



A.O.B.

Purse First

"don't let your peter be the cheater"

T' MACK



This type of urban story has been long overdue in the readers' market since the days of the Donald Goines and Iceberg Slim tales. With the recent curiosity of the pimp's phenomenon that has been aroused by documentaries like "Pimps Up & Hoes Down" and "American Pimp", A.O.B. brings the images and characters like The Mack into modern times... A dilemma finds Money Clip and Finesse when they try to leave The Game.

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DOWN FOR WHATEVER PUBLISHING

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PROLOGUE

Early in life Anthony McDaniels realized there was nothing about an average nine to five job that would ever reflect on his visions of what a perfect life would be like in America's concrete jungles. Although everyone on God's green earth knows there's no such thing as a perfect life, we all seem to fantasize of one anyway.

Anthony a.k.a. Tony to his friends had the same visions in life that most other young red blooded men who grew up in any urban city had. Their minds seemed to be consumed by big dreams that were engulfed by some similar spoils of fame and fortune. Surrounded by a life of luxury, an oversupply of beautiful women, exotic and expensive cars, the estate homes as well as the vacation homes and of course an abundance of money...cold hard cash! Simply put, having things their own way to the fullest extent.

While on his path to wealth and prosperity he realized more often than not that the young ladies he took an interest in were looking for the same things, but more than likely at his expense. However, by him only working a part-time job at a department store while still attending high school, everyone would have to wait on his success, including himself. But working at the department store did have its perks. His position there

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provided him with the opportunity to do what he enjoyed most...to stay fit, pop spit and dress real slick.

Being the conversationalist that he was, he should have parlayed his skills set into a public relations career since he had the canny ability to seek out something in everybody to his advantage. He always knew it was easy to catch flies with honey, but he also knew he could catch more honeys if he stayed fly, to which he did exceptionally well. By him staying in uniform from head to toe just like a soldier would on inspection day is what kept everyone's attention focused on him. Dare to be different was his way of showing he wasn't your average Joe and played his role accordingly.

Although being a pimp was exaggerated by fantasies and dreams of what he only imagined himself being, he did favor the more advanced and experienced young ladies in his circle. This didn't include the so called shy or square girls. He would always have a way of convincing some hot cock little women into "flipping" him and a few of his adversaries to prove they loved him. The word got around to some of the older guys in town how Tony was getting all of the young men in his circle some pussy and some even offered to pay him to hook them up.

Well it didn't take long before he started accepting their offers and that became very fascinating to him. He soon had a few older men looking up to him and dubbed him "Lil Pimp". One day one of the OG players in the area took a liking to him and gave him his gold plated money clip with the initials MC on it that stood for Michael Carter. Tony later started telling people it stood for "Money Clip" to which he had everyone to start calling

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him. He even went out and bought himself a Cadillac and learned to walk the walk and talk the talk like some of the real pimps he had seen around town. Only a very naive person wouldn't have seen him as an up and coming pimp which was the image he tried so hard to portray.

Standing six feet tall while weighing in at one hundred and ninety pounds made him stand out from the rest of his peers as he displayed his uniqueness exceptionally well. He had a fair caramel complexion that showed his Indian heritage in his features along with his flamboyant wardrobe that was the bait of his catch. In addition to those attributes he also had a natural gift of gab that mesmerized most everyone who would encounter his verbal skills. During his ventures into his new found field he also had come to realize that the women who were attracted to him more so than he was of them went far out of their way to demonstrate it. Now it was time for him to see just how far they were willing to go for him with their endeavors.

It started off with small things such as gas money for his Cadi and perhaps some pocket change and a few inexpensive gifts, but as time progressed his appetite hungered for bigger and better things as the cost grew similarly in size. This became his introduction into the reality of the pimp world and as soon as his feet got wet he learned to swim fast! Thus bringing us to the modern day mogul, Mr. Money Clip the pimp!

18 CHANGING THE GAME

It was Wednesday at 8am and the phone hadn't rang all morning. Because of this, Clip started to wonder if his phone was broken or out of service. Usually his phones would start ringing at least by 7am. "Was everybody still asleep with hangovers from last night?" Clip thought to himself. Never the less it was time for him to get up and start his day off. First he checked his phone; "Shit, three missed calls!" He browsed through them as he went into the kitchen to make some instant Starbucks Coffee. It wasn't as good as the regular shot he usually went for on most mornings, but for an in house quick fix it did the trick. As he started to boil some water he called back the last number.

