

PROLOGUE

Traffic crept along—with all its starts and stops—over the Tri-Borough Bridge. The “city that never sleeps” seemed especially alive this particular night in April 1976.

The unforgiving New York traffic offered no special privileges to the flashy black coup carrying the three black men. To compound the misery of the trip, rain pelted the car, each new deluge eliciting a wave of brake lights in front of them.

Bobby Lloyd was not in a good mood. His right-hand man had been busted the night before carrying a parcel of *his* heroin. Now he was forced to return to his connection for more—no, not just his connection—his boss. Bobby was a foot soldier in a black crime family.

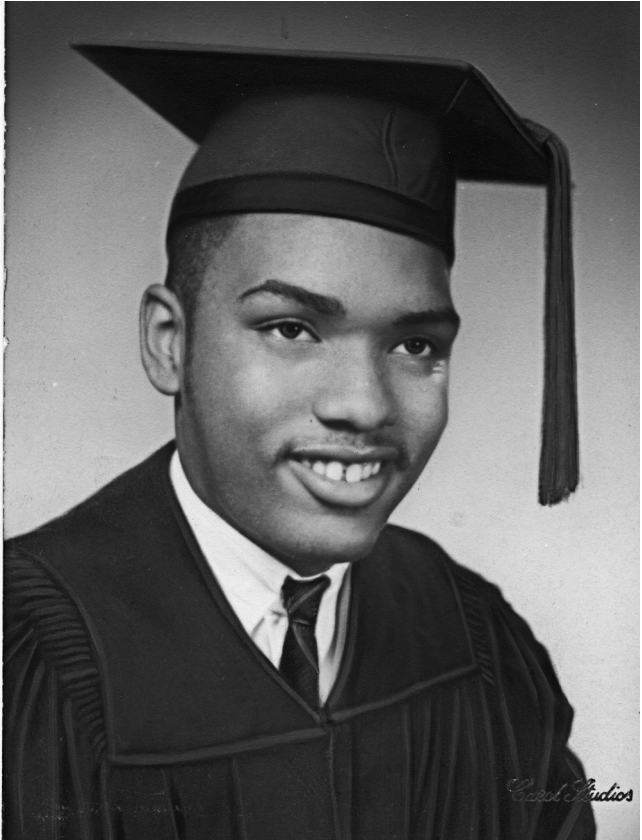
The congested bridge eventually dumped its inhabitants onto 125th Street in the heart of Harlem. The stylish Cadillac continued in the traffic flow through the business center, then south on Park Avenue and finally east on 117th Street. As the men rounded the corner, their eyes encountered a scene of utter contradiction, for here on this narrow street of burned out buildings and gutted tenements, sat the most flamboyant array of Cadillacs and Mercedes Benzes imaginable.¹

The three pulled their own ritzy car in front of the nondescript building attracting all of the attention. Bobby slipped out of the driver’s seat, leaving his two henchmen in custody of the car. There they stood, guns ready, for any perceived threat to their boss that these cruel streets might produce.

Bobby braved the deluge, ducking into a spacious room illuminated only by a few flickering lamps. Hands instinctively

¹ Today, 117th Street contains high-priced Brownstones and townhouses.

In the mid-Seventies it had suffered the ravages of years of crime and neglect.



**High School Graduation
1964**

**Mr. and Mrs.
Lloyd Sr.**



CHAPTER SIX

In Trouble with the Man

“You’re supposed to be home by ten!” Bobby’s father gave him a stern look one night when he was a few minutes late.

“I can come home any time I want!” Bobby retorted. “Who are you to tell me what to do? You’re getting old.” That was all it took. His dad towered over him, put his huge hands around the teen’s neck, lifted him by the chin and back of his head, and carried him up the stairs. Bobby never challenged his father again.

“Bobby, come down here, now!” his father boomed from down in the living room on another evening.

The 16-year-old shuffled down the stairway to see what the trouble was. To his surprise, a white police officer was standing just inside the front door.

“Listen, we just arrested a kid named Billy who said he gave you the gun he stole from the school today,” said the policeman, getting right to the point. “Just give us the gun and we won’t arrest you,” he assured the teenager. “We just want that gun back.”

“I don’t got no gun,” Bobby lied.

“Son, if you have this gun, you need to give it to him,” said his father.

“I ain’t got no gun,” Bobby insisted, nervously shuffling his foot across the worn, wooden floorboards.

“Bobby, if you got this gun, you need to give it to him,” his father repeated, standing up. “You gotta obey the law, son.”

Bobby hesitated as he weighed his father’s words. It was against his better judgment, but he decided to do what his father

said. "Okay." He walked back up the stairs to his bedroom and retrieved the revolver. "Here you go," he said, handing it to the cop.

"Okay, but I've got to arrest you."

I will never trust the word of a cop again! Bobby fumed to himself, as he rode in the back of the squad car to the Nassau County Sheriff's Station. That was the first time Bobby Lloyd was arrested.

A couple of years later, he and Willie were cruising around in Bobby's '55 Chevy. They ended up in Baldwin, a predominately white town a few miles from Rockville Centre. The car had been running poorly all evening, when suddenly it backfired, spit, coughed, and died right on Merrick road. Bobby pulled it to the curb in front of a local tavern.

"Wait here," Bobby told his friend. "I'll go inside and call Mr. Bill."

The black teenager entered the pub and walked up to the counter to ask the bartender for some change. "Say, nigger!" yelled some belligerent white man, sitting at the other end of the bar. Without the slightest hesitation, Bobby marched right up to the drunk and hit him so hard he flew off his barstool and landed on the floor. The guy's friend on the next stool started to stand up and Bobby knocked him out with one punch, too. As that happened, another guy grabbed him from behind. Bobby snatched a beer bottle sitting on the counter, spun around and cracked him over the head. By now he was hot. He grabbed a barstool and slammed it over the head of a fourth man, who, by this point, wasn't interested in being involved. Within seconds, all four men were laid out on the floor bleeding.

