

## OUTFIELD DAYDREAMIN'

Written By

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*"Delight yourself in the Lord, and he will give you the desires of your heart."*

-Psalms 37:4

### AN IDLE MIND

For the last few months, I've been stuck in the house quarantining, like I know most of you niggas haven't. Yea I know, that's why my ass gotta stay in the house a little longer. Yall know why later, that selfish bitch.

But during this time, I thought why not make my first comedy album. And depending on how this goes, I'll continue doing it... or y'all never hear from my ass again and I'll just keep these strange thoughts to myself.

This pandemic started to make me realize a lot of things. The one main thing this pandemic really showed me was that niggas think washing your hands was an optional choice. News flash niggas washing your hands is mandortory. That's why they put the sinks less than 6 feet away from the urinals. You can't just come out the stall from taking a shit, make eye contact with me at the sink washing my hands. Then walk straight out the bathroom. That's fucking disgusting.

I'd be at a restaurants seeing that nasty shit and on my way back to my table; I be trying scope out the restaurant to find that nigga to see who he came here with so I can go snitch on him. Sometimes, I be tempted to say something to the people he's eating. I'll see them with kids at the table and one day I just wanna go over there and be like hey kids did you know your father is a shitty fingered menace. I saw him walk out the bathroom and he didn't wash his hands. Don't share any appetizers with him.

But I am glad the pandemic brought awareness to these dirty

niggas not washing their hands. To be honest that's how I think Covid started, there was a bunch of dirty niggas in China that just never washed their hands. Niggas not washing their hands shut down the world.

Think about it when the quarantining started, people were buying up all the toilet paper when they shoulda been buying hand soap. Taking shits without washing your hands was the problem that got us in this mess. Ladies, I don't know how y'all do it. But, y'all gotta be careful whose fingers you let touch your cooter. There's a lot of shittys finger menaces on the loose.

Do you all's minds ever just randomly wonder uncontrollably. Like your body's here in its physical state, but your mind is just somewhere else doing blow in the back of some dark alley.

Yea I suffer from that from time to time. Especially in the middle of group conversations with my friends. Aw, those are the best. Because half the time your mind shouldn't be there anyway. Because if you really analyze a conversation that you're having with friends, you'll realize it's just about plain nonsense.

### **THE GAME OF LIFE**

Cause from the outside looking in if you'd heard a conversation between me and my friends, you'd probably be like yep this is a normal conversation between three 20-year olds that are still living with their parents and life is thoroughly smacking them in the face every chance it gets.

Cause when you're 20 you quickly find out that life is nothing like that shitty board game you grew up playing as a kid. We seriously need to boycott that damn game. It's feeding these kids lies.

Cause when you're a kid and you're playing that game you're like man this adult shit really easy. Right? But when you're 20 you're like damn, well this is why my parents hated each other so much. Cause when you get older you realize, oh shit it was life that made them so angry, not me. Then I guess having me was just the final Jenga block at the top that tumbled everything over and drove them to wanting to kill each other.

## PROFESSIONAL IDIOTS

But, back to my weird ass friends. I think sometimes they're secretly plotting against me but my mind isn't there in the moment to pick up what's going on.

For example, it's late one night and we're all on the game in an Xbox party. But, we're not really playing a game, just sitting and talking. It's me, Terrence and Gabriel. I know you all don't know these people yet but you'll soon find out their professional idiots. And I mean that in the nicest way possible, there my boys. I've known them since high school. But sometimes I feel like we just didn't get the same diplomas even though we graduated from the same school.

I feel like I got mine the long and hard way. While Terrence just made his shit on Adobe Photoshop just so he can have something to show his momma. And Gabriel... I don't know, I feel like he just got his out of a box of Lucky Charms. Cause it can only be by luck that nigga graduate high school.

So were all talking on Xbox one night and my mind is somewhere else not tuned into whatever these niggas are talking about. Cause it's like 2 'o clock in the morning and my mind just in that state where it's too tired to engage in a conversation with these niggas but I'm not tired enough to fall sleep. It's weird.

And if I get off the game, I feel like I'm going to do something I'll end up regretting in the morning... like sending some stupid text to Isabella like... "I know you still up girl... You know you weren't busy tonight... You know that other nigga can't sling it like me."

Yall don't need to know who Isabella is; all you need to know is that she ain't shit. So, these niggas are keeping me from doing something stupid, like pulling up at that bitch's house and peeking through her window and seeing some shit that I shouldn't be seeing.

I like wow, she told me she was gonna be hanging out with her cousin from out of town. She didn't tell me her cousin was that

big black nigga Darius from down the block. So, as my mind is going crazy about who my lover is getting nasty with tonight.

