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BESTSELLER

I CAN'T MAKE THIS UP

Life Lessons

KEVIN HART

"Inspiring and thoroughly entertaining."
—*PUBLISHERS WEEKLY*, starred review





Est. 1979

THE ROAD TO BECOMING THE
BEST VERSION OF MYSELF

HEALTH IS WEALTH

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT

LIVE, LOVE & LAUGH

WENT TO WORK
BEFORE I WENT TO WORK

SUCCESS IS A MINDSET

THERE'S ALWAYS MORE

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THIS UP**
Life Lessons

KEVIN HART

WITH NEIL STRAUSS

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Disclaimer: I'm perfect. So if you feel that there are any inaccuracies in the chronology or details of this book, it's not because I remembered some things wrong or have a drinking problem. It's because my memory is better than everyone else's, except for the times when it isn't because I'm busy looking to the future. All perfect people have this problem. Don't take my word for it: Read all the incredible quotes on the back cover and then take my word for it. I'm also a nice person, so I changed some names and identifying details (and created a composite or two) to protect people who are less perfect than me. Thanks for reading the tiny print at the beginning of this book. No one but you looks at these things, you know. That's because you're perfect too.

P.S. I may or may not have been drinking when I wrote this disclaimer.

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To my mom, my rock, my angel.

I am who I am because of you. My commitment to my craft and to becoming the best version of myself is all because of you. The lessons that you've given me are beyond priceless.

For that, I thank you.

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Let him who would move the world first move himself.

—*Socrates*

A sliding board can't be slid on
if you ain't got on the right pants.

—*Chocolate Droppa*

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MANDATORY INTRODUCTION

This introduction is mandatory.

That means you have to read it.

You can't just skip ahead to the sex scenes.

Because in order to get the most out of this book, there are three important words you're going to need to know and understand.

The first word is: "Huh?"

It's pronounced short and sharp, as if someone just hit you in the stomach. Typically, it's spoken while pulling your neck back, raising your eyebrows, and quickly scanning the room to make sure everything looks normal and you're not in some weird-ass dream.

The dictionary definition of the word is: "Did you just say what I think you said? Because it literally makes no sense and my mind can't process it right now, so I'm going to have to ask you to repeat it." It's the kind of thing you might say when your dad comes home bleeding and tells you that someone hacked him up with an axe.

(This really happened, people. I can't make this up.)

The second word is: "What?"

This is pronounced with a silent "t," and it generally follows a few seconds after a *Huh*. It's spoken with your mouth contorted into a look of disgust and your forehead creased, while looking at someone like they're batshit crazy.

It is short for: "What the hell did you just say? Because I only asked you to

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repeat the crazy shit you just said, and now you're adding some even crazier shit on top of it. My ears can't believe what they're hearing right now."

It's the kind of thing you might say when your dad, whose head is busted open and wrapped in a blood-soaked towel, assures you that he's fine and doesn't need to go to the hospital and just wants to lie down for a little bit.

The third word is: "Okay."

It's spoken with a shoulder shrug, a side-to-side shake of the head, and a roll of the eyes. It means: "I can't even begin to fathom your reality, but I've decided to just accept it and move on."

It's what you say when a *Huh* and a *What* have gotten you nowhere, and you're starting to think that maybe you actually are stuck in a dream and shouldn't eat pizza before bedtime anymore. Like when your dad tells you that the reason someone hacked him up with an axe was because he was jealous of his skills as a refrigerator repairman.

This all may seem unbelievable to anyone who hasn't met my father, but this is the honest-to-God truth. In life, you can choose to cry about the bullshit that happens to you or you can choose to laugh about it.

I chose laughter.

These are the stories behind the jokes, and a few lessons I've figured out about life, success, family, and relationships along the way.

