BO

"I have to mek some money an' music business slow, yuh nuh see't?"

He had a point. D. looked at Charlie, then turned to Puggy. "Alright, hear wha', you stay down ah de Spot wid Costa."

It was better than nothing, Puggy concluded. D. trusted Costa to keep the impulsive youth under control. Pablo inserted a brand new cassette in the stereo unit. The voice of the operator boomed out, defiant and loud. Then a furious beat crashed through. A tough track with a raw mix. Pablo was impressed.

"Which part dat record?" he asked Slinga.

"Texas."

Pablo listened to the string of lyrics flowing in perfect sync with the drop. What sounded like a roar of human voices drowned out the music.

"Comin' like a million people dung deh," Puggy remarked,

" 'Nuff Yard man deh ah Texas?" Pablo enquired.

"Excess amount," Slinga replied, nodding. "Dem ah run t'ings now."

"Yeah man, me 'ave coupla cousins down deh," Costa added. "Big time operations ah gwan."

D. noticed Charlie observing him thoughtfully. They had been talking about the States a lot lately. Charlie was all for trying to set up a base over there where, he said, money was faster. D. was still considering the options but insisted on clearing up the problems in London first.

Costa and Pablo were still discussing the scene in the States, stressing the fact that Jamaicans had succeeded in carving a sizeable amount of the trade for themselves.

"Yard man 'ave high profile in the States, y'know. Ev'ryday dem ah call fe we name," Slinga said with a little grin.

Pablo smirked.

"Same so dem ah gwan over yah now, ah talk 'bout we tek over."

"Tek over, yes," Slinga added. "Yardman nah run from no guy."

D. looked at him and picked up his bottle of beer. Slinga's return strengthened his hand. The youth seemed more determined than ever in a way and D. needed that extra boost for the work ahead. Puggy started recounting some stories of his tour in the States the previous year. D motioned to Slinga next to him.

"My yout', yuh check out de position?"

"Comin' like de business under attack, don," Slinga answered.

That was a fair assessment of the situation, D. paused then asked him:

"How yuh woulda play dis?"

It was a big question and Slinga felt it. Only his eyes moved, fixed on a spot at the other end of the room for a moment, then back to D. After a few more seconds he spoke, slowly.

"If a man work fe somet'ing him haffe keep it. Anybody try diss de programme we jus' remove him."

That was exactly the way D. felt. He didn't need to ask any further.

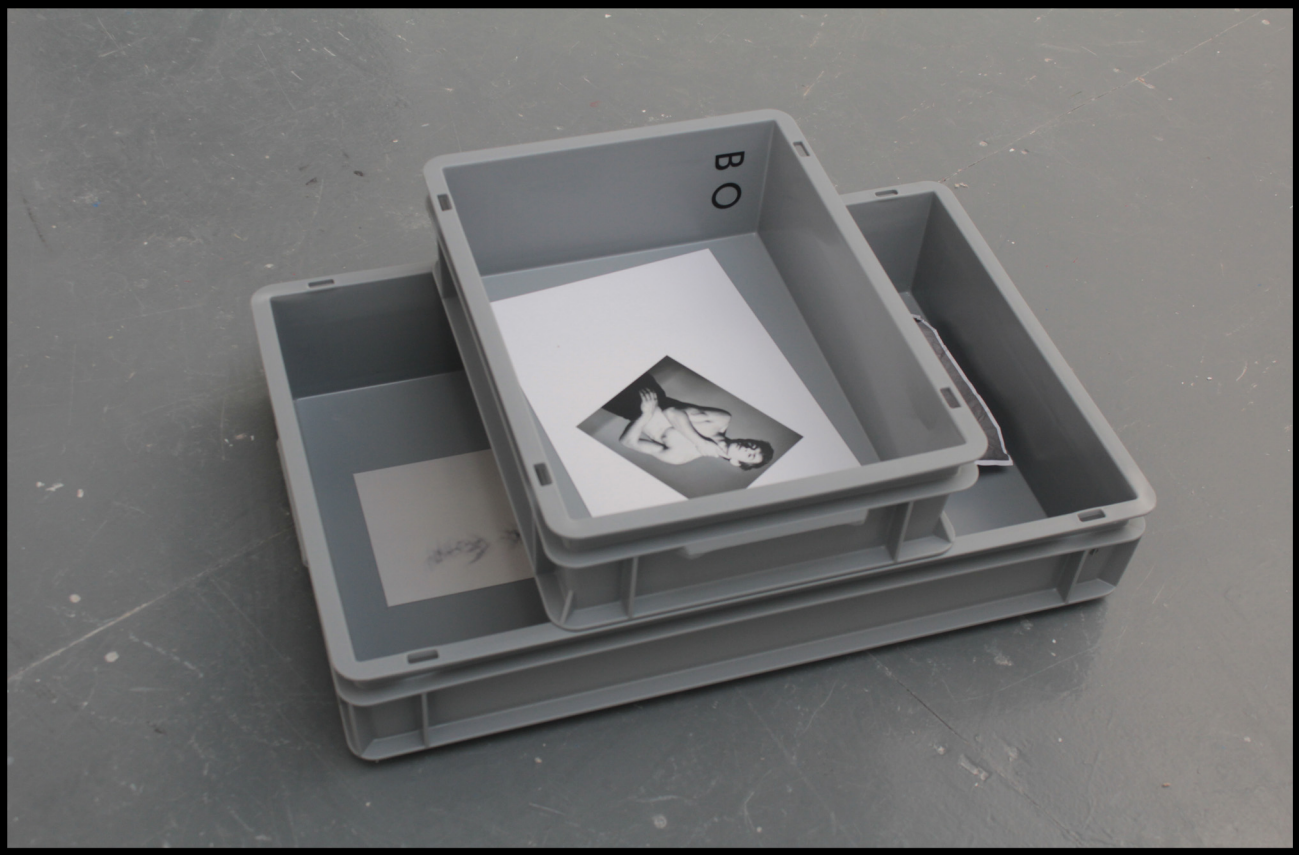
Slinga continued.

"An' yuh see de bwoy dem whe' kill Sticks an' shoot Linton, me personally wan' deal wid dem an' wipe out dem whole family. Me vex 'bout dat, y'know don."

"Me know, man. Like how yuh reach now, we gwan deal wid de matter."

"Rewind, rewind man!" Puggy called out.

The taped session was hot with several major MCs and new lyrics from all of them. Pablo obliged and everyone got the


BO

An Arrangement On Grey (incorporating a 3 dimensional object formed from the hands of a first generation swamp monster as nourishment for her first born)
2015
Grey containers, photographic print, plaster cast, vinyl adhesive sticker,
A4 photcopy (Headley, V. Yush,. London, 1994)
Dimensions variable

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