"Good morning Tasty! How's my favorite secretary doing?"

"Oh so you finally decided to answer your phone huh?"

"Actually I didn't hear it ringing and I'm just waking up to see that I've missed several calls too."

“Was she that good?”

“Who’s she?”

“She...you know who she is. If I was tired from the night before I would want it to be a HE around to roll over and thank for a pleasant evening.” Tasty replied.

“Well I guess I wasn’t that fortunate cause I slept alone.”

“Do you wanna get lucky? You know it’s never too late as long as I’m living. I can be there before you finish your first cup of coffee!”

“Humm, it sounds tempting. Can I get a rain check on that offer?”

“Wow, like I haven’t given you a million of them already!”

“Come on Tasty, you know you are exaggerating!”

“Am I? Can you recall our last encounter?”

“Ahh...?” He hesitated.

“That’s what I thought!” Tasty pouted.

“It was August the sixth at the Marriott in DC. You wore a red dress with some twisites in your hair with white barrettes with and a pair of Betty Boop panties that had Hey Big Fella written on the front of them. You looked like the sexiest girl in the world was the phrase that paid and set it all off!” Clip recalled that day shutting her up.

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“You remembered!” Tasty screamed in surprise.

“Nope I can’t say that I do!”

“You play too much Daddy! You remember details too so I must of put it on you real good huh?”

“Like I said, I don’t remember,”

“I can refresh your memory for you if you want me to”. She suggestively said.

“Can you refresh my memory on what I’m supposed to be doing this morning?” He asked as he poured the boiling water into his mug and mixed the Hazelnut and Irish Mint blend he had made for him.

“Let me check your calendar of events. Ohh Boss, there’s an opening for sex on a platter! I can deliver it right now if you want me to!” She shouted, still trying to get her groove back.

“Tasty!”

“Ok...Ok, you don’t have anything until eleven thirty when you’re supposed to call someone named Christine at...Are you ready? It’s 3-1-1, 5-3-8, 7-3-2-5. Did you get that?”

“Yes, thank you. We’ll hook up a little later OK?”

“Will it be for what we discussed earlier about you blowing my back out for me?”

“I never agreed to that, but keep trying, I’m way overdue anyway!” After hanging up he dialed the next missed call who just happened to be Finesse.

“Hey P’s, I’ve been on your bumper all morning. Where have you been?” Finesse asked.

“I woke up late and got a slow start today.”

“How was she?”

“Who?”

“The girl that made you over sleep.”

“You’re the second person that asked me that today.”

“Inquiring minds would like to know. So who was she?”

“Sorry, but there is no news flash today, but we do have business to handle Pimp.”

“All right, I should be there in about thirty minutes.”

“One!” Clip said in agreement before checking to see who his third call was from. It was Parlay’s cell phone and his girlfriend Tasha answered.

“Who the hell is this calling this early in the morning?” She screamed into the phone with an attitude.

“I’m sorry, I must have the wrong number!” Clip responded.

“Oh no! Are you looking for Jeffery?” She asked when she realized it wasn’t a girl.

“Yeah. Is he there?” He asked sort of confused.

“Yes, wait a minute please.” Then she shook Parlay to wake him up and passed him his phone.

“Hey, who dis?”

“Hel-low, what’s good Jeffery? Did you have to ask her for permission to talk too Pimpin?” Clip asked snickering.

“Are you trying to clown me or something Pimp?”

“Nawh...ya girl’s doing enough of that on her own!”

“Yeah, I’m a check her about that shit as soon as we hang up! She knows better than to be answering my phone anyway. She’s always thinking it’s a bitch calling me!”

“Oh nawh, you know better than that Jeffery?”

“So you still trying to clown, huh?”

“Nawh Pimp, you know I will never try to clown my homeboy. You know how we do it Pimp... I mean Jeffery!” Clip continued pushing it.

