

“LIL’ KIM’S BLOG”

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Lemme tell y’all somfin, bein’ locked up in jail is almost as dangerous as going to the Source awards. Psyche! I love it here and everyone loves me! It’s like a party 24-7. Last night we had a git-together and got drunk on pruno (that’s jail booze which my cell mate Trish O’brian made by fermenting grape jelly in an old massengil bottle). It’s like a 40oz. with real kick and it’s low carb like a mufukka. The problem is, it give you gas. We was sittin’ around like we was on some blazin saddles bean-eatin’ campfire shit... then my ass said ”BRAAAAHT”. They was like “Damn!” cuz not only was it loud but it was lethal like some ass mixed with anchovy and anthrax. “BRAAAHHHT!” I dropped the bomb on those bitches...that’s why they call me the Queen B.

B is for the booty from Brooklyn that’s hot, but watch out y’all, cuz it’s blowin’ up the spot...unh, unh, yeah son...that’s that real grimey shit like some ashy ankles on Haitians...

Anyway, it is cool in my cell. My stylist had what-his-name give it a makeover before I moved in...Um that dude from “Queer Eye For The Straight Guy”...um Carson Crisco...Krispy...Cruiseal...Crabgrass...Krissskross...Fuck it... the other Carson that’s not Daily.

He hooked up my bunk bed with a special ladder cuz the beds so high up and I’m only 3 foot 7, so it took me like 10 minutes to climb up there every night. But check this y’all; I made a new friend! She calls me Lil’ Tuna. She looks a little bit like Queen Latifa but with only one tooth so everyone calls her Queen La ‘toof’-a. But not to her face cuz she will stab you in the neck with a her sharpened ‘toof’-brush that she is always brushing her last ‘toof’ with cuz she loves dat ‘toof’ and has confided in me that she sometimes has nightmares that while she is sleeping, an angry ‘toof’-fairy appears and snatches it out of her head, then disappears before she has a chance to stab him in the neck.

I axed her about why she calls me Lil’ Tuna but she just smiles a big soup-suckin’ grin and say’s “You’ll find out.” Then she licks da ‘toof’ all slow, winks at her friend Trish and keeps talking about a “toona samich” on pumpnickel that

they gonna eat lickety split. We all laugh cuz she crazy like a mufukka and but after we be wildin’ out, she get all-serious and tells me about her sentence. What had happened was that she was being sworn in as a witness for another case and the bailiff axed her if to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but she thought he said something about her “toof”, and stabbed him in the neck with the judges gavel. 15 years because of semantics.

Anyway, since I am gonna be here a while, I have been workin on a book. A tell-all about my life and loves. Here is a sample until next time;

The raindrops did a pitter patter dance on the roof of the recording studio like ricocheting bullets from a random drive by on Classon avenue. I was waiting for Lil’ Cease to show up but this nigga is always late as a motherfucker. I went to the bathroom to adjust one of my green contacts but moved too abruptly and my titty flapped out of my halter-top. Bam! Just like piece of toast poppin’ out of the toaster. (This was the old titty before I had them shits hooked up...these new millennium tit’s don’t move at all...they hard like a dick. They nipple like Tom Thumb, but I digress...That’s when Biggie (may his soul rest in peace) walked in breathing hard from exertion... “That titty look lonely” he said in his husky voice.

He was out of breath. Was it because of his anticipation of our imminent erotic encounter? Or was it cuz that fat ass nigga walked up the one flight of stairs? Biggies growling voice interrupted my thoughts: “Why don’t you take that other motherfucking titty out to keep that lonely titty company?” That’s why I’m always gonna love Biggie, he REAL like a motherfucker. He KNOW how to let a bitch KNOW that he KNOW you KNOW...you know what I’m saying?

Before I knew what was happening he was on me like I was an Entenmann’s pound cake, chewing licking, sucking and of course sweating cause that nigga was a fat motherfucker. That nigga was so hot and heavy, the friction made my hairweave start to smoke and set off a fire alarm. But we didn’t even hear it cuz we was so entangled in an accordion knot of sex, flex, and all 5 of that nigga’s 5 necks. Then I had an epiphany as I was backing my ass up to Biggie’s ‘Little Mr. Smally’...On the floor of the recording studio, a words came into my head like all of Biggies talent was osmosing into me. And that is how I came up with the immortal lyric... “Huh, what? Take it in the butt!”