### **SUGAR MAMA**

I hear out of the blue from Terrence y'all niggas ever thought about robbing a bank. In head I'm like what decade is this nigga living in. Niggas still robbing banks in 2020. Damn, your year's been that shitty, huh. I know it's rough out here but damn nigga you'll get through it.

But I didn't want to cock block this genius idea by Terrence, so I'm like go on, this should be good. These niggas are stupid. So, Gabriel's like nah man why would you rob a bank when you could just find yourself a sugar mama. He's talking like sugar mamas grow on trees and shits. Trust me they don't.

He's like, yea man this chick Leslie hit me up on Instagram talking about her husband just died and she's looking for a young, strapping black man to spoil. And I'm like nah nigga that's our old physics teacher Mr. Leslie.. He knows you over 18 now so tryna fuck. Yea, you remember how he used to act around you... saying you were failing and you should come by after school for some extra credit. More like, he was tryna give you some extra dick.

### **MASTERPLAN**

So, Terrence is going on about how he would rob a bank. Like yea, so this is what we should do. And I'm like nigga what do you mean we. You better figure this out by your damn self. He's like, nah man we're just brainstorming. Terrence, what is this WE shit man.

He's like, listen man we'll hit the TD Bank on Rhode Island Ave they're real sweet. Oh, you mean the TD Bank across the street from the police station. You mean that bank?

Yea, man don't worry about it check this out. We go at night right, we use Gabriel's paintball guns to take the cameras in the parking lot. Right. Gabe stays in the car as our lookout. While you and I cut the alarm wires to the security panel.

Then pick the lock on the side door to get in. Simple Shit.

Simple Shit my ass, this ain't GTA my nigga. This is real life my nigga, that's a Class A Felony son.

At this point I don't even know why I'm still entertaining this man, but I said to him how are we gonna get into the vault. He's like I got a cousin up in there that's a teller. He knows the ins and outs of the place.

Then I was like damn, this nigga really thought of everything. He's been trying to organize this shit for weeks now. This might actually work. Then my paranoid brain kicks in like. \*gasp\* It's a setup. He still remembers I owe him 60 dollars from our Ocean City trip. He's tryna make sure I pay him back his money and make it be the last dollars I ever borrow from him. This nigga ain't slick.

Him and Gabriel are colluding against me. Who in their right mind would make Gabe the getaway driver? That nigga still only got his learner's permit. His ass ain't supposed to be driving past sundown. And I don't trust this cousin person, talking about he works for the bank. I've been to this bank plenty of time and all the employees treat me like shit.

With their looks of privilege and disgust, there always like (annoying voice) *Mr. Malone your account in the negative so you got a couple of overdraft fees, ahh Mr. Malone you can't keep touching your savings account if you do there'll be a 10-dollar fee, ah Mr. Malone we can't approve this loan your credit's too low.*

Like damn what can you do for me then... oh, you think you're better than me. It's always the same damn bullshit with y'all every time I come in here. You know what, just give me all my damn money so I don't have to come back here again.

But you own us forty-three cents.

So, loan me forty-three cents and I'll getcha back on Tuesday!

So, I didn't trust it, they're tryna set you up David. You're gonna go into that vault with Terrence, scoop all the money and when you're not looking, he's gonna knock you over the head with

the paintball barrel and lock yo ass in the vault. They ain't slick!

Yup they're gonna trip the alarm system and skedaddle on your ass. Leaving you there until the police show up.

And we all know what happens when the police show up, you're basically a dead man walking at this point. They're about to shoot first so there won't be any need to ask questions later.

Yea, if they already like killing innocent black people now. When they see me in that vault umm mmm... they ain't gonna know what to do with themselves. They're gonna have a field day with my black ass.

#### **QUEEN & SLIM**

Nah but Terrence and Gabe are good people they wouldn't do that... or I hope they at else leave me a gun so I can Queen & Slim these mofos. Aye yall see that movie, that joint was nice. Got me tapping all into my sensitive side, making a nigga believe in love and shit.

But I said to Terrence what are you gonna do with the money after the robbery.

He said "uhm spend the fuck"

Yea no shit you dickhead, I mean what are you gonna do after you rob the bank cause you're gonna have to start a new life.

He's like well, I'm going to Mexico and starting over there and live rich. *Nigga What?*

Nigga your ass failed Spanish in high school, how the fuck you gonna get by in Mexico. He say I don't know I'll figure it out when I get there nigga, is you down or nah?

Uh nah I'm good, I'll wait for these jokes to blow up... cause if we all follow your ass, we all gonna end up like Queen & Slim.

## THE MEATBALL SHOP

But, I ain't gonna front I need to start making some money, having a constant income seems nice. There's only been one time in my life where I had a real job and I hated it.

