

Intent to Distribute

By
D. E. Washington

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Intent to Distribute is an excerpt from the upcoming book Real Game

All Scriptures noted are from the New King James Version (NKJV)

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“Fifteen Dollars?”

“Yeah, but instead of fifteen we say ‘thwree!’ when we’re at the domino table on the Southside.”

“I’m just saying man, fifteen dollars for a *book*?” I might look like I’m balling, but it’s tight on me. I’ve got three kids I’m trying to raise and fifteen dollars can put a lot of lunchmeat and bread on the table. Ya feel me?”

“Yeah, I feel ya. I know how tight it is in George Bush’s America. Everyone is hustling and struggling just to keep the bills paid. But, if it’s so tight in your life that fifteen dollars will throw your whole monthly budget into disarray, then you *really* need to get up on yo’ game. A n’ga like you can’t afford *not* to buy this book! I bet you’d spend fifteen dollars on a CD.”

“Nun-uh! I get all my CD’s and DVD’s bootleg. You ain’t got no bootleg version of the book for five dollars?”

“Naw, there ain’t no bootleg version of Real Game, at least not yet. This is the hottest thang on the streets right now. It’s making them dope boys go craaaazy!”

“It’s some real game, huh?”

“Already! This is some of that straight dope, uncut. I’m just chilling right now talking like a regular person, but if I was back on the streets hustling like my boys in

the hood, then you'd hear me shake 'em up in the air and let everybody know that I got some *hot* shit in my hand!"

"Hmmm...so what's this Real Game about?"

"Do you like gumbo?"

"Uhhh...yeah...I like gumbo. Why?"

"Well that's what Real Game is like; it's like a big pot of gumbo. It's got many different ingredients for you to enjoy. I'm talking about that roux-based, seafood, chicken and sausage gumbo. The kind you make in one of those deep pots that you have to stand up on yo' tiptoes to look down into – the kind that short folks need somebody to help them with. They make those pots that tall for a reason you know, cuz a real good gumbo ain't made to be picked over. N'gaz ain't supposed to start picking out all the crab legs, shrimp and sausage for themselves – you get what you get, it ain't no spear fishing expedition! A pickin-through-the-gumbo fight can turn into a 9-1-1 domestic dispute *real* quick – 'Get that bitch out my kitchen!' That's some real game right there. If only one n'ga or 'Northerner' learns to just get their scoop of gumbo and move on, then Real Game will have made its money back already.

"I feel ya. So Real Game is like a gumbo – it's got a lot of different stuff in it, huh?"

“Already! It’s a *complete* meal. N’ga, you’re gonna laugh, you’re gonna cry, and you’re gonna read some stuff that’s gonna scare the shit out of yo’ az. It’s a full ride baby. Go on and check out the first part, ‘*Intent to Distribute.*’ I’ll even let you read it while you’re waiting in line – you should be able to finish it before you get your chicken. Just check it out; you’ll have a much better feel for what Real Game is all about. And if it don’t sound like something you wanna read, then give it back and I’ll refund your money. Just make sure you don’t get any chicken grease on the pages!”



“Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Your sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.” – Psalms 19:14

Aiight, we don't have a lot of time, cuz hopefully you're about to get you some hot chicken right out of the grease. So let's cut to the chase. My name is D. E. Washington. I'm the writer, and I don't believe in wasting a lot of time. And if I'm here and you're here, then that makes this “our” time, like my boy Spicoli broke down to Mr. Hand in Fast Times at Ridgemont High.

If you're going to come to the Servinemup Ink table and eat, I'm gonna let you know off the bat about the One that we're serving. Notice that's a capital “O,” just like there's a capital G in God. He is an awesome God.

The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob. Elohim. Immanuel. Ye'Shua. Prince of Peace. Jesus the Christ, the Messiah, the Savior. The great I AM.

Jesus Christ is who we are serving. A lot of writers will beat around the bush and write about fictitious characters in fictitious places trying not to associate with any form of religious affiliation. Other writers put it out there covertly by using certain code words, phrases and verses to indicate a connection to the Bible, yet still remain politically correct by avoiding any perception of evangelism.

There are a lot of people who claim to follow God, but yet they don't believe that all of those names listed above are reflections of God. Listen to me now man, because this is very important. Everyone who has a Bible in their hands does not necessarily believe that, **“For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life” – John 3:16.**

There are many people, cults, sects and churches that are following a distorted doctrine. They may refer to the Bible, but they don't acknowledge all of it as the inerrant Word of God. Instead, they believe that the Bible is merely a collection of fictitious anecdotes, or that the parts written by Paul are not necessarily God's words, or that the Bible is incomplete and God will add some more stuff to it later.

