

Flavor of Law

by Con Chapman

I was sitting in my hot tub, flipping through the latest issue of *The Source*, *The Bible of Hip-Hop Music, Fashion and Jurisprudence*, when my personal assistant Fai'sha said there was a Supreme Court Justice on the line for me.



"Which one?" I asked. I ain't gonna interrupt some serious chillin' for a junior justice like Samuel Alito.

"It's the Chief," Fai'sha said, brushing her apostrophe off her forehead with the back of one hand.

"Okay, I'll take it," I said. I need to keep the lines of communication open. I got a lot of judgin' experience on "Flavor of Love," and I could end up bein' a dark horse nominee for an open seat on Da Court.



"Hello?" I said in a blasé tone. I didn't want to seem *too* eager.

"Flav, it's John Roberts."

"Heeeey, J-Boi-what you been doin' with yo' bad self?"

"Oh, a little of this and a little of that."

"Stayin' out of trouble, dawg?"

"You know, Flav, every decision we hand down is bound to upset somebody."

"Don't I know it. Whenever I used ta drop some girl from 'Flavor of Love' she'd get all pissy with me."

"Ain't that just like a woman? Listen, Flav-I want to ask you something."

"Go ahead and axe."

"As you know the current term is about to end, and it's time for our annual See You in October Party."

"Um-hmm. Chicks dig parties."

"So I'm thinking like, maybe a Yankee Gift Swap."

"Those are so krunk, dawg. I got me a nice neck clock at a Junior League Christmas Party that way."



"That way nobody feels left out, and there's no . . . suggestion of romantic interest."

"I know y'all got a strict Dignity in da Workplace policy. You got's to—you're the Supreme Court."

"Righto. Anyway, I drew Sonia Sotomayor's name."



“And you want some suggestions, right?”

“Flav, I’m really stuck.”

I put my gift advisor hat on—the one with the horns. “How 'bout a rap nickname?” I axed after a while.



Da Chief was silent for a moment. “That’s a great idea, Flav,” he said, “but I thought that you had to go through some heavy—shit—to get one.”

He was right about dat. “Well, yeah. Usually you gots to survive a gang initiation, get a tattoo, maybe pull off a brutal carjacking—if you want to have any street cred and not have people thinkin’ you some kind of wanksta.”

“Well, there’s the rub.”

“What you mean?”

“Supreme Court Justices are officers of the highest court in the United States. It would be . . .”

“Unseemly?”

“Precisely.”



I could understand his predicament. And with the black robes they are required to wear every day, there is no way for the justices to distinguish themselves by gang colors.

“Have you tried any of the internet rap nickname generators?” I asked. The Chief Justice was silent for a moment.

“I . . . didn't know that there was such a thing,” he said finally. It's funny how some white people are so reluctant to reveal their ignorance of hip-hop culture.

“There are a number of robust on-line tools that can assign randomly-generated rap nicknames to members of the federal judiciary,” I told him. “I don't wanna tell you how to run your business, but it'd be a present she'd treasure for a lifetime.”

“How much does it cost—ballpark.”

“That's the dope part—it's free!”

“You're kidding!”

“Nope. Like many internet business models, advertising pays the bill. Let me get out of the tub so I don't electrocute myself and we'll check it out.”

I put on my robe and asked Fai'sha to hand me my laptop, then logged on to <http://www.myrapname.com>. “Okay,” I said, “I just have to axe you a coupla questions.”

“Fire away.”

“Male or female?”

“I'm gonna go with female.”

“Any distinguishing characteristics—judicial or otherwise?”

“She's known as very thorough in her preparation for oral argument, but her hair . . .”

“Lots of snarls and tangles?”



“No, not that.”

I could tell he was uncomfortable giving me a candid assessment. “Chief,” I said, “brutal honesty is essential to this process.”

He took a deep breath. “She does this thing with her bangs—like Farrah Fawcett?”

“Curse of the Curling Iron,” I said knowingly. “It’s all grist for my mill,” I added as I tapped away at my keyboard. “Anything else?”



“She’s part of the Court’s liberal bloc, along with Elena Kagan and Ruth Bader Ginsburg. I try to marginalize them as best I can but . . .”

“Say no more. When Thing 1 . . .”

“You mean Trisha?”



“Right. When Thing 1 was eliminated during Season 3 for performing oral sex on her husband, her sister Thing 2 got real close with Sinceer.”

“I guess it's a chick thing. Okay, so how does this nickname generator work?”

“Now dat I got all da data, I hit ‘send’—wait a second . . . and voila!”

“What you got?”

“Queen Fresha Nasty!”

“That is so ‘bad’—Sonia's going to love her new monicker!”

“Well,” I said with just a touch of smugness. “Flav has always known how to please the lay-deez.”

Previously published in Yankee Pot Roast. Available in Kindle format on amazon.com as part of the collections “Our Friends, the Rappers” and “The Supremes Greatest Hits.”