I said this can't be what life is like after high school, I can't have a job like this forever, this fucking sucks!

It was one of those shitty restaurant jobs. No disrespect to the people that work in restaurants. I met a lot of cool people at that job and had a lot of great experiences. But let's be honest, restaurant jobs fucking sucks. It's true.

The name of the restaurant I worked at was called the fucking Meatball Shop and yea I know what yall are thinking and no it's wasn't that type of party!

## GRAB SOME BALLS

Yea it's a weird name for a restaurant, I guess? The Meatball Shop... y'all think I'm bullshitting it's a real restaurant. Look it up!

Yea it really doesn't sound like a place you can go with the boys. Like yo Mike, you tryna grab some balls and watch the game at the Meatball Shop?

Yo, if your boy asks you that, you should probably be expecting the "I wanna be more than friends" conversation later that night.

All I'ma say is just be careful of how much you drink around Mike tonight. He's gonna wanna do a little more than split a bucket of balls witcha.

Fellas, you can't take your lady to the Meatball Shop!

*Hey baby, I'm taking you somewhere special for our anniversary...*

*Where hon?*

*The finest Italian restaurant in all of DC... Where babe where?*

*The fucking Meatball Shop.*

I'm warning you now, if you take your woman to the Meatball Shop, she will leave your ass that night.

### **SEVERE LANGUAGE BARRIER**

Nah, but the Meatball Shop was technically my first job ever. I was really grateful for that job. Because when you get that 1st job, you get excited to start earning some money. And when I started working that was the first moment I realized, oh wow I'm truly an adult. Uh Oh.

And one of the first things I realized when you're entering that young stage of adulthood is that people still look at you as a child no matter what age you are.

For example, your boss is gonna treat you like shit because he cuts the check. So, he doesn't give a fuck about your feelings. He knows you need a job, so he's like either quit or cry nigga. You better get your ass back to work.

Like one day the Chef was just angry with everybody. And he was normally a chill dude. But this day someone must have pissed in his cheerios. And one of the line cooks was just in the crossfire.

One of the cooks, Juan was mixing up the hot food with the cold food at his station. The hot was supposed to be on the left, and cold on the right.

So, the Chef said to the line cook Juan "the fucks the matter with you. Do you know your left from your right son?"

Juan replies OkAy.

A little bit of backstory, Juan is not really a native speaker so he speaks and understands English as if he was a toddler.

Then a couple of minutes later Juan messes up again and the Chef says well you obviously don't know your left from your



right so show me the hand you stroke your meat son.  
And I love how that's the ultimate test of what's your dominant hand.

I'm like chef, you gotta get ambidextrous with your shit man.  
Believe me it comes in clutch when you gotta have a cast on your arm for 2 weeks.

So at this point Juan was thoroughly confused on what masturbation had to do with cooking and he's on his last leg. The Chef said "if you can't get your shit together. Your ass is getting cut tonight." The kitchen went silent.

I think getting cut must have a severely different meaning in whatever place Juan's from because Juan pulled out his knife and held it to the Chef's throat like *no no no buddy, you no cut me tonight, I cut you tonight.*

But the crazy part is that I wasn't even fazed, I was like I knew it! I knew this nigga was lying the whole time! Dumbass Chef got me doing all his work, cause you think he doesn't know English.

Well Chef, I guess we gonna have 2 non-English-speaking motherfuckers after he cuts your fucking throat out. Good luck nigga!

Yea Juan got fired that night... or probably deported who knows?

### **THAT'S NASTY**

But, I met a lot of strange characters at the Meatball Shop. At the time I was one of the youngest staff members, I was 18.

And I remember when my coworkers used to complain to me about their problems like I got all the answers. Especially Jamal, it was always something new with this man.

He'd be like, man. I think that dirty ass Torri gave me something, my shit burning like a mug. I hope my baby mama ain't got it.

I'm like nigga what are you telling me for I ain't no doctor and

wait a minute you got kids! You, Jamal the same nigga that be scratching his nuts then sticking your fingers all in the ice cream buckets!

I don't think you're fit for taking care of children. I see what you be doing to the ice cream in here, I sure hope those kids are lactose intolerant.

But anyway, for the burn you'll be fine my nigga. It ain't fallen off yet. All you need is some rubbing alcohol and a warm compress you'll be good nigga.

Everybody knows you gotta double bag with Torri, you fucking rookie.

#### **KAREN AND HER BULL**

Overall, that job was motivation for me to wanna be something in life. I couldn't see myself doing that restaurant shit for living. The worst part was the customers.

One day this middle-age lady was giving me a hard time, you know the Karen type. She was having a hard time understanding the menu and just asking a bunch of bullshit I didn't really care to answer.

