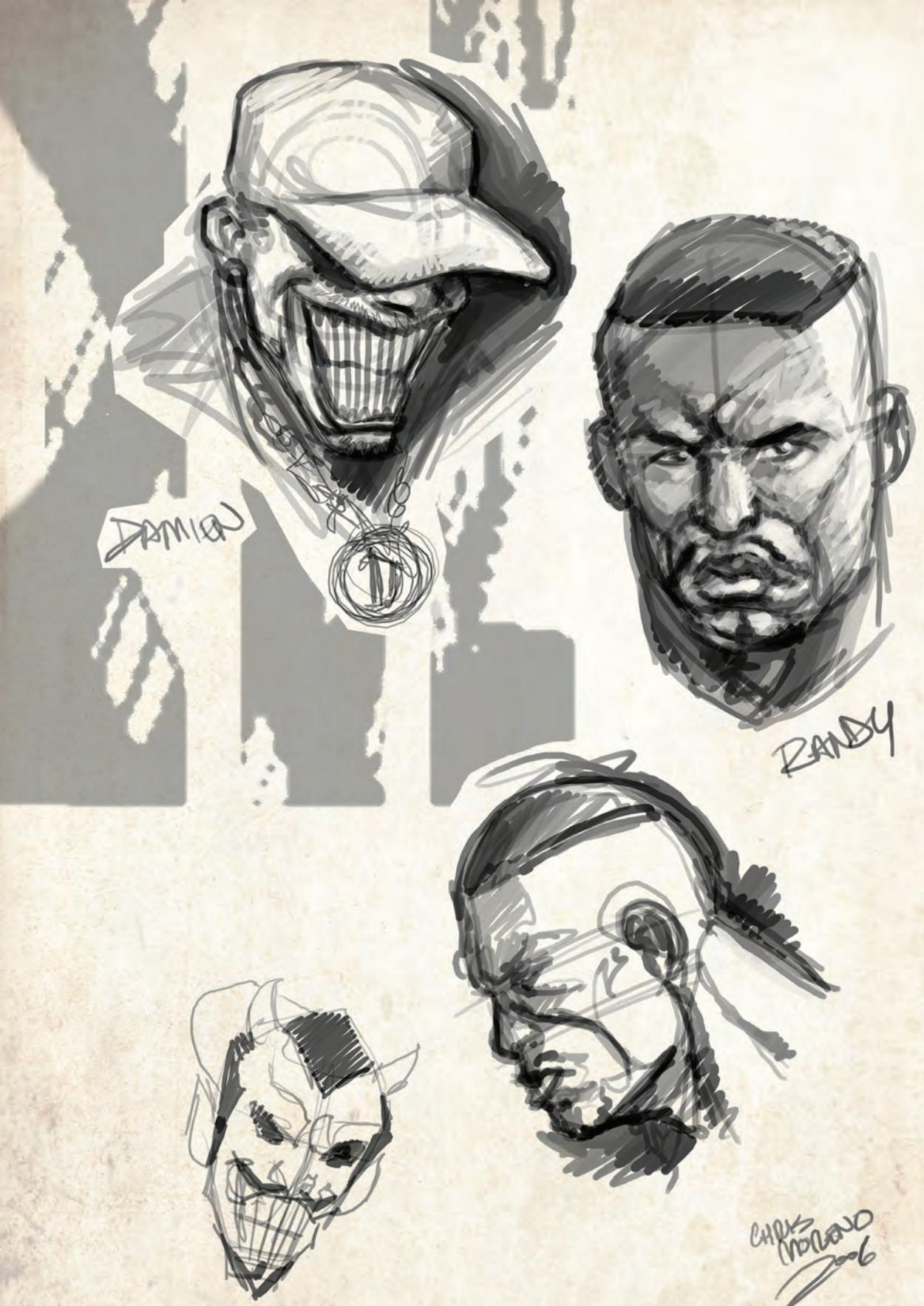


HIP HOP CHRONICLES

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

STURGES
MINCHEFF
DAVIS



DAMIEN SKETCHES

By Chris Moreno

HIP HOP CHRONICLES

www.hiphopchronicles.com

Created by Tom Sturges and Tina Davis
Executive Producer: Roger Mincheff

CRATES

Story by Tom Sturgess, Tina Davis and Roger Mincheff
Script by Christian Beranek and Jiba Molei Anderson
Art by Dennis Calero

STREET GAME

Inspired by Tupac Shakur's "Street Fame"
Story by Roger Mincheff and Jiba Molei Anderson
Script by Jiba Molei Anderson
Art by Klebs Junior

DAMEN

Inspired by DMX's "Damien"
Story and Script by Christian Beranek
Art by Chris Moreno