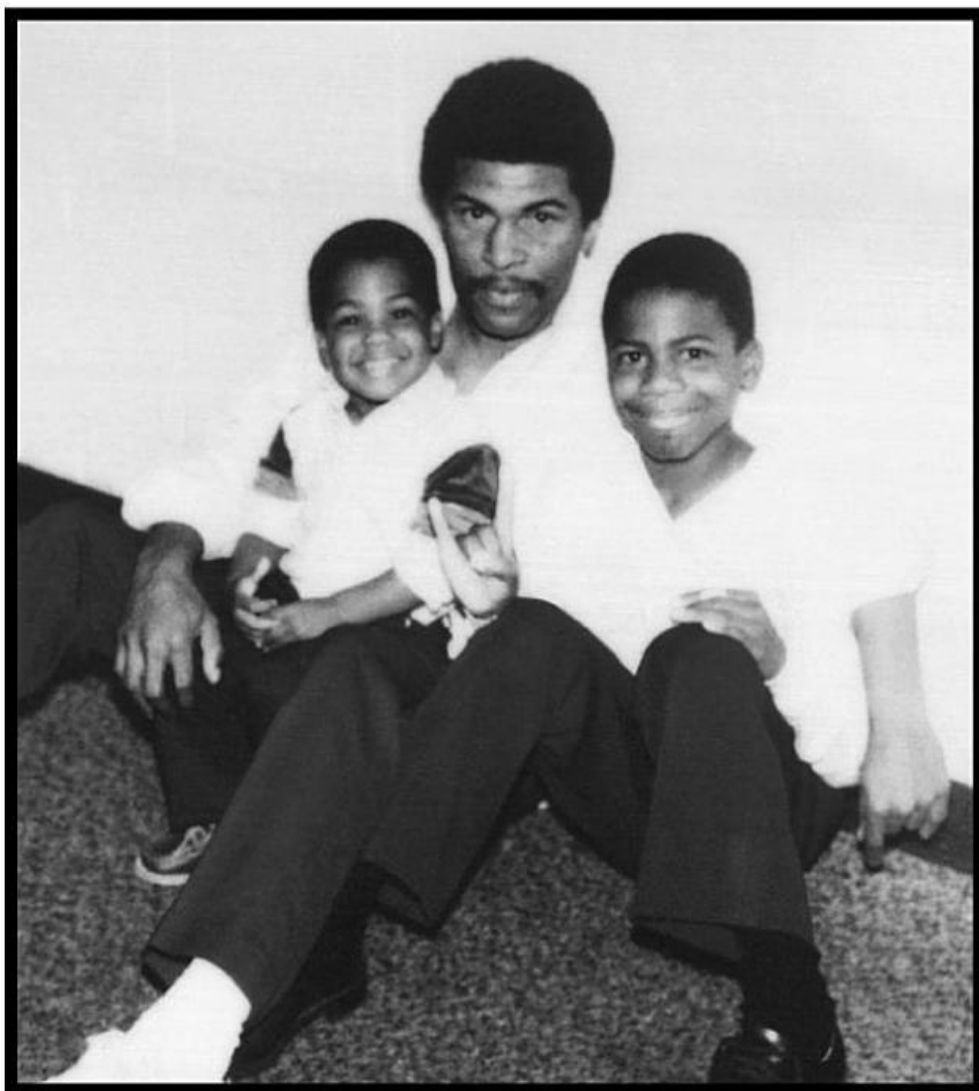
Actually, I'm still working on the relationships part, but the rest I got down.



Life Lessons

FROM DAD

*Don't do what I do, do what I would tell you to do
if I wasn't doing the stupid stuff I did.*



Visiting Dad in prison with my older brother

1

BIRTH OF A SEX SYMBOL

My life began with one of the biggest lies men tell women:

“I’ll pull out, I promise.”

Those were the words that turned into me.

Of course, my dad had no intention of pulling out. He wasn’t planning on knocking up my mom either. He just never learns from his mistakes.

The first mistake happened eight years earlier. His name was Robert Kenneth, my older brother. Our parents had just met back then, so Dad was able to get away with bigger lies:

“My nuts done got squashed in a bike accident. I can’t do nothing with them.”

That’s really what he told her. I can’t make this up.

When my mother found out she was pregnant, she beat the hell out of my dad.

His other lines were: “I’m just gonna put it in a little and leave it there. I just wanna be close to you.” And then there was the classic, “I’m just gonna rub you with it. I promise I won’t put it in.”

I’m surprised there are just two of us.

Though if you count all the other women he did this with, there are something like eleven of us with six different women. At least one of them is my age too.

