

Outside.

“The people inside...go in and ask for Felix. He’s expecting you.”

“Felix?”

“I’ve got a contract with their bosses. These guys don’t get to meet me. They don’t know what I look like.”

*Pedro Negro.* Black Peter.

Inside.

“There’s an old Mexican tale...that tells of how Santa Claus got so very busy looking after the good children...he had to hire some help to look after the bad children. So, he hired *Pedro...*”

“To protect, in part, your *hermes-fasanobla* ass.”

“But, he don’t meet you? Now, you’re here. Why?”

Briefcases with the work,

utensils of the trade.

You see, I only carry ‘round that high grade.

I came,

into this game:

Subsidiary of Felix.

Sung Ramone a lullabye and sent his ass home.

Moved on up the ladder.

Organized my own shit.

I got a, scheme that’s shit,

like she, mean and thick.

I mean, that chick,

fates intertwined:

cosmic coincidences,

she got me jumpin' fences.

Immoralities wit' no repentence.

Twilight zone shits of ignorances:

And, I'm still takin' chances.

Ain't none of this shit negotiable.

I make myself clear.

Owning *negocios*; bonin' these floaty hoes.

Worthy of note he goes.

Raised up in the Steez.

Real soldiers be at ease:

swipin' identities.

He's,

*Pedro Negro.*

No! He won't let go.

Quick to go assemble them,

or dismember them,

Mini-men, livery services,

Murderous intentions: *ahhhh!*