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17th & K Street

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Introduction: 17th and K Street NW

It's a Monday morning and the weekend is over and it's time to go back to work…

I catch the Red line from Silver Spring to Farragut North everyday. When I come up from the exit of the Metro station, I look to my left and my right and focus my bearings on 17th and K Street NW, Washington, DC. It's a movie and the music plays softly in the background. I know that I need to hit up Cosi, or the Brown Bag for some breakfast because I'm a little hungover even though I didn't drink on Sunday. That just goes to show you that we lived this weekend. If I could pick my theme music it would be a Diddy intro, or maybe some Scarface music. Every good hero needs his theme music.

Am I the only one who thinks that I'm not the only person who steps out for work on Monday and feels like this? I think not. But if I may, allow me to introduce you to 17th and K Street…

This project … whew … #waveschurchfan … it's overdue, It's probably late, but it's just on time. This is the account and the thoughts of a Washingtonian. Born here, raised here, matured here, and hoping to die here. Since the last eBook a lot of things have changed. I seen a lot of people come and go. I hoped a lot of people would go and they didn't. The scene is looking real sunny though and instead of shades, we sporting brown eyes.

The clothes … your boy looks like something out of a J. Crew ad, but this just the work attire, in real life, I'm much more Plenty Money. Salvatore Feragamo loafers standing in Ozio smoking Domincan cigars with the team.

The music … the music is Waka, I can't go into work without Waka. Ratchet Music Group coming soon.

The prayer … dear Lord only you know that we have no clue where we're going. So my eyes to the sky looking for a map and guidance. My man, 150 grand.

The motto … I'm just a dude from DC who likes to talk ish and be heard.

Enjoy.

"Bitch I'm a monster, no good blood sucker!"

When Did Blogging Become Friends with the Rap Game?

My first reaction to someone comparing blogging to the rap game, "C'mon Son." I just can't even begin to #nosign that notion enough. I guess people can make a case for it, but it's just not the same thing. I think in a search of validating our relevance on the internet we've decided to compare the two, but in reality, it's not even a comparison worth making. I mean at the end of the day why would you compare yourself to a genre of music that has so many negative connotations? That's not the point though, the point is, they're nothing alike and any comparison only seeks to show everyone you're trying too hard to be something that you are not.

I'm going to tell you what happened. Because it didn't happen overnight. This is basically how people decided to start comparing the blog game to the rap game.

1) *Black people can only relate making it in the entertainment industry to rap music*. And I think that on the inside a lot of people think that because you get a little attention and people know your blog when you go out in public, that means you made it. I don't know, my freshman year I learned that there's a difference between the people that use cable TV and the people they actually bang with. In my opinion, you haven't made it until people actually bang with you on the regular. You can't get about 20 groupies and think you made it. There's at least 20 million weirdos trolling on the Internet.

2) *And, the only way that someone can become a celebrity on the Internet without actually establishing a real in-person relationship is because humanity has lost touch with interpersonal relations.* It was inevitable, but that doesn't change the fact that we don't communicate with our readers through any other manner except through writing. I guess after we decided that talking on the phone was wack, text messaging was wack, so gchat and BBM was the best means to communicate, blogging was the presumable next step.

But alas, despite those two facts, it still doesn't excuse these facts about the blog game.

1) *There's nobody in the blog game right now that's making significant bread.* The only people who make substantial bread are those people who either talk about gossip or have megablogs like Gawker or Huffington Post. What that means is, Dating & Relationships blogs are about as lucrative as Kelly Rowland's singing career. Wait … let me be clear though, no one is seeing significant bread for blogging, you may or may not have been able to tap into other opportunities from your blogging, such as, a book deal or spot on a television show, but not from blogging. In order for this to be like the rap game, it'd at least have to yield some rap game money.

2) *Other thing that most people forget is that classic line by Jay-Z, "You was who you was before you got here."* And actually this goes both ways, in some ways, it's exactly like the rap game, where rappers tell a eloquent story that is actually completely false and package it really well and we buy it up. But that's not really a case for why it's like the rap game, but just a reminder that it's not the rap game.

People prop themselves up on personas created by the Internet, which in the grand scheme of things, don't add up to who they are in real life. And in fact are FAR from who they are in real life. Remember that guy who was considered the King of AIM at your college? That dude who was an IT major and helped folks out with their Blackplanet page? That's the dude who is now blogging like he's the god.

3) *Last thing, a lot people talk about how bloggers have groupies but what they need to realize is that their groupies really ain't bad b*tches.* And by bad b*tches I don't mean to offend anyone, I mean those women that we see out and about who are part of the crowd titled, "groupies" who are gorgeous and cause men to want to have unprotected sex with them. Those women still look at you in public and say, *"I'm sorry what do you do again?".*

I think you're beginning to get my drift on why blogging and rapping are two different beasts in themselves. Well, more accurately described as comparing the big leagues to something that is probably best portrayed in the book, Lord of the Flies. But here's what I'm waiting for:

1) *I really can't wait until the day someone gets punched in the mouth for talking slick.* It's going to happen. Artists are some sensitive ass people so it's bound to happen. I can see it now, a blogger extends his hand for dap and gets punched in the nose. Oh the excitement!

2) *I think that our awards shows should be in person.* I've been saying this for about a year now. After SingleBlackMale was shut out of last year's Black Weblog Awards I really wanted to look someone in the face and talk about it. I finally figured out how it felt to be Lil' Wayne and win not one Grammy for "Tha Carter II." It's cool though, that's not even why I want them to be in person. Main reason is because most award shows have an open bar and REAL chairs that you can throw. Real talk, the Source Awards wouldn't have sh*t on us. That is until somebody pulls an e-gun on someone via Twitter while sitting three rows back from him.

3) *And probably the most exciting thing one could hope for is for a blogger to actually go around telling people that he is a player and beds a lot of women and then find out that telling women things like that is actually not the move*. Wait …

Anyway, this whole piece was just for kicks. I swear I'm not trying to start beef on the streets, I just think it's ridiculously funny to compare blogging to the rap game. I mean, that's not going to stop me from keeping my e-heat on the e-tour bus, cause I never hesitate to lay a blogger on his … spacebar? LOL, I don't know, I'll catch y'all later.

No more bandana on my head, it's my red pen in my back pocket.

Camel Toes and Pantylines

Standing on a crowded train I notice that this woman in front of me is hugging the pole that is needed to gain balance because the train operator can't drive a fucking train that he operates every morning. But that's creepy because I notice that her wrap dress is the thinnest cotton that Forever 21 sold. Who wears Forever 21 to work? I'm not sure, but I can tell you one thing, "that girl is a ho." Every city and everywhere in America we all have our share of creepy fucks on the train.

Do you know the first thing I notice about riding Metro? That I'm the pickiest man on the planet. I find about one of the sixty women on the train to be attractive. That doesn't stop me from staring though. But it's one of those things where I'm not looking at women sexually. I'm looking at her style and her attention to detail. I ask myself over and over again, "Did she look at herself before she left the house this morning?" I'm always quite sure that when I'm walking up the escalator to the platform that the girl in front of me has NO IDEA that her skirt is so short that we've all seen her ragged pair of boyshorts. Or was that on purpose? I always remember that woman who is hugging the pole. She's just wanting someone to touch her in the way that she touches herself. There's something that draws people to sex with strangers.

Am I the only creep who sees a woman's pantylines when she has on a pair of too tight pants? I don't think so. Again I repeat I'm not even thinking of these women sexually, I'm just noticing that if there's anything tighter than her pants it's her underwear. And then it becomes an obsession, I feel like I have to know. Quintessentially the most challenging question is deciphering whether she even has underwear on or not. I can't lie, I've seen some maxi dresses that just had a little too much going on up underneath. I can't judge. But I had a conversation with a friend one time when she told me that most days she never wears underwear, in her opinion, "Who's looking?" I raise my eyes from my happy hour beverage to make eye contact and say, "Yeah, what type of creeps are out there?"

Now the other thing I tend to notice is a woman's shoes paired with what she's wearing. I think I speak for all men when I say that as much as we enjoy seeing you in the pencil skirt and black pumps, we wonder, "What you gon' do if we need to run from something?" Do you know how likely it is that some crazy fool starts some shit down near the White House and you gotta run your ass to safety? Well, I do. That's why I never wear shoes or pants that I can't break out into a full sprint for. LOL, I've seen women fall flat out running for the train because she decided that it would be a great idea to wear slacks that fall to the floor and open toe Louboutins. I also think that shoes tell you a lot about the person wearing them.

For example, what's the difference between a woman who never wears heels, a woman who carries them in her bag only for the office and a woman who feels her best in the heels? And then remember there are those women who wear the heels to the office and then change into flats once they sit down at their desk. Now that's what I don't get. A woman comfortable in heels is one that exudes confidence and has a hell of a sex life.

The other thing I notice is with tight pants, my obsession for leggings and people who decide to run on their lunch break or after work is the immense amount of camel toe. Paired with my addiction to counting everything I think that by the time I exit the 17th street exit of Farragut North and arrive at my office that I will see at least nine camel toes. Again you would think that if you were wearing something tight in the crotch you would do a few squats in the mirror before leaving the house. Another thing is, not all camel toes were created equal. You just have to know that sometimes I see a camel back in your pants, and when you're this close to Dupont Circle, it's not a good look for you.

