

I had a man, and I have a child. And I had to take care of both of them. Did I want Carl to touch my baby? Because I would lay my baby, I would lay her on the side of me on this pillow. And it was pink, and it had this little white writing on it, and it had her name, cause she was Precious, and I would lay my baby on that pillow, and he would lay on the other side of me. and then we would start doing it, and then he would reach over, and he touched my baby, and I axed him, I said Carl what are you doin? And he told me to shut my fat ass up, and that it was good for her. So I shut my fat ass up, and I don't want you to sit there and judge me Ms. Weiss. I did not want him to abuse my daughter, I did not want him to hurt her, and didn't want him to do nothin to her. I wanted him to make love to me. that was my man. That was my fuckin man, and he wanted my daughter. And that's why I hated her. Because my man who was supposed to want me, who was supposed to be making love to me, was fucking my baby, and she made him leave. She made him go away. It was this bitch's fault! Because she let him have her. She didn't say nothing! She didn't scream, she didn't do nothing! So those things she told you I did to her? Who, who else was gonna love me? hmm? Since you got your degree, and you know every-fucking-thing, who was gonna love me? who was gonna make me feel good? Who was gonna touch me? and make me feel good late at night? She made him go away. So when you sit there and you write them fuckin notes on your pad, about who you think I am, and why I did it, and all of that. It's because I didn't have anybody.