 100, they fucking with some lame, Cornball C.O. nigga who got nothing going for himself, besides ruling inmates. I ~~blat~~ ~~blat~~ ~~blat~~ they're equals. Amazing. I could be the litt-est nigga in the penal system, and this shit counts for nothing. I remember walking in European boutiques, picking out whatever, not even concerned about the price. Now I find myself adding up every red cent on my Commissary sheet. Amazing. It's crazy that behind these walls the litt-est nigga I know, an extraordinary nigga, is treated, and has to live like... an ordinary nigga...

Amazing.

- Bruno Mampwalee