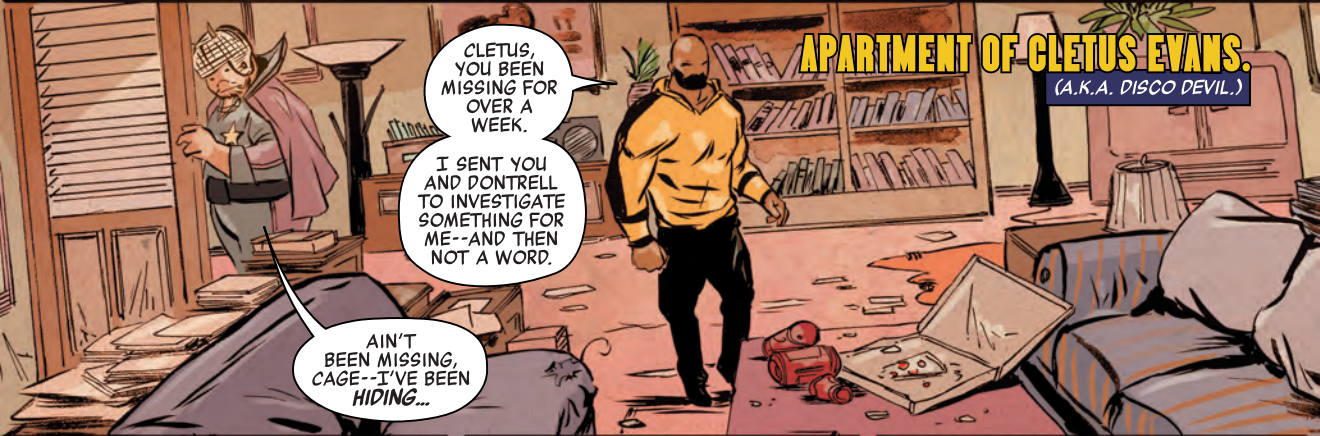




CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL.

YOU AIN'T SEEN WHAT THESE PEOPLE CAN DO--I'M TALKIN' SOME BROTHER-VOODOO-LEVEL MUMBO JUMBO.

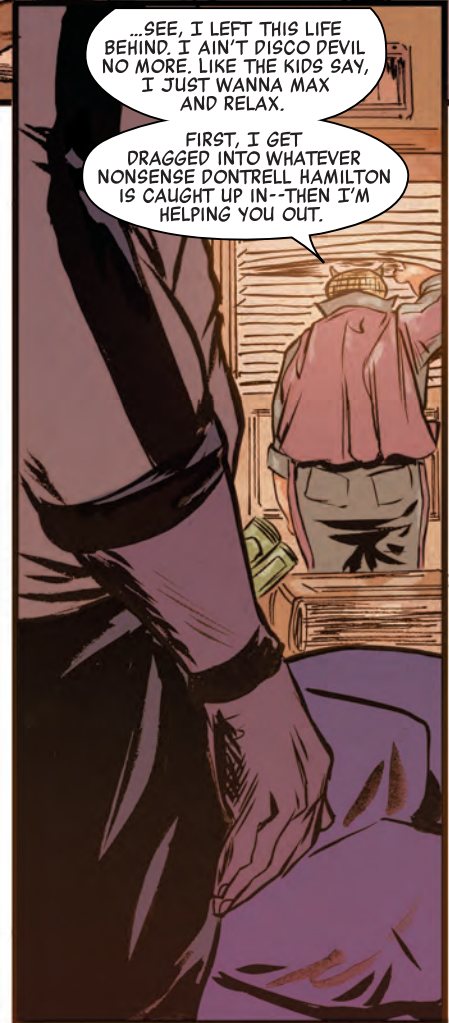


APARTMENT OF CLETUS EVANS.
(A.K.A. DISCO DEVIL.)

CLETUS, YOU BEEN MISSING FOR OVER A WEEK.

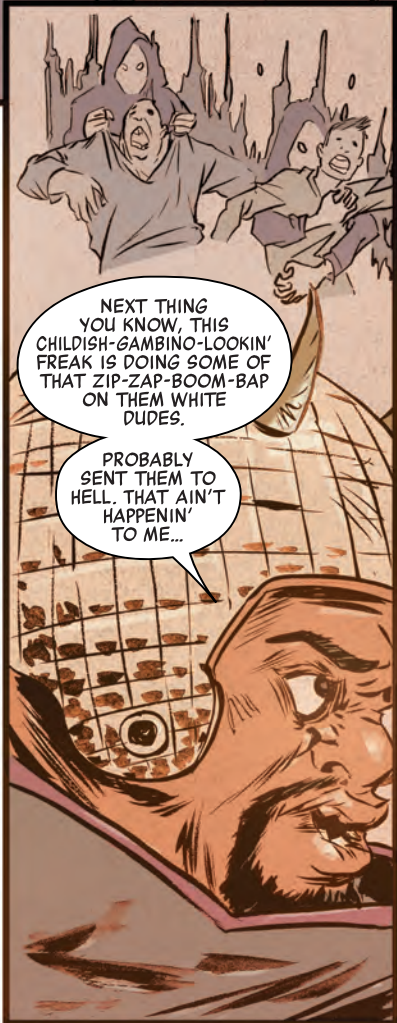
I SENT YOU AND DONTRELL TO INVESTIGATE SOMETHING FOR ME--AND THEN NOT A WORD.

AIN'T BEEN MISSING, CAGE--I'VE BEEN HIDING...



...SEE, I LEFT THIS LIFE BEHIND. I AIN'T DISCO DEVIL NO MORE. LIKE THE KIDS SAY, I JUST WANNA MAX AND RELAX.