He definitely didn’t learn from his mistakes.

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My mom and dad met when he was working for Bell Telephone and she was a cashier at a Shop N Bag grocery store next door. From the moment he laid eyes on her—"a fine, petite country girl with big hips," as he put it—my dad started begging her to go on a date. This went on every day for a year.

My dad wasn't persistent because he was in love with her. He was a player. He probably had thirty women all over town he was using the same lines on. My mom just held out longer. As my dad always tells me, even though I definitely don't need to hear it, he had to "con her out of her drawers" because she'd never had sex before.

They never married, though they stuck it out together, probably because Kenneth was born a year after they started seeing each other. But they were like oil and water: My mom was bossy; my dad hated being told what to do. My mom didn't party; my dad did. My mom didn't believe in fighting; my dad believed fighting made you a man. My mom couldn't stand the smell of cigarettes, weed, or alcohol; my dad stank of all three. My mom believed that sex was a sacred thing; my dad didn't believe anything was sacred, *especially sex*.

When Mom found out she was pregnant with me, my father was picking up Kenneth from school.

"Spoon," my mom's sister Patsy yelled from inside the house when my father and Kenneth came home. My dad's full name is Henry Wither-spoon, but everyone called him Spoon, and my brother was nicknamed Little Spoon.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Come here."

My father walked up the steps.

Aunt Patsy didn't budge. "Get in here!"

That's when my father knew he was in trouble.

"What did you do?" she asked as soon as he walked inside.

"What you talkin—"

"Nancy is pregnant, and she crying."

"Naw, Nance ain't pregnant!"

“Go tell *her* that. She waiting on you.”

My dad hung his head and accepted his fate. He walked apologetically into the bedroom, and got cussed out royally. Usually, he could say “I love you” to calm her down. Whether he meant it or just used it as a strategy to appease her, no one knew. But this time, it didn’t do him any good, and he went to sleep that night with her still going off on him, saying how this pregnancy was going to destroy her life. She’d just gone back to school and completed a computer programming class, so she was focused on a fresh start, not fresh diapers.

When my dad woke up the day after finding out I was on the way, Mom wouldn’t speak to him. She didn’t say another word to him for the next three weeks.

And that’s how I came into this world: My life began as a lie. I was unwanted. My mother cried when she found out I existed. And I sat there stewing in her anger for months in the womb.

At least, that’s one way to look at it. Here’s another way.

My life began with passion, with my father’s unrelenting desire for my mother. Even though I was unplanned, my mother made the commitment to having me and raising me right. And I inherited her commitment to hard work, and my father’s unique sense of humor, bottomless optimism, and ability to get his way.

Life is a story. It’s full of chapters. And the beauty of life is that not only do you get to choose how you interpret each chapter, but your interpretation writes the next chapter. It determines whether it’s comedy or tragedy, fairy tale or horror story, rags-to-riches or riches-to-rags.

You can’t control the events that happen to you, but you can control your interpretation of them. So why not choose the story that serves your life the best?

2

BLESSED LIFE OF A GENIUS

Though no one spoke about it, I always knew I was an accident. It would have been obvious to anyone who looked at my mom's photo albums.

Me: Mom, where was y'all at here?

Mom: I think that's when we went to some island in Florida.

Me: Huh? How'd y'all get island money?

Mom: That was before you were born. We took a family trip to Key West.

Me: What's Key West? (*Turns page.*) Mom, what's that tree Kenneth is swinging on?

Mom: Oh, that was our poplar tree. Your father built a swing on that tree.

Me: A swing? Okay.

I kept turning pages, asking where they were in different photos since I'd never had the luxury of traveling. I asked about the sharp suit Dad was wearing and about Mom's fancy hairdo. I saw my brother eating cake and holding ice cream in pictures, sitting next to Dad, who looked healthy, with firm muscles and good hair. They looked so happy and well-off.

Then I came along.

As soon as I was born, the pictures in the photo album changed. There were no tree houses or wooden swings or new bicycles. Dad didn't have sharp clothes. Mom's hair wasn't done. There were no more trips. Everything got a little more . . . poor.

Me: How come the furniture went away when I came around?

Mom: We had to cut back, son.