PAID IN FULL

Inspired by Eric B & Rakim's "Paid in Full"
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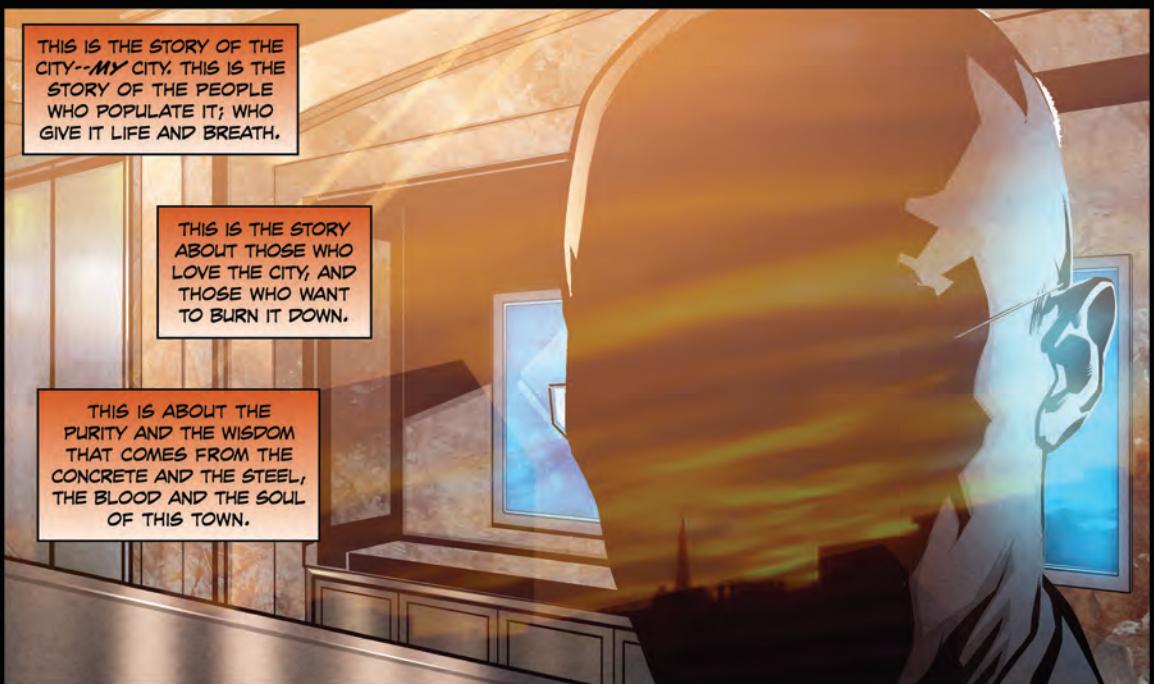
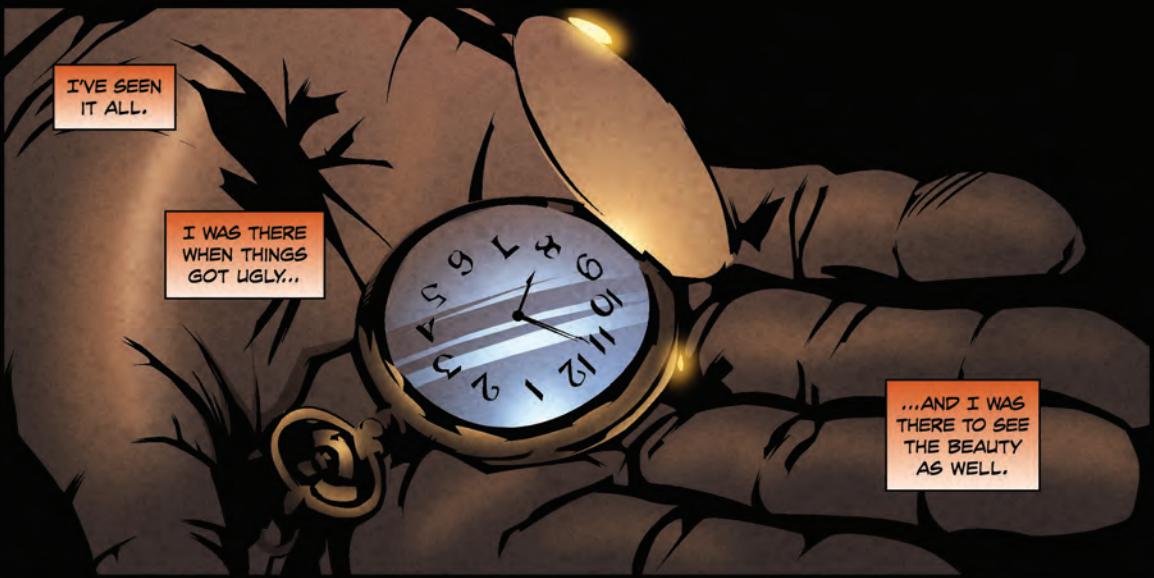
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- challenge
- connection
- creative

east



CRATES













STREET FAME

IT'S NOT EVERY DAY THAT YOU GET TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD...

...AND, IT'S NOT EVERY DAY THAT THE FLOPHOUSE IS WHERE YOUR CORONATION WILL TAKE PLACE.

IN THE SIX MONTHS FOLLOWING THE ASSASSINATION OF MO' MONEY, 'THE KING OF THE STREETS, AND TWIST, MO' MONEY'S HEIR APPARENT TO THE THRONE, **WARNING** HAS QUICKLY EMERGED AS THE FRONTRUNNER TO TAKE HIS PLACE.

A FORMER LIEUTENANT IN MO' MONEY'S ORGANIZATION, WARNING'S CONNECTIONS, STREET SAVVY, AND HIS INVOLVEMENT IN THE BRUTAL COMPTON MASSACRE--WHICH FOUND THE HEADS OF FOUR RIVAL GANGS DISMEMBERED AND THEIR VARIOUS BODY PARTS MAILED TO THEIR IMMEDIATE FAMILIES--HAVE LACED HIM AT THE TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN.



WITH TONIGHT'S FINALIZATION OF AN AGREEMENT WITH AN ALLEGED HEROIN CARTEL, WARNING'S SEAT AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE--A SEAT HE FELT OWED TO HIM--WILL BE ASSURED.

IT'S A CELEBRATION. ENJOY YOURSELVES. DRINK UP AND BE MERRY.

ALL RIGHT, Y'ALL. TURN IT UP IN MY HEADPHONES AND LET'S GET THIS MONEY.









DID YOU KNOW THAT MY BIRTHDAY IS JUNE 16? I HAVE THE SAME BIRTHDAY AS ONE OF THE REALEST BROTHAS THAT EVER TOUCHED A MIKE! AIN'T THAT A BITCH?

MATTER OF FACT, I WAS READING A BOOK ON HIM THE OTHER DAY. THE THING THAT WAS SO CRAZY WAS THE REALIZATION THAT HE AND I CAME FROM THE SAME PLACE.

WHAT? Y'ALL BOTH CAME FROM OAKLAND?

NO, YOU STUPID MUTHAFUCKER. WHAT I MEAN IS THAT WE ENTERED THIS LIFE IN ALMOST THE SAME FASHION. OUR MOTHERS WERE BOTH VICTIMS OF THE SYSTEM. THEY STRAIGHT HAD THE MAN STANDIN' ON THEIR NECK.



I NEVER
KNEW MY MOMS. I
DON'T BLAME MY MAMA
FOR THAT, THOUGH. SHE
HAD ME WHEN SHE WAS
LOCKED UP. SHE DIED
GIVING ME LIFE, YOU
HEAR ME?

SOCIAL
SERVICES TOOK ME.
PUT ME IN THE ORPHANAGE
WHILE THEY WAS TRYIN' TO PLACE
MY ASS. I LIVED IN THAT HELLHOLE
UNTIL I WAS TEN. I GOT THE FUCK
OUTTA THERE. I FIGURED I HAD
A BETTER CHANCE ON THE
STREETS.

NUCKA, I ATE
OUTTA GARBAGE CANS!
LIVIN' ROUGH, SLEEPIN' IN THE
PARK, DOIN' WHAT I HAD TO DO TO
SURVIVE! BEGGIN', PICKIN' POCKETS,
ROBBIN' WHOEVER SO THAT I COULD
EAT! LIVING LIKE THAT GOT A NUCKA
SEEING THINGS. THINGS NO
LITTLE KID SHOULD
EVER SEE!



