



LOYALTY INK PRESENTS

**BONNIE
&
CLYDE**
of the Hood

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Chapter 1

The sun was beaming down on a hot Bonita as she stood outside of the prison gates. She could see all the bitches on the yard, but after five years, was glad to be leaving this hell hole. Bonita was charged and convicted of armed robbery; it wasn't her first time, but they didn't have to give a bitch that long. While Bonita waited for her ride, she puffed on a cigarette. Next thing she heard was someone yell "Bonnie, I'm going to miss you." Bonita rolled her eyes and responded "Bitch, I don't know you like that."

"Oh really? You knew me when I was sucking that pussy in our cell," responded a hurt Toni. Toni had been Bonita's cellmate and sexual pleaser while she served her time.

"I didn't know you then - I had needs." Bonnie responded like the cold-hearted bitch that she was.

Toni was about to speak when Bonnie's ride pulled up and she jumped in the car. She was glad she was headed back to her hood; too bad that jail hadn't taught her shit. Bonnie was about to find the next nigga doing his thang and get on like she always did or she

would be bashing muthafuckas heads in while taking what she wanted.

She sunk into the seat to relax, but the next thing she heard changed all that.

“I’m not coming to get your ass no more.” Her mother Belinda said.

“Who gives a fuck, Linda? I didn’t ask you to come this time.” The treatment Bonita was giving her mother was nothing out of the ordinary. Their relationship was strained, and Bonita was being her usual selfish self.

“Bitch you didn’t, but you’re my child. I can’t help that you act like that sorry ass daddy of yours,” Belinda said as she pulled away from the prison.

“Who is my daddy Belinda?” Bonita asked her.

“I am goddammit!!!”

“Don’t question me because you fucked up!” She was pissed because Bonnie asked that same question every time she mentioned her father.

“That’s what I thought, so stop comparing me to a nigga you don’t even know.” Bonita told her.

“Bitch I know him, he’s just not worth talking about. Hell, what you going to do with a daddy and you can’t even call me mom?” Belinda had been trying since the girl was born, but she just keeps saying Belinda, so she finally just gave up even though she wanted to hear it so bad.

“I don’t need to call you that. Everyone knows who the hell you are from all the times you embarrassed me around the homies. And whoever he is would be called by his name too.” Bonnie assured her that there would be no favoritism. The feelings for both her mother and father were mutual.

The rest of the ride was quiet allowing Bonnie to fall asleep for the next hour. She needed the rest because once her feet hit the hood she would be back to her normal life of causing ruckus. Belinda looked at her sleeping beauty and wondered why she wasn’t a “girly girl.” She was four feet eleven, one hundred forty pounds of thickness, the color of almond butter, reddish brown hair with natural honey blonde highlights that hung straight down the middle

of her back stopping at the top of her onion shaped ass. She was a bad bitch true indeed.

But Bonita cared nothing about her beauty. Her only care in the world was chasing that almighty dollar. She could use her looks to get it, but she didn't respect women that got by that way. In Bonita's mind, those chics were hoes. She considered herself a hustler who was going to earn her keep without using her looks or body to do it.

The same day that Bonnie got released from prison, the neighborhood was buzzing. One of the most trill niggas the Westside had ever known was celebrating his twenty fifth birthday. Clyde leaned against his car while craziness exploded around him. Hundreds of people crowded the street and stood along the sidewalk.

A group of young men were bunched together swaying side to side waving their hands. One person in the crew ran in place and then jumped up and down waving his white tee around like a helicopter. He shook his head wildly until he was joined with his crew, and they jumped together. Across the street, thugs in

bandanas and wife beaters smoked big blunts and Newports. The majority of them wore baggy jeans that hung extremely low although they wore designer belts. A few of them held the front of their pants grabbing their crotch area looking menacing.