The only nice thing I ever got back then was a dog.

We lived on Fifteenth Street and Erie Avenue, in the heart of North Phila-

delphia. It was a tough area where shit happened consistently. One afternoon, my dad came home with a huge Labrador. I couldn't believe it. I was so happy, I couldn't stop screaming. I fell in love with that dog instantly.

"What's this, Spoon?" my mom asked when she saw it. There was a note of skepticism in her voice. "You got a dog?"

"I bought a dog for the boys," my dad said with forced nonchalance. "They been talking about a dog."

This dog wasn't a puppy. It was full-grown, with a tongue as big as my arm and fur that looked like old paper that had been left in the sun too long. It was probably seven. But it didn't matter to my brother and me. We'd been wanting a pet for so long.

We named him Tramp and brought him into our room to play. He was on the bed, licking our faces, when the doorbell rang.

I walked over to take a look. There was a man and a woman I hadn't seen before.

"You took our dog," they said.

"Your *what?*" my dad asked, as if he'd never heard anything so preposterous.

"You took our dog," they repeated. "She got loose and was running down the street, and the neighbors saw you take her and bring her here."

"What's going on?" My mom jumped in. "I thought you said you bought this dog."

"I did," my dad protested. I could see his wheels spinning as he quickly thought of a lie. "A friend of mine had it. I gave him money for it."

"Coco," the woman called.

The dog came bounding out of my room, stopped at her feet, and nuzzled against her leg.

They walked out of the house with their pet, and that was one of my earliest memories: getting and losing my first dog, all within fifteen minutes.

I suppose that was also my first life lesson: What's here today may be gone later today. Nothing is permanent.

Especially my father.

On a day I was too young to remember, he disappeared for four years.

My dad happens to be here with me as I'm writing this, and he wants to explain for the first time why he went away. So I'm going to slide over and let him onto the keyboard.

Here are a few words from Henry Witherspoon on what he feels happened at that time. Buckle up and prepare to enter the mind that shaped and molded me.

Go ahead, Dad.

3

FOUR YEARS GONE

by Henry "Spoon" Witherspoon

All right, all right, all right!

I guess I gotta tell this story. For my son Kevin—I'd do anything in the world for him.

Because he's my son. Who I'd do anything in the world for.

First of all, you ever deal with a public defender? I don't recommend it. I was this motherfucker's first case.

Kev, is it okay to use *motherfucker* in your book?

Kev?

Fuck it.

Here's what happened:

Now, I come up on my bike to this house, and they shootin' dice. So I shot dice. I'm gambling, but I got short.

I said, "Let me go home and grab some more money. I'll be right back."

When I come back, it's dark. I get up there, I don't pay this place no mind. I'm in a game. I know where we ain't, but I ain't really paying attention to where we *at*.

All I know is that the windows are boarded up. Shit, I knew people that lived in houses with windows boarded up, so that don't mean nothing to me.

I knock on the door. Ain't nobody answering. Makes sense: They got a game going on.

I go in. I think, *Hey, the lights are out*. I'm half-high. Actually, I'm whole high.

The whole of me is high.

I take a few steps and I trip over something. I feel around and it's a body. I don't know if it's alive or dead or sleeping or high. I pull it to the door to see what the situation is cause there ain't no light in there.

Suddenly, a cop opens the door. I ask him to help me. Next thing I know, I'm handcuffed.

That's what happened. This is God's honest truth, Kev.

I figure the cop had seen me walk into the building. Now, this cop gave a statement that he looked through the window and saw me having sex with this body I was dragging.

Mind you, the body was alive, and *he* told me it was a woman.

But that ain't even possible. How do you see through this piece-of-shit boarded-up window into a totally dark house? I couldn't even tell myself if it was a man or a woman.

They got this girl in court eighteen months later cause she didn't wanna come. They had me sitting in the detention center that whole time. When she got there, she told 'em, "I don't know what happened. I don't know him. Never seen him before. I don't even know how I got there. I was drinking."

There's no way I should have gone to jail, but I did. I went to jail for a rape that I didn't commit.

