

Blaque Diamond Publications presents:

## Diary of a Hood Princess 2

By K.L. Hall

### Chapter 1

Dear Diary,

Everybody's got secrets.

But what would you do if the man you fell in love with killed your best friend? Forgive and forget, or say fuck that nigga and keep it movin'? I finally found out who killed Kris, and to be honest, I wish I didn't know. By the time I'd come to the realization that I was in love with a bad boy, it was just too late for us. Justice had too many skeletons in his closet. But that's the thing about love and shit, it's always harder to get out of than it is to fall into. So, even as I sit here and tell you what I should be doing, I'm not doing any of it. I haven't seen Justice since the night Detective Santos was killed. Yeah, three bullets in his skull left brain soup all over my hardwood bedroom floor almost six months ago. Hell, my ears are still ringing. Served his crooked ass right though. I remember seeing his face on the front page of the paper the next day smiling wide and bright with the headline reading, "*Honorable Detective's Life Claimed after Staten Island Drug Bust,*" if they only knew his ass was shadier than half the niggas out there huggin' the block.

But enough about him, and on to me. I'm picking up the pieces of my life... for the second time. No Justice, no Kris, no shady ass Lyric, just me. I had half a mind to say fuck everybody from the start anyway, but I can't blame anybody but myself. Hell, even the devil was an angel. The same night Detective Santos was killed, about 50 or 60 alphabet boys swarmed the place and rushed in. They hauled Justice, Lyric and I off to jail for questioning, and of course her ass sang like a canary. Her story was that she felt "threatened" by Justice and after Ace's death, she just couldn't take the secrets anymore.

*"I only had the gun to scare him, I never intended to shoot or harm anyone!" she said.*

Yeah, right. She went on to say how nervous she was when Detective Santos arrived, and admitted to fuckin' his snake ass too. She said he pressured her into doing it, now that I believe. She didn't even try to blame his death on Justice either, with the slip of her trigger finger, her ass pled insanity, now she's hugging herself and staring at padded walls until her baby's born. Out of everyone, she probably came out the best. It's not hard to play crazy if it's already in your blood. I definitely got somethin' comin' for her ass if I ever see her again though, believe that. Justice is being held upstate for Kris' death, but since he was such a big name in the drug business, once the feds sunk their teeth into him, they weren't about to let him go. Justice's rap sheet was longer than Christmas lists to Santa from kids in the hood. They are trying to lock his ass way for so long, he'll be lucky to see the outside of a cell by the time he turns 70. He has drug charges,

conspiracy charges and they are trying to pin two murders on him, Kris' and his fathers with no evidence. Can you believe that shit?

After Justice was taken away and I was released, people were starting to look at me funny, wondering how I had been a witness to two murders in less than a year and still managed to come out alive and with my hands squeaky clean. But if I've learned anything from fuckin' with Justice, it's that nobody is just gon' sit around and let me live my life in peace, there is always somebody out there willin' to take from my plate just to feed they damn selves. So I took the money I had stashed away, bought myself a nice house out in Manhattan, got a new job as a fashion consultant at a firm and was moving on. I was real naïve when I first stepped into this shit, but one thing is for sure, nobody's about to catch me slippin' again.

-Syd