False doctrines and false prophets are pervasive in our society today, masquerading as angels of light when they're actually the disguised wolf seeking only to devour.

So when I got on my pen to write Real Game, I tried to stay focused on my purpose to spread God's Word. I know about the Nazarene that got up in that tree. I know that story starting from King David. I know that story starting from Moses. I know that story starting from Abraham. I know that story starting from Adam. I know that story starting from “In the beginning...” all the way to “The grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.”

Now, whenever somebody comes at me with a doctrine or a theology or a way of thinking meant to convince me that Jesus didn't do what the Bible said He did, I am able to pick up a Bible and preach the truth to them. I'm what you call a game dog for the Lord, and so is the distribution manager for Servinemup Ink, Tommy Curvey. That's why we're riding together. We're on a mission akin to Sister Harriet Tubman's Underground Railroad. We're riding through swanging and banging down the block for Jesus, blaring His Word through our speakers. Then we pop the trunk with that neon sign that says, "Nah! Run Tell Dat!"

There is a need for more defenders of the gospel of Christ – people who will speak up and testify to His Name and people who will let them fools know that they're bowing down to false gods. Believe me, it's not an easy assignment. I wouldn't recommend it to anyone who is not ready to get their life together. Because once you step up and accept your anointing and you walk into the gift of the Lord, your life is forever changed. You'll learn how to lean on Him everyday, and you'll realize just how much you need Him. You'll feel like a dope fiend – you just gotta have Him. Remember, God doesn't want to change who you are, He only wants to change who you serve.

I know there are a lot of Jesus zealots out there; people who start leanin' on Jesus so hard that they lose touch with reality. They manage to skim along the surface of society well enough not to get put away in

one of those crazy places, yet they appear a bit “off” to most folks. It’s what me and my friends called “Jesus freaks” when we were in college. These people actually turn more folks away from Christ by their words and behavior than they bring closer to Him. Kinda like those wackos that blow up abortion clinics or assault homosexuals – that ain’t right. We’re not riding with haters like that.

I pray that I am never a person who makes others doubt the reality of Christ because of *my* deeds or words. That’s why I constantly recite that Psalm (19:14) of David in my prayers. I already know I’m kinda thrown in the head, so I definitely *need* Him in my life!

What you are holding right now in your hands is the first fruit of the Southside Publishing Company, Servinemup Ink. What you are reading is the harvest of the first crop. I’ve got that farmer blood in me; one of my grandfathers, L.T. Washington, is a farmer. I’ve also got priestly blood in my veins, on both sides.

My maternal grandfather, the late Bishop Sam Scott of El Dorado, Arkansas, was a Pentecostal minister in Triumph the Church of God. Sanctified folks, if you know what I mean. They have the kind of church where people speak in tongues and catch the spirit and start dancing. We saw some wild stuff in Big Daddy’s church. And on my paternal side, I can trace my bloodline all the way back to the Reconstruction Era to an established lineage of African slave descendants that accepted Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior. Men

who got married, had children, and took care of them. Men who went to work every day and men who went to church on Sundays. Men who loved the Lord and who were committed to serving Him until the day they died, whether they were called to be preachers, deacons, teachers, drivers, farmers, cooks, writers, or whatever the Lord beckoned them to be. All the men in my bloodline have accepted this calling. I'm from a dead game bloodline and for that I thank God.

So what you are reading is my hand going up amidst a crowd of Southside men.

“Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying: ‘Whom shall I send, and who will go for Us?’ Then I said, ‘Here am I! Send me.’” – Isaiah 6:8

There are a lot of people who don't know the goodness of Christ. They don't know what it means to be set free; they're still captives. They bow down to and serve wooden idols, such as the American dollar. They're hooked up on bullshit and they're not focused on the prize of everlasting life. They're spectators on the sidelines. They are so distracted by the devil's cheerleaders – in thongs and high heels shaking their azes – that they don't pay attention to the real battle being waged on the playing field of life. The wolf is devouring our men – homicide, felony dope convictions, alcoholism, crack cocaine, womanizing, homosexuality and just plain ol' sorry, lazy az mf's leaving our children without fathers to help guide, provide and protect them.

I believe in a natural order, and I believe that God has made a natural structure for our families. I believe that husbands and fathers should obey and serve in their designated role as the priests of their families – teaching their children how to walk a Godly walk; giving their daughters love and letting them know that they don't have to get out there with their azes and titties hanging out just so they can get attention from a man; hugging and loving their sons so they don't feel the need to get love from other men in sexual ways.

