

CHAPTER 97

Following a short house raising performance by a local Watts funk duo band, the Tap-Dat-Ass main event was at hand; the place had become tightly packed, and there was no longer room for anyone to sit- let alone comfortably stand

I made my way into the fighting ring, through the ear-splitting loud cheers of the crowd; where One Punch did stand, with a hard stare that was overly confident and proud

He stood in a deep convo with Big Tree- the official referee, whom both periodically glanced over at me; with bright sadistic gleams within their eyeballs, no doubt- in the midst of plotting some scheming underhanded activity

“Watch those crazy Muthafuckas Joe ...Them Negros is up to no good- that’s fo’ sho’!”; warned Guttaman- as he stood in my corner, watching that shadow boxing hobo

I then quickly traced a cross over my mid chest area, and threw a kiss up high- to the big chief above in the sky; then swiftly began bounce- bounce- bouncing up and down, rotating my neck around and around- while shake- shake- shaking out each thigh

“Watch for it!The man ain’t SHIT without his left!.....”, he warned of Poncho’s left handed deft; before once again repeating himself- **“Watch for It!He ain’t- SHIT- without his left!”**

No sooner than he had given this dictate, Wang yelled out for the fighter’s to get ready- while holding his gong stick at wait; causing me and Poncho to step into the center of the fighting ring, as he stared me down- trying to intimidate

.....”FIGHT’TTT!”