

The Alleged Rape

Written by Staff ID19

Thursday, 23 September 2004 23:02 -

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Tupac Shakur was photographed by the New York State Department of Correctional Services in March 1995. Tupac was convicted in December 1994 of felony sexual abuse. Spent a few months upstate before being bailed out by Death Row's Suge Knight. Tupac Shakur was sentenced to 1-1/2-to-4-1/2 years in the case.

The Details:

Some believe that the rape case came about because of the police shooting case in Atlanta. So a little insight on that first.:

Of all Tupac's much publicized, violent confrontations in the tempestuous year 1993, none better illustrated the degree to which he had become the exemplar of the gangsta-rap mandate than his arrest for shooting two off-duty police officers in Atlanta. The officers, he would later say, had been harassing a black motorist. The charges were dropped when it emerged that the policemen had been drinking and had initiated the incident, and when the prosecution's own witness testified that the gun one of the officers threatened Tupac with had been seized in a drug bust and then stolen from an evidence locker.

The shooting in Atlanta made Tupac a hero to some, a demon to others. "They were acting as bullies, and they drew their guns first," Mutulu Shakur says of the officers. Tupac's response "sealed him as not only a rapper but a person who was true to the game. That made him, to the people who were his audience, real--and if not liked, respected." However, to the law-enforcement community and the political conservatives who were rap's most vocal critics Tupac was not only propagating insurrectionist rhetoric in his lyrics but acting it out as well. Gangsta rap had been provoking concern among law-enforcement authorities in this country since at least 1989, when an F.B.I. public-affairs officer wrote a letter to Ruthless/Priority Records, which distributed records by the group N.W.A. (Niggaz With Attitude). The F.B.I. was concerned, specifically, with the song, "Fuck tha Police." "Advocating violence and assault is

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wrong, and we in the law enforcement community take exception to such action," the F.B.I. officer wrote. In 1992, police groups and their allies--most visibly Vice-President Quayle--denounced Time Warner for having put out the song "Cop Killer," by Ice-T. The following year, Time Warner released Ice-T from his contract, citing creative differences.

Officer Gregory White, of the L.A.P.D., who works in a special gang unit, explains that gangsta rap is a legitimate concern of law-enforcement agencies because it often involves criminal activity. "Rap is a way to launder dirty drug money," he says. According to White, some record companies provide fronts for the gangs. But he adds that it is rap music's virulently antipolice rhetoric that is considered particularly pernicious.

Charles Ogletree, Jr., a black attorney who is a professor at Harvard Law School and who represented Tupac on a number of cases in the last year of his life, notes that "people in law enforcement not only disliked Tupac but despised him. This wasn't just a person talking, but someone who had generated a following among those who had problems with the police, and who *spoke* to them. He was saying, "I understand your pain, I know the source of it, and I can tell you what to do about it." Police officers knew him by name, Bob Dole mentioned him by name."

Mutulu Shakur believes that his own relationship to Tupac was a source of continuing concern to law-enforcement authorities. Mutulu, who wears long dreadlocks and is revered within the black-nationalist community, had been a target of the F.B.I. and other police agencies for years before the Brink's robbery. During his trial, the federal district court judge confirmed that "the rights of Dr. Shakur...were violated by the COINTELPRO program." (COINTELPRO was initiated by the F.B.I. to neutralize black-activist leaders as well as certain right-wing extremists.) Recently, in a development not unlike that in the case of Geronimo Pratt, Mutulu was granted permission to file a motion for a new trial on the ground that evidence was discovered indicating that the government withheld information that would have been favorable to his defense.

In the spring of 1994, about six months after Tupac shot the police officers in Atlanta, Mutulu was moved from the penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, to the super-maximum-security federal prison in Marion, Illinois, and from there to the country's most maximum-security institution, in Florence, Colorado. In a memorandum written in February, 1994, the warden of Lewisburg argued that Mutulu needed "the controls of Marion," in part because of his "outside contacts and influence over the younger black element."

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Mutulu is convinced that Tupac became a lightning rod after he shot the policemen in Atlanta. "These disenfranchised--the young blacks who are poor and hopeless--have no leader," Mutulu said. "Their heroes are cultural and sports heroes. No one--not Jesse Jackson, not Ben Chavis, not Louis Farrakhan--has as much influence with this segment as rappers. So when Tupac stands up to a white cop, shoots it out, wins the battle, gets cut free, and continues to say the things he's been saying--the decision to destroy his credibility is clear."

