Mike? Mike
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Acknowledgment

To my mom who took time to have me.
my projects Chester, P.A. My baby moms Kelly
who give me my first born. To my son trying
 to find his way in this world. My Cuz Delilah
the back bone to my self-centered family. To my
uncles: Derrick, Alan and Dwayne. Each one taught
me how to be a player, the streets and how to get
money. To my aunt Maureen who taught me tough love.
my sister Yvonne who told me always eat with your
mouth close. To my pop who taught me how to
dodge responsibilities. My Aunt Alberta who alway
sent a letter out of the blue. My nigga Ish who
is like a little brother to me.

To my ex Florence who taught me love and
life.
When I was born the doctor told my mother that an estimated 32 percent of black males will enter prison during their lifetime. With no father figure, chances are he will suffer from drug addiction, alcoholism and mental illness. The doctor figured we shouldn’t waste any time and gave my mother a thoughtful gift. *Baby Prison Clothes.* Some already roll up weed and a baby bottle that looks like a 40 ounce. My mother came from a poor uneducated background herself. Shrugged her shoulders, disregarding the doctor’s speech and told him all I can do is teach him how to survive.
I was an asset to my mother at 2 yrs old. I had credit and the phone bill was in my name, I didn't have any friends at 2 yrs old. But I wanted to call the doctor and tell him "I am already establishing bad credit." He would be proud. At the age of 9 I asked my mother, do we live in the ghetto? Her response was, "the ghetto is a state of mind which poor people use as an excuse to act out their ignorance." My mother was a philosophical woman, only observing the morals and ethics of things. I learned a lot from my mom. One of the many things is how to make more with the little you had.
don't own a A.T.F Jacket. Only poor people have this special ability. If you would like to have this special ability go live in a ghetto near you.

Like most black kids I grew up in a Christian home. Even though the only time I've seen Jesus is when my mom pulled her belt out. If it wasn't nailed down I got beat with it. When ever my mother needed a break from whipping my ass she would take me to my grandmothers house. My grand-parents were pastors (RIP) and even had their own little church.
My life growing up with my family was a roller coaster ride. All my relatives are crazy. I don't have to look far to figure out why I act the way I do. We can start with my father whom I've never met. So responsibility wasn't his strong point. Because of him I feel like I have no obligation. I shit in your toilet, I don't flush - I blame your wife. I pass gas in a room I blame the person next to me. Don't blame me, blame my pop. I had to learn late in life that for every bad action I did or said came with consequences. You can blame my pop for this to, if you can find him.
Next on my list is my uncles - my mom's brother. When I think it's not related. Uncle (1) Thinks he's a player. God's gift to women, but the only packages he opens is child support letters. Uncle (2), a thug criminal who can't stay out of trouble. Got caught so many times he turns himself in if he thinks about doing something wrong. Now, uncle (3) is a mix of both, but a little more selfish attitude. He made so many promises that he forgot they made a promise. Now, my aunt is a no-nonsense tough love type of woman. There is a lecture behind anything she does for you. You will forget what you asked for by the time she finish her lecture.
You should, there is only 10 people in the Church. A Small Church in Chester P.A next to a Chinese Store. Before there was a church there was bible study in my basement. Every Saturday morning was bible study in the basement. Now when you leave kids alone from the ages of 12 to 14 they are going to find other ways to stay occupied. One game we played was every time we were alone was catch a girl get a girl. You catch a girl
Having sex with white girls. It's like a drug addiction. You break out in cold sweats and start scratching your ass for no reason at all. With me, it's not just any white girl. But the ones with a stink attitude that smoke weed and have a big ass! To me that's like spotting a wild animal. A rare creature. You have to protect it at all cost. Dr. King would have been proud.