These are straight-up facts, Kev. You know Nancy and her sisters. They wouldn't be speaking to me if it had happened. They told me they were sitting next to these cops while they was out in the waiting room, and the cops were concocting the story that they wanted to tell.

So I wind up getting four to eight years. Them's the kind of charges, though they let me go home before my four years were up.

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So here I go coming home from the roughest penitentiary in Pennsylvania, and Nancy is expecting me to be one way, but I done changed.

She hoping I'll be a perfect husband now. She still trying to run my life and pick my friends. She wanting me to get a job when won't nobody hire me with that jail time. She wanting too many changes too fast. But I had to be as rough as these people in this jail to survive. I got harder, you see. And I couldn't turn that shit on and off like it's a lightbulb or something. She didn't understand.

What you don't know, Kev, is that one day I come in and I'm trying to talk to her, and I guess she had a lot of pent-up anger in her. She started hollering and cussing and getting in my face. I'm macho, and I'm not gonna let myself be spoken to that way. So I grabbed her and I told her she better listen.

She broke away and ran to the bed. Reached under her side between the mattress and the springs and pulled out a hammer of mine that I hadn't seen in a couple of weeks.

I think on my feet. I looked at this and I told her, "Now, if you raise that hammer at me, I'mma beat the shit out of you."

That kind of toned her down with that hammer. But at the same time, it let me know how far we had gone and how unhappy I'd made this woman. Right then and there I knew that this shit was over. So I just said, "To hell with this. We done." And I go on 'bout my business.

4

ALL ABOUT MY AMAZING SHOULDERS

When most parents want to break bad news to their kid, they sit them down, place a hand over theirs, get real serious, and have a heart-to-heart talk. My dad never did that.

Instead, he would appear out of nowhere and start laying heavy shit on me in an offhand, matter-of-fact way, like he was talking about what he ate for breakfast.

Dad: Hey, you got a brother and sister. Your brother is the same age as you. Your sister is a little older. They been around for a long time.

Me: Huh?

Dad: You heard me. Go over there and say hi to your brother, and he'll say hi back.

Me: Who?

Dad: That's your brother right there on the corner. I forgot to tell you. Just go.

Me: All right.

Dad: Also, me and your mother ain't together no more. I'm leaving the house.

Me: Wait, what?

Dad: Look, I still want to come by from time to time. I just gotta get out. Nance and I ain't seeing eye to eye.

Me: Okay. I'm gonna cry, Dad. This one kinda hurts a little bit.

Dad: You'll be all right. Don't be a bitch.

Me: Okay.

I held the tears back. I wanted to show my dad that I could handle this information. It still hurt, of course, but I refused to let it hurt for long.

To this day, my brother thinks I got over it so quickly because I was young and he protected me. But I think that I was born with a gift: the shoulder shrug. For as long as I can remember, I've had the ability to shoulder-shrug things—to just accept them, say “okay,” and get on with my life. The opposite of shoulder-shrugging would be to get depressed or angry and to hold on to those emotions for the rest of my life. But for whatever reason, whether it was because my father was matter-of-fact about the heaviest stuff or God put something in me, I've been able to take in all kinds of experiences and information and process them without holding on to any negative emotion afterward, even at a young age.

It upset Kenneth a lot more. He still remembers my mom chasing my dad with a knife after he broke the news—as well as my dad’s last words when he left: “I wasted two good nuts on ya ass, Nance.”

5

THE SELFLESS LOVE OF A FATHER

When he walked out, my dad promised that I’d still see him. For a while, I did—and I remember every single time, because the scariest and most heart-stopping things in my childhood *all* happened under the supervision of my father. Nearly every memory of my dad is of him exposing me to a violent or dangerous situation.

He didn’t do it on purpose. It was just the way he lived his life. And by being with him, I lived that life too.

MEMORY #1

For one of our first adventures after he left, Dad picked my brother and me up at Mom’s apartment. We asked where we were going.

His answer: “We’re just going somewhere.”

When you’re a kid, there are a thousand questions that come up at this point: *Where’s somewhere?* How long will we be there? Who else is going? What are we gonna do?

But my dad never gave us opportunities for questions. He didn’t act or think like any other person I’d ever met, so he could have been taking us anywhere.