WHETHER by happenstance or not, about two weeks after the Atlanta shooting something occurred that could not have been better designed to remove Tupac from circulation--and that would ultimately lead to his undoing. While in New York for the filming of the movie "Above the Rim," Tupac had been socializing with a Haitian-born music promoter, Jacques Agnant. Tupac was playing the part of a gangster named Birdie in the movie, and he told friends that spending time with Agnant helped him in his portrayal of Birdie--much as hanging out with the gangs in South Central provided him with material for his lyrics. "He said that he was studying Jacques--that Jacques was Birdie," Watani Tyehimba recalls. But Tyehimba was alarmed by the relationship, and wanted Tupac to keep his distance. "I told Tupac the first time I met him, Charles Fuller told Tupac, everyone told him he should stay away from Jacques."

Tupac ignored the warnings. "Jacques had all this gold and diamond jewelry," Man Man says. "He had money. He had a nice B.M.W. He could get you in any club. Pac was just starting to be known then, and he couldn't get in all the clubs. Jacques spent about four or five thousand dollars on Tupac in the beginning--he just overwhelmed him." According to someone else who knew Agnant, Madonna (with whom Tupac would become close) was one of Agnant's celebrity friends.

On November 14, 1993, Jacques Agnant and Tupac went to Nell's, the downtown New York club. A friend of Agnant's, identified only as "Tim," introduced Tupac to a nineteen-year-old woman named Ayanna Jackson.

She expressed her interest in him; they danced together; and she performed oral sex in a corner of the dance floor. They went to his hotel, where they had intercourse. The next day, she called and left many messages on his voice mail, saying, among other things, how much she'd enjoyed his prowess. Four days later, on November 18th, she returned to his hotel suite. There, she found Tupac, Man Man, Agnant, and an unidentified friend of Agnant's. They all watched television in the living room, and then she and Tupac went into the bedroom together. What ensued is disputed; Jackson claims that she was forced to perform oral sex on Tupac while Agnant partly undressed her and grabbed her from behind, and that they then made her perform oral sex on Agnant's friend while Tupac held her. (Man Man, she acknowledged, did

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not touch her.) Tupac claimed that he left the room when the other men entered and did not witness whatever happened. In any case, Jackson testified that she left the suite in tears and that Agnant told her to calm down, saying that he "would hate to see what happened to Mike [Tyson] happen to Tupac": that is, a woman charging him with sexual assault, which is what Jackson promptly did. She summoned the hotel's security officers, who called the police. Tupac, Man Man, and Agnant were arrested. (Agnant's friend left.)

Indictments were handed down on sex-abuse, sodomy, and also weapons charges (two guns were found in the hotel room), and Agnant's lawyer, Paul Brenner, who had represented the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association for many years, moved that his client's case be severed from the two codefendants", on the ground that only Tupac and Man Man had been charged with the weapons offenses, and that therefore the indictment was improperly joined. The prosecutor did not oppose the motion--something that Tupac's lawyers say is highly unusual--and the judge granted it.

It was apparently after Agnant's case was severed that Tupac became convinced that Agnant was a government informer and had set him up. Tupac's suspicions were, inevitably, shaped by the experience of his extended family; "Jacques didn't smell right to me," says Watani Tyehimba, who considers himself particularly attuned to the presence of undercover agents because of his long history with the Panthers and what he learned from COINTELPRO files obtained through the Freedom of Information Act.

One night in November 1994, during the trial of Tupac and Man Man, Tupac was at a club with the actor Mickey Rourke and a friend of Rourke's, A.J. Benza, a reporter for the *Daily News*. Tupac told Benza that he believed that Agnant had set him up. A couple days later Benza wrote an account of the conversation, recalling that Tupac had told him that Mike Tyson had called him up from prison to warn him that Agnant was "bad news." On the night of November 30th, while the jury was deliberating, Tupac went to a Times Square music studio to rap for an artist, Little Shawn, who, according to Man Man, had ties to Agnant. When Tupac and his entourage entered the lobby of the studio, three black men followed them, drew guns, and ordered them to lie down. Tupac reached for his own gun, which he usually wore in his waistband, cocked. The men then shot Tupac five times, grabbed his gold jewelry, and fled.