I can hear him now. "Wax that ass, wax that-ass, and all might wax that-ass!" But I'm waxing myself using Japanese women as methadone. Ping-ponging pussy is pretty good.
Shes pregnat is the two words I remember that I told my mother and oh, did I mention Shes white, So, you don't have to worry about her using your comb. Soon to be grandmom. Get ready for some malatto kids. Call me Thomas Jefferson.

I broke one of my number one rules with her. I didn't pull out. I was the master of pulling out. I had black belt in pulling out. The only thing I ever got pregnant were bed sheets and Floors.
* News Brake *

from 

Green Baby

Rapper Designer Choke to death trying to form a sentence.

Two Skinny American Top models got into a fight and burst into flames.

Kim. K was spotted in the air do to ass deflation.

Now back to your program
The first time I felt in love my heart so broke. I told my self that shit will never happen again. Let me explain something. Men have two women in their life. Their wife and their mistress. Sad, but true. You want to be the main woman in his life? Do that trick you use to do when Jail first met. Every man has met a women that knows how to do a trick. Women use the "trick a Dick" on men they want to keep in their life. Women always say "I do that thing you like." That's trick a Dick.
Men also do a trick for women when they first meet. It's called "give them money".

Some are forced into a relationship because of a baby. It was unexpected. She didn't see it coming. Neither did he, probably because it was in her. So nobody really got a good look at it, but her vagina. Take baby steps, and practice the pull out technique in everyday life. Handicap parking spots and crake housecs.
If I got into a car accident I didn't stick around and see what happen.

I grab my weed, my cell phone and my skates and pretend I was in a A.L.L movie.

The only guaranteed compensation you're going to get from me is a Sincere "are you ok?". I got into a car accident with one someone who was on the same time I was on (faking). I grabbed my nick and walk over to the car.

Mom! Come on! Nissa you know I don't got no money. Stop grabbing your nick.
One of my bizarre fears is getting knocked out as an old guy. Rolling on the ground like a egg-arms extended, mouth open medication falling out of my pocket.

I smell like Ben-gay. Bones popping and cracking. People think i'm shorting or i'm made out of wood. Growing old is a process of life. And i set that. But i'm damn sure i'm not going to be the old fat guy sitting on the couch watching old T.V. Shows, playing with my balls like Chinese checkers. Hell no!
On February 1, 2017, at James T. Vaughn Correctional Center, Inmates took over C building. Their demands were education, rehabilitation and not to be treated like animals. When it was over, one officer died and another was assaulted. The Governor assign two retired Judges to do a investigation.
My x-mas wish list
Top 5

1. I wish my mother had an abortion.

2. I wish I was killed in a car accident.

3. I wish I was hit by a stray bullet.

4. I wish I was struck by lightning.

5. I wish I die in my sleep.
Now what kind of demand is that? You holding people hostage and your request is: education, rehabilitation and not to be treated like animals. You don't want a cellphone, food, women or maybe a helicopter. But you want formal schooling, you want to bring or restore to a state of health constructive activity. And not be treated like any four-footed creature. So you can go back into Society and become a model Citizen and not come back to jail...

No Way
This is Delaware

The end 25
I'm going to grow old and stay active, maybe take up a hobby as a peeping tom. Keep my brain stimulated by sniffing coke. I'll shave every gray hair on my body and make a snowman. I was a grown man the day I was born. My first words was: Show me the tits i'm thirsty. Now it's show me the money i'm broke. I am going to find an old retired woman to take care of my life.
I'm a black man, ex-con and muslim. One of these got to go. I am too damn black. That's black panther black. That's F.B.I. watch a nissa too black. Because of my background I have to play it cautious. Anytime the cops pull me over, I am already handcuffed and in the back seat. License and registration is in the glove compartment. Anytime you do something wrong your conviction/felony is always broadcasted like the news. Breaking news, ex-con Mike Allen lift the toilet seat up. Causing his girlfriend to pull him in the toilet. She might do a exclusive and tell the world you forgot, "because he is a felon."
My first car was a red Honda-CR-X. Out of five of my niggas, only five (including me) will squeeze in this little ass car. And we always made room for the bitches. You can't complain about how small the car is when you got pussy in your face. It's been many nights I had to drive with my chin. You would have sworn we were contortionists. We would step out of a smoke filled car looking like the walking dead. And start dancing like a Michael Jackson video.