FIRST, I GET DRAGGED INTO WHATEVER NONSENSE DONTRELL HAMILTON IS CAUGHT UP IN--THEN I'M HELPING YOU OUT.



NEXT THING YOU KNOW, THIS CHILDISH-GAMBINO-LOOKIN' FREAK IS DOING SOME OF THAT ZIP-ZAP-BOOM-BAP ON THEM WHITE DUDES.

PROBABLY SENT THEM TO HELL. THAT AIN'T HAPPENIN' TO ME...



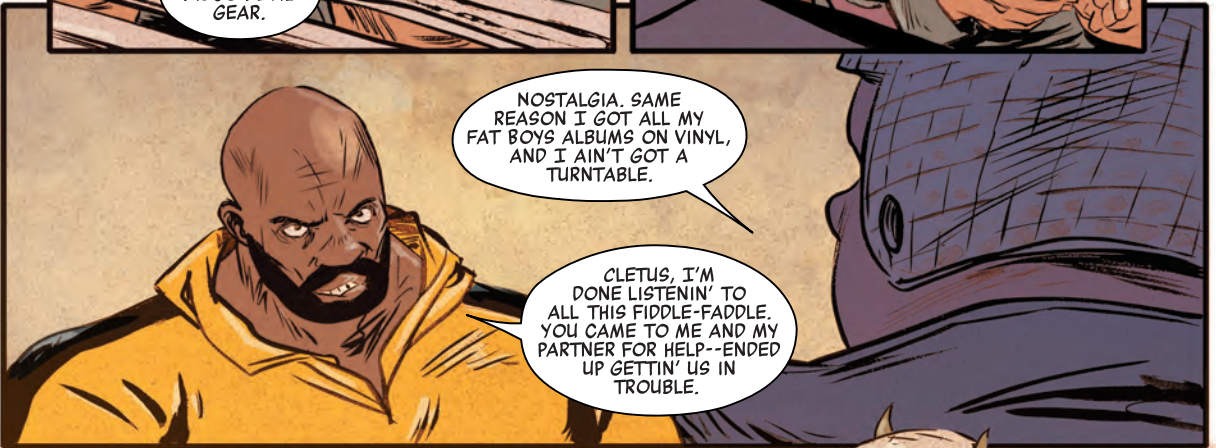
...I AIN'T GETTIN' ZIP-ZAP-BOOM-BAPPED.

YOU FINISHED?

NO...

"...CHILDISH GAMBINO,
HE KNEW WHO WE WERE--
OFFERED US JOBS.

"COCKROACH JOINED
HIM, 'CAUSE
DONTRELL IS A
SPINELESS CHUMP!"



15 SECONDS LATER...

YEAH, I FOUND HIM. STILL NO SIGN OF COCKROACH HAMILTON.

HOW'RE THINGS ON YOUR END? HOW'D IT GO WITH CARLOS?



HE'S IN A TOUGH SPOT. HE'S OUT ON BOND UNTIL HIS ARRAIGNMENT, BUT THE PROSECUTORS WANT HIM BACK IN PRISON.

THE WAY I SEE IT, HE'S EITHER GOING BACK, OR HE'S GOING ON THE RUN.

DAMN. THE MAN CLEANED UP HIS LIFE--HE'S GOT A DAUGHTER. AND NOW IT'S ALL FALLING APART.



I'VE GOT CLETUS WITH ME-- TAKING HIM TO CHECK OUT THAT SPOT HE WAS SUPPOSED TO INVESTIGATE...

...MAYBE I CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO COCKROACH HAMILTON--GET A BETTER SENSE OF WHAT'S REALLY HAPPENING HERE.



I'M HEADING BACK TO THE OFFICE-- SEE IF GADGET HAS MADE ANY HEADWAY WITH THAT SOFTWARE.



HATE TO LEAVE CARLOS LIKE THIS, BUT...

"...HE'S A GOOD MAN. I'M SURE HE'LL FIGURE IT OUT."

I APPRECIATE THE OPPORTUNITY. I'LL BE OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY.



MEANWHILE...

BACK ROOM OF THE POOTIE TANG LOUNGE, THE BRONX.

OKAY, ONE MORE TIME-- THIS TRUCK IS THE ARMORED CAR...

BUT IT DON'T LOOK LIKE NO ARMORED CAR--IT JUST LOOKS LIKE A PLAIN OLD TRUCK.

RAYMOND, SWEETIE, USE YOUR IMAGINATION. THIS IS AN ARMORED CAR...

...THE SAME ARMORED CAR THAT DELIVERS CASH TO TOMBSTONE'S CHECK-CASHING OPERATIONS EVERY FRIDAY.

HE ALWAYS BRINGS IN EXTRA CASH ON FRIDAYS BECAUSE IT'S PAYDAY.

NOW, WHEN THE ARMORED CAR SHOWS UP TO THE CHECK-CASHING PLACE--

THAT'S THIS BOX OF PORK CRUNCHY SNAX?

CORRECT.



AND THESE TASTY PORK CRUNCHY SNAX-- THEY'S THE MONEY WE GONNA JACK FROM TOMBSTONE, AIN'T THAT RIGHT?

THAT'S RIGHT, SWEETIE.

YO...

...IS THIS 2%€# FOR REAL?

Y'ALL UP IN HERE, PLAYIN' WITH TOY TRUCKS, EATIN' PORK RINDS, AND PLANNIN' AN ARMORED CAR RIP-OFF?

THAT'S YOUR BIG PLAN TO BRING DOWN LONNIE LINCOLN'S CRIMINAL EMPIRE?