The only way that such fashion fails could happen is due to lack of attention to detail. Which means, either you're rushing because you're late, or you don't care. And not to bring this up but we all come from our different residences to our one work location, downtown DC. And there are so many possibilities for why you are the person you are right now based on that home experience. Did you just have morning sex? Did you even go home last night? Are you still a little drunk from the night before? Is this the only thing you could find to wear that you didn't have to iron? Trying to make a fashion statement today? After work plans and will not have time to go home and change? I can't judge I've been there before.

Close My Tab

“There should be vodka, there should be strobe lights, loud music, there should be Ray Bans, AND TIESTO, there should be dancing, and then more vodka.”

We live for the nights that involve little to be remembered due the effects of alcohol on our brain’s incapacity to remember the night before. We live for the time’s when we close our eyes from drunkenness and dance with the reckless abandon of our youth. And the bar tabs that we will never forget. How can I spend $275 on drinks at Shadow on a Friday night? It was a Brazilian party and they played Samba, the DC United is here, and the hoes, yeah they’re here too. So we dance and we drink, and we bob our heads like horses at the Preakness. This is that life. Young professionals on K Street. These are the nights we will remember forever.

At a certain point you have to as the Most wise says, “stop drinking like a college student, you know, like the shit’s here so we got to drink it.” But then you get older and realize that you need to stop pregaming because we’re just going to get schwasted when we get to the club anyway. The problem is the disposable income and the women dressed in heels. The time when the women stop going out looking like skanks and go out looking like unicorns. Have you ever been in the club and convinced you saw your wife? There, there in the night are those women that men dream about and they exist.

Do you remember 2007? We told ourselves that we would never have this much fun again. We stood on couches and we tore the walls down. Our friend slipped and she breaks the table and the bottles rolled onto the dancefloor, but we didn’t stop dancing. Sloppy kisses and flash photography to capture the moment. It’s so packed in here right now. The ladies excused themselves to the bathroom for the fifth time tonight and we got here at 1AM and the club closes at 4… or so depending if you got it. These are the best years of our lives. We probably won’t ever have these moments again.

The let out was classic. We looked around and wondered where our lives had ended up. We rarely remember the girlfriend at home, we rarely remember the people from our past. We chase our youth and we chase this life. We never knew that it would be like this, we only knew that we wanted it to be like this. We left all that we built in security for our dreams. And once you have your dreams in your hand and your receipt in your pocket. Throwing your keys into a car and driving the chick you just met home, you remember two things; your girl is at your crib waiting, and you forgot to close your tab.

Camelot

We walked in after a long night of drinking for some reason the only place we can think to go once we've been drinking for five or six hours is the strip club. I stopped at the ATM and took out $200 in cash. My only question is, where do I get the singles from? We were drunk, but they were all coked out of their mind. I've always wondered what it would be like to not be a recreational user of coke but to need it to actually function. There's some attraction to addiction in all of us. I'm amazed at the potential for someone to be addicted to something that really means something in the world. There are people addicted to money and there are people who are addicted to sex. Me, I've just been attracted to attention. And I guess that's my addiction.

I started going to strip clubs when I was about 16 years old. With a fake ID at a young age I got myself into a lot of things I should have never been into. The attraction of the strip club was never about naked women. I spent too much time in high school in house parties in Upper NW to ever have a problem seeing a bunch of naked women gyrating their bodies in front of me. The strip club for me represented the only place where one could go and be sure that no one was looking at them. Contradiction? I'm addicted to attention, but I like to go places where people aren't looking at me.

I never thought about having sex with the women. I was more interested in their story. Have you ever seen a homeless person and asked, "How did you end up here"? The same exists for strippers, somewhere along the way everyone went right, and they went left, not sure if that's wrong. Strippers are people too except they don't have their clothes on. And they act like everything is perfectly normal. The closest thing we'll get to the Garden of Eden is these women in this place of sin.

And now we're tipping and drinking. Tipping and drinking. Funny circular relationship that we have with these women. The drinking keeps up tipping, the tipping keeps them sinning. And because we want to see them sin and they want the tips, they keep us drinking. I spent about five minutes thinking during this girl's first dance:

Are those real or fake?
Do I even care?
Does it even matter?
What's with all the mirrors?
If I was dating a stripper would she dance like this for me?

I got this theory about people who work in the adult industry. You know that Jenna Jameson's husband would go six months without sex because her body was so hurt from shooting a scene. If your job was to be a lapdancer would you want to give a lapdance to your man on your time off? Yes, if that's what she loved to do, she would. And that makes you think about her profession and your relationship. You want the defile nature of this sexual vixen, but you don't want her to actually tell you that she loves being seen naked by a bunch of intoxicated men. Drunk off liquor, marijuana and lust.

Six hour shifts, sometimes twelve, and she comes to sit beside us and ask us if we enjoyed the show. We did and we want to know her name, but she gives us a name. We use that to say that we really know the girl, but she uses that so that if we call her out in public while she's at the movies with her kid, she can ignore us. It's sort of like my name, when I hear my first name, I already know the nature of the relationship I have with that person. And if I hear, the good doctor, then I know that they know Dr. J. Incredible relationship you have with your fans. Do I love this person that I met in Camelot? Yes, I love everything about what they do, but I don't even know them. And do my readers love me? Yes, they love everything about what I do, but they don't even know me.

Your P*ssy Isn't All That

It's my blog and I can cry if I want to.

Everyday I have to hear one of my boys make a crass joke about his size. Whether it be a position that you can't do unless you're well endowed, or something about how she tried to throw it back at him but he punished it. I have to constantly remind those guys, everytime you say something about your d*ck in a sentence with me, I stop listening. It's extremely awkward to talk to a man about something like that. We can talk about the chick, but we cannot talk about your d*ck. Now when it comes to females and their p*ssy, it's a little different. But hold up for a second, remember when I said, "If a chick tells you she give great head, tell her she doesn't"? That same concept applies to her p*ssy. It might take a lesser man a long time to pick up on what I'm trying to say but just to reiterate. If a chick tells you she's got the bomb punani, look at her and say,

"Word? I doubt it."

And why is that I can say this to pretty much any chick? Because real P's move in silence like psychos. But Jay, where are you going with all this? Right here, basically one day me, my mans and them got to talking about p*ssy and things. Because if you can count on one thing from college educated men it's great conversation about money, hoes, and sports. We came up with the following breakdown for p*ssy.

You're P*ssy is Official

Y'all know how I feel about Black people and the word "official." That shit don't mean anything. Seriously, this weekend are you going to attend "The Official Mosley/Pacquiao Afterparty" or were you planning on going to "The Mosley/Pacquiao Afterparty"? So when a dude tells you that some p*ssy is official, just look at him and know that he just trying to gas you on some shit that just as regular as any other p*ssy. A chick asked me one time why it didn't work out, she claimed I hated her. I told her, "That's not true, I would tell anyone right now, 'Yo shorty is official.'" I mean, what else was I supposed to say? It ain't work out. Ladies if you are bold enough to ask a man after he came, "How was it?" and he says, "Oh nah, it was official!"

Kick.
His.
Ass.
Out.

#KHAO, oh we going IINNN on that on Twitter today.

You're P*ssy is the Bomb

You ever had some p*ssy that was so great that as soon as you got in it you were like, “Oh shit … wait a second … SLOW THE FUCK DOWN B*TCH! … F*ck it, FROM DOWNTOWN!!!” Yep, I’m talking about some explosive p*ssy. It’s gunpowder though, so you’ll live. She packs a great punch but if you get a head start you can get away with a lot of shit. This is the type of p*ssy that you might even get a hotel room for. This p*ssy is serious, and if you see it, you respect it. The guy that’s dealing with this p*ssy, people know for a fact that he bout that life.

Firecracker P*ssy

We had to come up with a term for when p*ssy backfires on you. Like if you use that p*ssy the right way, you can have a really good time, but if you don’t know what you’re doing, you’ll lose a limb. Also, it’s kind of hot because if you pop off with them in the phone booth the whole hood will watch and cheer. And then on top of that, days later people will walk by and be like, “Yeah, that’s where Jay set that shit off.”

Platinum P*ssy

For some strange reason America loves platinum. I remember back in the day when people had gold rings. Now if you come home with a gold ring, people are like, “Yeah, that’s nice. Bless your heart.” Cats used to love gold teeth, a gold watch, and some gold chains, but now everybody wants to go platinum. So in the mind of this man he knows that if he wants to get anywhere in life, he’ll need to get the platinum p*ssy. People respect you, they will certify your p*ssy to be one of the best in the game. Real talk in order for your p*ssy to go platinum, you have to be the sh*t. Problem with it is, Piracy. Yes, every crew got one chick who got platinum p*ssy and everyone in the crew know it and asks her for advice. I knew this one chick who was a legitimate basic broad but whilst backshots she raised one leg like she was about to start a race and …

Ohh my God..
*Baby you done took this shit to another motherf*cking level*
*Now a neighborhood n*gga like me ain’t supposed to be getting no pussy like this*
*Damn, Damn! Who taught you how to get sexy for a n*gga?*

Now the post could stop right here. And honestly, a lot of people, in fact I’m almost positive that 97% of the women in the world fall into the previous categories. So if you were running out of time and trying to get back to work, go do that right now.

But if you’re like me and you love when there’s a surprise guest appearance, or you like Diddy remixes that are ten minutes long. Think about Welcome To Atlanta… that sh*t went on forever, maybe 10-12 minutes, but you know what, you f*cking enjoyed every minute of it. It didn’t get popping until you got to New York. So this is the part of the remix where I introduce you to the G.O.A.T.