“Yeah, I told her about using a nigga’s government all out in the streets too! But anyway, I was calling to tell you I picked up your truck from the carwash yesterday. Do you want me to bring it though there?”

“Yeah, good looking out. I should be here at least until noon. Can you make it before then?”

“Yeah, as soon as I drop her ass off at her mom’s house I’ll be right there. Aw’ight?”

“Cool, I’ll see you then Jeffery.” Clip said still clowning Parlay one last time before hanging up. Then he finished his coffee and turned on the TV to watch the news as he prepared to get dressed for the day. Jillian said the weather was going to be beautiful today and green was the color of the day to wear. He glanced through his closet and picked out a green Enyce jean set and some green and white Marc Jacob loafers before he went to jump into the shower. He knew he had to stay crispy when he was out in the streets. You never know who you might meet and you only get one shot at making a first impression so it’s was always best to make it a good one.

By the time he got out the shower and got dressed, Parlay was pulling into the driveway with Tasha still with him. She stayed turnt up and ran circles around him. That just goes to show that game don’t just rub off on people. Even though Parlay was Clip’s right hand man, they were still as opposite as two left shoes on some pimping. Isum has got to be in you, not on you for you to work it. It wasn’t something you had to carry around in your wallet or wear on your back. It had to be in your blood and no one could accidently leave it at home on the nightstand when they left out.

Parlay rang the doorbell as he continued to fuss with Tasha about not getting out when he took her to her mother’s house. Tasha was a cold piece of work! She didn’t take any shit from nobody and didn’t let shit slide either. She was the only girl out of five boys in her family and grew up in the Villa Court projects in Watts,

California, which gave her that hood mentality. She was a smart, pretty young tender who would ride with her man until the wheels fell off, but when they did he had better be ready to help change them or she was subject to shoot! No one would ever guess from just looking at her though. She has a smile that was so soft and friendly that was accompanied by an almost mocha colored complexion with eyes that were just as warm and inviting. Adding to her beauty was a small huggable waist with an ass you could put a whole set of dishes on. Just watching her walk would give any man mischievous thoughts of sexual acts even if he were gay. It was no wonder Parlay was so hooked on her. She could have a pimp in the unemployment line trying to find two jobs to make her happy. At least for a pimp's assistant she did. It was a known fact by everyone in their circle that all that shit Parlay talked about how he ran his shit at home was just his imagination. The girl Tasha had a cold mouth piece and it took a lot of understanding, love and humbleness for him to reframe from going up side her head sometimes. She had that real baby's momma drama that you would only expect to see exist in a movie on Lifetime where a woman could get away with murder every time!

Although they never got physically violent and by them being together since Junior High School, they really didn't know anyone else in that fashion, relationship wise to compare to. So ultimately this was their own unique way of being happy.

"Well it's nice to see you two are getting along so well!" Clip exclaimed as he opened the door for them to come in.

“Man she still thinks we be over here fucking with bitches all day! Her ole crazy, jealous ass be tripping!” Parlay shouted as they stormed in together.

“I just wanna know when the wedding is so I can come and trip off y’all. I know the preacher is gonna have his hands full on that day.” Clip laughed teasingly.

“Man, I can’t marry somebody that don’t trust me! She be wanting to argue and fight everyday about bullshit! She was even talking shit about some condoms she saw in your truck!” Parlay exclaimed.

“All come on man, don’t try to put them on me. I don’t keep shit like that in my cars either because my girl will trip the fuck out too!”

“See Nigga, I told you them was yours you ole sorry mutha fucka!” Tasha screamed and pushed him into the wall.

“Dam Tasha, I’m just bullshitting! Those are mines, they’re some Lifestyles in the gray package and they were in a CVS bag in the center console. Right?” Clip said stopping her from going any further.

Tasha was still shouting at the top of her lungs, “You’re always try’na take up for his ole scandalous ass Clip! Them might not be his but I know he got some around here somewhere.”

“Why you gotta be so rah-rah Lil Sis? You know damn well mah boy ain’t doing shit out in these streets. I know you got Low Jack and GPS on his ass, so he ain’t got a chance in hell to fuck around!”