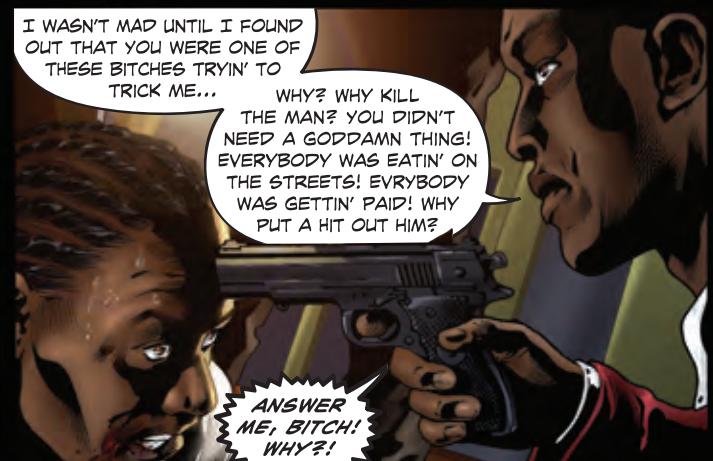
THEN, ONE DAY,
I JUST HAPPENED TO
BOOST THE WALLET OF THE
KING OF THE STREETS,
MUTHAFUCKIN' MO'
MONEY.







IT'S FUNNY,
SOMETIMES, YOU
CAN FIND **SALVATION**
IN THE HARDEST
OF HEARTS...



I WAS THERE BEFORE
YOU, PUNK! I PUT MY TIME IN! I WAS LOYAL TO THAT BROTHA! I WAS A SOLDIER, FOR REAL! POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION GOT ME RUSHED UP TO THE STATION DAILY!

I JUST KNEW THAT IF I JUST WAITED, HELD ON, THEN MO' MONEY WOULD GIVE ME MY OWN CREW, MY OWN SPOT TO ROCK...

...THEN YOU CAME ALONG.

IMAGINE, A SOLDIER LIKE ME, QUICK TO DROP A BODY, QUICK TO KIDNAP A NUCKA'S BITCH AND CUT HER FINGERS OFF, HAVING TO KISS THE ASS OF A LITTLE MUTHAFUCKA LIKE YOU!

IT WAS ALL "TWIST THIS" AND "TWIST THAT." TEMPERATURES WAS RISIN'! YOU WERE THE MUTHAFUCKIN' GOLDEN CHILD AND HE TREATED THE REST OF US...TREATED ME LIKE A FUCKIN' SCRUB, TAKIN' ORDERS FROM A LITTLE PUNK BITCH LIKE YOU!

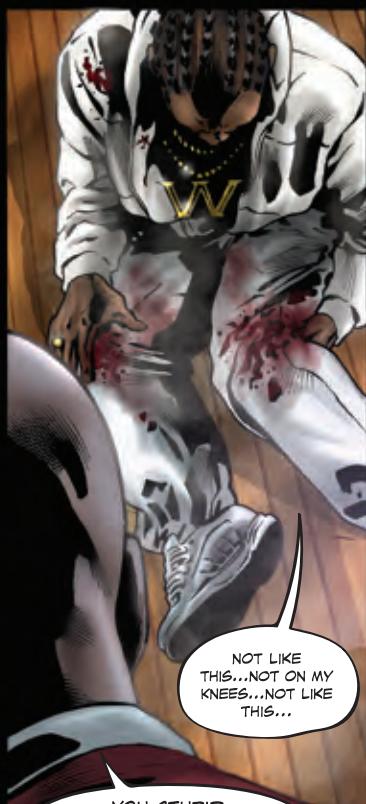
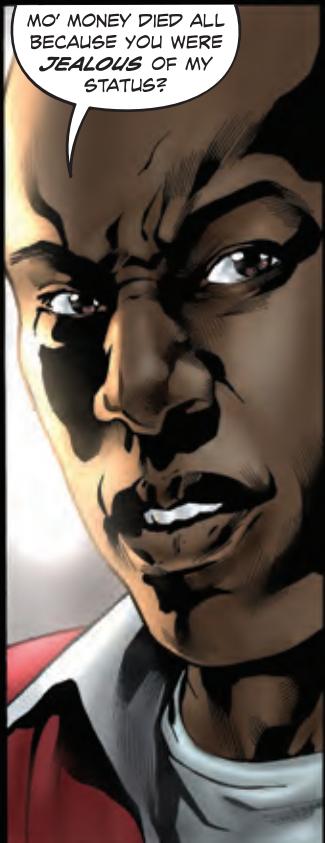
THUG LIVIN' WAS PAYIN' THE BILLS! NUCKAS WAS DYIN' VIOLENTLY! I RAN THE BLOCK UNTIL YOU SHOWED UP! FOOLS SHIT IN THEY PANTS WHEN THEY HEARD I WAS COMING! AFTER MO' MONEY PUT YOU IN CHARGE, I WAS A FUCKIN' JOKE! CRABS WAS LAUGHIN' IN MY FACE!



THE PLAN WAS
PERFECT. NUCKAS
WAS BLINDED BY
MY DISGUISE.

GET A STICK-UP
KID TO TAKE YOU OUT
IN FRONT OF THE ROBESON,
I PUT HIM TO SLEEP IN RETALI-
ATION, AND I BECOME THE MAN
NEXT TO THE MAN. THEN, I
WOULD GET ALL THE
STREET FAME.























CORRUPTION, YOUR NAME IS

Damien



NOW SHOWING

SAME THING,
DIFFERENT DAY.

WORKING LIKE
A DOG TO MAKE
THEM GROCERIES.

AFTER THAT,
THERE AIN'T
MUCH LEFT...

'NUFF TO BUY
LUNCH, MAYBE.

MAKING ENDS
MEET IS ALL
I KNOW.

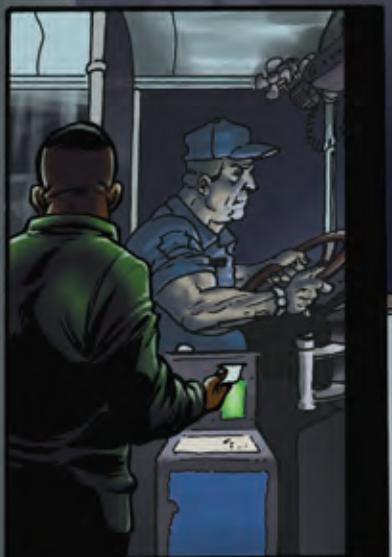
YOU END YOUR DAY ONLY
TO WAKE UP AND START
IT ALL OVER AGAIN...

THAT ANY WAY
TO LIVE?

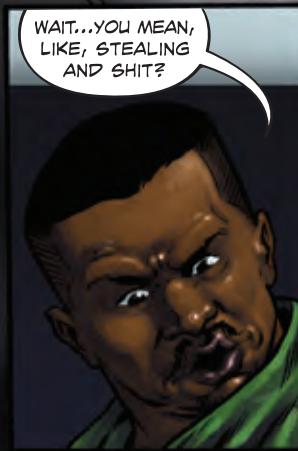
PUTTING
EXTRA HOURS
IN AGAIN?

YEAH,
GOTTA GET
THAT O.T.

KEEP
ON KEEPING
ON. PEACE,
MAN.