In the meantime, the bartender had called the police. Bobby left the pub before the cops arrived and sat out front in Eddie's stalled car. He wasn't worried because, as far as he was concerned, he hadn't done anything wrong.

To his surprise, the police arrested *him* when they showed up a few minutes later. He couldn't believe it! Once again, he made the trip to the Nassau County Jail in Mineola, where he was booked for assault with a deadly weapon.

Two days later, he stood before the judge at his arraignment. The judge looked at the 18-year-old black kid. Then he eyed the four grown white men. "What's going on here?" he asked, turning his gaze to the assistant district attorney.

"Well, your honor, this kid attacked these men," responded the prosecutor.

"You mean to tell me that these four men are pressing charges against this one kid?" he asked incredulously. Turning now to Bobby, he said, "Son, tell me exactly what happened."

"Sir, our car broke down and I went into this bar to call for help. That man there," pointing to the guy nearest him, "called me a nigger. So I got angry and we got into a fight. His buddies tried to jump me, so I did what I had to do to defend myself." His story wasn't entirely true, but it was believable enough to the judge.

The judge turned back to the district attorney. "Case dismissed," he said pointedly. "I want this arrest expunged off this young man's record. Don't ever bring a case like this into my courtroom again!"

By this point, Bobby was starting to hang out at bars himself. For the most part, the Bee Hive was a hangout for older guys, but



CHAPTER EIGHT

The Powder Game

The whole country's going crazy! Bobby thought. It was true. By 1969, body bags by the hundreds were being shipped back to the States from an exotic country called Viet Nam; the “free love” movement birthed in Haight-Ashbury had given way to an underground culture built around drug abuse. The sexual revolution had begun to sweep the country, leaving in its wake what we see today: unwanted pregnancies, STDs, hardcore pornography, child abuse, and pedophilia. The peaceful civil rights movement—championed by Bobby Kennedy and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.—had been cut down by assassins’ bullets and replaced by a leftist group of radicals called the Black Panthers.

Bobby was detached from most of this chaos. He was working as a mechanic at a gas station in Lakeview, married to Cheryl, who gave birth to his second daughter, Monique. A slave to his insatiable sexual appetite, his side-kick Loretta conceived his third daughter, Chante Caprice. Concurrently, Cheryl was again pregnant with their second child, a fourth daughter, Dawn. (A few years later, Loretta would give him his fifth daughter, Bobbette.) Little did Bobby know how drastically his life was about to change through a couple of unconnected and seemingly insignificant events.

The first of these occurred one day at the gas station when a sleek, gray Cadillac pulled in. Bobby dutifully started filling the man’s gas tank, while, at the same time, drinking in the picture that had just presented itself.



**Loretta's daughters
Chante and little Bobbette
Sing Sing 1977**



Bobby in 1971



The driver was a sharply dressed black man in his thirties who had success written all over him. More noteworthy than the nice clothes or elegant ride were the two gorgeous black girls accompanying him. They both possessed that rare beauty that can easily take a girl to Hollywood. Bobby took all of this in as he topped off the man's gas tank and approached him for payment. The guy pulled a huge knot of money out of his front pants' pocket.

"You're Bobby Lloyd." It was simply a statement of fact.

"Yeah," he responded, wondering how a man like this could know about *him*.

"I've been told about you," the man said, mentioning a couple of mutual acquaintances and introducing himself as Supe. "Listen, why don't you take a ride with me? I need someone to watch my back."

It was an exciting prospect for the 24-year-old, but one he couldn't accept. "I'm working, man."

"Listen, I'll pay you twice as much as you'll make here," Supe assured him.

That's all he needed to hear. After telling his boss he was sick, Bobby met his new friend down the street and drove off with him.

All day long the four drove through Queens and Manhattan, repeating the same basic scene over and over. Supe would walk into a bar, Bobby a step behind him, literally "watching his back." He would retrieve a lunch bag—the contents of which he guessed to be money—and then they would get back into the car and drive to the next location.

At the end of the day, Supe brought him back to where Bobby had left his car and handed him three \$100 bills. "I'll be in touch," was all he said as he drove off.

It wasn't but a couple of weeks later that the second significant incident happened. Bobby was at the Bee Hive when Meat, a long time friend, handed him a tiny spoon packed with white powder. "Try this, man."

"What is it?" Bobby asked, as he took a matchbook and folded the cover on an angle.

Meat brushed aside his concerns. "Just put it up to your nose and sniff it. You'll like it."

Bobby did so, but within moments, he became overwhelmed with nausea and had to run for the bathroom. *What's the point in this?* he wondered as he returned to the table. He quickly found out when he sat down and an overwhelming sense of tranquility overcame him. *Man, I've never felt so mellow*, he thought dreamily to himself. Bobby liked this new feeling. In fact, he liked it a lot. "What is this stuff?" he asked again.

"That's the big H, man!" replied Meat triumphantly. "You know, stuff, smack, junk."

A few nights later he ran into his friend again. "Hey Meat, let me have another snort of that smack," insisted Bobby.

"Hey man, that stuff costs money!" Meat protested. "I can't be supporting your high. You gotta pay for it, man."

And Bobby did so and continued to do so with increasing regularity.

In the meantime, Supe showed up again, offering Bobby a regular job. For the next year or so, a couple times a week, he would ride along with his mentor, picking up bags just like he did that first day.

At first, Bobby didn't realize he had entered the "powder game." Bobby also didn't put together that what Meat was doing, so was Supe. Over time Supe began teaching him the tricks of