And this day, he had something special planned: He took us to what looked like a pond in New Jersey to rent a motorboat so we could go fishing. While we were on the water, I asked if I could drive, and he said, “Go ahead, Kev, I don’t see why not.”

A few reasons why not might have included the fact that I was eight, I’d

never been in a boat before in my life, and I'd never driven anything besides a bike. But my dad didn't live in the world of reason. He was a firm believer in the "go ahead" school of parenting; whatever we asked to do, he'd just say "go ahead."

He handed me the tiller like I'd been a boat captain my whole life and I started driving. No more than a minute passed before I heard him saying, "Better slow up. You gonna hit that boat."

He didn't reach out to grab the tiller from me. He just sat there, cool as can be, repeating, "You better slow up." "Boy, you ain't slowing up."

I was frozen in place with my hand on the throttle, and I couldn't remember which direction slowed the boat. I guessed and turned the handle to my right. I guessed wrong.

The boat sped up and—*bam!*—smacked into another boat.

I destroyed both boats. All my dad had to say was, "Dammit, boy, you done did this one bad."

He didn't seem surprised. He didn't even seem pissed off. It was like I'd knocked over a cheap vase. He told the guy we rented the boat from, "My son done fucked the boat up, so we'll figure it out."

As best I can tell, what my dad figured out was to never go back there again.

MEMORY #2

The next time I remember being with my dad, my brother and I were walking along a street in our neighborhood with him. I'll never know where he was taking us, because out of nowhere, a group of guys jumped him.

My brother and I stood there, shocked, as they started pummeling Dad. "Go run home," my dad told us coolly between punches, as if we were leaving him with friends. "I'll meet you back there. Go ahead! I'll be all right."

So we went home and sat in the kitchen terrified, hoping he'd come back alive. An hour or so later, he strolled in the door covered in blood and casually asked, "You all right? You want something to eat?"

He didn't even mention the fight. It was as if nothing had happened.

The only other time I saw him that bloody was after he got hit by that axe.

I asked him about it much later, and he explained that he went to the home of someone named Mr. Jimmy. There was a man underneath the refrigerator who'd been struggling to repair it for two hours. My dad said, "Move out the way," and fixed it. The next thing he knew, the other repairman chopped him with an axe, presumably for taking the job away.

This is how my father concluded the story: "Coincidentally, a couple of weeks later, that sucka was found dead. I don't know nothing about it."

This is how I responded: "Dad, I don't want to know nothing about it either."

MEMORY #3

My mom was out and my cousins Anthony and Darryl were over. They were with my father, who was visiting and watching a video that my mom wouldn't allow me to see. My father was asleep and snoring, but everyone else was laughing. It sounded like more happiness than I'd ever heard in the house.

I peeked around the corner and saw my cousins losing their shit. I looked to the screen and saw a man dressed in red leather, standing alone and holding a microphone. He was just gesturing and speaking, and my cousins were in hysterics. I didn't know before that a movie could be just one person speaking—and still be so funny.

I wanted to laugh too. But I had to stay quiet so I could watch. I remember being at school afterward and hearing older kids reciting from that movie, *Eddie Murphy Delirious*, and feeling good about myself because I knew what they were talking about.

My parents were both big fans of stand-up comedy: Dad loved Redd Foxx, Robin Harris, and Richard Pryor. Mom would only listen to clean comedians, like Sinbad and Bill Cosby. I have vague memories of watching videos of these comics on stage telling jokes. I had no idea back then that my life would come full circle and I'd have a career doing the exact thing that brought my parents so much joy.

THE LAST MEMORIES

One afternoon, my brother and I were in the schoolyard shooting hoops. When my dad met us there, he overheard my brother talking about how good he was at basketball, so Dad challenged him to a game.

The thing is, my dad's not athletic in any way, shape, or form. But he's desperate and ruthless, and in a sport with no referee, that's an advantage. So he started playing jailhouse basketball, fouling my brother hard and elbowing him in the face. My brother, who was confused and angry that Dad was being so aggressive with him, won easily anyway.

After the game, Dad walked off, then returned ten minutes later holding his pit bull on a chain. He looked hard at my brother, said, "Sic 'im, Fats," and then let go of the chain.