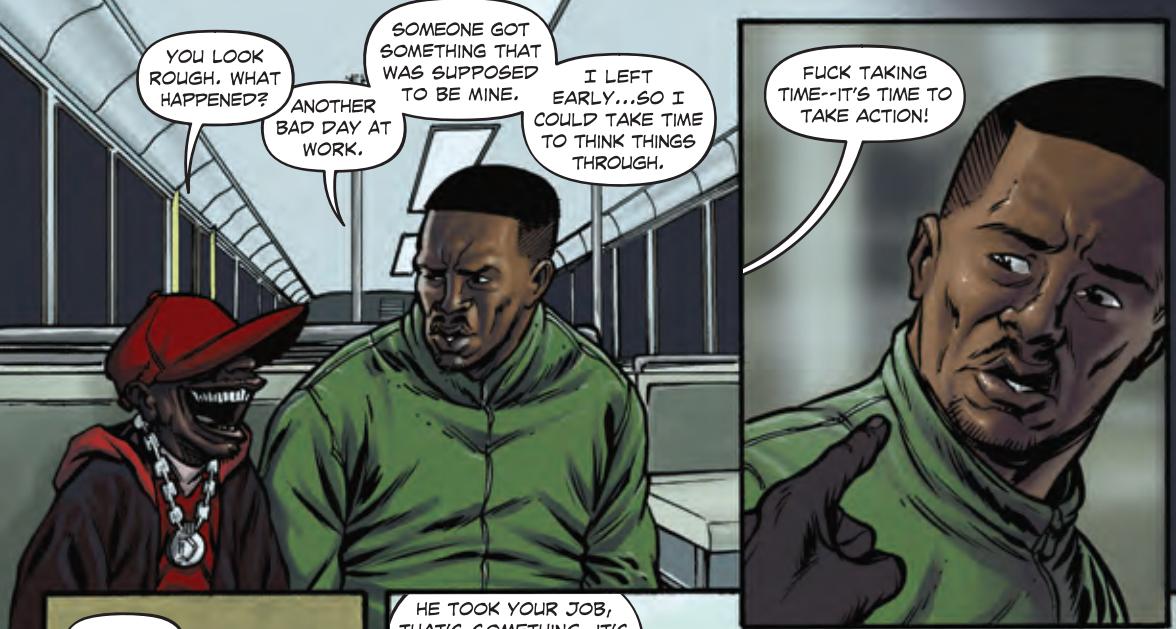




THE NEXT MORNING...











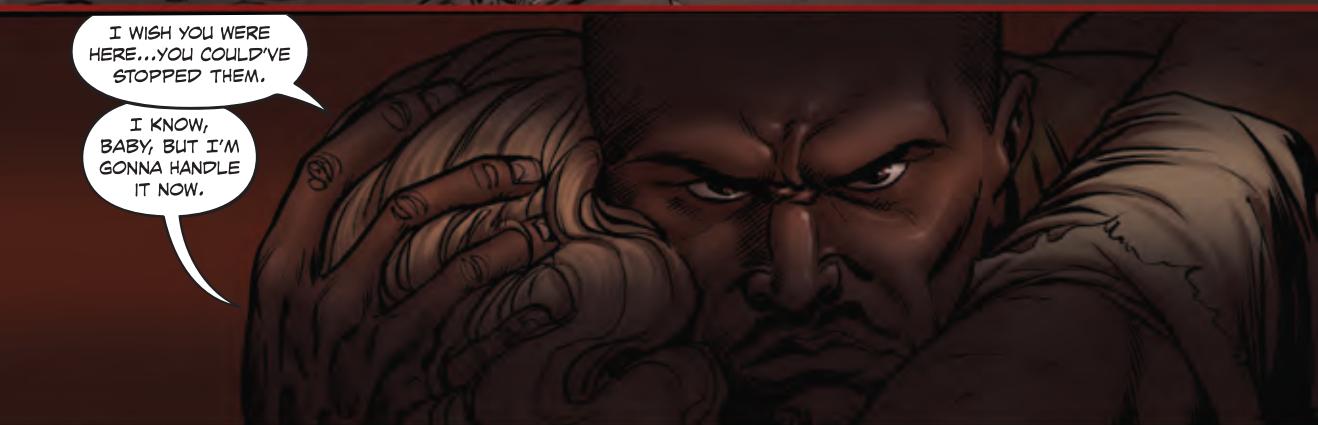
DON'T WORRY,
I'M RIGHT HERE, RANDY.
AND I'MMA HOLD YOU DOWN
AND TRYIN' TO FUCK ALL
THESE BITCHES, I'MMA
SHOW YOU HOW.















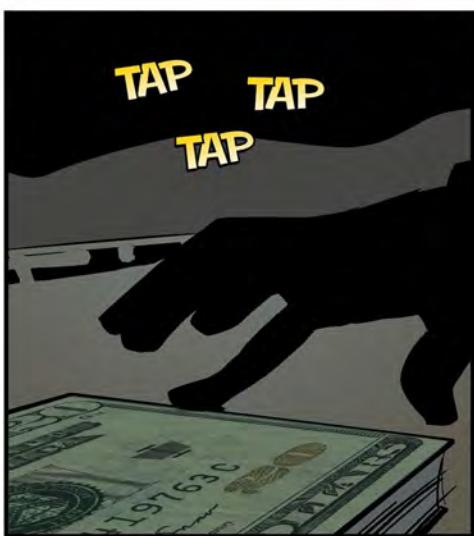




**YOU LIKE
HOW EVERYTHING
IS GOIN'?**

**YOU LIKE
WHAT I DID?
YOU KNOW IF YOU
WAS GOIN' DOWN,
I'D BE THE
ONE TO SEE IT.
I SEEN YOU, BUT
NOBODY KNEW WHO
PULLED THE
TRIGGER...YEAH,
LOOK AT WHAT I
DID FOR YOU, DOG.
COME ON, KEEP
IT REAL!**











