

Lil' Poe: Drug Kingpin

by Floyd Sims

A sample of the opening pages

INTRODUCTION

During the mid-to-late 1980's, the east side of Columbus, Ohio reigned supreme in the illegal drug trade. And with the new "crack" cocaine epidemic, dozens of young black men and women jumped at the chance to earn some easy money. But none jumped as high as Lil' Poe. As a teenager he went from gang banging and committing petty crimes, to brokering major drug deals. Lil' Poe, along with several friends, sold more cocaine during the late 80's, than anyone else in the city. The D.E.A. estimated, that at their peak, Lil' Poe and his associates made almost \$100,000 a day from their illegal drug sales. They were young innovators well before their time, and when the crack houses became too difficult to operate, they moved their drug operations to the street corners, spreading out their low-level distributors, and making it more difficult for police to penetrate their organization. As teenagers, Lil' Poe and his crew seemed unstoppable. That is, until the Feds stepped in, and with the help of a lot of wire taps, and some good old fashioned police work, they brought down Lil' Poe and his entire organization.

PHOTOS

Lil' Poe

Lil' Poe

Lil' Poe, 76 Caddy Seville

Poe & Boo

Poe & Kim

Rodrico

Lil' Poe, T.C., Dawson

Shan

D-Nice, T.C., M.C. & Poe

T.C.

Lil Poe

Poe

F.C.I. Manchester, KY.

F.C.I McKean

F.C.I. Ashland

F.C.I. Ashland

LESSONS

As a teenager I stayed in trouble pretty much all the time. I hated school, and simply never went. By the time I made it to the 8th grade, I had already failed twice and was two grades behind. All I could think about was girls and money.

Growing up I had a mother and a father. Thinking back I was the only boy on my street who did have both parents living at home. My mother was a stay at home mom, and my dad was a retired custodian, and now Pastor of a small church. My father was twenty seven years older than my mother, and a very good provider. He was not a very strong disciplinarian. That was my mother's job, and she was good at it. Some of those beatings are still stuck in my head today. My father came from the hills of West Virginia, and my mother was from a small town just outside of Tuscaloosa, Alabama. I had four other siblings, three sisters, and a brother. Not a real blood brother, but a foster brother that my mom got for me when I was about two years old, so that I would have someone to play with growing up. By the time I was born, my father was already sixty years old, so there weren't a lot of things we could do together. But he had a ton of wisdom that he constantly bestowed upon me daily. We did go fishing a lot, and hunting sometimes too, but that was about it. We were pretty close though, and he always gave me good advice on the lessons of life.

I was not that close to any of my sisters (They were all out of school and out of the house by the time I was twelve) and me and my brother (although only a year apart) was not really that close either. I mean, he had his friends, and I had mine. So up until the age of twelve my life was pretty regular. Then all of a sudden it changed.

You see, my neighborhood was the near east side of Columbus, Ohio, and in the 1970's this is where it all went down. The pimps, players, and drug dealers, flooded my neighborhood. We lived on Linwood Avenue, right off East Main Street. Now Columbus only had a few streets or avenues that were popular for Blacks back then, and by far, hands down in the 60's, 70's, and 80's, Main Street was the most popular, simply because it had all the illegal, underworld activities taking place around there. In the 70's, as a young boy, I could walk up the block to Main Street and watch the pimps mac the ladies, or pass by the dope fiends shooting up and nodding off in the alleys. The pimps had the nice rides, and the nice clothes, and not to mention all the women, but the drug dealers to me were always just a step ahead of the pimps. They had

the best cars, the best clothes, the best jewelry, and their women were always much prettier and classier too.

At the age of twelve I was already having sex. At thirteen I considered myself to be somewhat of a playboy around my hood. I mean, my girlfriend was sixteen and the star of her high school track team. She endured a lot of teasing from her friends, and cruel words about me from her mother. Nobody could understand why she wanted to be my girlfriend. I was still in middle school. I guess you could say I had game. I could talk the panties off just about any girl my age, which made me want older girls already in High School. I went through just about every girl in my neighborhood. My sisters had a lot of friends.....a lot!! These girls were eighteen, nineteen, and even twenty years old. I would try them all, and most of the time I would succeed. Girls were too easy. By the time I was fifteen, I already had two children by two different girls who were both eighteen and nineteen. Being a father at fifteen was not part of my plans for the near future. I didn't have a job, nor could I afford to take care of a kid. So began my early life of petty crimes.