Women lined up in the middle of the street shaking and bouncing their asses. A skinny female with a petite body extended her arms over her head, interlocked her fingers and began winding her hips around until her ass started clapping. She held her lips in her mouth and began backing her ass up. Jealous hearted or under the impression that she could twerk it better, a light-skinned girl with a scarf tied around the front of her head and a huge cluster of sewn in hair turned around and danced backwards.

"Watch how I grab her yeah, Im'ma stab her yeah." The music had the girls turned up. The light-skinned girl got low with each of her hands on her knees. She moved quickly and bounced her ass. With every other snare of the song, she picked her leg up and snapped her ass as hard as she could. A big booty girl danced into the middle of the street casually and got buck. She stretched her leg

out, cuffed it in her hand, held it, hopped around and let everyone see her holding it.

Then she arched her ass, spiraled around seductively and dropped into a full split while still popping her ass. Excitement filled the air in the form of cheers, dollar bills twirling around in thin air and onto her head. Clyde was no longer against his car, but was in the crowd sweating and showing off with his shirt around his neck.

"Clyde you need a chick like me!" A beautiful girl was dancing in his space while he was chanting along with 2 Chainz "*You can't do it like that with a dick in ya.*" Clyde had his arms around the girl's waist. She was turning and gyrating so hard that if he would have let her go, she would have spun across the street. Clyde was a brown skinned man with a neatly trimmed goatee. His waves represented his care and concern for himself. Not only was Clyde fine as hell, but he ran the streets hard and earned his keep at all costs. Women wanted his attention because a single night with this man had the potential to change a person's life. If he fell for a girl, she could go from a hoe girl to a show girl ending at being a broke no more, no hoe girl.

Clyde was that nigga to see and every hoe out there was hoping to be the lucky one he would take home that night.

As they pulled into the projects Bonita woke up sitting straight up in her seat. "What's going on here?" Her eyes came alive as she felt energy increase in her heart. "Let me out Belinda." She was pressed for time.

"Huh?" Linda didn't know what gotten into her ass.

"Let me out." Bonnie yelled.

Bonnie ran to the house using the key that she had in her belongings. She ran and jumped in the shower taking a five minute hoe bath. She wasn't worried about doing her hair because whoever her father was, he had blessed her with that natural curly shit -the steam from the shower would do wonders on it. The Heavenly Vanilla body wash by Soft-Soap was going to make her five minute hoe bath seem like an hour.

She jumped out the shower and slid up the hall to her bedroom where she knew she had a MK dress with the tags still intact. She oiled her body and slid into the dress. Throwing on

earrings, bangles, and a necklace, she set off her look by throwing on some red MK pumps. Bonnie was ready to kill the set. She ran down the steps and out the door in the pumps like they were sneakers, moving so fast that she damn near took Linda's head off.

"I don't know where the hell you're going, but if you get locked up don't call me." Linda puffed her blunt and shook her head.

"Fuck you Linda! I *will* call if I need you." Bonnie was out the door but not too far away that she didn't here Linda yell "bitch!" Although she gave Bonnie a hard time, Linda loved her hard-headed ass.

Bonnie walked over to the crowd to see what the fuss was about. She knew this hood like the back of her hand so for all these hoes to be on the scene ass shaking and twerking, she knew a boss was somewhere near, and if he was holding like she hoped he was holding, he would be hers when it was all said and done.

"Damn!" A brown skinned Mullato man was tempted to reach out and squeeze Bonnie's ass but thought against it. The look in her eyes didn't reflect an empty head stuck in a chicken head fantasy. The iciness centered in her eyes speculated murder or the

ability to commit it. She walked through the crowd the same way poor people lived life - pushing and shoving through the masses and trying to get theirs. She inched her arms into a crowd and opened them wide.

"Clyde! Aye!" a dark skinned pretty girl with a long silky weave yelled to get his attention. A group of females waved and blew kisses to him as he walked up to the stage for the contest. Bonnie wiggled up to the front of the crowd where all the messy ass, money hungry, out for blood, cut throat bitches were. They were always screaming over one nigga or the other. Bonnie knew the game all too well. She walked forward and felt an arm raise in front of her and blocked her from moving any further.

