

THE GANGBANGERS

You have been an incorrigible criminal since the time you spent in juvenile home for walking old ladies across the street and then snatching their purses. Unfortunately, your career of petty crime has been completely without plan, organization, or skill, which invariably causes you to spend an occasional leave of absence in the state pen. Determined to become a master criminal, you have recently joined forces with others in a gang which goes by the name of The Mellow Merits. Your particular specialty of late was the blackmarketing of cigarettes from Nevada to California, where the prevailing climate of cigarette taxes, smoking laws and short supply make this a profitable venture. But you have some pretty slimy competitors, not the least of which are the violent sets of the Blood and Crip gangs of L.A. who have recently diversified into tobacco products due to the war on drugs. One Blood set, Kool and the Gang, just hijacked one of your major shipments from Vegas, and you are none too happy.

To reclaim it, and give them hell to boot:

1. Near Windward and Oceanfront, for your clue you must hunt,
In an arena for picnic and stage, It's Malcolm X you want to page,
Past one vile, indomitable coot, And skateboarding to boot,
You'll find him caretaking the grounds, When you find him
communicate these sounds:
" We are the gang of three you know, A cigarette set is our foe,
We'll find you smokes for cheap, If our supplies we can keep,
We call ourselves the Mellow Merits, Through your park we must ferret,
For we must find our hijacked truck, Without your help we are stuck."

When he finishes his prose,
Give him 2 bucks for his crows.
But ol' X may doublecross you,
It's the next one down for the clue.

2. Take Rose to a left on Main,
And then a left on Washington remain,
And a left again on Lincoln,
At Cash for Cars, the clue's 'astinkin',
3. With this cryptic message go,
Down south on Abe you know,
And at ol' Tom take a right,
For Mr. Kool is in flight,
Left at Vista del Mar,
And then go pretty far,
Where the pickup place is run,
Between fifty and fifty one.
4. At this place on your valley,
Just park along the alley,
And though you called the cops,
And pulled out all the stops,
And Kool & Co. were caught,
Its the Camel Crips that must be sought,
For though one's serving time for theft,
The shipment with this other gang is left,
Upon your luck you must not bet,
But there's at least one outlet,
So lest you be eclectic,
This next clue will be electric.
5. Trafficking is your lust,
But with cars it is a bust,
To PCH/Torrance you must,
Lest the Camels leave you in the dust,
Kidnapped you they did,
To a driveby smoking you did submit,
In confidence, they let you go,

With persistence they you'll show,
Go South on Torrance, but please do watch,
For cars and people do abound,
And the garage avoid you might,
For 15 minutes on the right,
Idling even might be sound.

But one should ask for the real pier,
The place you need will be near,
Though you're idling on the right,
Walking left is your might.

6. Do go south on PCH
You must follow your Merit cache
At PV a right you go
And several miles before you slow.
7. To JT you must fly,
Back down PV or die,
For the Salem Scum will attack,
They're after your last pack,
Find a fortune cookie,
Should you fail, consult your bookie.
8. To 306 you run,
You've given up the gangland fun,
With cigs there's just too much tar,
And responsible you are,
Find this crumpled piece of paper,
And just to win this caper,
With my bedroom grill,
The writing it will fill,
This is to me the word you'll say,
For chewing gum that's here to stay.

HOTLINE 540-6019



#1 (in chimney)

What Malcolm X should say: "Look in the chimney,
Near Adolf the horse,
For Kool and the Gang left a trace,
After the shipment you must race."

in chimney: Your Mac truck was run off the road,
A 1000 cartons in the load,
By one of the rival boys,
In his red Rolls-Royce,
In his wheel well find,
His rendezvous in kind.

in key box: Hey, bro': Where you get the booty,
45th to beach is your duty,
At the cactus is the pickup,
Lest with the cops there is a stickup.

in cigarette: You must distract
Your rival gang,
Upon the cops
You should've rang,
At the bathrooms toward the gate,
In the first phonebook it's not too late,
And the cops they will have seen,
If you turn to four nineteen.

in outlet: To help you in your plight,
To help you in your plight,
Go to Tony's on the right,
And at the bar, not very far,
It's for Big Tall Linda you must ask,
And she'll help you with your task,
For a Camel she had it bad,
But she quit the habit, and you're glad,
For the next clue you beseech,
Ask for sex on the beach.

w/ Linda(on bill) At Lunada Bay there is a fountain,
somewhere up along the mountain,
It's the Marlboro Men you know,
To the water you must go,
For after what they did,
Of them you must be rid.

in fountain It's right down Cat,
A China left is where its at,
In the first newspaper stand,
The clue you must demand.

in stand Go to 1310 S.Catalina and ring 306,
In a left garage locker there are tricks,
You'll only know you're done,
If you look in twenty one.