This ain't no joke. We're riding hard on these fools. The game is going into that last quarter, baby. Even a fool can see it. It's not getting better out there – the world is getting more and more violent and cruel. There are beasts roving the streets seeking to devour our children. And since it is written that God will curse down to the third and fourth generations, we're in the midst of a full out tidal wave of comeuppance in the hood. We're going into our third generation of drug dealers, brothers whose grandfathers and fathers were drug dealers (that is if they even know who these men are). I'm talking about brothers who have been on the cut so long that they know what it's like to have to get their own mamas – whoring for those rocks – out of the crack house. Our people are dying right before our eyes, and we can't just sit still and do nothing.

“My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge. Because you have rejected knowledge, I also will reject you from being priest for Me; Because you

have forgotten the law of your God, I also will forget your children.” – Hosea 4:6

I feel blessed that God has directed me toward His purpose. I'd rather be a soldier than a bystander. I ain't no punk-hearted spectator on the sidelines, like most other n'gaz. Tupac was right on point, bury me a G.

We need more soldiers. We need more riders. We need more bangers. We need more real n'gaz on the frontline of this battle.

Despite the fact that I grew up in a house that served the Lord, I really didn't get turned on to the game until after I was married and had children. Jesus was cool and all, but who's to say that He was the *only* way?

I had doubts. I had questions. I didn't think I had to make that choice. I ignored it deep within my soul, or so I thought. But this wild thing called life guides us on paths that at some point *always* cross the Truth.

It's not by happenstance that the Lord places people and situations in our lives to deliver to us the gospel of Christ. He will send a preacher to the people and everyone will hear the gospel of Christ before it's all over. *Everyone* will have a chance to know about that choice. Everyone who reads this book will know the story of the Nazarene who got up in that tree, and it will be their choice to accept or reject Him. That's why you see us out there on the block serving to the people who don't go to any form of worship service, to the people

who don't really know what the Bible says, and to the people who don't know who Jesus is.

We're just like Morpheus from The Matrix who gave Neo that choice to either ride with the truth or remain plugged into the illusion. If you are real and you are ready to swallow that red pill of Truth, then this is what you're looking for – right here, right now. But if you're not real and you would rather remain in blissful ignorance and continue to delay, put off, and ignore the most important decision of your life, then this ain't what you want.

I'm no longer a lightweight in the faith. I'm at a 'catch-all' weight in the game. I can go toe-to-toe with any Muslim, Orthodox Jew, Mormon, Jehovah's Witness, Naturalist, Scientologist, Atheist, New Ager, Buddhist, Mason, Roman Catholic, or whoever wants to discredit, destroy or distort the Bible and its instruction on salvation. I stand ready to justify my faith. Remember man, Jesus' snake swallowed all the other snakes whole.

Yet, as with any battle, there will always be people who can talk louder than you or who are more eloquent, more intelligent, more educated or more mature. But, when you are blessed with the opportunity to share the Light with someone who is in darkness – and if *you* believe – you're charged to explain to them the reason for your faith.

Maybe they've heard the story before, but they haven't heard it quite like this. Maybe this is a language that they can finally understand. Or maybe, this is the first time that they have ever heard about God's creation, humanity's fall, Israel's struggle toward nationhood, the prophets and their words of God's righteousness and His demands, the birth of Jesus, His preaching and teaching and healing, His death and resurrection, His ascension, His promise to come again and His claim that the whole gospel has been uttered.

That's the story in the Book, ya'll. I'm what you call one of those "*Sola Scriptura*" kinda brothers. I believe in the Bible and only the Bible. God said everything that He had to say in that Book; there ain't no chaser that comes after the Revelation of Jesus Christ penned by the apostle John on the island of Patmos. The Book is closed, and we're all charged to get on that battlefield and defend the gospel of Christ until the day He comes again.

Sow that seed amongst your fields and water it from time to time. God will give the increase. Cast your nets out upon the waters. The Disciples of Christ are fishers of men.

Skilled fishermen can pull 'em in from even the stormiest waters. God prepares all His servants for the tasks He gives us. He will pluck you out of that stormy water, coughing and flopping like a fish on the deck. You will feel His gentle hand touch your heart. You will hear His thunderous voice, yet it will pass through

your body like a reassuring whisper – “Breathe...you made it.”