I watched the pimps talk to their ladies, and I watched how the women would give the pimps everything they had. All their possessions. Sometimes during the summer while school was out, I'd run errands and do small jobs for some of the well known pimps. These jobs actually turned out to be lessons.

My first job was working for this pimp named Slick. He would have me out there watching his girls for him all damn night (rain or shine), to make sure they were out there turning tricks, and not somewhere getting high. Slick wanted me to try and count how many men the girls would pick up each night. Well, you can only imagine how hard that job was for me at thirteen. Those girls had more game than any pimp out there. I learned that no pimp can actually tell just how many tricks a hoe can turn in one night. Them hoes knew I was watching them, so they would simply lose me. By the time I caught back up with them, they would be done for the night. Slick was a real Gorilla Pimp. I mean, he would beat his girls mercilessly. Belts, clothes hangers, fist, and whatever else he could use to inflict as much pain as he could on the girls. He believed that he controlled his women both mentally and physically, by beating them. The beatings never worked. I learned that you can never control a woman through force or intimidation. If they're gonna cheat, they're just gonna cheat. Most of the time, you will never know they did anything at all. If a woman wants to hide something from you, or even steal from you, they'll do it, and most of the time you won't even know it until it's too late.

Some of those women were incredible. I witnessed regular tricks falling in love with a few of the girls, and taking them off the streets. A person might wonder just how a guy could actually fall in love with a hoe, someone who sleeps with different men every single night. Well, the women had just as much game as their pimps. They had their regular tricks that would come along every night or every other night to pick them up, and I'd hear the hoe telling the man how much she missed him, and how she couldn't wait to satisfy him in every way imaginable, or how

she might've even prepared dinner for him back at her apartment. You never know what some guys might need to hear, after a long days work. These ladies might take the trick home with her a few times and prepare a nice meal, then fuck him and suck him up real good, and allow him to put his dick in every hole on her body, and really treat him right. Before long you won't see this hoe anymore. The next time you see her, she'll be riding around in a shiny new car, letting the other girls know that she's married now.

I can remember sitting around listening to them hoes talk about how the tricks would tell them that their pussys were sooo tight, and that every time they fucked, it felt like they were fucking a virgin. What the tricks didn't know, was that those hoes were douching, and bathing with good old fashioned vinegar. I learned that vinegar makes a woman's vagina tighten up. Those hoes were full of tricks. Maybe that's where the name came from. (Trick)

Slick had all the material things that a thirteen year old like myself wanted, but couldn't have. This was 1982, and Cadillacs were the things to have. He had a Fleetwood Broham, a condo out on the far east side, the sharpest clothes, and jewelry to die for. My favorite piece was a necklace that he wore, that was customized to say TRUST ME. And he had seven of the baddest bitches any man would want. Slick would let me ride around with him sometimes, and he'd tell everyone that I was his nephew. I picked up a lot of game hanging around with him. I even imagined myself growing up to be like him. I guess it may have been my environment that led me to think like that. Maybe if I'd had the opportunity to ride around the suburbs with someone who was important out there, I would've wanted to be like that person too. Well nothing lasts forever, and eventually Slick was arrested by the Vice Squad, and sent to prison. Years later, after he was released, my main man Slick, the one I looked up to and truly admired, got hooked on "crack-cocaine" and tried to rob a corner store, right where years earlier his girls had made him so much money. He was shot and killed by the store's owner.

The next couple of years of my life I gang banged. That's it!! When I was fourteen, I joined the Dozen Cousins, a local street gang based on the near east side of Columbus. It wasn't always a street gang. It actually started out as a basketball team. Our base was the Blackburn Recreation Center. It's where we hung out at every day. We'd drink, smoke, and play around most of the time, and sometimes we even fought amongst each other. Not many people could just come into our neighborhood, or our rec. center. You really had to know someone from the hood, or just didn't mind us fucking with you if you chose to come. We did a lot of our fighting with other street gangs that were also from the east side. The Freeze Crew, Crash Crew, L.A. Boys, Enforcers, and the Crips. For the most part we'd fight at house parties, or the skating rink. Or we might catch someone from outside their respective territory and jump them. We really didn't have much gunplay until the Crips came to town. That's when the bullshit started. They carved out their little territory over on the north side of town, but always seemed to find their way over to our hood. We started out just fist fighting with them, but then the Crips brought in the gunplay, and took the gang bangin to a whole nother level.

