

Chapter 11  
**Employment**  
*Laboring to Generate Earned Income*

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*Employment* is predicated on earning monetary income in return for efforts. We can't *earn something by doing nothing*. There are two conglomerating dimensions of employment; an individual could either be employed by an *employer* while in exchange working for a *wage* or *salary* or one could be *self-employed* with option to hire his/her own *employees*.

Securing and preserving reliable employment is the singular bona fide way to net financial income. Untraditional methods such like *innovation* and *entrepreneurship* have the adroitness to earn capital but can draw high risks with no insured guarantees.

Employment can be gleamingly beneficial; however some see stigma accommodated with employment. I used to be one of the few who hosted negative thoughts, ridiculing employers and everyone else but **I** as to fault. Though I was educated enough at a young age about the importance of being employed and did work many jobs by the time I was even old enough to apply for my driver's permit, I had thoughts that employment would never get me ahead financially. My discouragement was flared by low minimum wages and how the average pay rate is hardly symmetrical to the cost of living, let alone to the things that I *wanted*. If you're young and naïve from where I'm from it's arduous to witness your family siege efforts to support the household when just outside the living room window the jack-boys, hustlas, and pimps are in the streets with money to blow yet never been employed a day in their lives. These images gave me reason to believe that working a *job* stood for being **Just Over Broke**; how could I grasp hold onto the "American Dream" with a *yearly* income of less than \$20K when I could take to the streets and thumb through that same \$20K in a *weekend*. Beyond my financial drawbacks to employment and since temporarily pledging allegiance to the streets, I siphoned an arbitrary cluster of pride that denounced any interest in me putting on a uniform and getting my hands dirty. My work ethic diluted, employment was ranked as the **last** option on my "*list of ways to get money*". I wanted the check but didn't want to give *effort* to *earn* it. Over time I also extracted the infamous and *bogus* belief that so many use as an excuse; that because of my marginal job history combined with my lengthy criminal record no employer will ever

hire me. “Why go through the hassle of searching for employment when I could make a single phone call to get a pound of weed, ounce of coke, or jar of pills on consignment and run my own business today?” These contrived provisions gradually drew me to give up on employment all together.

Unwittingly comparing employment to an illegitimate street hustle I probed at the short-term gratification without factoring in the long-term ramifications of the two. My pristine decision to choose to elide employment was laterally refuted to have languid repercussions.

Employment (@Fast Food Restaurant)	VS.	Illegitimate Street Hustle
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*Employment:*

- A. Working 40 hours a week @ \$8.00 an hour earns a gross income of \$320.00 a week or \$1,480.00 a month
- B. A percentage of each check is funneled to pay taxes
- C. No risk, contingent that I show up on time and give effort it is agreed upon that I receive a stipend at the end of the week

*Street Hustle:*

- A. To match that same income of \$320.00 a week would require less than 1 hour of total effort
- B. 100 percent of cash revenue remains in the pocket
- C. Succumb to the risk of a deal going bad or the law intruding; no guarantees.

Naturally the **street hustle** points to outrank **employment** and due to the *earnings* vs *effort* ratio it also looms to be worth the *risk*.

...As time elapses, the circumstances simultaneously deviate.

*Employment:*

- A. Awarded a raise in wage, earning a paycheck with knowledge of where the next dollar will come
- B. With proof of income can rightfully own assets and property
- C. File taxes and receive a cash return

*Street Hustle:*

- A. Overhead expenses rise, living day to day financially unstable and on guard for the worst
- B. Without proof of income obliged to renting or under the table cash deals and purchases
- C. Arrested on felony charges. All funds depleted

In the genesis of it I was jaded by the visualizations of what “could be” until it was contended by the prim reality of “what is”. “**Live** by the sword, **Die** by the sword”. Only a micro fraction of those who confide to a life in the streets will make it out ahead, the other 99% will quintessentially lament at the morbid aftermath at bay.