I had my license, no insurance and a license plate made out of cardboard.
So, women, do that thing you use to do when you first met. Make your ass clap! I'm black a man in America, I should get a standing ovation when I come home. Matter fact, you should be in the drive way twerking with a drink in one hand and stake; potatoes in the other. Every man in my neighborhood is waiting for me to get home, looking out their window checking their watch. "He should be coming around the corner any min- their he go!"
I had a dream I was a famous rapper. Nigga wanted to be just like me. Women throw their panties at me. I was on every magazine. Cars, Jewelry and it was all rented. I had a number one song called "Flipper was my favorite dolphin." I had gold teeth. And my grills read not real gold. I wrote my best rhymes when I had diarrhea. I rapped like the rappers today - gurgling water. I stayed high. Every time I performed I wore a diaper bulletproof. I never walked I rode a pony. Then I woke up.
My baby mother is my type. She got a bad attitude and gave headaches. She is a five-foot nothing and she can fit inside of a boot. She talks shit like it was her job to do so.

Sometimes I forget she's white because she says "nigga" more than I do. I am always going to have love for her, because she's my little nigga.
Like most teenagers growing up I was taught about sex watching the Nature Channel. My mother never gave me "the talk." My pop never had time to give me "the talk.

He was too busy doing the walk. Every chance I got I was watching porn. I jerked off so much my penis needed Chapstick.

Whatever I learned on porn, I did on women. The only thing I did not do is eat ass. I don't even eat pork what I look like eating butt.
My mother moved around a lot. Mike we were on tour. Chester, PA. Media, Delaware, Morton, PA and back to Delaware. Once the lease was up, we were gone. Each state I lived in I learned something new and each one was no discipline for the law. I stole cars with a screwdriver. I kept a screwdriver in my back pocket like a key. I stole Fire trucks just to climb the ladders. But, there is one thing I did like to do besides breaking the law.
At the end of the day I love my fam unconditionally. If it wasn’t for them I wouldn’t have mental health issues. You have to understand my position growing up with a family in the ghetto. I get my sense of humor from my family. If I lose that, I’ll lose my sanity. Jokes at the dinner table—like when a family member shouts you are adopted across the table made me feel, this is what life is all about.

If you listen closely you can hear me playing the drums in my grand parents Church. Can you hear it?
Can I growing up.
where most of my family showed up. After a weekend of dancing with the devil, some even were falling asleep while the sermon was being held. Some stood and testified. Men and women both.

One guy stood up and said, "I would like God to bless me with a nice woman and not one from the Choir because she gave me crabs."

One thing you need to know about Black churches is they love to eat and gossip. You can be the topic of the day and not even know it until you leave the church and everyone is looking at you. ☹️
You know what I mean. When there is only a little bit of milk in the carton... add water. Growing up poor you gain a special ability. I call this special ability "Ghetto Senses." It's kind of like Spider-man when he puts his Spidy Senses on. With Ghetto Senses your awareness goes up by 10. When your Ghetto Senses start tingling, you can feel something is about to go down. Like 20 niggas come into the club with no women. Shit is about to go down. That loud knock at the door that comes at 5 or 6 in the morning. Grandmom
Part

1

When I was born.
You may be keeping accounts,
and presently you shall walk out of the door that for so long has seemed to you the barrier of your ideals, and shall find yourself before an audience the pen still behind your ear, the ink stains on fingers—and then and there shall pour out the torrent of your inspiration—

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Title of book: Mike's Mike. My Life, my words.

Book is about: Short Stove's Memoirs. About my life growing up.

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