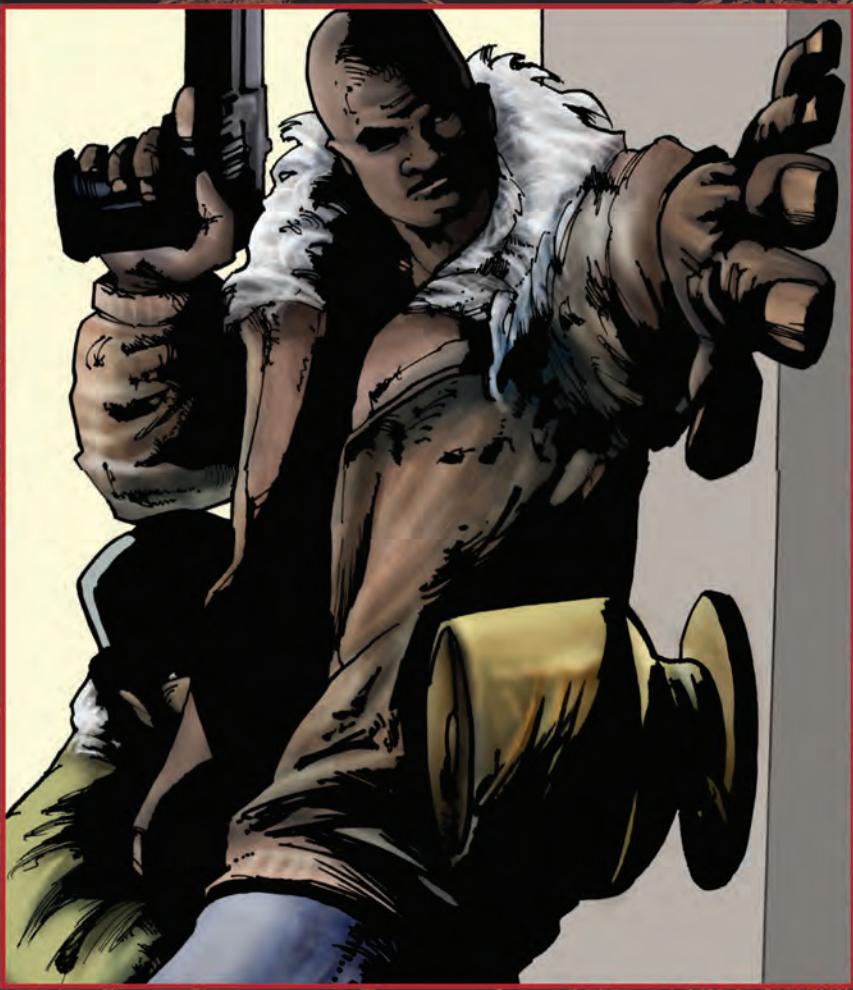












PAID IN FULL

FOUR MONTHS
AGO...

PLEASE BELIEVE ME
WHEN I SAY THAT I
TRIED. I TRIED SO HARD
TO GO STRAIGHT.

I'M SICK OF THIS SHIT. SICK
OF LIVIN' IN A CAGE, SICK OF
THAT BULLSHIT PRISON FOOD
THAT'S DESIGNED TO FUCK
WITH A MAN'S INSIDES, SICK
OF LOW DOWN MARKS LOOKIN'
AT ME LIKE I WAS THE JET
BEAUTY OF THE MONTH--
ALL O' THAT.

I WAS GONNA GIVE UP
ROBBIN' AND STEALIN', DOIN'
ALL THE DEVIOUS THINGS I
DID, THAT STICK-UP KID SHIT.
GOIN' FOR THAT QUICK CASH
THAT JUST DON'T LAST.

THE LIFE I WAS
LIVING WAS HEADED
FOR DESTRUCTION.

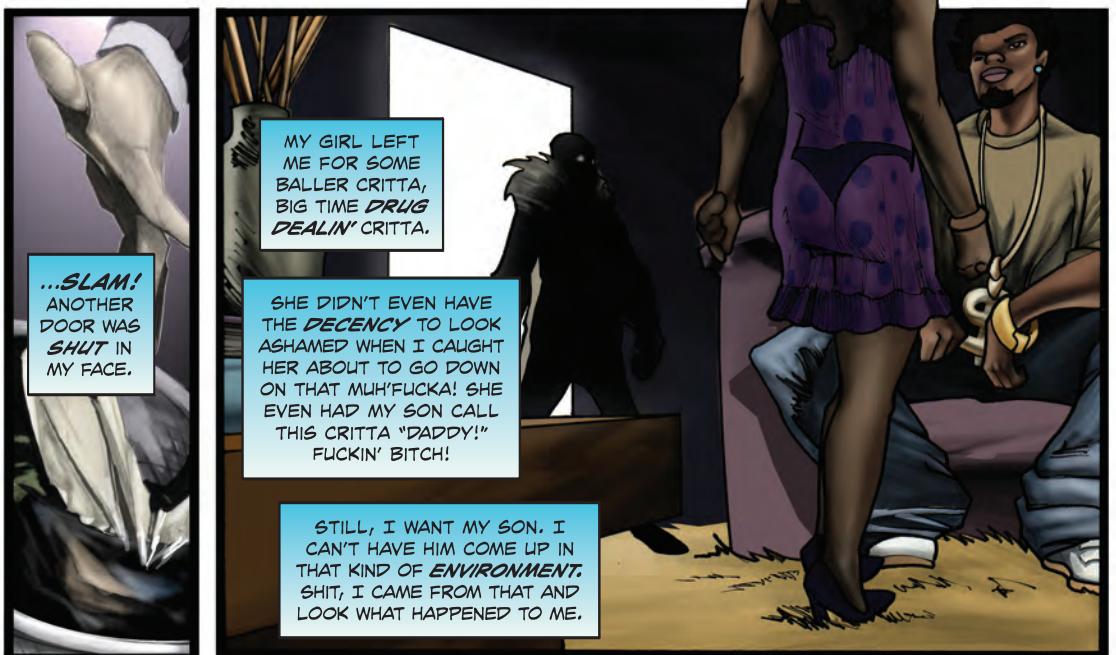
WHILE I WAS IN,
I DEVELOPED MY
MASTER PLAN.

I WAS ALWAYS GOOD WITH MY
HANDS. GOT CERTIFIED WHILE
DOING TIME. I WAS GONNA GET
A JOB AS A REPAIRMAN. YOU
KNOW, FIXIN' SHIT.

I WAS GONNA CLEAN
UP MY ACT, GET BACK
WITH MY GIRL AND MY
SON--MY LITTLE MAN.

YEAH, I'M GONNA
STRIVE FOR A
NINE-TO-FIVE TO
STAY ALIVE.

HE'LL BE
BACK.



I ALWAYS THINK
ABOUT MY SON WHEN
I'M WORKING.

NOW.

BLAM

GET THE **FUCK**
ON THE GROUND BEFORE
I POP A CAP IN YOUR PUNK
ASSES! THIS IS A MUTHA-
FUCKIN' STICK-UP!

WE GOT TWO
MINUTES BEFORE
PO-PO COME! GO,
MAN, GO!