And I'm like look lady, this ain't no highfalutin restaurant. This is the damn Meatball Shop so just pick what type of balls you wanna put down your gullet. Then pair some bullshit to go with it, it's not that hard.

So, 20 minutes later she finally makes up her mind. And she orders a salad, what a surprise. It shouldn't take you 20 minutes to order a damn salad, people.

But then, she goes "oops" let me not forget about little Timmy. OMG, this bitch is about to make me commit.

Come on Karen, don't do me like this. I'm 2 minutes past my shit break, I gotta half an hour date with the toilet and Instagram so can we please speed this up.

So, then she's like I think he'll like some spaghetti and

meatballs is that what this Spag N Balls dish is. I said no you idiot it's in the name. It's 3 large meatballs filled with spaghetti. But, you can order a bowl with spaghetti and meatballs if you'd like.

She's like those Spag N Balls sound fun, I'll get those. So she finally orders and goes home with some of my balls.

Then 20 minutes later she calls back to the restaurant. And goes you got my order wrong... What is so hard about spaghetti and meatballs? How could you be so stupid!

First of all, bitch. Who are you? I see plenty of customers so how could I remember you? She's like well sir I'm the bitch with the hungry children. Who am I speaking with?

*Ah Juan.*

She's like this is unacceptable, I need to speak with a manager. You are rude and belligerent. Well ain't this some pot calling the kettle black shit right here. Then she goes to say well what are my kids gonna eat tonight. Did you ever think about that? Well, yes ma'am I did and to be honest they can eat a DICK for all I care.

Growing up I couldn't tell my parents what I was and wasn't going to eat, especially if they just brought home \$50 worth food.

That's probably why I used to 290, I was so scared they were gonna beat my ass if I did eat, so I just ate everything. But she was so determined to speak with a manager. And I kept on telling her he's not in right now.

I'm lying of course, but I felt like I didn't need to bother him with this. It's just another Karen I can handle this one. His wife is a Karen, he's already stressed out enough. He's been through a lot already, I got this.

So, I got 3 minutes to get my "manager's voice" together and make this sound believable. I'm sitting there practicing my managerial voice. Going over my lines like "What seems to be the issue, well I am sorry to feel this way, well that's unfortunate" You know the standard manager bullshit.

So, after 5 minutes I was ready, I got this! So, I pick up the phone and go:

*"This is 14<sup>th</sup> St. Meatball Shop, this is Ryan how may I assist you."*

Ladies and Gentlemen, this was certified Karen, she saw right through my bullshit as soon as I picked up the damn phone.

She goes, I know it's still you young man! You know what I don't have time for this, Yelp is gonna hear about this.

*OH, word bitch ?*

You really gonna mess up our 2-star rating on Yelp.. oh no :(

If anything, your ass shouldn't check Yelp before you come here. All the other Karen's were trying to warn you we ain't shit in the first place!

**THANKS MOM**

Yea, man that's why I can't have no regular ass job. That's why I am still playing baseball. I still aspire to play professionally. I think I'm pretty good, but professional scouts don't seem to think so.

But what do they know there just scouts? Probably couldn't even make it on JV but got all the right in the world to critique me on my game?

So right now, I am playing in this summer league with some local college players and my team fucking suck. We haven't won a single game all season. Where about 0 and 22... Yea it's rough.

And after every game I get so angry cause I don't like losing cause that shit gets old after a while. But, my mom don't be understanding. She goes I don't know why you get so upset throwing a damn tantum all over the place, what did you expect was gonna happen? You know your team sorry. I think some of your teammates don't even know how to play baseball for real.

Number 5 can't play, Number 8 can't play, and Number 20.

They should be ashamed to go on the field playing like that. I said alright, that's enough mom. You know I'm number 20 right?

### **NOT THIS AGAIN**

But she was right, we were terrible. Our worst game this season we were losing 19 to 2 and before the 1<sup>st</sup> inning was over the score was already 12 to nothing. So, after that I just mentally checked out of the game. I'm like, I'M DONE, IT'S THE SAME WEAK SHIT EVERYTIME. YALL NIGGAS ARE ASS!

This shitty ass team with this dumbass coach, I told him to let me pitch tonight. He gonna put bum ass Carlos on the mound, this nigga can barely get the ball over the fucking plate!

And when he does throw a decent pitch, he's hitting the umpire. Like how the hell do you miss the catcher and batter all together just to hit the umpire in the damn throat!

The old man already can barely see the strike zone, you gonna make sure he can't breathe too. It truly takes God giving talent to be this ass. Yea, man this shit is like being in an abusive relationship. It's like I wanna leave but can't. This nigga Carlos is my ride home! I don't know what to do. So, I'm just gotta shut up and take it like a champ just like in any healthy normal abusive relationship.

