
Dirty 3

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1.

Dutch

Taya was on her knees giving my dick the business with her suction-cup like mouth when a loud knock on the door interrupted Dirty 3 us.

“Dutch who the fuck is that?” She snapped as she swallowed a large wad of my babies. I couldn’t help but smile at her mean Dirty 3 ass. She had slowly but surely forced her way into my heart. I liked it, but then again I didn’t. Love and women was a touchy subject for me especially since I’ve been burned by a few. There was something about her that I just couldn’t shake. Maybe it was her ruthlessness and her thick thighs that had Dirty 3 me like WHOA! Or maybe it was that snapper between her legs that kept me fiending for more. I wasn’t sure what it was, but I liked it, sometimes.

“I don’t fucking know, but best believe I’m about to find out. I was about to murder that pussy too.” I grabbed my gun and swiftly made my way to the front door. Taya was two steps behind me with her gun locked and loaded. That’s why she was my bitch. She was always down to cap a nigga.

The last few months has been a little crazy for a nigga, and I always had to stay two steps ahead of these hoe ass niggas if I wanted to survive. A few months back I had to kill my nigga I been knowing since free lunch. Moon was a grimy ass nigga. He had me robbed; my daughter's friend killed, and did a bunch of other underhanded shit that he didn't think I knew about. There wasn't much that got past Dirty 3 me. I didn't last in this game as long as I did by being stupid. I'm not only a businessman but I'ma businessman!

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I looked through the peephole and saw my old nigga Ghost standing there looking spaced out Dirty 3 and I automatically I knew something was wrong. I just hoped whatever it was my daughter was ok.

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"What's good *nigga*?" I said opening the door to let him in. He stepped inside and started pacing some more.

"They got her man! They got her!" I looked at the nigga like he had two heads.

"They got who? Who the fuck you talking about? Who got who?" My heart dropped, and sweat beads formed on my forehead. I had a gut feeling something wasn't right with my daughter when I didn't hear from her, but I shook it off as paranoia. He stopped pacing and looked me dead in the eye.

"Danyelle man, they got her man."

Yana

I strutted outta the hair salon feeling like Queen B. My Dirty 3 40-inch Malaysian Remy swayed down my back and Dirty 3 touched my ass. My lashes and make-up were on point. At thirty-eight years old I was perfect size Dirty 3 nine, and I had more ass and hips than a little bit. Yeah, that's right, Dirty 3 bow down bitches! Evelyn Lozada didn't have shit on me, and I ain't no Dirty 3 fucking basketball wife. I only fucked with dope dealers. Basketball players didn't excite me.

After catching a few hateful glares from those nothing ass bitches from Plainfield, I hopped in my two-seater and peeled off. Today was my day of rest, so I decided that a long bubble bath, followed by a few blunts, and a movie was going to make my night a blockbuster. Life had Dirty 3 been going good for a bitch considering, and I wanted nothing more than to let my titties free and watch reality TV. I stopped at the LQ, grabbed a bottle of Moscato and two blunt wraps and then headed home.

I started undressing as soon as I walked through the door and pressed play on my answering machine that I used for business purposes only. 'Yana Minaj Ass Shots' was ringing bells in the hood and I couldn't wait to take my business global. My concoction of rubber cement, silicone, and tire rubber was taking the hood by storm. I had hoes lined up for Dirty 3 appointments, but I only rocked with a select few. My hustle wasn't legal, in fact, it was deadly. It wasn't like I didn't tell these bitches from the rip the shit was fatal because I did, but these hoes didn't care. As long as they had an ass like Nicki they didn't give one fuck.

I pressed play and listened as some bitch named Camilla, who claimed to have got my number from Rose, a bitch I fucked with heavy, wanting an appointment with me this afternoon. I looked down at my bottle of wine and the eighth of SOUR I bought off of JR last night and figured it could wait. *Mula* always came first.

I called Camilla back to confirm her appointment in a half hour and went into my supply room to get ready. I quickly put on my white smock along with my stethoscope that I didn't know how to use, my wire-framed glasses and pulled my hair up into a ponytail. I was mad because I had just gotten it done, but for two gees I'd put my hair into a cocoon. I then sat down, rolled a fat blunt and lit it. A bitch already had a long day and the day had just started.

Sitting in the shop getting a sew-in was a Dirty 3 long and tiring process, but that was the price of beauty. It was funny how underneath the four 40 inch bundles in my hair was some Queen Latifah braids. At least my hair had length because most of these half a bundle wearing hoes was balder than a fucking bald eagle. Edges were scarce outchea in the streets, but not mine. I always had a full head of Dirty 3 hair. I Dirty 3 was that BITCH and I never left the house looking uncivilized and less than.

Just as the weed was taking its affect, my doorbell was ringing. I quickly got up and answered the door with the blunt dangling from my mouth. "Which one of yawl is Camilla?" I asked rolling my eyes peering at the two bitches on my doorstep. They were both young and pretty, but there was something about that brown skin one that I didn't like. Hopefully, she wasn't the one getting the shots, but if she was, I'd charge her double. "That would be me," the brown skin one said rolling her eyes at me.

Damn, it had to be this bitch. "Bitch you tryna be funny?" I snapped and placed my hands on my hips.

“Nobody’s laughing, but you answered the door with a chip on your shoulder ma like that’s how you do business?” She sounded like one of those down the hill bitches, but I wasn’t too sure.

“Bitch I do my business however I want so either I’m making yo ass fat or I ain’t. Time is money hoe.” These bitches were working my nerves, and if they didn’t know now, they would soon find out. Everybody gets the same amount of disrespect. Customer or not, I treated the snotty Dirty 3 ones like shit and the ratchet ones like kin.

“Um, how about nah, you need an Dirty 3 attitude adjustment. You will never work on me, hoe.” This bitch must’ve thought I was a pussy. I reared back and pimp slapped her dusty ass, and her friend jumped on my back. Quickly, a full-fledged fight ensued. I was giving it to ‘em at first, but the tiny light skinned one was fast and strong. Dirty 3 I busted one of those hoes lips, and I was about to go HAM when gunfire rang out.

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