

During 1977, famous rapper Fire Shiznit Chicken was in his hotel room when he noticed the lack of soap in the bathroom. He picked up the phone as he felt his vision turning red.

Meanwhile, downstairs in the lobby, one of the female receptionists had just finished talking to a customer. "Why, oh why, didn't I take that modelling job when I had the chance?" she thought. She had been living under the hotel's low salary for nearly three years, and the technical problems the phone lines had weren't making her job enjoyable.

The phone rang.

"Hello, Intercontinental Hotel. How may I help y--" answered the woman.

"Hey, bitch what's up with my soap? Been lookin' for it and it ain't there, what the fuck is this shit?" furiously interrupted Shiznit.

"Well, sir, give us your room number an---"

"No shit, nigger. I likes me some soap and that shit ain't here, you dig what I'm sayin'?"

"Yes, sir, which is why I am asking for your room number so I can se--"

"Fuck I ain't giving you my room number, bitch. What if it's for a stakeout or some motherfucking bullshit?"

The woman couldn't take it anymore.

"Listen to me you stupid fuck, I have two sons and a paraplegic husband to support and I don't have the patience to waste my time with a pissant such as you. So by God you better give me your piece of shit room number or I swear I'll find you and shove my fist so hard up your ass you'll cry until your tears are made of shit."

"I am in room 315."

"Thank you, sir."

The woman wasn't listening anymore.