She tussled until she broke through the barrier. "Yo!" A man grabbed her from behind.

"You got me fucked up." Bonnie struggled to release the man's grip.

"Yo!" Clyde walked up to the girl who his older brother held up in the air. He saw an itty bitty girl with a lion size attitude.

He walked up on her and pulled his shades down a little taking in her full beauty.

"What's your name?" Clyde stared at her.

"Why?" Bonnie rolled her eyes and dug her nails into his forearms.

"Because I asked you." He growled at her.

"I don't have one." She wanted to be an asshole like she perceived him to be.

She didn't appreciate being picked up, held or handled like she was light weight. Furthermore, she was rocking some exclusive shit that she'd be damned she let someone fuck up.

"I'm Clyde, miss I don't have one." He looked at his brother. "Bring her," he ordered as she was wondering who the hell this nigga thought he was.

"Come on." Bing picked her up and carried her over his shoulder, walking up on the stage.

"Hold up, hold up." Clyde spoke into the microphone.

"Put me down." Bonnie beat her tiny fists into Bing's back.

"Yo chill sweetheart," he stated as he put her down.

She tried to walk away but felt Bing's hand wrap around her wrist.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Home," Bonnie said as she stared at him with extreme attitude.

"No you're not. My brother wants you!" Bing stated seriously as if it mattered at all to her.

Bing and Bonnie argued for a few minutes while Clyde stood on the other side of the stage holding the microphone. "Y'all niggas be sleeping on the big girls. They sexy as hell, too. So now here it is – 'the sexiest big girl contest'" Clyde yelled and on cue, several big girls dressed in sexy outfits and heels got to twerking it.

The crowd went wild as Grillz by Nelly came on. The girls danced and several men tossed hundred dollars bills at them. "After this we will have the finest short girls contest and then the baddest chick contest but I think somebody going to kill two birds with one stone." He looked over at his brother.

"Send me my queen!" He smiled a beautiful smile showing how sexy his dimples were.

Bing took Bonnie over to Clyde like she belonged to the nigga or something. Bonnie hadn't been home for twenty-four hours and shit was about to get real. Clyde was about to announce her when all hell broke loose. Bonnie stole Bing in the face like she was a nigga.

Bing was stunned because he had never been hit by a bitch before. Hell, it wasn't many niggas he could remember hitting him that hard. All he knew was that he was about to kill this bitch.

"Bing, no!" Clyde jumped in the way of the blow causing Bing to catch his ass square across the chin.

Bonnie was still on her feet as she decked Bing's ass a couple more times. He was staggering trying to get to her but the bitch was fast on her feet. The sounds of police sirens and mama Pearl yelling "they done took over the hood" could be heard in the near distance. She always had her nosey ass outside yelling that when shit went down.

Bonnie knew that she wasn't fucking with that police shit. She dipped off so fast she felt like she was an extra in the matrix. Clyde was getting helped up by Bing as she ran past them like a flash heading for her mother's house. Clyde knew it was time to shake but he was determined to find that little feisty bitch if it killed him.

The entire car ride home Bing touched his jaw and opened his mouth wide as it could go, moving it around. He wanted to make sure that she hadn't broken his jaw. His face was swollen and hurt - he was mad as hell. "I'm knocking that bitch out the next time I see her and I'm not playing," he said pointing at Clyde.

"Man chill! That's the type of bitch I'm looking for. A female like that can hold her own yet compliment a nigga. I need that in my life. I need HER in my life!" Clyde sympathized with Bing, but it was a small price to pay for the reward that he was about to get.

Chapter 2

On the other side of town Bonnie was in her room agitated and upset. Who in the hell did these niggas think she was? They had the audacity to pick her up and hold her in the air while they decided what to do with her. If they didn't know then they understood now that she was not the one to be played with.