FOXX

COSBY

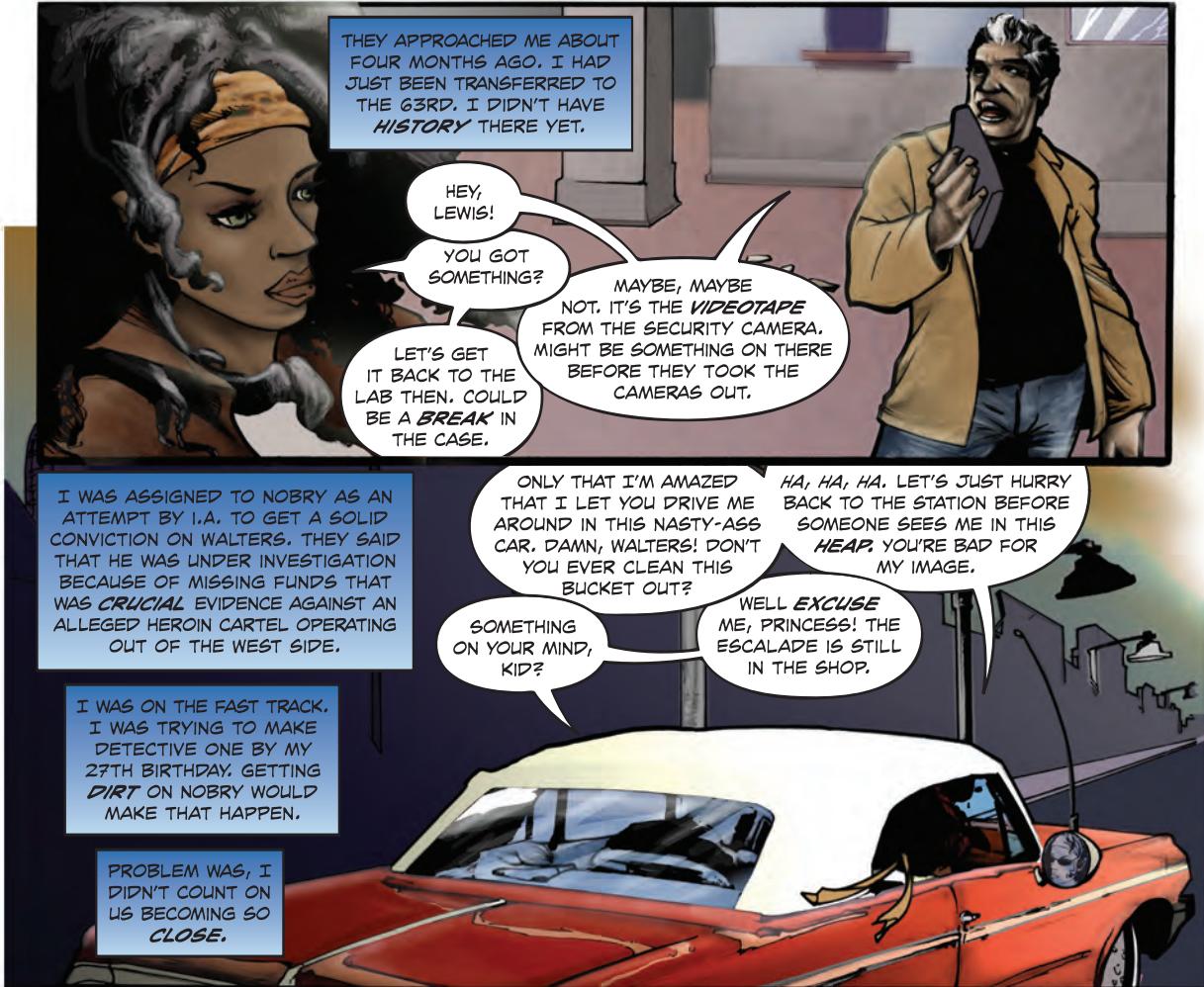
PRYOR

WILSON

OH, MY GOD!
SWEET JESUS,
PLEASE DON'T
KILL ME!

SHUT UP,
TRICK, BEFORE
I MAKE YOU SICK
ON THIS PUDDIN'
POP!





YEAH, HE'S A CURMUDGEON, A SOURPUSS, AND AN ASSHOLE. YEAH, HE'S SAID SOME OFF-COLOR, RACIST SHIT IN MY PRESENCE.

WE'RE GETTIN' NOWHERE WITH THIS. WANNA GRAB SOME GRUB WHILE WE WAIT TO HEAR BACK FROM THE LAB? IT'S THE THIRD THURSDAY OF THE MONTH. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.

JOE'S?

HELL, I'LL EVEN PICK UP THE CHECK TONIGHT.

SHIT. WE BETTER GO THEN BEFORE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND.



WE HAVE THIS RITUAL.

THIRD THURSDAY OF THE MONTH, WE DO DINNER. HE FIGURED OUT THAT FISH WAS MY FAVORITE DISH. SO, "FOODIE" THAT WALTERS IS, WE WOULD ALWAYS HIT UP JOE'S CRAB SHACK.

SURE, JOE'S IS A PRETTY CHEESY SPOT. BUT THE GESTURE'S SWEET. WALTERS IS KINDA LIKE THE FATHER I NEVER HAD.

ONE DAY, I'LL TAKE YOU TO A REAL RESTAURANT.

WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT, LEWIS? YOU CAN'T BEAT THE AMBIANCE OF JOE'S! REAL PEOPLE EAT HERE, NOT THOSE SNobby, STICK-UP-THEIR-ASS YUPPIE BASTARDS THAT YOU'D FIND ON THE GOLD COAST!

HE'S BEEN GOOD TO ME. I CAN'T RAT HIM OUT EVEN IF HE DID STEAL THAT MONEY. DEEP DOWN, I'M A LOYAL BITCH.

ALRIGHT, KID. SPiT IT OUT.

HUH?

SOMETHING'S ON YOUR MIND AND I KNOW IT'S NOT THE CASE.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

HEY, YOU DON'T GET TO BE A DETECTIVE WITHOUT KNOWING HOW TO READ PEOPLE. THE HEADLINE ON YOUR FOREHEAD SAYS, "I'VE GOT SOME SHIT I'M DEALING WITH." SO, WHAT'S UP?

WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW, IT'S MY BROTHER. I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIM.

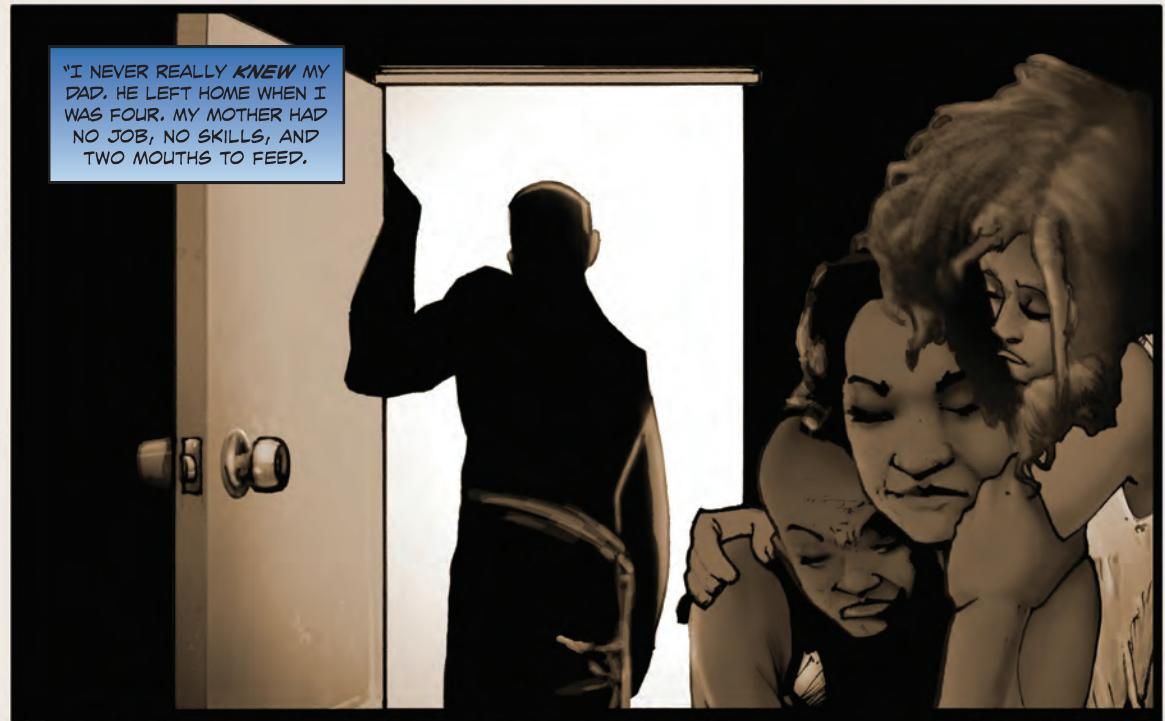
HOLD THE PHONE, LEWIS. A BROTHER? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A BROTHER!