Uranium P*ssy

Anybody that knows the secret to world domination and scaring the shit out of people knows that you got to get some Uranium. Uranium p*ssy is that p*ssy that powerful men need it in their life. But wait, everybody ain't got uranium p*ssy. A lot of cats reading this right now thinking about the uranium p*ssy they got in the stable. Your ass is lying. Only like five or six dudes in the world got uranium p*ssy. Think about uranium. I can tell you right now, I can only think of one … Rob Thicke got some uranium p*ssy. I seen a picture of him eating yellow cake, I asked him, "N*gga where you get the yellow cake?" He wasn't budging, he just looked at me like, "I'll put it to you like this, now that I got this yellow cake, I don't even need a pocket knife." He was right too, you know how real Gs respond to a line in the sand? They don't, they turn around and extend their arms like this.

[Insert picture of Sting standing with back turned and arms extended.]

If a chick has uranium p*ssy trust me, heads will f*cking roll to get that joint. I met this one chick one time and she had it … she also had two kids. She made me say on more than one occasion, "I see why you have kids." A dude that I used to mentor wifed her down almost two weeks after I stopped talking to her and now this guy is making more money than me throwing parties. You see what I mean about uranium p*ssy? As soon as you bust a nut in a uranium p*ssy this is all you hear…

"Yo, the sun don't shine forever
But as long as it's here then we might as well shine together
Better now than never, business before pleasure
P-Diddy and the Fam, who you know do it better?
Yeah right, no matter what, we air tight
So when you hear somethin, make sure you hear it right…"

LMAO.

Now watch all the chicks who are thinking about their p*ssy and saying, "F*ck you, I got that uranium p*ssy."

Word? I doubt it.

Have You Ever Wished For Ill Will?

There are a few times in my life that I have wished for ill will on another man. Not really another man, but maybe his relationship. You see I'm from the old school, I don't believe in persuading a woman to cheat on her man, but I might tell all my boys that as soon as they dude f*cks up, I will be there to pick it up. Not too long ago I found out that a girl I knew in my past got married to a friend of mine. This is probably the most f*cked up thing I've ever thought in my life, but the thought crossed my mind, "Maybe it won't last." That's horrible right? I don't know, I just thought that she was a phenomenal girl and if I had another chance at it, I could make it work. Around the same time, I find myself trying to reconnect with someone from my past, not romantically, but just to keep in touch. The way we parted ways was kind of tragic and it took both of us years to recover. Anyway, after a few weeks she accepted my friend request on Facebook. Would you believe that she had gotten married the previous week? And my initial thought after sifting through wedding pictures was, "This dude is probably going to screw it up."

Here's my thing, I don't think I'm alone in this. I know that women do this all the time. They see a man who is a good man, they wish they could have him, but they can't. So they do the next best thing which is hope that someday they will have their chance to make that man a part of their life. It may never work out, but she's never going to be the type who didn't try. Is this a selfish act? Probably, but it's real.

The real question is when you think about somebody like Jon Edwards … that bastard. Do you think he ever said to himself? I wonder, when my wife will die? I wonder who I will date or marry next? You know what he did too. He was already building a family with another woman.

I dated a girl and I think I may or may not have prayed that in her future she meets someone who is a jerk just like her. I wanted her to want someone and have them tell her that they just don't want her "that much." And it happened too. I didn't laugh though. I thought it was what I wanted, but in the end I ended up deciding that even though I asked for it to happen, I didn't want to know about it anymore. I sat in my boy's apartment with him giving me the info on her situation, drinking a bottle of E&J from the bottle, while it was still in the brown bag, and I looked at him and said, "Listen, I don't care anymore, I really don't care."

So maybe I have wished for ill will. I feel bad about when I think that I'm one of those people that 50 talked about in the Many Men track, but I'm just being real. I mean, humble tongues never get understood. You can't let someone take what you want without at least letting people know you want it. And what's part of losing, if it's not for the heartfelt sorrow. I never understood the term, don't be a sore loser. I'm supposed to be glad I lost, or feel good about it? I can't tell a lie, if I wish something turned out different, than I wish it turned out different. They say that the meek shall inherit the Earth, but how will that happen if it not for ill will?

10 Good Reasons He Won't Sleep With You

There's always a bunch of reasons why a guy won't do anything and he blames the women for it. Well, I decided to take a different angle, I decided to look at the reasons that have nothing to do with the woman. These reasons are either signs of weakness or maturity in a man, some should be applauded and others should be laughed at. Here's my list of Ten Good Reasons He Won't Sleep With You:

1. *He's set the bar too high* – Men complain all the time about women setting the bar too high for the knickers, but you know what sometimes men do the same exact thing. Men will have a perfectly good woman in front of them and convince themselves that they need "a Nia Long."

2. *He has no intentions of being in a relationship with you* – If a man knows that you're the type of girl who says, "If you hit this we go together." Commend him in his efforts to say, "no I will not sleep with you, because I'm not trying to be in a relationship with you." There are far too many men who will just do it anyway, and dump her like a bad habit.

3. *He's a virgin* – You would think this wasn't a problem, but there's a few in every group. They might not even be the most religious cats in the streets. They may be saving it for that perfect someone, and senior year of HS went, then senior year of college went, and here we are now. If you can make it to 23 without having sex, you can make it to marriage.

4. *He's already sleeping with other women* – Doesn't every man wish he was bedding so many women that he could claim he didn't have any more space for another woman? Lol, I bet! However, some men don't want to complicate their lives. They may be sleeping with someone else, and although they are willing to date you, they've decided that they will not sleep with no more than one person at a time. This is to be applauded!

5. *He's not sleeping with women* – This is real ... let's not get cute. There are several men who are dating women, who are not sleeping with them … he ain't no virgin! He would rather be having sex with men. "Not that there's anything wrong with that." – Jerry Seinfeld.

6. *He says he's dealing with some issues* – If a man says something to you like, "I'm just dealing with some trust issues with women" or "My last relationship really messed me up," do me a favor, **RUN**. Women shouldn't be the caretaker of a broken heart, that's another woman's issue or the good Lord. Don't be surprised if you end up with a manic depressive or a crazy man on your hands.

7. *He just doesn't like sex* – I'm holding the phone listening to my friend talk about how he got in an argument with his woman last night and he says, "Yo J, like she's upset because every time we have sex, I get up and immediately take a shower. So I told her, SEX IS NASTY, there's juices and all types of things flying all over the place!" I mean, I figured I'd let y'all know that I've encountered this in a guy.

8. *He's unsure of himself* – Can I be real? At times women can be intimidating when it comes to sex. Like, a woman will say, "I like for sex to last an hour." In my head, I'm not trying to front, I'm not sure I'm going to make it to an hour. If I make it to an hour two things happened, either it's wack or I'm wasted. However, it says in the Book of All Good Things, "Women take heed, to ensure early arrival of a male orgasm please provide him with the good stuff." So pick your poison wisely.

9. *He may find one of your friend's more attractive* – I know some people will argue with me, but men sometimes will kind of stay reserved and not over commit when he meets a group of attractive females. I've done it, we've all done it. We meet a group of six and until we're sure who we want to talk to, we're going to refrain from having sex with any of you.

10. *He feels like you're the one* – Before I finish this point, I'm not saying that if a guy will have sex with you, he doesn't think you're the one. However, men do some odd things when they really like a girl, or really want the relationship to grow into something special. A man will meet a girl at a club, not exchange more words than just to get a number, then send her flowers on Monday to her job. Another guy will meet the best looking girl on this side of the Mississippi and send her a text message in two hours saying, "tryna come chill?"

Like I said before, many times men try and blame women for why something doesn't go down. Sometimes, the guy has a legitimate reason, other times, you might be saving yourself from some trouble down the line. Don't let it go to your head, I think if it's meant to be, it's meant to be. I left off the list the "shy guy." The character who texts you like, "202: I was waiting on you to make a move", and you reply, "301: I don't make moves, I wait for the guy to make a move. Lose my number."

Sext Me

Nowadays it seems that everybody is sending pictures of a sexual nature electronically. A lot of people are reading this article saying, “Me?! Never!” They can’t even tell the truth to themselves when it’s just them in the room. Everybody is doing it so shut up with that holier than thou talk. In my opinion, there are a lot worse things that could happen with relationships and casual encounters. It’s also a good barometer of trust in your relationship too. A lot of people will not sext because they think, “What if we break up and he shares those pictures with all of his friends?” I am a jerk, my next question is, “Why are you dating somebody who would do something like that?” I’m a gentleman, and a gentleman never kisses and tells.

I did some research and this is what I came up with on; The History of Sending Nasty Pictures and Videos to your Significant Other.

Polaroid Pictures and Video Cassette Tapes

Man… back in the day, you could take the picture and get it right away. You didn’t have to worry about your photo technician getting a hold of your cookie when he was developing the film. That was the bomb. People could write a letter, take a picture of them in their lingerie and send it to their boo. I think the only thing that parallels this invention had to be the video camcorder. You could set it up on the chest of drawers and go to town in the bedroom and then you could keep it around the house as a sexual favor. Now I know why my uncle didn’t like us messing with his videos in the basement. I thought he kept that camera in his bedroom so we wouldn’t break it, lol.

Emails

With a digital camera, you could take pictures and then put them in an email and send them along to the person you were talking to. If you have been on the internet long enough then you remember these conversations:

PrnceCharm_J98: sup?
HotGyalOnFyur02: hi, sup?
PrnceCharm_J98: asl?
HotGyalOnFyur02: 15/f/tx, u?
PrnceCharm_J98: sweet, 16/m/ca. got a pic?
HotGyalOnFyur02: yea, hold on, email?