When you look out on those same waters in which you nearly drowned, you’ll get down on your knees and thank Jesus for saving you. I once was lost, but now I’m found. Christ is *The* family. Either you’re riding with Him or you ain’t. There’s no middle ground. There ain’t no room in the game for lukewarm n’gaz who “kinda” believe the Bible. Either you ride with Jesus or you die.

Hopefully, once you read this book, you will have a better understanding of what it means to be part of the family. What it means to be a rider, one of those “made” n’gaz who bow down to the Almighty God.

That’s what we’re serving. I know a lot of ya’ll are just here for the money. You see that you can push this product in your hood, at the barber and beauty shops, at the nail salons, and on the block by the chicken stand on Friday nights. It’s a product that will sell – over and over – because it’s based on Truth. Pure Rock.

In the purest form, there is no substitute for reading the Bible. Real Game is cut with some of that Southside Houston hard head with a Stanford University education n’ga on the pen and distributed by another Southside hard head that spent seven years on the street hustling and over seven years locked up in the Texas state penitentiary. Don’t trip, time is already served and he’s a free n’ga.

This is our first shot out of the clip, and we wanted to come for the hood n'gaz first. Although, the gospel of Christ will be heard by all before it's all over. You can believe that. For all those mothers and grandmothers, sisters and wives, daughters and nieces who have men in their lives that they *know* need some real direction and some real truth, you're gonna want to buy at least two books!

In case you haven't noticed, the hood is dying. Crack is killing us. AIDS/HIV is crippling us. Deadbeat parents are destroying our families. If there's anything I can do to change our situation, if there's anything I can say that will encourage fathers turn back to their children – even if only *one* will use Real Game as a blueprint to get their relationship with the Lord in order, to get their shit together and to start taking care of their responsibilities – then I know that I will have succeeded in performing the task that my Lord has assigned me. It just takes one.

Next time out, we'll probably clean it up a bit. As you can tell by now, Real Game can be kinda raw in places. It's definitely for mature audiences – straight and uncut. Everybody ain't ready for that. That's why the "Mature Audience" sticker is on the cover. This ain't for kids. This is for the people who must face some real decisions in their lives. This is for the people who are at an age where they know that they are accountable for their own souls. This is for the underground kings.

We need ya'll to ride with us on the battlefield. We need some real kings – n'gaz who ain't scaid. And who knows, you may end up being the number one pusher for Servinemup Ink. You already know how to blow up your block like no other, and you're ready to stop selling that dope and start serving something real (and legal).

This brings me to a point that needs to be made...**you don't have to be a Believer to push this product.**

When it comes to what we're serving, we're more indiscriminate than a dope dealer. If you're ready, we're ready – black, white, male, female, Baptist, Methodist, Atheist, Agnostic. We ain't tripping on nobody that's ready to serve or be served.

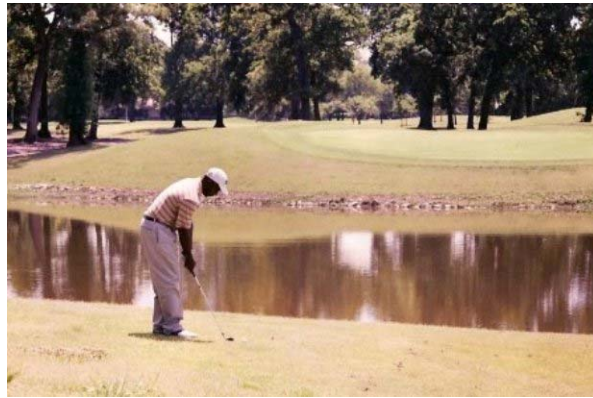
But what we do demand of all distributors of Real Game, is that you do *not* push this product within churches or cold calling private residences. Do not go knocking on people's doors talking about selling books for Servinemup Ink – cuz you lying. Our crews don't get down like that. Public places only, mane. Meet a n'ga at the barber shop and make that transaction, ya feel me?

It's like all the dope dealers know by now – stay away from school zones! If a person already has the sense of mind to attend a church, then he's not the kinda person that we're gaming for. Of course, Bible believing folks are more than welcome to ride with the

Southside Christian brothers. But truth be told, we're not looking for them. We're hunting for those that are lost.

So, on behalf of the rest of the gang here at Servinemup Ink, I'd like to introduce the first ship on the seas – written by D. E. Washington, distributed by Tommy Curvey, and edited by L. F. Lubin, M.S., R.D. To quote my boy Bun B from UGK, "We've been cool about this grinding, but ain't no mo' pretending."

Enjoy the game.



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