It really got serious one day when me and some of the Dozen Cousins went over to Kent Elementary School to play basketball with another gang from the south side that we were cool with called The Bad Boys. While we were there, some Crips suddenly appeared and asked if they could get next game. Of course we all said "Hell No"!! Then one of the leaders of the Dozen Cousins (David Scott) confronted a Crip member about a fight we'd had with them a few weeks back at a house party. Well, David was hot tempered, and quick to start a fight anyway. I've never been too much of a fighter, but I would fight. After all, I was in a street gang, so I had to fight sometimes. So David approached one of the Crips, and sucker punched him right in the face. BAMM!! And just like that we were all fighting.

We were getting the best of them, when all of a sudden a gun dropped from the waist of one of the Crips. It went off. Everyone stopped fighting, frozen for a moment....then, the Crips, being outnumbered, took off running. It probably would've been over, but David being David wouldn't let it go. He picked up the small gun, and began chasing after the Crips. We all followed. All of a sudden David starts to shoot. Bamm, Bamm, Bamm!!! And one of the Crips goes down. Immediately we all stopped chasing, and ran all the way back to our own neighborhood. I can still remember how I felt seeing this guy get shot. Even though I didn't pull the trigger, I felt like I had. I thought that was some real gangster shit at that time.

On our way back to the hood, I can remember how excited David was. Although at fifteen it wasn't his first time shooting someone, he still couldn't stop talking about it. His adrenaline was flowing. He actually wanted us all to turn around and go back to see if we could find another Crip to shoot. Finally, we all made it back safely to our own hood, and we sat around for a while, drinking beer and smoking weed. We were all still pretty pumped up, and ready for some more action. We talked about the upcoming weekend, and how we would probably see the Crips at a house party, or the skating rink, and how we would fight them some more. After a couple hours, we all decided to call it a night and go home. I remember David telling me to be careful as I walked home. He always tried to look out for me, because I was one of the youngest and smallest of the gang. "Alright, Davie Dave," I said as I walked off down Mound Street. "I'll catch up with you tomorrow." That was the last time I saw David Scott alive. He was gunned down later that night in a drive-by shooting. He was only fifteen years old. It turned out that the guy David shot earlier that day had a brother and a cousin that were also members of the Crips, and they got two car loads of guys together, and came looking for all of us. I did two smart things that night. First, I went home early. Second, I walked home a different way.

Still, I learned a great lesson....never under-estimate a weaker man. If you do harm to a person (man or woman), don't leave room for revenge. Always finish what you started until one or the other is no longer able to hurt the other. Hundreds of people attended David's funeral, and we all swore revenge.

After David's death I carried a gun pretty much on a regular basis, and was known to shoot. Don't get me wrong. I had no problem with the fist fighting thing, but if I had a gun on me I was

gonna shoot.

I still hated school, and by the time I got into junior high I was acting out. If I went to school, I did everything I could do to get suspended. As I said before, I didn't mind fighting, so I would purposely start a fight, just to get kicked out. My parents didn't know what to do with me. Eventually, Franklin County Children Services got involved, and took custody over me from my parents. I was assigned a case worker, and she immediately started sending me to these Scared Straight Programs. Scared Straight Programs don't work. First they sent me to visit D.Y.S. (Department Of Youth Services). This was a joke, and I certainly didn't take it seriously. A group of us went to visit the Buckeye Youth Center, which was located right in Columbus up on the west side. They assigned each of us a Youth Inmate, to walk us around and explain to us how everyday life is like in a juvenile prison. I was put with this kid from Cincinnati, who was a model prisoner, and on his way to a second stint in D.Y.S. His name was Marcus, and he took me to the dorms where everyone slept. Then we visited the kitchen and chow hall where they ate, and on we went to the school area. Finally we hit the yard. I have to say that nothing was at all shocking or scary to me. It seemed to me that everyone was just minding their business, and doing what they were supposed to be doing.

We headed back across the compound, and I ran into a friend from my neighborhood named Mike Johnston. I hadn't seen him in months, so when we saw each other, it was definitely a surprise.

"What you doin in here?" He asked.

"They put me in the Scared Straight Program." I replied. He really thought that was funny, because although I was a little guy, he knew there wasn't much that could actually scare me.

End of sample

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