And that’s how it started with the emails, it didn’t take long for someone who knew how to holla on AIM to convince that shorty to take her top off and send the picture again.

Picture Messaging

Picture messaging has developed more than Kanye West's lyrical talent in the last 6 years. Everybody used to have the Razr with no flash. Pictures were like 1.2 megapixels. Now, pictures on the BlackBerry Torch are lie 8.5 megapixels and there's a BROLIC flash on there. Remember back in the day you used the excuse, "I can't because it's dark." Not anymore buddy, you can take that picture everywhere you go.

The Future – SKYPE

Everybody is on Skype, a few of y'all are on Ustream and that's just nasty. Putting up a video chat room in which people can see you and you can't see them is a little stripper'ish, but to each their own. However, Skype is lie a must have for a long distance relationship or just generally freaky people. It's a two way video chat and you pretty much can do any and everything you want to do. You can take a nap together on Skype with your boyfriend if you want, but most couple use it for Freaky Thangs.

Anyway, that's a brief history of Sexting, and a little about where the technology is headed. I think that if two people trust that the pictures will stay between them, there's no harm in it. It can be a crutch that a person needs to keep them out of Score's or from messing with somebody outside of their relationship. It does increase intimacy because being able to see, but not touch is a turn-on. I would warn against sending pictures of your goodies out to just anyone, they might end up on the internet at "Boyfriend's Revenge." However, between to people in a committed relationship it's likely nothing to worry about. Here's a few tips though:

(1) Mirror pics are cool, but your face is not the business. It's real hard to deny it's you, if there's a picture of your face in the joint.

(2) If you have any distinguishable marks, leave those out of them too. When that picture surfaces and the hood says, "I know that birthmark from somewhere…"

(3) Last but not least, the timestamp! A lot of people get caught with the timestamp. If you are sending your boyfriend a pic, but the date and time is from like a year and some months ago, when you were not dating… it's not a GOOD LOOK.

Why Men Love When You Keep Your Heels on For Sex

I'm sure that someone is going to say that I must have a foot fetish or something, but then most men have a foot fetish. It's not about fetishes, I think it's about the fact that high heels are sexy. And I quote, *"The heel, high heel, it signifies; greatness, dedication, discipline, balance, grace, poise and attention to detail."* I actually said that, lol. There's something about those heels that drives men wild.

Quick side note before I start to the men: It's not cool for you to keep your sneakers or Tim's on during sex. It's not sexy, it's not keeping it real, it's not nothing, it's downright trifling. And take off your socks too.

I believe that men like women in heels because it makes their legs look exquisite. It raises the calf, makes her arch her back a bit and the walk in heels is musical. If I had one word to describe a woman in heels it would be, Tasty. So when a man gets ready to do the nasty, he's thinking to himself, "I hope she keeps them on." Here's a few reasons, in addition to what they do to her body why I love women in heels during sex:

1. *It's taboo.* It's something that takes your relationship with your cute sweet girlfriend and makes it hot and passionate sex with a sexual deviant. Everyone knows that you're not supposed to have your shoes on in bed, but when a woman is wearing heels it's perfectly fine.

2. *She can't move all that fast.* Have you ever seen women run in heels? It's really difficult for her to manage. Although, I've seen some drag queen races in DC … those girls could move. However, when she's got her heels on in bed it's like naked sushi, she can't move so you get a chance to enjoy all of her.

3. *It's something to hold on to.* I'm not going to get too graphic, but I mean, we all know that at times during sex you're going to need something to hold on to make your point. And even if I'm not holding her, she can use those heels to wrap her legs around me and pull me in. And that's sexy.

4. *Raises her up, just enough*. I'm not the tallest guy, I won't front and say that I am. I think that has contributed to me being sexually compatible with women. It's a lot of work to bend down, or have to lay down to get it in. 50% of the positions in the Kama Sutra couldn't be done if you're 5'10" and your lady is 5'0" tall. #imjustsaying #thinkaboutit

5. *You paid good money for those heels*. As a man, I know that women spend a lot of money on a good pair of heels. Shoes for a woman can cost a grip. But I also remember when I used to have buy Jordans. I spent $150 on those shoes, and I wore them everywhere I went, and even in the house. I appreciate that she spent the equivalent of a car note on those heels. I'd like to show her that she can enjoy having them on for a little while longer.

This needs be said; you can't do everything you would do without heels with heels on. I don't need to

tell you ladies, because I'm sure you've had a friend step on your foot before in heels. But certain positions will need to be left out of the "keep your heels on" sexual excursions.

So there you have it, that's how Dr. J feels about women in heels, (and nothing else on). I know there are some men who aren't into that, that's cool that's them. Most men I know, like women in heels during sex. Not every time though … just most of the time.

Dating only reminds you that you are Single

Your friends are a gift and a curse when you're single. It seems that everyone got a plan for you, but none of them sound appealing. People in relationships don't date, they have "date night." What is "date night"? Date night is when you imitate those times when you used to court one another. Dating is much different. Dating is the most intimidating and painful experience a single person goes through.

I think we all agree that blind dates suck. Even if you've exchanged pictures, spoke on the phone and through email for the last two weeks, they are just uncomfortable. Mainly because someone has got it in their mind that you two make a perfect couple. If you two make a perfect couple and have a mutual friend, how come you aren't a perfect couple already? First dates suck too. They remind you that you are getting ready to get back on that horse and start over again. It also reminds you of the last time you went on a first date; reminds you of the first date with your ex, or the last time you tried a first date and it didn't work out. You remember how easy it was to talk to your ex. She used to be interested in sports, or he didn't spend all his time talking about himself, you seemed to connect the first time you laid eyes on each other. However, this new person seems so distant. And you're not sure that they will ever be able to make up the ground.

Have you ever been to a busy restaurant for dinner and noticed all the couples? Have you noticed the lady drinking a dirty martini, she brushes her hair back behind her ear and then hooks her beau under his arm in one effortless motion? Did you notice the couple sitting on the same side of the booth while they share two scoops of sorbet with the same spoon? Heaven forbid you are in a restaurant when a guy asks a woman to marry him. Does this sound like the type of place that a single person wants to be at?

Ever notice that couple holding hands walking down the street? Piggyback rides down the boardwalk might be fun to do, but are disgusting to watch. When you're single, you can't stop asking, WHO KISSES IN PUBLIC?! Have you ever watched a couple play Taboo? It is downright disgusting… "Baby, we were just talking about this other day when watching Family Guy!"

It makes your mind wander, and you start to think that it may be you. Are you destined to never find love? Were you the reason that your ex-boyfriend broke up with you? Here's the question no one wants to ask themselves, Am I that horrible of a person that he couldn't even have the decency to break up with me? He basically gave up on us and waited for me to break it off? Did you really play that many video games? Did Friday happy hour with the fellas ruin "date night"? And there's nothing worse than when you log into Facebook and see that your ex is "In A Relationship." How come they can find happiness before you?

These are all the feelings and questions that dating brings you. They say if you fall off the horse you have to get back on. Better example is falling off your bike. Once you learn how to ride a bike, you never forget. Yes, you never forget all the things you are missing by not riding the bike. You never stop

wanting to feel that breeze through your hair. Being able to take both hands off the handle bars and coast down the street. You never forget how great at riding the bike you once were. You never forget how invincible you felt, and you never forget how hard you wiped out.

So for now, you can enjoy all the video games, cookie dough, ice cream, delivery food, empty bottles of beer, empty bottles of wine, and late nights spent with a hoodie, gym shorts and depressing romance movies you want. It's your world, take your time getting back on that horse.

Behind The Post: The Much Anticipated…

I hope you're enjoying the book so far. These new two pieces are ones that have been much anticipated. In a lot of ways, I don't believe that any one person is perfect, or that we all don't have our faults. I think that's what makes us human and of the flesh. I spoke on dating older women once before, but I said I would talk about dating women with kids. In true Dr. J fashion, I wrote a piece that I thought would be well received, but not too far off the cliff. Then I decided that by doing that, I was neglecting my readers who enjoy the writing so much. So … the first one is PC and the second is real talk.

And a special shoutout to @PrimaryThoughts, you guys should follow her.

Dating with Kids

Seven out of ten Black children are born to single Black mothers. I've never really touched on this topic because in all honesty most of my dating experiences with women who have children have been good except one. Dating women with children can be challenging, and I can only imagine if I had kids of my own how that would change my perspective. However, at this point in my life I'm a Black man without kids, who has dated Black women with kids.

1. *If your child needs around the clock care, dating makes you look bad* – I'm not an expert but from what I hear it's pretty much assumed that for the first six months of a child's life they will need around the clock care. This may be in the form of a nanny or a team approach from both mommy and daddy. However, during this time it is not the time to be out cutting a rug in the local nightclub spot.

2. *Be up front with a man; if you want him to be a father-figure to your child say so* – One of the common misconceptions men have about women with kids is that they are looking for a man to be a father for their child. Most women aren't looking for this at all, they are looking for personal companionship. However, if one of the qualities that you desire in the men you date is that he be an excellent father figure for your child, let him know up front.

3. *Do not rob from your boyfriend to fill in for what your baby daddy should be doing* – Christmas, birthdays and first days of school can be difficult to do as a single mother. However, do not ask your boyfriend to do things that you should ask your child's father to do.

4. *Secure the babysitter first, and then make plans* – From my experience the most frustrating aspect of dating a woman with kids is that her time is never her time. As a guy in this relationship, you will get used to last minute cancellations. However, the woman should do everything in her power to not make plans unless she is sure she has secured a babysitter for her children.

