

From: [REDACTED]

To: jeevacation@gmail.com

Subject: hi from j.

Date: Tue, 04 Apr 2017 22:27:00 +0000

---

yo, j ...

so are we gonna get together?

[REDACTED]

cell [REDACTED]

Nelson hires a clown for his kid's seventh birthday party.

The clown gets up in front of the kids, puts his hand in his pocket and says, "If any of youse can guess what I got in my pocket, you win a prize."

A kid in the front says, "Is it candy, mister?"

The clown says, "No, it ain't candy."

Another kid says, "Is it *money*, mister?"

The clown says, "No, it ain't money, either."

Another kid says, "Well, what is it, then?"

The clown says, "It's my cock."

Nelson grabs the clown, drags him into the kitchen and says, "What the hell was that? These kids are seven years old."

The clown says, "I'm sorry, all right? I'm really hung over and by accident I went into my nightclub act. Don't worry, I got it together now."

Nelson says, "You better, or I'll call the police. Now get back in there and entertain those kids. They all love you."

The clown gets back up in front of the kids and says, "Okay, kids, let's start all over again. If any of youse can guess what I got in my pocket, you win a prize."

A kid says, "Is it candy, mister?"

The clown says, "No, it ain't candy."

Another kid says, "Is it *money*, mister?"

The clown says, "No, it ain't money, either."

Another kid says, "Well, what is it, then?"

The clown looks over at Nelson and says, "You better call the cops. It's my cock again."