### **RIGHT FIELD, NO**

But, that night one of our players gets hurt. So, my coach was like Malone I'ma need you to go out to right field. So, you mean the same place where Tony just sprained his ankle. Nah I'm good, my vitamin D deficient ass can't survive a night out there in right field.

There's probably something out there, coach. Tony, how the hell did you even sprain your ankle in the first place? You were standing still the whole time.

At one point, I saw you on your phone while you were out there. Faking ass nigga, you just posted a tweet 5 minutes ago. *How the hell could you be injured?*

Coach, maybe it's a sign we should just call the game already. The field is tryna hurt us cause we're taking a big dump on it with this shitty display of baseball.

But I'm a team player so I go out there and for the people who may not know a lot about baseball and are wondering why I'm shitting on right field so much it's because right field is the worst position in all of baseball.

If you're a right fielder and not in the MLB you're probably the worst player on the field. You really should find something better with your time. Rather than waste three hours standing in the middle of nowhere, swatting away flies and starching your ass. Trust me that's all there is to do in right field and I didn't want that shame for that next 3 hours.

### **BORED IN RIGHT FIELD**

Yea man that night in right field I was losing it. It was so boring. I know baseball as a whole can sometimes be boring sometimes. But right field is a different breed, that shit like watching paint dry but *the shit always stays wet!*

I was like please let me get some action, hit the ball to me or something. Let me be great! Let me do some SportsCenter top 10 shit man.

I was so jumpy out there, every time the ball came off the bat. I was like shit this is my chance. Ouu Ouu that ball's coming to me, damn never mind it just hit that kid in the face on the stands jeez. Oh well, Ha-ha.

That kid's face is getting more action than me. Like who I gotta blow to get some action out here. But right field makes you real sus man. The whole night I was standing behind our 2<sup>nd</sup> basemen like damn you looking slim thick tonight. Quarantine has been really good to you sis.

## I BLAME RIGHT FIELD

Yea that whole night I just spent the whole time reflecting. Like how the hell did I end up here, what did I do to deserve this crap. Is this karma, is it because I didn't tip my post mates courier when it was raining that day?

Nah he didn't deserve that shit anyways, my fries were cold. I started blaming shit that had nothing to do with the game. Like it's my parents' fault! Why couldn't I have been the seed of Lebron James or somebody! His kids ain't gotta worry about making no damn university baseball team. Or figure out how they're gonna pay for college next semester. I am stuck here with these shitty ass genetics.

Nah but I LOVE MY PARENTS! I hope they know that and hope they're not listening either. I love you momma

## STRAIGHT TO THE GOOSE

And I say that now because I'm about to tell y'all the crazy sexual predicament of my life.

I met this girl on tinder and for the sake of this story let's call her Tiana. We didn't really match on tinder but she had her Snapchat in her Tinder bio, so I just hit her up on there.

I used one of my famous pick-up lines to start her off with. But maybe I should stop calling it famous if it doesn't work how I intend it to. The line sounds better in your head rather than a text, trust me.

The line was some bullshit like:

*"Damn girl, what are the odds two beautiful people were brought together like this."*

Y'all hear that, all the panties listening to this just melted. But, now that I'm thinking about it. It's not really the best slide into the DMs type of pick up line.

It's more of an in person pickup line you would use. You'd use it at Last Call, cause your dick is getting tired of seeing your hand every night. Like...

YOUR DICK: damn nigga, you're back here again!

YOU: Shut up before I beat your ass again.

YOUR DICK: Yea, yea what else is new.

So, she replied with a "Let me see a picture 1<sup>st</sup> Nigga". I'm like damn girl, no thank you, no how you doing, no nothing. It took me an hour to think of that line.

But it's cool. I like my woman direct and straight to the point. I'm glad she wasn't out here tryna play duck, duck, goose with the pussy.

#### **NOT MY WILLY**

So, I sent her a couple of pictures of me. So, she knows I'm not a murderer. Then, she's like uh I wasn't talking about a picture of you.

Uh, what else could you want a picture of... "that dick nigga".

I'm like it's a little bit too early in the morning for this don't you think... shit I haven't even seen it today. Let me at least say hi to it first, before we start demanding pictures of it.

I don't even like sending pictures of my willy, all nilly. But, I'm like what kind of psycho bitch asks for a dick pic at 9 o'clock in the morning. This bitch might be tryna murder my little Jimmy Dean sausage. Then it was time for me to be direct, I was like hey if you ain't DTF I ain't sending jack shit. Don't be wasting my time.

Then she goes well. It depends on how tempting it is daddy...

Ladies and Gentlemen, we got her! I knew after she saw my thang,



we was finna have some sex.