Now, we'd heard of this pit bull because he was legendary in the neighborhood. My dad had taught him to snatch pocketbooks: He'd send Fats after some woman and she'd start running. He'd charge after her, knock her off balance, grab her purse in his fangs, and then follow my dad for a few blocks until the coast was clear, and my dad could take the pocketbook from him and go through it.

As soon as we saw that dog, my brother and I took off running, climbing a nearby fence and clinging to the top while Fats barked and snarled below. This dog was not playing; it was full-on vicious. My dad just stood there and laughed.

"He ain't gonna bite you," he yelled up at us. "Stop acting like bitches."

To this day, I can't comprehend why he'd sic an attack dog on his own kids just because he lost at basketball. The only reason I can think of is that, in his mind, Dad never loses, so he had to win in some way.

As my mom found out about these adventures, she became more and more reluctant to let my dad pick us up from school or take us pretty much anywhere. He'd beg and plead with my mom: "Yo, I'm sick of not being able to do anything for my kids."

Eventually, he wore her down, and she let him take me to camp. She would soon regret this.

Instead of asking my mom for information about the camp, my dad

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picked me up in his car and asked, "You know where you gotta go to camp at?"

Overconfident, even back then, I said, "Yep."

"All right, let's go."

My dad began driving, and at every intersection, he'd ask, "Which way do I turn?"

I'd point very confidently: "That way."

Eventually, completely by chance, we came upon a school. "This it?"

"Yep."

He stopped, and before I jumped out of the car, he gave me a pep talk.

"Hey, man, we all got big dicks. So listen, you gonna be cool for the rest of your life."

"What are you talking about, Dad?"

"Listen, you see this long dick here?" He gestured to the outline in his sweatpants. He never wore drawers, so he was always flowing loose. "You gonna grow one too, so you never gotta worry about nothing."

"Uh, okay, Dad."

I jumped out of the car. He didn't wait until I got inside or he saw an adult. He and his long dick just peeled off and sped away.

I walked in, carrying a brown sack with my lunch in it. A priest came up to me and asked what I was there for. I was in some kind of Catholic summer school.

He brought me to an office, and nobody there could figure out who I was. They kept checking different sheets of paper and records. Time passed. "Just eat your lunch while we figure this out," one of the priests told me.

Eventually, he figured it out: "Son, you don't go here."

They asked who dropped me off, and I said it was my dad.

"Where is he?"

"I don't know his address."

"What about your mom?"

Unfortunately for my dad, I knew her number at work. They called her, and my mom got in touch with my dad and cussed him out. For some reason, my father couldn't pick me up, so the priest walked me back to my dad's house.

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American Express, if you’re reading this, please run my credit again. I wrote this entire book just to send a message to you: *I’m now ready to handle the responsibility of a credit card.* I went out to dinner with Trey Songz last night, and he has a black card. That motherfucker is publicly on record singing about giving his card to random women and letting them max it out. That violates your terms of service. So why does he have one and not me?

Finally, thanks to you for reading this entire book, even the acknowledgments. Seems like you don’t want this story to end. Fortunately, it’s just the beginning . . .

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An inspirational life story and road map to achieving your dreams

“Hart is an incredibly magnetic storyteller, on the page as he is onstage, and that’s what shines through.”

—KIRKUS REVIEWS

“Hilarious but also heartfelt.” —ELLE MAGAZINE

Kevin Hart was born an accident, unwanted by his parents. His father was a drug addict who was in and out of jail. His brother was a crack dealer and petty thief. And his mother was overwhelmingly strict, beating him with belts, frying pans, and his own toys. The odds, in short, were stacked against our young hero. But Kevin Hart, like Ernest Hemingway, J. K. Rowling, and Chocolate Droppa before him, was able to defy the odds. In his literary debut, he takes the reader on a journey through what his life was, what it is now, and how he’s overcome each challenge to become the man he is today.

That man happens to be the biggest comedian in the world, with tours that sell out football stadiums and films that have collectively grossed over \$3.5 billion. He achieved this not only through hard work, determination, and talent, but through his unique way of looking at the world. Because just like a book has chapters, Hart sees life as a collection of chapters that each person gets to write for him- or herself.



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