

Prologue

Genavie

The minute I got into the car, I leaned my head back into the seat, and closed my eyes. Thoughts of her betrayal flashed through my mind. I desired to give her ass a pass but she made the decision to betray my love and trust.

See, where I am from its either kill or be killed. Kill them before they get a chance to kill you. Would my girl ever have enough heart to pull the trigger on me? Hell, I did not know. I refused to wait until her gun was in my face to find out.

My heart pounded feverishly limiting my lungs from expanding. I gasped for air. “Can somebody please turn on the damn air? This damn car is so stuffy.”

“Why are you so uptight and cranky?” Slim questioned me.

“I just have a lot on my mind” I responded, pulling my backpack off the car floor, I wavered over my decision. I played with my sista hood chain.

I pulled out my Raven MP-.25. I caressed her in my lap like a newborn child. She was a gift of love from the man who loves me unconditionally. I smiled inside thinking about my man.

“What’s on yo mind?” Slim questioned me.

He peered at me through the rearview mirror. How could I say, I was wrestling with the notion of killin’ my best friend? Therefore, I just remained quiet. When did we grow so far apart?

Why didn’t I notice my best friend was spinning out of control? Did I ever know her or did I just know of her?

Nobody can change this drastically in a year. Well. Hell. I did. So, enough said.

Slim chuckled. “Hope you are not going to tell me, Killer.”

La' Vie

Killin' was the only thing on my mind. I could see he was not going to let it go. "I am just thinking about a little bit of this and a little bit of that," I replied. I closed my eyes and listened to the radio "Where Do We Go From Here" by Stacy Lattisaw/Johnny Gil was playing.

What would I do without her? Ma' Shawn, Traci, and I have been three peas in a pod since we were babies. We are second-generation friends. Since we could talk, we planned our lives together. Our friendship and love was unbreakable.

We always said, "*Nuttin' But Death Can Depart Us.*"

Glancing out the car window, I tried to run my plan through my mind one more time. Today death would depart me from my best friend, damn. "She brought this on herself," I whispered, while trying to ease my own conscious.

She allowed dick to change. I once heard my mother say, "Dick will fuck yo' entire life up." My girl was truly dick drunk. Doing shit way out of character, while fuckin' over her friends and family.

As we exited the Harbor Freeway my heart yelled, "Can we kill her Genavie? She is our friend." I sighed deeply. I rubbed my chest trying to sooth the pain growing in my heart.

I closed my eyes and gave my heart a peep talk. "*Pull it together! Her decisions not yours brought her to this point. Now, you can kill her or risk being killed later because of her.*"

"Genavie wake yo ass up. We are almost there!" Slim yelled.

"I am up," I replied, forcing a smile across my face.

I needed to make a decision and quick the house was two blocks away. My heart wanted to let her live. Except my mind knew it would be the biggest mistake of my life.

I gripped the pearl handle of my .25. "Its showtime and I am up," I whispered to myself.

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“Pull into the garage,” I instructed, as I clicked the garage door opener. As the garage door closed, I slid my .25 back into my bag and I pulled out my 9 mm.

A single tear escaped my eye and I wiped it away. As *Nuttin’ but Death Can Depart Us*, rang in my mind.

I placed my burner to the back of her head. Fuck, decision made.

Genavie's Best Friend

“Get out of the car slowly,” my best friend for fourteen years demanded. I giggled hoping she was playing. Then I felt her burner kiss the back of my head.

I glanced at the door leading to the house praying that it was not locked. I slowly opened up the car door. Then I lunged for the door leading to the house.

I frantically pulled and yanked on the doorknob. Once I noticed the door was not budging. I slowly turned around hoping she would say, “April fool’s Bitch.”

She stepped out of the car and moved smoothly towards me. The heels of her stilettos echoed in the small garage. Tears flowed down my face like a waterfall when my eyes zoned in on the 9 mm relaxed against her right side.

“Get on your knees. You brought all this shit on yo’self. I gave you a chance to make this right.” I closed my eyes and prayed that I was still asleep. Hoping I was having a crazy ass nightmare.

I cannot believe my life was about to end by the hands of my best friend. “Shut up and stop cryin’!” she yelled. When did she go from toting a bible to toting a gat?

“Get on your knees,” she demanded

“No!” I refused.

She looked at me in disbelief. “I was just tryna sketch my own path outside of your footprints. You betrayed my friendship first with all of your lies. You destroyed Da Sista Hood, not me.”

I dropped to my knees and closed my eyes. Hoping my compliance would help her change her mind. “Please Genavie, whatever I

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did I am sorry. Can we talk it out? Whateva it is I know we can fix it,” I begged, afraid to open my eyes. I just continued pleading for my life.

“What about my baby?” I mumbled through tears. “The child inside of me is innocent.” My knees pressed against the hard concrete sending sharp pains through my legs. I blocked out the pain because I needed to petition for my life.

“Remember our friendship. *Nuttin’ But Death Can Depart Us!* Don’t allow him to come between us. I am not blaming him but before he came, along we were tight as glue. Now, here I am on my knees at the mercy of my friends’ NO my sisters 9 mm.”

Silence filled the room and I slowly opened up my eyes. Genavie was still standing in front of me pointing her gun at my head. I could tell my words were pulling at her heartstrings because I was still alive. I glanced up at her hazel eyes and they appeared dark and empty. My heart jumped into my throat. I peered over at Slim but he looked baffled. His face confirmed he was just as traumatized as I was by Genavie’s actions.

I gazed back into Genavie’s eyes and silently pleaded for my life. *I hope she makes the right decision*, I thought.

“You brought this on yourself. I warned you this was coming.

I kissed my sista hood chain nameplate. It read, “I love you, DSH (Da Sista Hood)”

I held it high in the air hoping Genavie would look at it and change her mind.

How in the hell did we get here? I think all of our lives changed the weekend of Genavie’s birthday. That is when we all started trusting in niggas instead of each other.

She cocked her 9 mm and pointed it at my head. Damn, my life is over.