...Meanwhile the calendars turn

*Employment:*

- A. Promoted to managerial assignment, continues to collect a set income and started a retirement fund
- B. Able to rub elbows with legitimate business people and network with official resources
- C. Doors open and it feels as if the world is for the taking

*Street Hustle:*

- A. Assigned a D.O.C number, limited to trading commissary items, and having to start over from zero
- B. In a world full of billions discovers solitude. Communicates with criminal enterprisers
- C. Doors close, then lock, collimating the feelings of being forever trapped

So much for being too egotistically proud to wear a uniform; I’d rather voluntarily sport a burger joint’s logo on a collared polo while getting paid a couple dollars than to be forced to wear an orange jumpsuit while working for free.

...Needless to say; turns out being employed at a fast food restaurant is worth more than anything the streets could ever offer.

Grand Total...

*Employment:*

Work Ethic, Healthy Values, and Confidence along with Money in the bank

*Street Hustle:*

Zero in Assets, Damaged Beliefs, and Loss of Integrity

Employment loaded me with more than just *capital* it adorned me with *purpose, independency, intelligence, and opportunity*. Employment contoured my knowledge and my resume in ways the streets could not. The trick to efface the maiden dubiety of employment is *passion* and *patience*. I didn't fancy every job I ever worked; frankly I detested them all the same. It was the day I was hired into an industry that I was *passionate* about is when work stopped being work but became more adjacent to a potential *career*. A career is a profession that one undertakes as a permanent calling. In the pith of a career *patience* is a virtue; one can anticipate a legion of career changes in their lifetime before deciphering one that suites best.

My ultimate passion lies in *innovation* and *entrepreneurship*; *employment* was a great stepping stool that ushered me to where I am today. Working under an employer insulated me with *general* knowledge for *creativity, punctuality, and decisiveness* while my behind the scene experiences educated me with the *specialized* knowledge of *business* mounted on a *corporate* scale. The deeper I voyaged into the infrastructure of the corporate ladder the deeper I marveled with passion to run my own corporation in the future. Your passions may contrast from mine, you may not want to take on the pressures and headaches that come about with being an *entrepreneur* but you may still wish to reign in a laudable career, which by the way is totally presumable. It is not uncommon or rare to find a well achieved *employee* earning a 7 to 8 figure salary while giving effort in something they love without brooking the proportionate risks. Look at our favorite athletes and musicians; for the most part they all travail under an *employer*, yet earn enough capital to feed a small village. LeBron doesn't sign his own checks he has an employer who does, contingent that he [LeBron] does

his job he is remunerated with pay; no risk. Then we can take a Shark like Mr. Daymond John— a well achieved entrepreneur to say the least. He pays his own salary but has publically expressed that he was no stranger to being ”**Broke**” while striving to do so. Every occupation has its peculiar perks and pitfalls; I wouldn’t alienate one career as being “better” or “worse” than the next. To each his own; maybe being *unemployed* floats your boat, I don’t see how it would but that’s up to you to cipher as well.

Its levels to this stuff; ingraining the precise deft pried from one occupation can promote us to a more prestigious position, it takes time and patience. There is a rendition of learning curves aligned with all careers and I believe it is more coveting to learn the ropes and experience the curves as an employee set over against learning as an employer. “Why not know the industry inside out before personally undertaking the financial and reputable *risks*?” Chances can be limited. In the real world sometimes we only get one shot. I tribute my prevalence in commercial business to my compound of miscellaneous job titles *including* my toil in the streets as a “hustla’ of all trades”.

Thrusting fresh off the block into the corporate world we are pre-engraved with *dextral* and *neurological* accolades that a bevy of the population would squander top dollar to amass. Our course of action coming out of this environment is not to cry out “poor me”— because whatever didn’t kill us only made us stronger. Our devoir as the young nation of tomorrow is to exert our given qualities, talents, and characteristics in a mannerism that graces us with an advantage to overreach the competition and queues us to blissfully *earn* longevity in **success** for our self and our families. Stow *efforts* into your *passions*, and with *patience* an upspring of accomplishments will transpire before your eyes. Don’t knock it until you try it. We already did everything else, now let’s do something new. Breaking away from old habits and going legit could turn out to be the best move you ever made. I know it was for **me**.