

## I'm Not Joe

All I'm gonna say is, up front, I had nothin' to do with it. I'm innocent. I was just trying to mind my own business.

It was late and I was just sittin' in my place watchin' tv. My usual thing, you know? I was drinking a beer, or two, and watchin' Letterman. I remember 'cause he had Lindsay Lohann on. That bitch is crazy but she's hot right? Anyway, I'm sittin' there mindin' my own business when the phone rings.

"I know what you did, Joe." This guy says.

"What?" I says back. "I'm not Joe, you got the wrong guy."

"No, I don't, and I'm gonna get you."

Right? That's messed up right? So I says back, "Who is this? Who are you?"

"You know who I am, Joe. I'm gonna kick your ass, Joe."

Dude, I hung up. I didn't want nothin' to do with this crazy shit. I got one rule and that's no crazy shit. No crazy broads and no crazy shit. I just figured he had the wrong number right. I mean mines 8942, I figured this Joe guy his was like 8924 or somethin' like that. Whoever this crazy bastard was, he'd just call back and get the right number. Then the phone rang again. "I'm gonna get you Joe."

"Dude, I'm not Joe!" I don't know what the hell this guy's problem was but it was high time I set his ass straight. So I says, "Look man, I'm-Not-Joe! Get it straight." I wanted to slam the phone down like they do in the movies but all I got is a cell and I didn't want to break it. I break another cell it's gonna cost me like a hundred bucks, besides this is like a limited edition and shit. It's that Dark Knight cell from Verizon,

you get the Batman logo and shit. It's pretty sweet. Then I figured I'd just turn it off, but I kinda started seeing this chick, right. And you know, sometimes she'll call like last minute and shit. Hey, I'm not Joe, but I ain't stupid either. So then the phone rings again, same number. I don't want to answer, I just want to drink my beer and see what crazy shit Lindsay Lohann does, right. But I gotta set this dude straight, I mean enough is enough. So I answer and I lay into this dude. "Look mother-fucker! I ain't Joe and you keep this shit up, I'll fuck you up. You want a piece, come and get a piece!" Right? Set him straight. But then this chick just starts going off in tears. "Oh, Joe, you gotta help me. He's real pissed Joe." She's sobbing and crying. And I'm all like, "What's up? What's he doing?"

"He's real pissed, Joe. He knows what we did."

"What did we do?" Hell, I don't know. I'm just getting my buzz on.

"He's coming over, Joe. He's coming over there to get you." Then I figured, shit, I'm fine. This dude's got the wrong guy. He's going over to someone else's house. "Sweetie," I says, "you better call the real Joe and tell him what's up, 'cause I ain't Joe."

"He knows where you are, Joe." She's all scared shitless right. And I'm like, "Baby, I'm not Joe. He's going to the wrong place."

BAM BAM BAM

Someone starts bangin on my door. "Joe! I know you're in there!"

What the fuck, right? This dude found out where I live. Hey, I ain't puttin up with this shit anymore. I charge right down there and open that door. And there he

is. Just standing there, all five feet of him. This little dude just staring me down like he's a bull or somethin' ready to charge me.

"I'm gonna kick your ass, Joe." He screams. Hey, I'm not about hurting little people, but this dude charged me. It was all self-defense.

I'm not Joe. He's crazy and that's all I know.