5. *Talk about something else other than your kids* – It's nice to know that your children are a big part of your life, however, your laundry list of things you need to do for them this week is boring.

6. *Dating is not necessary, but being an adult and a mother is* – As a man dating a woman with kids I want to make sure that she's taking care of her responsibilities. It's indicative of whether this relationship is going anywhere. I need to know that mommy is not looking for a date before she has researched elementary schools for her son.

7. *Children need consistency, manage how much time you have the man around your kids* –Their world doesn't change that often and they can't understand why Dr. J is here one week and gone the next. I pray that if you're going to have a man meet your kids, that man will be consistent in your child's life and not just another Joe.

8. *Maintain balance* – This is very personal to me, because more than dating women with children, I have friends who have children. It bothers me that some dude basically stole away her life and bounced. He's out living his life, probably getting some other woman pregnant, and she's stuck up in the house. I hope that all single mothers maintain balance and go out and have some fun; date, hang out with friends, hit an occasional happy hour, or do whatever the spirit moves you to do. Maintaining balance shows that you have your affairs in order and that's sexy.

9. *Discuss sleeping arrangements* – Probably the most awkward moment as a man has to be the moment when your child mistakes him for you in the bathroom in the middle of the night. If he can't stay over because you have your kid on a full-time basis, talk about it, before it comes up. Even if you can't stay over his place, because you've paid for a babysitter, but only up until a certain hour, talk about it.

10. *You are allowed to cuss a man out for telling you "what you should do…"* – If a man tells you how to raise your child or interact with your child's father, you're well within your rights to show him the door. When I think back to my negative experience with a woman with children, I always think that I could have avoided it by telling her not to allow her ex-boyfriend to talk to her that way in front of her daughter. Nope, that wasn't my place, wasn't my battle.

11. *Tell me, do not let me find out* – I sent a text message to a girl I was seeing, we were both out in the same area one night. I asked her to come scoop me because we could go to another place to continue the night, and then she informed me that she has someone else in her car. That was fine by me, as she pulled up, I got in the backseat of the car and reached to fasten my seat belt when I asked, "Why is there a baby seat back here?" I had been seeing this girl for over two weeks at this point.

Honestly, I think it's unrealistic to say that you'll never date someone with kids. The dating pool just isn't that plentiful where you can make those claims and it isn't fair. It could happen to anyone. However, you should be about to set some boundaries about what you will and will not tolerate if you will date someone with kids. Figure them out early on and communicate them directly. I don't mind women with children, children are a blessing, but I do mind bad mothers who are dating.

Dating Women With Kids

So in my last post, I took a nice approach because I didn't want to offend anybody, but le sigh, it wouldn't be right if I didn't come back with the real story.

The expectation that you will date into your late twenties and not deal with someone with a kid is probably high hopes. I mean, the dating pool doesn't work that way. Let me say this up front, I'm a fan of dating women with kids. I won't tell a person you shouldn't date her because she has kids. I may tell you that you don't want to date her because she doesn't have a good handle on the situation like she should and that may be a sign. But truth be told, ain't nothing all that bad about dating a woman with a kid or kids. I mean, you don't want to walk into a Bebe's kids situation, but you feel me.

In my time, I've dated a few women with a kid. It wasn't really that bad. There's that point of the relationship when you're in the middle of her like, *"… I can see why you have kids."* If you know what I mean, you know what I mean, and if you don't hopefully one day you will. I dated one girl and she had her daughter when she was like 14, by the time we dated years later her child was almost ten, that was awkward. But it kind of worked out because her child's father was good about coming through on weekends. The other one of note was a bad jawn, like, in the history of bad jawns she's got to be top ten. The only problem with her was that, and if she reads this, I hope she don't get mad but she didn't have a good handle on her baby father. Like for one, he was mad verbally abusive, two he ain't pay absolutely no child support, and three when I asked her about this she said, *"I'm not trying to have my daughter knowing her father is in jail."* I really liked that girl though, but the relationship had to end when I was backed into a corner clinching some meat scissors. Long story, different day.

But there are a few benefits of dating women with kids that people don't always bring up. Like what? I'm glad you asked.

I'm not sure if you know this, but pregnancies suck ass. They really do. And if it's not the pregnancy, I don't know if you know this but a newborn baby is a bitch. The thing won't sleep for longer than 4 hours and it needs to be fed. You can pretty much kiss a good night's sleep goodbye for the first six months of the baby's life. So if she already has kids, you have avoided that nasty experience and you can get some rest.

Now the thing about having your own kids is that you have to take care of them. That seems like the move but think about it this way; when you are dating someone who has their own kids, you really get to determine your level of involvement with those kids. You can be a cool guy who gives advice every now and then, but you don't have to run to CVS the first time your girl's 12 year old screams in the bathroom in the morning.

In my opinion, you can't do better than dating a woman with kids who are just about to go to college. That means you date her for a couple years, you deal with a couple kids with adolescent problems.

Bestow upon them some anecdotal advice, but you don't have to take it too far as to hit Calvin Jr. in the chest for thinking he's a man now. Next thing you know, it's just you and moms just hanging out walking around bucky naked. And just so you know, when women get over that empty nest syndrome, they get extremely horny and freaky. Sounds like the move right?

Now what I'm trying to say to you is that, you can't be afraid to date a woman with kids. It actually has some benefits that you probably haven't considered. Now keep in mind, not every woman is like this. I've heard a woman say before, "*I'm not looking for a man to sleep with, I'm looking for a man that's going to be good for my son."* I don't know if that worked out for her, but I'm just saying it happens. Truth be told, in the end you want to assist her and support her in any way you can and that may mean being involved in her children's life. However, the point that was made here was if you're thinking about dating a woman with a kid or kids, on the low, it might be the move!

Behind The Post: I don't only talk about relationships…

One of the biggest misconceptions behind bloggers is their subject areas. You may read my writing on SingleBlackMale, or ThisisTheDream or even The Book of Jackson and never get a great idea of what I like to talk about. In reality, talking about sex & relationships gets boring. Very boring. I prefer to talk about other things, such as, politics, black male interests, race, and all other types of topics that probably won't ring the types of bells that an article on sex will. In my future dreams and aspirations as an author, I rarely see myself as a relationships writer, I truly believe I'm much more complex.

When Men Have a Falling Out?

Most people think that men are the best of friends and the reason why it's easier for men to get along than women is because men just don't put so much into the relationship. Also, they aren't petty about the simple things that can cause a relationship to end. For example, I think that many women feel the need to have everyone in their crew be the same way they are. To be honest, that makes no sense, no one wants to be around a copycat. But for men, it's assumed that we have the perspective that just because that's not how we would do it, we won't get in a bunch about it.

However in reality, that's a little far from the truth. Men have falling outs all the time. We just don't make them so public, unless of course one of those men is a drama queen. I've seen best friends go from being Starksy & Hutch to Lex & Clark. You have to think there has to be some reason why there is so much black on black crime in America. I mean, Black men killing other Black men isn't new, it's quite common. How can these men who have no time to worry about another man end up taking each others' lives? It's simple, it comes down to two things; bitches and money. You may think there are a bunch of reasons why men have a falling out, but trust me on this, it's only two; bitches and money.

Bitches

Growing up in the hood I always pointed out that whenever a dude got popped a chick had something to do with it. Of course, people thought I was tripping and off base, but I wasn't. It was either over a chick, about a chick, for the attention of chicks, or because they used a chick to set the dude up. I remember all too well two students from my high school who were gunned down in front of the dude's house. He was taking groceries in the house with his girl. Turns out she was also talking to a dude from a rival gang, and that dude used a random chick that he went to JHS with to ask him where he was. So, in this situation a chick set the dude up and it was over the chick that he was with.

The other situation that you have to look out for is when your boys start to elevate women over the friendship. This may either be because they are in a relationship with a woman that they think is the best thing that ever happened to them, or they are chasing after a woman who probably isn't into the type of life that he is currently leading. Men go running after women and when that situation don't work out they wonder where their friends have gone. And not for nothing, some women are just drama queens and love seeing drama go down. They will wedge themselves in between two dudes that they are not sleeping with and start drama. And it don't even have to be about nothing, it probably is just entertaining to her.

Money

You should never do business with your friends or family. They tell people this all the time and then people defy it and do what they want anyway. And when it comes to money, men will kill you over $5. I have seen a dude get thrown down an escalator over $5. Now of course it wasn't about the $5 it was

about the fact that dude was ducking and dodging. Yes, big thing about men is that they don't like people playing with their money.

Now a little different than playing with a man's money is messing up his opportunity to make more money. Why do you think Jay and Dame really had a falling out? And when men invest together they really get upset at their male friends who keep them from making more money. A group of men who enter into an investment group only to have it dissolve and those men never speak again.

That's it

Yeah, there's not a long list of reasons why men can't get along or they have a falling out. Both of these two scenarios lead to the same point though. Most of us, men and women lose track of what a friend is in our life. A friend is someone who you can go to war with, but you never forget the entire body of work of your relationship. And that's why people end up completely falling into an irreparable break up. One dude feels he's been done dirty and the other dude is thinking of how many times the shoe was on the other foot and nothing was ever done about it. And in my opinion, a man has to do what he has to do. It is what it is.