Convinced that the shooting had also been a setup, and that the shooters would return to finish the job, Tupac checked himself out of the hospital a few hours after surgery, and moved secretly to the house of the actress Jasmine Guy to recuperate. When he returned to the courtroom, bandaged and in a wheelchair, he was acquitted of the three sodomy counts and the weapons charge, but in an apparent compromise verdict, convicted of two counts of sexual

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abuse--specifically, forcibly touching Ayanna Jackson's buttocks. Bail was set at three million dollars, and Tupac turned himself in and was incarcerated. On February 7, 1995, he was sentenced to not less than one and a half to not more than four and a half years in prison.

A few months after Tupac was sentenced, Jacques Agnant's indictment was dismissed, and he pleaded guilty to two misdemeanors. When I asked Melissa Mourges, the assistant district attorney who had tried the case against Tupac, why Agnant had been dealt with in such a favorable way, she said that Ayanna Jackson was "reluctant to go through the case again." Jackson had, however, brought a civil suit against Tupac following the trial. (The suit was subsequently settled.)

Agnant's lawyer, Paul Brenner, believes that Tupac should never have been convicted. "It was a *very weak case*," he says. "A lot went on" at Nell's. Brenner suspects that the police planted the gun they found in the hotel room. "I worked for the P.B.A. for ten years, I *know* the police....The police are friends of mine," he says. "But Tupac had no friends in the police. I couldn't find a policeman who had a good word to say about Tupac."

Tupac's conviction that Agnant had set him up seemed only to deepen with time. He went public with it on his last album, "The Don Killuminati":

I hope my true muthafuckas know
This be the realest shit I ever wrote....
Listen while I take you back
and lay this rap
A real live tale
About a snitch named Haitian Jack
Knew he was working for the feds....
Set me up
Wet me up
Nigga stuck me up.

Agnant has files a suit for libel against Tupac's estate, Death Row, Interscope, the producer and the engineer of the song, and the publishing company. Ayanna Jackson has always maintained that she was not involved in any setup.

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What role Agnant, the police, or any other governmental entity may have played in the sexual-assault case against Tupac is conjectural. But this much is plain: once the gears of the criminal-justice system were set in motion, Tupac was penalized more for who he was--a charismatic gangsta rapper with a political background--than for what he had done. Melissa Mourges seemed to share the animus many police officers felt for Tupac; Charles Ogletree argued in his appeal that her conduct was so prejudicial (she railed against Tupac as a "thug," among other things) that a new trial was warranted on that ground alone. The setting of bail at three million dollars, Ogletree commented, was "inhumane," and the sentence was "out of line with the conviction." Tupac was sent to the Clinton Correctional Facility in Dannemora, New York, a maximum-security prison. "The entire case," Ogletree said, "reeked of impropriety."

IN the very beginning, prison granted Tupac a sort of grace, extricating him from the manic, overcharged existence he had created for himself. Outside, he drank heavily and smoked marijuana constantly. Now his mind was clear. And in Dannemora he was liberated from the demands of his music. His gangsta-rapping had been a pose, he said. He had been required to maintain the post and he did not regret doing so, but it was a pose nonetheless, and one he was abdicating. He had laid down the tracks of a new album, "Me Against the World," before he was incarcerated and, having finished that, he told *Vibe* magazine, "I can be free. When you do rap albums, you got to train yourself. You got to constantly be in character. You used to see rappers talking all that hard shit, and then you see them in suits and shit at the American Music Awards. I didn't want to be that type of nigga. I wanted to keep it real, and that's what I thought I was doing. But...let somebody else represent it. I represented it too much. I was thug life."

With the opportunity to reflect, sober, on the events that led to his incarceration, he said he realized that, "even though I'm innocent of the charge they gave me, I'm not innocent in terms of the way I was acting....I'm just as guilty for not doing nothing as I am for doing things." He accepted blame for not having intervened on behalf of Ayanna Jackson. "I know I feel ashamed--because I wanted to be accepted and because I didn't want no harm done to me, I didn't say nothing."

In April of 1995, while he was still in prison, he married Keisha Morris, whom he'd been dating for about six months before he was put in jail. Eminently responsible and levelheaded, she was going to school and holding down a job; she didn't smoke marijuana; and she didn't immediately have sex with him. Morris told me that on their first date they saw a movie, and then Tupac prevailed on her to stay in his hotel room. When she insisted on going to bed fully dressed, he protested only that "you *could* take off your sneakers." In the deposition he gave in the civil case brought against him by the family of the young man who had murdered the Texas state trooper, Tupac described his new wife: "She's twenty-two, she's a Scorpio, she...just

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graduated from John Jay College with a degree in criminal science, and she's taken a year off, she's going to go to law school...she's nice, she's quiet, she's a square, she's a good girl. She's my first and only girlfriend I ever had in my entire life and now she's my wife."