“Naw, but you know how he always be frontin every time y’all kick it, then he seems to lose his way home and I’m tired of his bullshit! He’s gonna hav’ta make up his mind on what he’s gonna do. He know I ain’t playing that pimping or pimp assistant or whatever he call his self supposed to be doing. He needs to get a real job before his ass ends up in jail again. I can’t be waiting no years like last time.” Tasha shouted with tears forming in her eyes.

“That’s what we are supposed to be doing now if you woulda went home! We’re opening up a club out in Norwalk and you gonna be in the way while we try’na hannel our bi’ness!” Parlay said still trying to calm her down.

“You ain’t opening up shit, Clip is and you’ll be lucky if he gives yo drunk ass a job, especially around alcohol and shit!” Tasha hollered out in a low blow about her man’s drinking problem.

“Why are you going so hard on my boy? He’s been doing real cool lately and you should be proud of him.” Clip defended.

“Because for ten years I’ve been waiting for a change and it seems like I’m wasting my time with him! We got two kids and instead of him being there for them, he’s running behind you and trying to live your life! You know he ain’t cut out for your kind of lifestyle. Shit, he can’t even stand to see another man looking at me, let alone trying to stomach anything else! I even know about that Carrie bitch he was supposed to be pimping. Didn’t nobody have to tell me how that went. I know my nigga and he’s a romantic and will let his feelings get too

involved. And what do I hear you saying? Ahh; he'll let his peter be the cheater? Well I know that's exactly what would happen with him and he would end up being his best customer if he did have a hoe, so please don't front for him Clip! You cool as fuck wit me, but my man ain't you and as soon as he realizes he ain't you and can't be, the sooner I can have him back! Now do "you" dig?" Tasha said exhausted from shouting for the past few minutes.

Clip didn't say anything knowing she was right. He knew his boy too well and a true friend he is, but a pimp he could never be. There was nothing wrong with it, he was just raised differently. Clip knew deep inside that Parlay didn't agree with what the ladies were doing and if he could save them all he probably would. Quiet as kept, Clip might try too...if he could. Maybe that was his reason for trying so hard to get them so interested in some other career choices. But could he really give up his lifestyle and square up? It's said that you can take the lion out of the jungle, but you can never take the jungle out of the lion. With all the new business ventures he was moving towards either he would save them or go crazy trying, was always his mother's prayers.

"Yeah Tasha, I know you mean well, but you need a different approach. You can't change a man, that man is going to want to have to change himself and since he's a Taurus, it won't be easy, but good luck anyway!"

"So both of y'all are on teams now? You think Parlay ain't ready for the game? Is that what I am hearing right here in front of my face by my homeboy and my baby momma, is that I'm soft? What type of punk rock shit is that?" Parlay yelled out making his voice go up an octave.

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“Nobody’s saying you’re soft my nigga. You’re just more of the traditional type of family guy. Ain’t nothing wrong with that, that’s what I would want for my kids too if it were up to me. Believe me, that’s the direction I try to steer um in anyway. I don’t want to sound like a hypocrite, but I teach them to do as I say not as I do!” Clip exclaimed.

“So you do have a heart don’t you?” Tasha directed to Clip. “I’m very impressed that you are not the monster that I always made you out to be!”

“Well what’s done and said in my house stays in my house or you can’t come back to my house! Is that cool with you young lady?” Clip asked knowing she would never repeat what she heard or saw anyway. She knew how the game worked and she would never try to fuck up his hard core pimp reputation he upheld so well.

“Yep I got cha Pimp. I guess I need to try to trust my man more.” Tasha said while wiping the tears from her eyes.

“That a girl! Now Parlay, do you wanna take your girl home so we can get going?” Clip concluded.

“Ok. Do you want me to drive the bus so I can scoop everyone else up too?”

“Yeah, that’s a good idea, hit Finesse up and see where he’s at with it while you’re at it.” Clip prompted Parlay.

Parlay and Tasha headed out the front door as Clip watched them walk away hand in hand like a perfect couple. While looking he started imagining him and Tasty

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in the same situation as he closed the door smiling at the thought. Just then he remembered to call Christine from the message he got from her earlier. He figured it must have been Chris from his insurance company as he dialed the number. After five rings no one answered and he figured it must have been too early. The message was to call at eleven thirty so he would call back in thirty minutes.



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