The Quan

I'm going to keep dropping that heat until May 17th when 17th & K Street drops. So at midnight on the 17th, make sure you stop by the Book of Jackson, and SingleBlackMale because the book will be available there. In the meantime, between time though, I'm just putting out a bunch of posts that didn't make the album, or did they? I still haven't came to the decision on a few of these. Without further adieu…

Rod Tidwell: Maybe you don't. Because it's not just the money I deserve. It's not just the "coin." It's the... - "the Quan".
Jerry Maguire: That's your word?
Rod Tidwell: Yeah, man, it means love, respect, community... and the dollars too. The package. The Quan.
Jerry Maguire: But how did you get "Quan?"
Rod Tidwell: I got there from "coin," dude. Coin, coin... Quaaaaan.
(Source: Jerry Maguire)

Rod would go on to later call Jerry his Ambassador of Quan and while writing this post I had to wonder who might my Ambassador of Quan be. I quickly sent a reminder email to someone about my Dipset deal. They want me to believe that they are restructuring, but I keep telling them that Young Money is interested, whatever, I digress.

The Quan is about much more than the coin as Rod said, it's much bigger than that. My boy sent out a model call and said we'd pay the chicks in yards. Another person replied to the email and said, "*This is not right, we shouldn't be sending stuff like this out.*" **WEEEEEAK.** I replied, "*People have to come to grips with the fact that not every chick is wifey material. Some of these chicks just ain't got the quan to ever make it past breezy or jumpoff status. The best they can hope for is a few yards and some free liquor.*" I was being real too. But this ain't just about chicks, it applies to negroes too. Lot of guys got a lot of talent, but hey don't have no quan. I always joke that I constantly keep a running list of people invited to my wedding, just imagine me sitting in my office with two baskets titled:

"Negroes who got the Quan."

*"N*ggas who are pussy."*

I basically put all the men I know in those two categories, and it don't mean I won't be your friend, but it just mean that I'm planning some epic shit when I get married and I can't have nobody there that doesn't have the Quan. I'll tell you right now, I been to a wedding and a fight broke out. It wasn't no Best Man shit either, it was like World War VIII. (*That's 8, I know some of you ain't good at math or reading, that shit has you confused.*) It looked like a birthday party but it was a wedding so it was weird. Basically, the bride started drinking dark liquor, and you know how women get when they drink dark

liquor. But I think I speak for all real negroes in attendance today when I say there's something sexy about a chick who drinks Hennessy and smokes Benson & Hedges. #maybethatsjustme. Anyway, bride started drinking, she looks up and it's this chick dancing with the groom on the dance floor. Now here's the conflict: That chick is basically the chick who found out on Facebook that the groom was engaged. You know why she found out on Facebook?

Because she was f*cking him.

How do I know this? Because women know their men better than they own men or their boys know him. And as soon as this went down, all the fellas went to the bar so we could act like we ain't see sh*t. And all we heard was, "*I know this bitch is not…*" So I'm peeping this situation, and I see her bride's maid go over to the best man and say, "*You need to tell your mans and them to tell that heffer she gotta leave.*" No shots, but she wasn't even a heffer, she was bad and her dress had #summinbout2popout ALL OVER IT. Now the best man did not have any quan, he just kind of stood there for a minute and acted like the situation was going to fix itself. #PhilJacksonNegroes. At the same time, the bride was like, "**Fuck that.**" She got a running start; she ain't throw a haymaker or chair, she went straight for that chick's hair and attempted to drag her out of there. But that shorty ain't roll up there alone, on her side, her whole crew think that the groom did their homegirl dirty, so what did they do? They start trying to beat the bride's ass in her wedding dress. Because that makes perfect sense. I'm watching all this happen and I'm like… "Oh shit…"

(Sidenote, just so you people know this wedding happened in Capitol Plaza Mall in the spot where they got the church at, so that's where I'm at. Capitol Heights, MD at a wedding.)

The groom was done off so he just backed up, he tried to say something but he ain't have no quan over both his chick and the other jawn. But the bride didn't invite no b*tches to the wedding who was p*ssy… They came out there like strippers at ONYX and they handled those ratchets' ass. There was hair everywhere, shoes everywhere, chicks walking around with an empty bottle of Jack, another with Grey Goose and the ratchets were out front the mall looking swollen face like a mug. Quick reminder: The bride and groom's family just watched this WHOLE thing go down. Real talk, wasn't like we were at the club, we were at a wedding. And you know why?

Because those b*tches had the Quan.

[Ten minutes later, the DJ turned the go-go back on.]

Always evaluate yourself and your crew against the elements of the Quan:

The Love – You see you should have the love. Hey, since 2005, it's been **We Love Jackson.** I remember when I took it down off Facebook and women hit me up and was like, "*Hey the name change on Facebook, what's going on?*" I had to let them know, y'all always will love me, but I'm no longer the

same Jackson from 05, it's Dr. J. That bride had the love of her peoples. They wasn't going to let her go out like that.

The Respect – People don't have to like you, but they should respect you at all times. Look here, if you got Quan, hoe shit like this should never happen to you: You're walking through the club with your shorty and his friend cuts you off and blocks you, while his mans steps in to holla at your chick. That dude ain't got to like you, he can think you're an absolute herb, but he should respect you.

The Community – Not only respect, but respect from your peers. Lil' Wayne has the Quan. Not because Drake, Nicki Minaj and Tammy Torres said he has the Quan. But after this, I had to remove all reasonable doubt about this guy having the Quan:

RT @MSLAURENLONDON: RT @antoniacarter: Congrats to Nivea and Wayne...its a Boy!!! (Beautiful and blessed)
RT @MSLAURENLONDON: RT @thisisNIVEA: Say what you want about Wayne, but he is a great father!!!

That's Quan. **That's inconceivable QUAN!** Your other baby mother, just retweeted your other baby mother about you being a great father.

"You know what? I got to thank Weezy.
*And when I see that n*gga Imma thank him.*
Imma buy his album, Imma download that.. Imma shoot a bootlegger!
*That's how good I feel about this n*gga"*
(This negro Wayne ain't got a baby mother, he just got other baby mothers.)

The Money Too – "*They say you can't be broke and happy, so me I'm mad rich.*" If that ain't the truth I don't know what is. Listen, you can have all that stuff and die broke. Joe Louis had love, respect and community and he died broke as a joke. A lot of people wonder how you can tell when you make it. When they start paying you … that's how you know you making it. And I don't mean a little bit of change to get your hair done, or to buy some music off iTunes, I'm talking about you get paid to do what you do best and the ends are meeting like a motherf*cker. (So yes, I'm still waiting for the Quan because I have to take my ass to work today like the rest of you.)

There's countless people who made it from love, respect, community and never made the money, here's a short list:

1. **Shyne –** You would have thought Diddy left him like $50 million for taking that bid for J. Lo. Come on, they didn't tell you this, but you know who that was who got shot in the face at that club, Cassie. Yeah, afterwards she just had a real good plastic surgeon.
2. **All those n*ggas who make those videos punching people in the face during a freestyle**
3. **Joe Budden –** I don't understand why people … ugh.

4. **Hot Sauce –** Everybody used to watch Hot Sauce videos like they was the shit. People would say, "*but he ain't gon make it to the league tho*" and the whole hood would be like, "***NAH BUT HE'LL BEAT YOUR ASS IN BASKETBALL!!!***" Yeah, but he never made it to the league.
5. **Gandhi and Martin Luther King, Jr. –** Respect, no jokes.

Here's a list of some of the most prominent holders of Quan:

1. **Diddy –** This man got the Mist too. I'm going to come back to this.
2. **Jay-Z –** He got transferable Quan, because he got a wife who got Quan. Jay-Z got all this stuff and if you ever doubt, peep how hard people defend Jay-Z. Don't ever say nothing about Reasonable Doubt not being all that good, or the fact that Jay-Z is 42 years old and that's troubling that he still talking about what he talk about. They will assassinate you. But Beyonce got her whole nation and gay black teenage boys making Youtube videos and spending $250 on a concert ticket. That's a Quan ass couple.
3. **Oprah –** You know you making bread when you can look at a white person and say, "*N*gga I'm Oprah rich!*"
4. **Barack Obama –** During the Democratic National Convention when it was dark and Obama brought the sun back out, I knew something was up. But then he won a Grammy, and my first reaction was like, "*Oh they just giving this negro shit like it's nothing; Grammys, Book deals, the Nobel Peace Prize, a tight jawn named Michelle, this is bullshit… They even gave that negro some white in him too.*" When he tell everybody he's Jesus and no one get upset, don't say shit.

Yo Guru, get the flutes...

Jesus Christ – Jesus got more platinum chains that Jacob the Jeweler. You know how much money and gold they got in the Vatican. Jesus is the only man to date that rolled with a hoe and nobody said shit, didn't even think they was f*cking.

The Quan. Amen.

My Email to Chris Brown

What's good Chris,

I'm five years older than you and every time I see a girl that I want to talk to, I hear, *Excuse Me Miss*. I had to deal with that a long time ago, because being older than you I felt weird about that song being classified as teen music. But I say all that to say, I'm a fan. And being a fan, I'm going to do what a lot of people won't do. I'm actually going to talk to you about it, instead of talking about you.

First things first, I listened to *F.A.M.E*. and I'm actually listening to it right now. And that's a good job homie, kudos. Champagne flutes should click when you think about what you've done here. And now, things ain't been easy for you lately, I know how that is. I've been Black for a minute now, so as Black men we know how that can be. Here's what I would say to you though, you need to do two things that we all have to do in order to stop being boys and grow into men; stop caring what other people think and only roll with those people who bring out the best in you.