Coming home from prison was a hardship that people didn't understand. They thought that because they knew so many people who went to prison, that everyone was the same. People looked at it like you get out of prison and just fall back into the way things were before you left. That was the furthest thing from the truth. Shit changed and nobody remained the same. People who used to be the shit in the hood were now strung out on one drug or another. The

young girls who were ten years old when Bonnie left were now the local slut buckets who were demonstratively known as the hood aka “the new hoes.”

Bonnie had to satisfy the conditions of her parole which meant she had to get a job which was why she was outside in ninety degree weather right now. She had to provide her parole officer with a list of places that she applied for jobs at.

"Excuse me? Are y'all hiring?" Bonnie asked the lady who worked the cash register. The lady was afraid to address her. "I said excuse me." Bonnie slapped her hand down on the counter in front of the woman who looked away. She pretended that she wasn't the one being confronted.

"I got something for your ass." Bonnie grabbed the microphone and pulled it toward her. "I need a manager." She looked up and saw the number on the register. "I'm at register five and I need a manager, supervisor or something." She let go of the microphone and stared at the lady for a second. A few minutes later a slender white man with pimples scattered across his pale face walked briskly up to the front.

"Can I help you?" The guy was nervous. He wasn't sure what to expect because he hadn't recognized the voice on the intercom. Bonnie didn't waste any time she got right down to business. "I need a job! I just came home from prison, and this spot is close to my house so I can get here every day." She went on and on. The only thing the supervisor saw was a short, aggressive woman standing in front of him whom he didn't believe would leave without having her demands met.

He looked at her and swallowed hard as he could then hired her on the spot. What other choice did he really have? Most people didn't want to work in this part of town let alone demand for a job. He had been posting ads for months, so Bonnie was all he had.

Clyde was on his shit and somebody was going to feel it. He was frustrated due to the fact several of his workers were overspending and fucking up his count. The world had changed a lot than when he was a youngster out on the street dressed in a dark-colored, hooded sweat shirt, and dark jeans with a pair of one size too small shoes. If the police hopped out on him, he could run as fast as he could being that the shoes were so tight it felt like he had nothing on his feet.

"These cats out here don't want money," he told Bing as he shook his head and ran a smooth hand over his wavy hair.

"You can't let that shit get you down it happens. Niggas fuck up out here! These niggas ain't the same – they're different" Bing said as he shrugged his shoulders.

Bing had the type of mindset like these niggas is dumb as hell anyway. Let's get some money from them and let their ass self-destruct.

"It's more to it than that." Clyde looked at his brother. "I want to build a fucking a dynasty - put something in place that will pay off for years to come." Clyde turned the corner and slowed down as a lady and her two children hurried across the street.

"Ooh!" Excitement filled Bing's voice as his eyes widened with anticipation. He clapped his hands together.

"Pull over nigga." Bing tapped his hand rapidly into the dashboard. "There that bitch go." Revenge entered his eyes and caused a half smile to ease across his lips.

"What, what's going on?" Clyde looked around and didn't see any of the people who he and his brother had beef with.

"Stop nigga!" Bing screamed at his brother. Clyde didn't see anyone and felt uncomfortable that he wasn't on point. He didn't like get caught slipping. He pulled over to the side of the street and parked behind a red Chevy pickup truck. "Watch this. I'm about to teach this bitch a lesson." Bing eased quietly out of the car and ducked down while he crept alongside the car.

"What the fuck is going on?" Clyde reached for his pistol.

"Who are you talking about?" Bing ignored him, opened the back door and got the baseball bat off the floor while stepping onto the sidewalk with the bat in hand.

"What's up with you?" Clyde asked. Bing walked slowly toward his target.

"Yo." Clyde got out of the car and ran after his brother.

"I appreciate it. I need this opportunity. I just got out the spot and a bitch ain't trying to go back." Bonnie was in the middle of a conversation while she walked out of the store.