### SIXTY-NINE PROBLEMS

The only problem was the time and the place. Cause I live in DC with moms so we definitely weren't doing it at my place. Plus, my mom's got those ring cams all over the house tracking my every move, so I couldn't even sneak her in my place.

My mom would be like who your little friend, uh nobody mom it's just my in-home tutor we were just about to do some fucking I mean studying ahh shit. I can't lie under pressure.

But Tiana lived in Baltimore with some roommates and Baltimore is like 45 minutes away from DC. So, I don't even know how the hell she popped up on my Tinder feed.

Because the next problem was that I ain't even got a car! All the ladies listening like damn this nigga ain't gotta house, ain't gotta car, he ain't got shit. But I'm a problem solver people.

So, I called my nigga Gabriel up like you tryna take a road trip up to Baltimore my nigga. *But little does he know it was for some pussy.* Y'all see my critical thinking skills are sharp.

But the universe wanted to see me fail, because this next problem I didn't have an answer for.

Earlier that week I was in contact with someone who had the coronavirus. My fucking sister of all people lied to me about having covid. She came over to my house the 16<sup>th</sup> of September and then she called me a few days later saying she tested positive and I should go get tested. Luckily my test came back negative, but I was still angry at her cause she put me and my mom's life in danger which was pretty fucking selfish. And I felt like she was lying because she told me a week later that her quarantine was up on the 28<sup>th</sup> of September.

I'm like if your final day of quarantine was the 28<sup>th</sup>. That means it was supposed to start on the 14<sup>th</sup>. So why the hell were you over my house on the 16<sup>th</sup>!

She said her doctor only told me to quarantine for 10 days.

I'm like you lying bitch, what kind of fake ass doctor are you going to, only telling you to quarantine for 10 days instead of 14. Everybody knows since the beginning of the pandemic, quarantine is supposed to last for 14 days.

Shit, she messed up my booty appointment and my baseball season.

Plus, I played a baseball game the weekend before. So I had to tell my teammates to go get tested. It's so awkward to tell somebody that they may have covid and they should get tested. It's kinda like telling somebody they may have STD.

Uhh not saying I got it, but you may or may not have contracted a pretty contagious disease from somewhere or somebody. It's probably nothing but you should probably go get tested... *uh good luck nigga.*

#### **RISK CORONA FOR THE WAP**

That Friday morning, the DC Covid tracking agency called me saying that I've been in contact with someone who has COVID and that I needed to be quarantined for 14 days even though I tested negative.

I'm like damn how yall know where I've been. That's an invasion of privacy motherfucka. It was just constant setbacks one after another, and I was just sitting there contemplating. Is it even worth it?

Do I risk getting murder for some ass or do I risk giving people rona for some ass?

It's been a long hard 9 months, people... I mean that mentally and sexually people.

#### **THAT'S DIFFERENT**

But I'm responsible, so I had to cancel the Baltimore trip. I want this Covid shit to be over just like everyone else. So later that night I get a call from Tiana and it turns out that it was her birthday and she just wanted some birthday D from me.

So, she's crying to me about how I messed up her dick appointment. And I could tell she was still horny because one of the first things she asked was if I eat pussy.

I was like excuse me, it hasn't even been 48 hours yet, it seems a little too early for all that kissing the box talk.

I said HELL NAH, I just don't put my mouth anywhere. She got offended like oh, but you'll stick your dick anywhere huh! But I said nah that's different, for example a person with lips herpes is less likely to get some ass than a person with genital herpes... I know some of yall are lost but hear me out.

The first thing you see when you meet someone is their face right and if anything looks outta the ordinary you're gonna be a little skeptical.

Like eww nigga, why you got a band-aid over the side of your lip. Whatcha tryna hiding?

But with genital herpes you just gotta hope she don't mind fucking with the lights off.

#### **HONESTY**

So, we're on the phone for about an hour doing that small talk bullshit and as we were talking she goes you sound like a nerd.

I'm like yea I get that's a lot, people say I sound white all the time even though color isn't something you can hear. But I stopped caring. Then she says I didn't say you sound white I just said you sound like a fucking nerd.

My bad force of habit. Is there even a difference?

Then she gets a little curious and says, you're not a virgin, right?

Me a virgin lol... *of course not* (paranoid voice).

I didn't know how to answer that question without sounding more like a fucking virgin. I don't think she liked my answer either

because then she proceeds to ask what's your body count?

To sound honest, I said four (wink, wink) and hoping she would be honest back (wink, wink) I asked her the same question and she got furious.

She said I'm a lady; you don't ask me a question like that. That's very personal, YOU DICK!

I'm like well if we're getting so personal, why is your hoe ass asking me these silly ass questions in the first place. If you don't wanna get too personal, how about you just shut up the fuck up. Ee can just hook up and then we go on about our business.