People are always going to ask you about your past, but you know what you can do? You can, #nosign it and never give it the attention that everyone wants you too. You've already said your peace and done what you needed to do to gain your penance. Most people will tell you to just expect it and deal with it, but I'm going to be real with you. Real spit, you should have left the show the second time she asked you about something that you intentionally did NOT answer. And if anyone wanted to tell you that you were being immature or rude, you should have reverted back to, *"stop caring what other people think."* However, what I would have done differently is just walk away and not show your anger. As men, we have to act with intent and not let our emotions get the best of us. It's a process and I'm sure at 21, you're still learning. I'm not too far removed so I remember and I can relate. I made HORRIBLE decisions when trying to express my frustrations with people saying and doing things to me I didn't like. All I can hope for you is that you continue to work on it and I wish you the best.

If you're rolling with people who support you, you've only mastered half of the battle. The thing I have to encourage all the young men that I mentor is that you should surround yourself with people who bring out the best in you. And sometimes those people won't make you happy, sometimes they will tell you to your face that you are wilding. I have some of the best friends in the world and they are not there because they are my yes-men, they are there because they tell me when I've gone too far, or when I'm right despite everyone telling me I'm wrong. A lot of people are saying that you don't have the right people around you, and you and the Good Lord are the only people who can make that assessment for yourself. I encourage you to seek him in prayer and meditation and everything will reveal itself to you.

My advice is to seek out friends who:

1) **Publicly, stand by you in times of strife** – There are a lot of people who will text you and will tell you

to stay strong and keep your head up, but also be the first to tell another person they don't support you.

2) **Openly hold you accountable for your actions** – They will be the ones who will make sure you don't lose touch with reality.

3) **Are real** – People always go back and forth and joke about *"keeping it real"* but there are only a few people who will ever always keep it 100 with you. Sometimes even your family won't be real with you.

4) **Laugh with you, cry with you** – Those people who you only see when times are great, but never when times are bad are not your friends. Those people who you only see when you're down and out, but never when you're doing great are not your friends either.

With all that said, I wish you the best. I can't tell you how to be a man, you're a man now. You're 21 and you can legally do everything you want to do. I would have said that you're only going to have problems renting a car at this point, but … I don't think you will. I hope these words from a fan and man who has made mistakes himself reach you and resonate with you.

Always 100,

Dr. J

PS – Keep your shirt on, dog. As Black men, we have to keep our shirt on in order to avoid being called "niggas."

Behind the Post: An eBook that you'll probably never read

I had the privilege of being a part of a movement called, Last Dollar Van to Brooklyn. It was styled after Diddy's Last Train to Paris. Many of you will never read it, but some good material was put in that eBook. These are a few of my pieces from it. They are personal to me. You guys should see this side to me. In many ways they explain my confidence and insecurity. Special shoutout to a legend and pioneer, Comeback Girl, wherever you are, you encouraged me to be personal.

Loving You No More

I did everything I told myself I wouldn't do. Maybe because I convinced myself that I wasn't worth everything that I thought I was. I got in that superman mode and convinced myself that I could do whatever I wanted to do. And it didn't matter what anyone else said about my relationship. It's funny that the way this whole thing started was messed up. We met up for drinks and the movies and the next weekend I seen her in the club giving her man a lap dance.

We weren't in any relationship, so I'm doing my thing on the side and you doing your thing too. Problems only came because we couldn't tell the truth to each other. The lying is what caused the anger. Calling you several times and then driving over to your house to see if your car was there. It wasn't until I damn near killed myself trying to do something for you that I had to conclude.

Leave this bitch alone.

Everyone reaches that point in their relationship when they realize that they have to let go. As much as you love them, you start to hate yourself. When you look in the mirror, you look like old homeboy from the Waterfalls video. You don't even notice yourself anymore. You feel defeated and you aren't really sure what to do about that. Real talk, I understand why women stay with men who abuse them. I been abused in a relationship before and I stayed because I couldn't figure out that even though I love that person, by doing so, I was hating myself.

So you reach that point and then what? You walk away, or at least you try and walk away. And you may come back a few times. I swear, we all come back a few times. But when you start that process of moving on and keeping them out of your life, it's hard, but you do it because you know you have to do it.

I had to do stuff I had never done before. Don't laugh.

1. **Delete her number** – This definitely doesn't work because I know the number, but it's the thought that counts. PRINCIPLE my dude!

2. **Stay off Facebook** – If not, you just follow her life through clicking on her photos. Only she's much smarter than that, she's never going to post a picture with her and some dude. But she's actually stupid because why would I believe that you are going out and there's never a guy there. Who's paying for it?

3. **Stop G-Chatting with her everyday** – Everybody knows they will talk all day long to the person they are talking to on gchat, then when it's over your gchat is quiet, so you start chatting with them again anyway.

4. **Make sure I won't bump into her by not going anywhere** – Just because I know I'm like Kanye, give me a stage, some alcohol and a white girl, and I'm going to act stupid.

5. **Rearrange my room** – Someone told me something about feng shui, but in my mind, I was just tired of seeing that spot where I would … nevermind. Anyway, a change of scenery is good.

6. **Convince myself she had died**.

That's right, I had to convince myself that she was no longer on Earth.

Months went by, and when I looked at my life and why I was doing the things I was doing, I would think about her. But everyday it was a little less than the day before. So yeah, I went through those phases;

1. **Hurt** – "How come she don't love me?" Remember that episode with Will Smith and his Dad, just like that.
2. **Dismissive** -- F*ck that bitch. If asked by friends about where she was, "[Name] is dead."
3. **Upset** -- You must got me real f*cked up!
4. **Hatred** -- Everyone gets to a point where they just hate the person for who they are.
5. **Defeated** – Accepting failure is a very hard thing to do. However when you get to that point where you realize that no matter what you do it's not going to happen, you know defeat.
6. **Acceptance** – I can see why what happened, happened.
7. **Over it** – At a point shortly thereafter acceptance, you realize that you'd rather stop thinking about it.

A few months later, I was able to go back to being her friend again. I wasn't angry with her anymore, and I wasn't upset that it didn't work out anymore. I could even hang out with her and not want to squirt a Gatorade bottle at her. And while we hang out there's things that she doesn't know that go on in my head. Like even when we were hanging out, I look at her, in her eyes and I know that I don't love her anymore.

Hate that You Love Me

How does it feel when you're in a relationship with someone who continuously hurts you? About a cool 50% of the advice I give to women is to stop talking to men that say they love them, but hurt them anyway. Remember, your feelings only matter to you, the only thing that matters is what you do. How does it feel when you know you don't want to be with a person anymore, but they love you? They love the sh*t out of you in a way that you don't know if you'll ever find anywhere else. Ever had to step out on that? That's rough. I been there before, it was hard, and in some ways it was really dumb.

I'll tell you from the perspective of a dude who looked at that woman who loved me and I told her that I didn't want to be with her anymore, it was hard, but it was something that I had to do. The hardest cross to bear is knowing that you are going to break someone's heart. But at the same time, you know that you'll end up hurting them even more and they might end up hating you. See when you break someone's heart they don't always hate you, but if you stay around and just do straight ignorance, they will hate you. And you might end up like Romeo with a bullet in your head…

And sometimes we deal with people who truly do care for us, but have those inherent flaws. I'm not talking about Beyonce's flaws, I'm talking about, your ex-boyfriend had a habit of slipping into anything that walked on a regular basis. And yes, some of us dudes have been in relationships with women with kids and they still f*cking their baby daddy on a regular basis. As long as you don't ask me to buy nothing for your baby, I guess that's cool. I think it comes down to, if people really care about you, they won't hurt you. And the false reality that we convince ourselves we can deal with, is just that, false.

I think women deal with this more, they say things like, "He loves me, he don't love those hoes." Or this really crazy quote, "Just don't give me nothing." I guess if that works for them. I don't think anyone should be in those situations, but you know me, I don't act like they don't exist because that doesn't help anyone. We all end up strung out in relationships that we don't really want to be in. So yeah, I know that you may feel like the love he has for you or that you have for him can outweigh his disrespect or the bad ways he makes you feel sometimes, but it can't, you don't need the highs and lows, you only deserve the highs.

Real talk, I think I speak for most men when I say we get the most offended when women love us and we have given them no reason to feel that way. I know that there is, "I love you Dr. J!" love everywhere on earth. But when a girl looks me in the eyes and tells me she's in love with me, or she tells me that about my boy, I'm just like "this is not going to end well." That's that "hate that you love me" flow. You get tired of women doing weird things because they love you and putting you in an awkward position where you feel like you have to do something back for them. In my experience, you just have to do something extremely ignorant, like crash the car or suggest she smash off your homeboy. Just hope she doesn't say, yes.

I Know

My mother told me one time that I had the inexplicable ability to date great women, stop dating them and find another one. She thinks it's why I'm so reluctant to marry at a young age. I think it's because you never know. Along the way I've met some really good women. Some women that I'm proud to say I dated. I told the story of when I decided to stop talking to a woman because I thought she had the power to make me do irrational things because I felt for her in such an "I need her" way. And then other times… I just let me get in the way of me.

I know that I missed out on some good things. I know that I wasn't ready to be a man, I wanted to be a boy, I wanted to be everywhere and do everything. I wanted the attention and I wanted the life. When the cold moments came I was left thinking, "damn I just want her to be here with me." Of course most of this happened in college and the reason why it happened is because most college men have their heads screwed on one thing and one thing only, trying to have fun. I realized that fun wasn't everything one day, but it was too late.

I have changed in many ways, but I can't admit that I was perfect or that I was ever perfect.