Tupac and Morris talked about moving to Arizona, and what they would name their kids. He started to organize his finances, and attempted to settle the numerous lawsuits pending against him across the country. But in the forbidding, almost feudal backdrop of the Clinton Correctional Facility, his efforts seemed increasingly irrelevant. His lawyers were filing appeals in his case, and under those circumstances he could have been allowed to post bail, but the district attorney's office was fighting his right to do so, and the proceedings dragged on, month after month. What he had spoken of initially when he was at Riker's Island as prison's "gift"--of respite and introspection--now had been overshadowed by the nightmare of incarceration.

"Dannemora was a hellhole--he had a one-to-four year sentence, and they put him in a maximum-security prison!" one of his lawyers, Stewart Levy, says. Levy recalls that while he was visiting Tupac one day, "Tupac had a rectal search when he came in"--to the visiting area. "Then we spent six hours there in full view of the guards. Then the guards started saying "Tupac! Tupac!" in this falsetto voice, putting up their fingers with these plastic gloves, waving them--"It's time! It's time!" Why a second rectal search, when he'd been sitting there in plain view with his lawyer, why, except to humiliate him?" Yaasmyn Fula, who had known him since he was a baby, and who visited him often in prison, recalls, "It was a terrible experience for him--to be captive, in a horrific situation, with guards threatening to kill him, inmates threatening to kill him....He said, "I have never had people demean me and disgrace me as they have in this jail.""

Other factors weighing on Tupac contributed to his anxiety about being in prison. He was the breadwinner for a large extended family--his mother, his sister, her baby, his aunt and her family, and more. Iris Crews, one of his attorneys in the sex-abuse case--who had been leery of representing Tupac but became beguiled and devoted ("Had he been this foulmouthed, woman-hating kid, I wouldn't have done it")--recalled that one day as he sat in court with a bunch of young children climbing all over him during a recess he had remarked to her, "If I don't work, these kids don't eat." "He'd been deprived of his childhood, and then, at twenty, he had twenty people to support," she said. Beyond that, he had enormous legal fees for cases all over the country. After nearly six months in prison, despite the money being advanced by Interscope, Tupac's funds were depleted.

Now with that information we all know there are two sides to every story. So here are both sides. First Tupac's version and then Ms. Jackson's version.

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Tupac in his own words

Can we talk about the rape case at all?

Okay. Nigel and Trevor took me to Nell's. When we got there, I was immediately impressed, because it was different than any club I'd been in. It wasn't crowded, there was lots of space, there were beautiful women there. I was meeting Ronnie Lott from the New York Jets and Derrick Coleman from the Nets. They were coming up to me, like, "Pac, we're proud of you." I felt so tall that night, because they were people's heroes and they saying I was their hero. I felt above and beyond, like I was glowing.

Somebody introduced me to this girl. And the only thing I noticed about her: She had a big chest. But she was not attractive; she looked dumpy, like. Money came to me and said, "This girl wants to do more than meet you." I already knew what that meant: She wanted to f*ck. I just left them and went to the dance floor by myself. They were playing some Jamaican music, and I'm just grooving.

Then this girl came out and started dancing-and the shit that was weird, she didn't even come to me face-first, she came a**-first. So I'm dancing to this reggae music; you know how sensuous that is. She's touching my dick, she's touching my balls, she opened my zipper, she put her hands on me. There's a little dark part in Nell's, and I see people over there making out already, so she starts pushing me this way. I know what time it is.

We go over in the corner. She's touching me. I lift up my shirt while I'm dancing, showing off my tattoos and everything. She starts kissing my stomach, kissing my chest, licking me and shit. She's going down, and I'm, like, Oh shit. She pulled my dick out; she started sucking my dick on the dance floor. That shit turned me on. I wasn't thinking, like, This is going to be a rape case. I'm thinking, like, This is going to be a good night. You know what I'm saying?