This is how I knew this girl was crazy. She goes well I'll see your ass tomorrow because you really getting on my nerves but I still wanna fuck!

Uhh okay you don't care about getting rona? She goes nah I don't care that shit fake, but you're just really pissing me off right now, I'll pick you up tomorrow at 12.

Fellas the moral of the story is the angrier your woman gets, the more they want ya!

### **NO MONEY, NO HONEY**

So Saturday comes around and she picks me up at my place. Oh I almost forgot, 2 days ago she told me she didn't have a car and now she's pulling up in a damn Mercedes Benz.

It looks like me and Gabe just found ourselves that sugar mama. So, I walked up to the car and she rolls do the driver's window and the first thing she says to me is "you own me 30 dollars for gas nigga."

I'm like what? You're the one that wanted to come and see me and I gotta pay you? That's some bullshit.

She's like I had to drive an hour and a half from here to Baltimore. Bitch it was only 45 minutes stop complaining.

I don't know why she's begging for gas money. When she's the one driving a damn Mercedes Benz. That's like someone owning a mansion and they too damn broke to hire somebody to cut their grass. Ain't no homeowners in Beverly Hills cutting their own grass. They usually call my nigga Juan from the Meatball Shop to cut that shit.

To be honest I think she should be paying me because she was 2 hours late from the time she said she was gonna be here. Shit with Uber even if I'm 2 minutes late they still charge me with a 5\$ cancellation fee. They don't play that shit why should I?

### **DON'T BE DIFFERENT NOW**

So, we started off the day arguing about who should pay who and that got me tight so I'm like let's just hurry up and get this over with. So, I told her to pull around to the corner and let's just bang it out around there. Then she goes ah that's a little too ghetto for me, is there a park around here? I wanna smoke this jay 1<sup>st</sup> and talk a little bit.

Oh, really bitch! Now you wanna talk and get to know each other. I'm like how about you get to know this dick while I smoke your jay and we can talk about that.

But I played along to keep to peace and we went to a nearby park. Where we talked for a bit. I don't know why women do this.. they always wanna do that small talk bit just to prolong us from fucking. Wanna do all that dirty talking the night before, and suddenly wanna become a damn mute when it's time to get down to business.

### **TRUST THE PROCESS**

So finally, she shuts her mouth and we find a place in the park to fuck and now it's time for me to stall and act new brand. So, she picks this spot behind a storage shed, but the shed is on this side street towards the entrance of the park where cars were coming and going. And I'm asking her are you sure you wanna do it here? I think those kids at that playground over there can see my ass cheeks from here. I ain't tryna catch a case when my

ass is supposed to be in quarantine now.

She said we're fine, just go with it, now pull your dick out... I'm like oh yeah, this is an appropriate setting for that even though we're in public. Cool! My brain didn't put two and two together yet.

Cause for me that beginning stage of sex is always the most awkward, especially when there's no foreplay. Cause she was expecting me to get hard on command, like baby girl it doesn't work like that!

I can't just snap my finger and poof ... you get a hot and ready dick! This ain't no Little Caesars dick baby, trust the process.

How about instead of standing there like a dumbass you could maybe help me out a little. Your mouth could be very useful right now but you just wanna use it to bitch and moan right now.

#### **THAT DC CRACK**

So, I finally got the hot and ready dick and we bang it out for about 40 minutes.

But the most memorable part about this experience was when we finished. We saw this crackhead come from behind a tree with his phone out.

For me didn't really care, cause I just finished fucking so that was the last thing on my mind. Anybody could've been watching and I couldn't care less. I'm like hey did you enjoy the show it's free!

But Tiana was angry, so she started chasing the guy down tryna interrogate him and shit. This is how I know she's stupid, one she tried to chase a crackhead. That's something you don't do, you can't outrun a crackhead. Like don't even waste your breath.

And 2 she got mad at me, expecting me to fight the dude. Like you don't get into an altercation with DC crackheads. She must be in the suburbs to much thinking you can fuck around with

any ole crackhead. Nah baby girl it's different out here in DC.

These ain't your average crackheads, the crack in DC is different. That shit's made in a lab with the super soldier serum.

Crack so good even the mayor was on the shit. And the crack made people so stupid they voted for his ass again. But I don't know why she was so quick to judge this guy, like it was weird for him to be walking in a park or some shit?

I told your dumbass, people can see us from here in the first place. Next time let's not be so fucking stupid baby girl. You can't blame other people for your stupidity. We're the creeps here, we're the ones tryna fuck 50 feet away from a playground. Shit, Sex offenders get more distance than that.