The worst part was when she wouldn't answer my calls anymore. Or, when she didn't reply to my texts or emails. When she finally told me, "please stop contacting me." My pride won't let me show it, but I wanted to beg to get back, but the only thing that came out my mouth was, "well f*ck you then." Think about this, I messed up, I pushed you away, then I realized I was wrong and tried to get back right with you, but you wouldn't let me, so I got mad at you again. I love you, I hate you. How many men do the same thing? Told yourself you was going to write her a letter and get a dozen roses. It was going to make her come back to you. All you got was a damn text saying, "Thanks for the flowers." She didn't want to talk or meet up for dinner, just "Thanks." Some of us was more persistent. Big said, "F*ck all you hoes," but Big sent the love letters of great men, until one day she paid attention. Real talk, not every man has it in him to be the **Big**ger person.

I'm big enough to admit that I messed up. I'm even bigger than that man to say, I need you. I may not have known it then, but I know now, that what I want is right in front of me. I'm not going to lose it again, and I'm not going to lose focus. (#fingercrossed #thisyear). If she claims to love you then she knows that you mess up, and she knows what makes you mess up. Women say they always know their men. So did she know that I was f*cking that other girl? Translate espanol, no way, Jose. Nevermind all that, I'm standing here, vulnerable and I need answer. Will she let me back in? And if not, then the next girl? I'm not gon' mess up and I'll make sure she knows that I need her. (#getmyishtogether #FTW). I know I messed up, but I need you.

Behind The Post: The Home Stretch

I want to wrap this by letting you guys know that I truly appreciate your attention to this eBook. It's been a piece of work and I've been working on it for months. Countless times, I sit there and say, "Nah, putting that in the eBook." I appreciate all my fans, but what is the home stretch for Dr. J?

Well, the home stretch is a few things; a new blog, a new approach, a rededication of myself to aligning my writing with my talents. I can't be what everyone else wants me to be. I look at things differently. I try and produce great work and hope that you enjoy it. And for the most part, are you not entertained?

I take a lot of criticism for my approach to blogging. Why didn't I sell this? Did I not see what happened to the music industry when people starting giving away material for free? Yeah, but I also saw that if something is worth listening to, people will buy it. And so I'm not worried that this book keeps the buzz going about myself while I focus on my future projects.

The reality is this; the home stretch is the end of this eBook, but it's only that I've qualified for the next race.

Special Thanks

First and foremost, I got to thank God.

I want to thank my family. They made me who I am. They encouraged me be who I am and never be the person that everyone else wanted me to be.

I have to thank my friends, they are always there for me.

I want to thank the readers, the fans, all of you make this possible. Stealing from The Wonder Years, lend me your eyes and I'll promise to never write out of focus.

To the blogging fam, all of you, much respect. There is healthy competition amongst us and it is great for our industry. We are the new "slam poetry". We have great power.

To my big bros Streetz and Rahim. To the SBM fam; Slim, SBM, Most, Wis, RCLS. Thanks for allowing me to be the guy who always cuts up and encouraging me to be real. I know at times you guys are thinking, "This nigga Jax…" but you allow me to be on stage with you guys, you are all great writers.

To my team, you know who you are.

To my DJ, DJ Todd, you got it, anything you need let me know. Magic City ain't ready.

To my many inspirations. Some of you I wish "ill will" and others I only wish the best. You are my many inspirations and I hope I never let you down.

As always, life is good, God is good.

#andcanIgetaHOTTUB

The Podcasts (Attached)

Podcast: Wack Dudes and Bad Chicks
Podcast: How to Really Mess With Her Self-Esteem
Podcast: If I Could Ask Black Women To Do Me Five Solids

The Playlist – The MixTape by DJ Todd (Attached)



1. Bill Gates by Lil Wayne
2. Bad B*tches Only by Tyga & Gudda Gudda
3. 600 Benz by Wale, Rick Ross, & Jadakiss
4. Hustle Hard by Ace Hood, Rick Ross, & Lil Wayne
5. Hard In The Paint by Waka Flocka & Travis Barker
6. Well Done by Tyga
7. Yankin by Lady
8. Wonton Soup by Lil B
9. Beautiful People by Chris Brown
10. F*cking Boyfriend by The Bird & The Bee
11. Sweat by Snoop Dogg & David Guetta
12. Got This Money by Childish Gambino aka Donald Glover
13. Family Affair by Sly & The Family Stone
14. You Be Killin Em by Fabolous
15. Bring It Back by Travis Porter
16. Glass Table Girls by The Weeknd
17. Hell Of A Life by Kanye West
18. Blame Game by Kanye West, John Legend & Chris Rock aka That Local Dude
19. School's Out by Alice Cooper

The Preview: A Night In Fantasy

A house fixed on the backside of a hill facing a dark lake. Even in the winter time the temperature never got lower than 70 degrees. During the day the house seemed like all the others in the neighborhood. It was kind of weird, three white guys working the yard argued over who had to clean the bathroom today, one swore that it was his turn to clean the pool today. At noon the front yard of the house was filled with luxury cars and SUVs, and over the next two hours people would take strides of pride leaving.

One thing stood out to everyone that would walk or drive by, the windows appeared to be sealed shut, but atop the front door was the master bedroom with a veranda that overlooked the lawn. It had never been used. But at night lights seemed to flash like there was strobe light or as if flash photography was taking place inside. This house operated on hours that people from outside could not cope with, they blasted music from 3PM to 3AM, everyday.

At night, people danced. They partied and they lived out, My Beautiful Dark & Twisted Fantasy. I lived this and thought to put it to paper to account for the things that I saw, the night I went into this house.

Upon walking in the first thing you notice is that clothes were optional. We were greeted by three women, all topless wearing black latex leggings, and holding bottles of champagne and Hennessey. “Whatever you’d like, sir,” she said. Purposefully, I reached for the bottles by the third girl, grazing each of the previous two girls on my way.

And then somebody rode by on a horse. A horse in the middle of the house, that can’t be safe. I was told that the party had an all you could eat buffet and I knew that if I planned to make it through the night I should get something to eat first. Would you believe that in the kitchen there was all the chicken, beef, and pork you could eat? There was a black girl, actually two black girls, light and dark, a Native American and a Russian. I couldn’t pick from that what I wanted to eat, but I had the whole night to decide.

I went upstairs to drop off my coat and the stairs were covered with people piled on one another, similar to a brothel. Each woman grasped tightly by their neck or with their hair pulled back until they gazed at the ceiling. Drunk off sex they didn’t even seem to notice me walking by, carefully placing each of my steps so not to touch them. I dropped my coat in a room that was empty, or so it seemed.

A woman screamed, ”UGH!”, she belted out in anguish, a dog barked and chains clanked against the wall. “What. In. The. Hell.” my thoughts exactly. And then a door slammed. This would go on throughout the night, occurring every 45 minutes or so. I’m not sure, it was never consistent, just intermittently.

In another room there were women jumping on a bed, they spoke no English, or Spanish, or French, or Portuguese. I'm not sure what they were speaking, but it sounded good to my ear. They were completely naked with headbands and wristbands on.

The horse ran through the house again, the sound of his last pair of shoes echoed through the tall ceilings from the marble flooring.

In the room that I settled in, I sat and noticed that my phone had no service. There were several people in the distance doing lines on coke. The tables were covered in mirrors, perfect for lines. There was something wrong about this though, it seemed like this was all they were doing. I had once before seen women doing excessive amounts of coke, but not this much. Their faces looked like they had just had a cup of cappuccino with extra foam.

I repeatedly had to ask Rosa to sit down. It seems that girl has the attention span of a gnat. She's beautiful though. Not sure how she ended up there, but I was happy she was there. Oh she was naked too. Let me just put this out there, everyone was naked, except me. A woman dressed in a red latex outfit entered the room and said that the house rules were as follows; everyone must pick one article of clothing and get rid of all the rest. She also offered to check my hat, coat and cell phone. She whispered to me, you could not choose your watch, which was completely off limits.

I had worn a pair of Empirio Armani trunks under a park of fitted Calvin Klein jeans. I couldn't make the final judgment call on what exactly I wanted to keep, but I knew that I hated swaying in the wind. More than that I hated being grabbed like an elephant, that really irked me, so I chose the jeans. Off with the socks, shoes, shirts, accessories, and jacket. The lady in red told me that my number was 100,000. It was at this time I noticed that I had lost my partner. Where was her ass at? I had met this girl just a few hours ago. We spent time sitting together discussing the lyrical complexity of Pride & Prejudice, truthfully a book that marinates in fantasy and brawn and only meets comprehension when you bowl. It strikes me that some of you may never know what I'm talking about.

I went and stood behind a couch in a room that was filled with televisions all turned to a different fetish of porn. I clutched the fifth of Hennessy that was in my hand, raised it to my mouth and took a sip. My eyes red, my head wondered if I should be concerned about the uncontrollable urge that had overcome me. I fixated my attention on the screen front and center of the room, it seemed as though it was a live feed. The colors were green, white and black much like night vision lenses that contemporary digital camcorders use. Two women appeared on the television and mouthed things to the camera, but I could not understand, so I sat on this couch. I stared at the screen hoping to figure out what they were saying. With my head resting on my hand and my elbow resting on my knee, my elbow slid. An indication of how intoxicated one can become in just a short amount of time. I wondered if there was any reason for concern. My slow reaction to this slide and I noticed a black keyboard on the coffee table. And there was a reaction from the two women on the screen. They clapped. They grabbed each others hands similar to when someone tries to hi-five while intoxicated and end up only holding hands. And then they

jumped up and down with their naked bodies touching at the nipple, I noticed that I had found something important.

To be continued…