Soon as she finished that-just enough to get me solid, rock-hard-we got off the dance floor. I told Nigel, "I've got to get out of here. I'm about to take her to the hotel. I'll see you all later." Nigel was, like, "No, no, no. I'm going to take you back." We drive to the hotel. We go upstairs and have sex, real quick. As soon as I came, that was it. I was tired, I was drunk, I knew I had to get up early in the morning, so I was, like, "What are you going to do? You can spend the night or you can leave." She left me her number, and everything was cool. Nigel was spending the night in my room all these nights. When he found out she sucked my dick on the floor and we had sex, he and Trevor were livid! Trevor is a big freak; he was going crazy. All he kept asking me was, "D-d-did you f*ck in the a**?" He was listening to every single detail. I thought, This is just some guy shit, it's all good.

What happened on the night of the alleged rape?

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We had a show to do in New Jersey at Club 88. This dude said, "I'll be there with a limo to pick you up at midnight." We went shopping, we got dressed up, we were all ready. Nigel was saying, "Why don't you give her a call?" So we were all sitting in the hotel, drinking. I'm waiting for the show, and Nigel's, like, "I called her. I mean, she called me, and she's on her way." But I wasn't thinking about her no second time. We were watching TV when the phone rings, and she's downstairs. Nigel gave Man-man, my manager, some money to pay for the cab, and I was, like, "Let that b*tch pay for her own cab." She came upstairs looking all nice, dressed all provocative and shit, like she was ready for a prom date.

So we're all sitting there talking, and she's making me uncomfortable, because instead of sitting with Nigel and them, she's sitting on the arm of my chair. And Nigel and Trevor are looking at her like a chicken, like she's, like, food. It's a real uncomfortable situation. So I'm thinking, Okay, I'm going to take her to the room and get a massage. I'm thinking about being with her that night at Nell's. So we get in the room, I'm laying on my stomach, she's massaging my back. I turn around. She starts massaging my front. This lasted for about a half an hour. In between, we would stop and kiss each other. I'm thinking she's about to give me another blow job. But before she could do that, some ni**as came in, and I froze up more than she froze up. If she would have said anything, I would have said, "Hold on, let me finish." But I can't say nothing, because she's not saying nothing. How do I look saying, "Hold on"? That would be like I'm making her my girl.

So they came and they started touching her a**. They going, "Oooh, she's got a nice a**." Nigel isn't touching her, but I can hear his voice leading it, like, "Put her panties down, put her pantyhose down." I just got up and walked out the room.

When I went to the other suite, Man-man told me that Talibah, my publicist at the time, had been there for a while and was waiting in the bedroom of that suite. I went to see Talibah and we talked about what she had been doing during the day, then I went and laid down on the couch and went to sleep. When I woke up, Nigel was standing over me going, "Pac, Pac," and all the lights was on in both rooms. The whole mood had changed, you know what I'm saying? I felt like I was drugged. I didn't know how much time had passed. So when I woke up, it was, like, "You're going to the police, you're going to the police." Nigel walks out the room, comes back with the girl. Her clothes is on; ain't nothing tore. She just upset, crying hysterically. "Why you let them do this to me?" She's not making sense. "I came to see you. You let them do this to me." I'm, like, "I don't got time for this shit right here. You got to chill out with that shit. Stop yelling at me and looking at me all crazy." She said, "This not the last time you're going to hear from me," and slammed the door. And Nigel goes, "Don't worry about it, Pac, don't worry. I'll handle it. She just tripping." I asked him what happened, and he was, like, "Too many ni**as." You know, I ain't even tripping no more, you know? ni**as start going downstairs, but nobody was coming back upstairs. I'm sitting upstairs smoking weed, like, Where the f*ck is everybody at? Then I get a call from Talibah from the lobby saying, "The police is down here."

And that's what landed you in jail. But you're saying that you never did anything?

Never did nothing. Only thing I saw was all three of them in there and that ni**a talking about how fat her a** was. I got up, because the ni**a sounded sick. I don't know if she's with these

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ni**as, or if she's mad at me for not protecting her. But I know I feel ashamed-because I wanted to be accepted and because I didn't want no harm done to me-I didn't say nothing.

How did you feel about women during the trial, and how do you feel about women now?