"Alright girl! It was good running into you, but I got to go. Take my number so we can rap a taste." Bonnie was in the process of calling out her digits when Bing walked aggressively toward her with a baseball bat in hand.

"Excuse me for a minute. We'll get up sometime soon." Bonnie turned around and spit her razor blade out of her mouth. She learned that trick in prison and if it worked behind the wall it damn sure was going to work on this side of the wall.

She had cut several bitches while locked up and learned how to use a razor blade skillfully. "Bring your big bad ass on nigga." Bonnie squared up like she was another man fighting another man.

"Snuff me now bitch." Bing was seriously on some shit.

"Bing, Bing!" Clyde grabbed him from behind and held him. He smiled while he looked over his brother's shoulder and stared at Bonnie.

"This bitch think she did something." Bing tried to get away from Clyde.

"Come on nigga! You wanna clown?" Bonnie rotated her hands around and kept them moving so Bing wouldn't see the razor in her hand. "One swing, nigga." She was from the hood and represented the slogans "never ran," and "if you put your hands on me somebody got to die."

“Bitch, you think you tough huh?” Bing was pissed and ready to whack this bitch smooth across the head, but Clyde’s love sick ass was in the way.

“Nigga, tell your bodyguard to move and you will see how tough I am. I already broke yo shit last time. You back for some more?” Bonnie didn’t know how these new hoes got down, but niggas was not just going to be coming at her any kind of damn way. That was not going to happen - believe that.

Clyde had to laugh at the statement her short ass made about breaking Bing jaw. That shit was funny and sexy to him at the same damn time.

Bing on the other hand was pissed. “You little bitch, you ain’t break shit.” Bing was charging for her.

“Your mother is the bitch.” Bonnie was still swinging her arms.

Clyde was still protecting this bitch even after she spoke ill of their mother which made Bing even madder. “You’re going to let this bitch disrespect mama? If mama was alive she would dog walk this hoe.” Bing was fuming now. He didn’t allow anyone to talk bad about his mother. She died when he was fifteen and Clyde was

eighteen. Their old man and his side bitch set her up one night and killed her.

Their mother was one of the biggest female hustlers the hood had ever seen. She dated this wanna be hustler and under cover smoker that wanted her spot. Just like that, he plotted to rob her but ended up having to kill her leaving the boys parentless.

Clyde gave Bing a look that said he was no longer going to hold him back. “Ms. Lady, I want this shit between you and my brother to stop. It was my fault all this happened, but Monie Stack (that was his mother street name) paid her dues so I don’t want you disrespecting her, okay?” The name almost brought tears to her eyes cause that was the lady that taught her everything she knew about the streets. She was seventeen when they found Monie dead. Bonnie’s life was never the same after that because she knew that in order to get to Monie, it had to be a personal setup. You just wasn’t going to catch a bitch like Monie slipping. She didn’t want to let on to Clyde that she knew her personally.

“I can respect that and I will stop if your brother does, but if he doesn’t I will kill him before he kills me - believe that.” Bing

wanted to say something but something told him he was better off letting it go.

Clyde looked at Bing “Alright I will let the shit go, but let me tell you going around hitting men like that is going to get you fucked up, boo,” Bing stated.

“Let’s get this straight, I am not your boo and I am not worried about that. But I do apologize because I hit the wrong nigga.” Bonnie used her blade free hand and knocked the shit out of Clyde.

Bing was rolling on the ground laughing as Clyde held his jaw watching her walk away. “You still think she’s the one you need?” Bing asked while he was still cracking up.

“Hell yeah, even more so now.” Clyde dick was so hard that he knew that it was time to drop Bing off cause some random bitch was going to have to knock this shit down until he could get the one he wanted.

“You are sick,” Bing said to Clyde as he looked back in Bonnie’s direction. “The little bitch is fine,” Bing had to admit while shaking his head.

“I know!” They slapped five and headed back to the car.