THERE'S A LOT THAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT ME, WALTERS.

WELL, FILL IN THE BLANKS! C'MON, LEWIS, REMEMBER WHAT I TAUGHT YOU. PARTNERS DON'T KEEP THINGS FROM EACH OTHER.

OKAY, OKAY! DAMN! WHY YOU GOTTA SHINE THE LIGHT LIKE I'M A SUSPECT OR SOME SHIT!

"I NEVER REALLY KNEW MY DAD. HE LEFT HOME WHEN I WAS FOUR. MY MOTHER HAD NO JOB, NO SKILLS, AND TWO MOUTHS TO FEED.



"WE HAD TO MOVE TO THE ROBERT TAYLOR HOUSING PROJECTS. WITH NOTHING BUT SWEAT INSIDE HER HANDS, MAMA TOOK TO HOOKING TO SUPPORT US.

"AFTER MAMA'S DEATH, OUR GRANDMOTHER TOOK US IN AND RAISED US.



"SHE WAS KILLED BY A VIOLENT TRICK WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN.



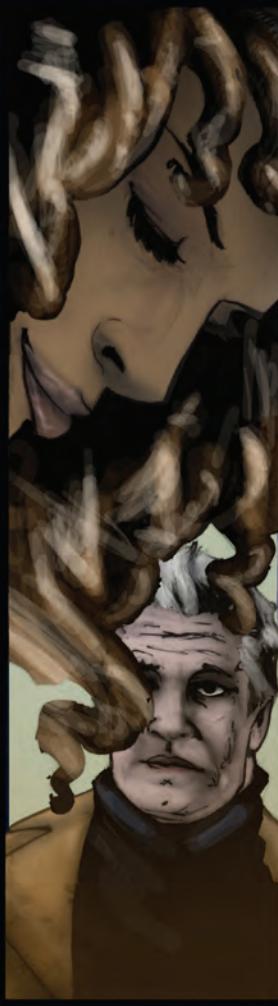
"BUT MY BROTHER TOOK TO THE STREETS AND BECAME A STICK-UP KID. HE'S BEEN IN AND OUT OF PRISON SINCE HE WAS SIXTEEN. HE JUST FINISHED DOING A FIVE-YEAR BID FOR AGGRAVATED ASSAULT AND ATTEMPTED MANSLAUGHTER.

"HE WAS RELEASED ABOUT FOUR MONTHS AGO, BUT I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE HE GOT OUT. THIS CASE JUST TAKES UP ALL OF MY TIME.

"HE'S GOT A KID, MY NEPHEW BY SOME HOOD RAT WHO'S BEEN FUCKING AROUND ON HIM BEHIND HIS BACK.



"I KNOW YOU THINK HE'S JUST ANOTHER PERP, BUT THAT'S MY BIG BROTHER. AND, I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIM."



I WAS JUST ABOUT TO
ENJOY THIS, LEWIS! PLEASE,
DON'T RAIN ON THIS OLD MAN'S
PARADE! THE CALL AND THE
PROMOTION CAN WAIT!

I JUST GOT THE
CALL FROM THE LAB ON
THAT TATTOO! JUST PUT IT IN
A DOGGIE BAG AND LET'S GO!