When the charge first came up, I hated black women. I felt like I put my life on the line. At the time I made "Keep Ya Head Up," nobody had no songs about black women. I put out "Keep Ya Head Up" from the bottom of my heart. It was real, and they didn't defend it. I felt like it should have been women all over the country talking about, "Tupac couldn't have did that." And people was actually asking me, "Did you do it?" Then, going to trial, I started seeing the black women that was helping me. Now I've got a brand-new vision of them, because in here, it's mostly black female guards. They don't give me no extra favors, but they treat me with human respect. They're telling me, "When you get out of here, you gotta change." They be putting me on the phone with they kids. You know what I'm saying? They just give me love.

Ayanna Jackson's (Alleged Victim) Side Of The Story

I am the young woman that was sexually assaulted by Tupac Shakur and his thugs. I've read Kevin Powell's interview with Tupac, in which I was misrepresented. Up until this point I have only told my story under oath in court; nobody has heard my story, only his side, which is much different than what Tupac stated is the true story.

A friend of mine took me to Nell's, where he introduced me to [the men VIBE identified as] Nigel and Trevor, who later introduced me to their friend Tupac. When I first met Tupac he kissed me on my cheek and made small talk with me. After a while, I excused myself and started walking to the dance floor. When I felt someone slide their hands into the back pockets of my jeans, I turned around, assuming it was my friend, but was shocked when I discovered that it was Tupac. We danced for a while, and he touched my face and his body brushed mine. Due to the small dance floor and large ammount of people, we were shoved into a dark corner. Tupac pulled up his shirt, took my hand, traced it down his chest, and sat it on top of his erect penis. He then kissed me and pushed my head down on his penis, and in a brief three-second encounter, my lips touched the head of his penis. This happened so suddenly that once I realized what he was trying to do, I swiftly brought my head up. I must reiterate that I did not suck his penis on the dance floor. He pulled his shirt back down and asked me what I was doing later. I told him that I was going home because I had to go to work that day. Then, as people started surrounding him again, he grabbed my arm and said, "Let's get out of here, I'm tired of people stressing me." We exited Nell's, got into a white BMW, pulled up at the Parker Meridien, and went to his suite. We conversed, and he rolled up some blunts. We started kissing, and then we had oral and vaginal sexual intercourse several times.

He called my house a couple of nights later and gave me his SkyPager number and told me he wanted to see me tommorow. That evening after work, I paged him, and his road manager called me back and informed me that Pac really wanted to see me but he had show to do in

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Jersey, so I should call a car service and take it to the Meridien and he would pay for the cab. Once I got to the hotel, I met Charles Fuller for the first time; he paid for the cab and led me upstairs. Inside the suite, Tupac, Nigel and Trevor were seated in the living room, smoking weed and drinking Absolut. Tupac told me to come in and pointed to the arm of the sofa near him, and I sat down. After about twenty minutes, Tupac took my hand and led me into a bedroom in the suite. He fell onto the bed and asked me to give him a massage. So I massaged his back, he turned around, and I started massaging his chest. Just as we began kissing, the door opened and I heard people entering. As I started to turn to see who it was, Tupac grabbed my head and told me, "Don't move." I looked down at him and he said, "Don't worry baby, these are my brothers and they ain't going to hurt you. We do everything together." I started to shake my head, "No, no Pac, I came here to be with you, I came here to see you. I don't want to do this." I started to rise up off the bed but he brutally slammed my head down. My lips and face came crashing down hard onto his penis, he squeezed the back of my neck, and I started to gag. Tupac and Nigel held me down while Trevor forced his penis into my mouth. I felt hands tearing my shoes off, ripping my stockings and panties off. I couldn't move, I felt paralyzed, trapped, and I started to black out. They leered at my body. "This bitch got a fat ass, she's fine." While they laughed and joked to one another, Nigel, Trevor and Fuller held me in the room trying to calm me down. They would not let me leave.

Finally, I got to the elavators, which had a panel of mirrors. Once I caught sight of myself, I sank to the floor and started to cry. They came out, picked me up, and brought me back into the suite. Tupac was lying on the couch. In my mind I'm thinking, "This motherfucker just raped me, and he's lying up here like a king acting as if nothing happened. So I began crying hysterically and shouting, "How could you do this to me, I came here to see you, I can't believe you did this to me." Tupac replied, "I don't have time for this shit. Get this bitch out of here."

The aforementioned is the true story. It was not a setup and I never knew any of the thugs he was hanging with. Tupac knows exactly what he did to me. I admit I didn't make the wisest decisions, but I did not deserve to be gang-raped.

So who knows. Now you know how it was and you can form your own opinion.