#### **TRUTH HURTS**

But overall, we both finished somewhat satisfied and smiling. Well at least for one of us. Cause this was the most a girl has ever hyped up my stroke game. Because afterwards she couldn't stop talking about my dick. It's like a casted spell on that pussy.

Like damn girl it was that good, you probably wouldn't know what to do if we were in a bedroom. But she was mad that I wasn't hyping her head up the same, like uh did you not have a good time?

And these are words a girl never wants to hear after sex. *I say yea it was cool.*

I should have just hyped her head up but it sounded like she wanted the truth and it was my job to give it to her. She was like fuck do you mean it was just cool? This isn't one of those neighborhood Chinese carryouts that you would say oh it's just cool!

I admit it was not my best choice of words, but if you want a more in-depth analysis in my opinion, the cat was a little too salty for me.

I'm joking I'm joking; I didn't go down on her and nor do they serve cat at the carryout.

### **FALSE ADVISING**

But saying just cool wasn't enough for her and she kept going on and on. Like well, am I the prettiest girl you've been with, *Ah NO but you're up there.*

She started crying like why not, why not? Uh you just look different from your snapchat stories that all. Then she was like oh that's because I had makeup on in those stories.

Uh bitch why didn't you wear makeup today? The fuck. Did you not know you were coming out of the house today? Then she got offended and was like uhh I didn't feel like it you DICK!

Now I'm the dick, how am I the dick? Nah bitch that's false advising! That's like me sending you all those pictures then showing up here with no dick like a fucking Ken doll.

Yeah, how about next time I'll show up here with no dick. Yea, we'll just be here looking stupid like two dickless motherfuckers now wouldn't we?

Yea, we'll just scissor it out like a couple of lesbians.

Then she couldn't stop there, she was like well am I at least the best you've ever had, *Ah NO but you're up there.*

She was like why are you so rude to me. I'm like uh bitch you just don't like the truth. I can't control that.

Then she demanded an explanation for that and I kept it real simple. I said uh I didn't even fucking cum, that's pretty important to me in a situation like this.

I was basically a sex doll. Standing there all puffed up and lifeless. I think at one point my dick looked up at me like nigga what are we even doing here? We coulda stayed in the house for some blue balls my nigga!

But I give her the benefit of the doubt, it wasn't all her



fault. Fellas we all got our secrets to not finishing early, especially in situations where you don't have a condom.

But I'm open to new suggestions because the inside of my bottom lip has been bleeding since high school.

Yea, there has to be another way to enjoy sex without chewing off my damn lip and thinking about fat people falling downstairs.

But, on the other hand I've been in situations where I've couldn't control myself. Like the pussy was just too good to be containing the nut. And, I don't wanna be disrespectful to the pussy, I just have to accept defeat. Because no matter how hard you try, good pussy will always win.

Like for example, say if you were having sex on a plane and you noticed the plane going down about to crash, if you hitting some good pussy, you ain't worried about no plane crash. You're gonna have to finish either way, whether that's your final nut or your final breath.

### **I'M NOT YOUR SIMP**

At this point, I just wanted to go home. But this bitch just wanted to test my patience a little bit more. So, we get back to the car and she asks me if I'm hungry. I'm like damn David, you must have really put that thang on her she tryna buy you dinner and shit. I said hell yeah, I'm hungry as hell after all that ravenous love making.

She goes great, so where are you treating me too? Who you talking to? *I ain't treating shit*. You know what, I ain't hungry, when I say I was hungry? Take my ass home. I ain't got know McDonald's money for you.

She goes well. I feel like we should splurge a little bit cause we're probably not gonna see each other that often so this time should be special. Uh fuck "not often", I plan on never seeing yo ass ever again.

I'm like how this is splurging when you want me to pay for food and gas. Yeah, this isn't gonna work, it seems like you're

looking for a simp and my pockets are too broke to be your bottom bitch right now. So here a 20 for your troubles and please never come back to DC ever again.

### **MY ONLYFANS MONEY**

So later on, she dropped me off back at my place and she asked if we're ever gonna see each other again?

I said uh no getting taken advantage of doesn't really turn me on like that. But if you're looking for somebody like that you should probably make an Only Fans.

But, I kinda felt like one of those pathetic guys after that day. I just gave this bitch \$20 after a hookup. I coulda used that 20 on an Only Fans subscription and at else I could have busted a nut.

That was a month's worth of cumming right there, wasted on some damn food and gas. But even though I was mad at her for most of the day. I texted her later that night to make sure she got home safe.

1 hour pass no response, 3 hours pass no response.

Then my paranoid brain kicks in again, like oh this girl ain't slick. She wasn't really heading home. So she just gonna take my 20 and go see that big black nigga Darius from down the block. *Bitches ain't shit!*

THANK YOU, GOOD NIGHT!