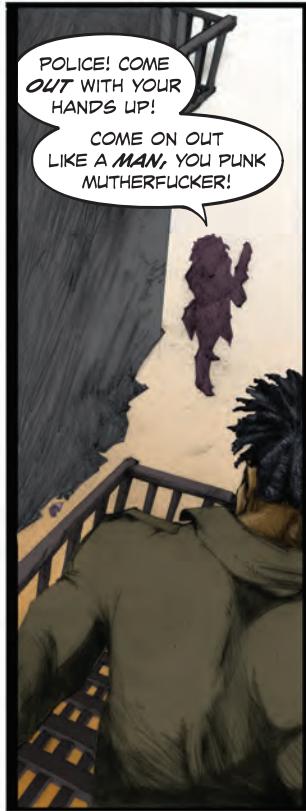


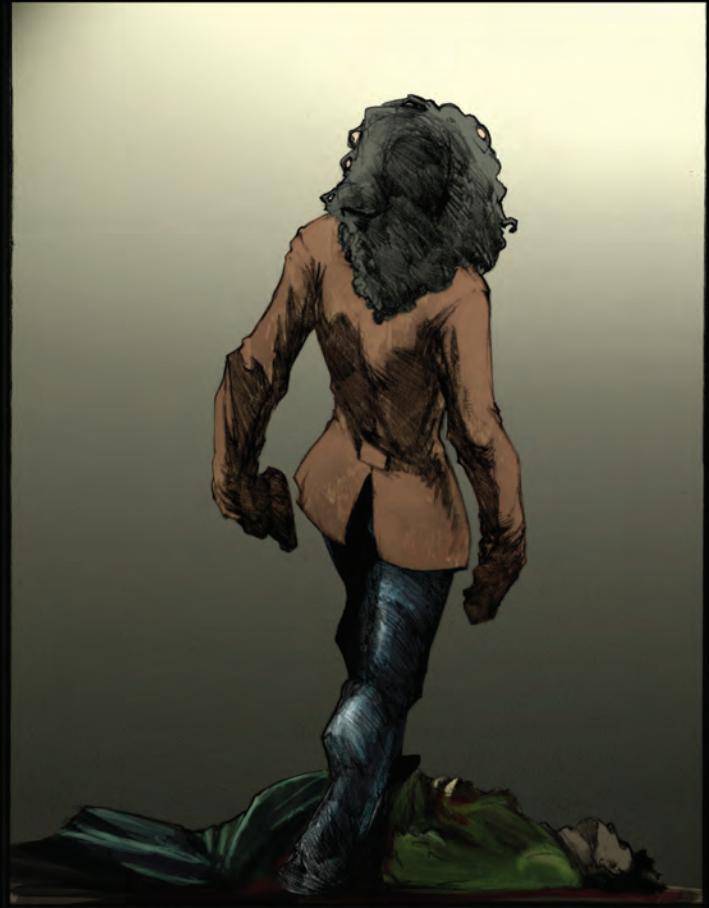
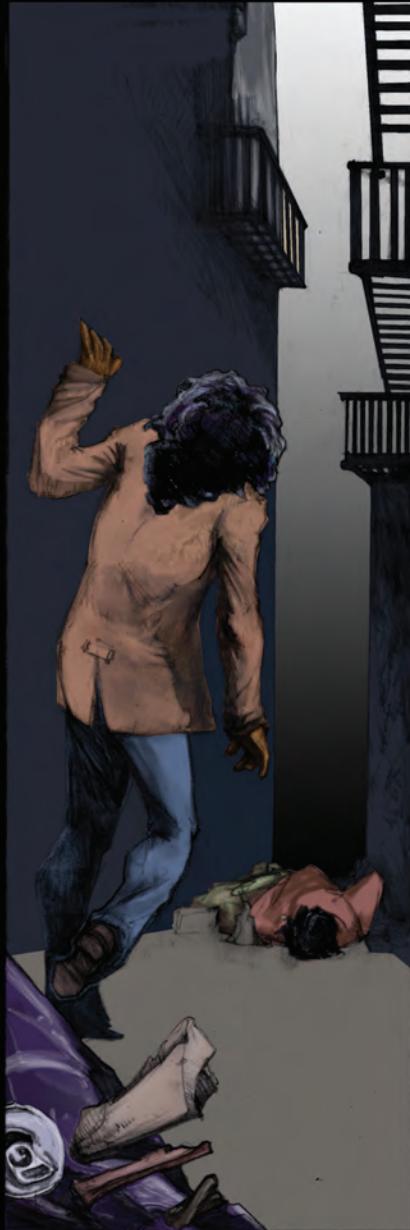














THE CHICAGO SUN TIMES
REPORTED THAT DETECTIVE
NOBRY WALTERS WAS KILLED
IN THE LINE OF DUTY WHILE
APPREHENDING THE INFAMOUS
KANGS OF KOMEDY.

ALL FOUR
MEMBERS OF THE
KANGS DIED WHILE
RESISTING ARREST.

THOUGH THE MONEY WAS
NEVER RECOVERED, THE
SURVIVING OFFICER, ONE
DETECTIVE SECOND CLASS
ZAKIA LEWIS, RECEIVED A
COMMENDATION FOR BRAVERY
AND A PROMOTION TO
DETECTIVE FIRST CLASS.

I THOUGHT THAT THE **DOUGH**
WOULD BE MY SALVATION. I
THOUGHT THAT I COULD LEAVE
THIS LIFE BY DOING THE **SAME**
SHIT THAT GOT ME HERE.

ZAKIA LOOKED OUT FOR ME,
THOUGH. SHE TOLD THEM THAT
THE KANGS HAD FORCED ME INTO
THIS BECAUSE OF MY SON. EVEN
TIED DENISE AND THAT OTHER
CRITTA'S DEATH TO THIS.

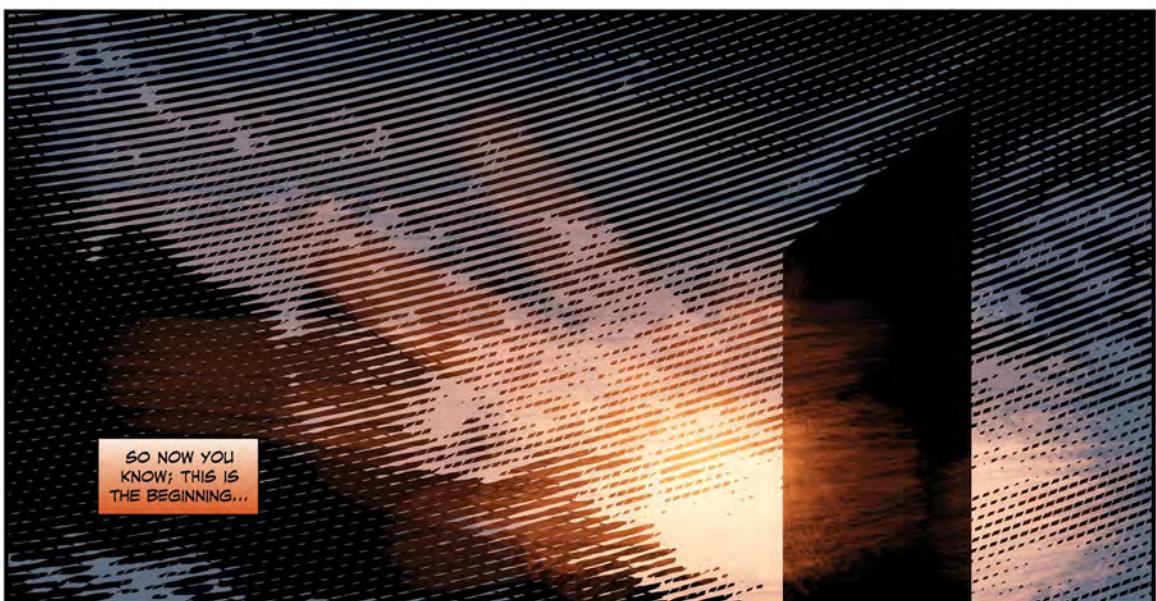
SHE'S HELPING GRANDMA
WATCH KAHLIL WHILE I'M
ON LOCKDOWN. I'LL BE
OUT IN A YEAR.


THANK YOU, ZAKIA. I
OWE YOU A **DEBT** THAT
MOST MEN CAN'T REPAY.
BUT, I'M GONNA TRY--

--TO NOW TEST TO
SEE IF I GOT PULL,
HIT THE STUDIO, 'TIL
I'M PAID IN FULL.









I WAS BORN
IN THE CITY.

I KNOW EVERY
STREET. I KNOW
EVERY CORNER...

AND THERE'S
NO LIMIT TO THE
STORIES THAT
THEY'LL TELL...



I CRATES, SEEK
WISDOM.

FOR HIP HOP IS
KNOWLEDGE,
A WINDOW INTO URBAN
LIFE
SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF
POETS.

TO BE CONTINUED...



I WAS BORN
IN THE CITY.

I KNOW EVERY
STREET. I KNOW
EVERY CORNER...

AND THERE'S
NO LIMIT TO THE
STORIES THAT
THEY'LL TELL...

