

INNNTON PRESENT MY HIPHOP WIZ INNNTON TAGGER

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Author's Note

My name is Innton Tagger, and I believe in the power of storytelling. Growing up, football was my first love, but writing? Writing became my purpose. People told me it wouldn't pay off and that chasing dreams was a waste of time. Then life hit hard; losing my parents left me searching for meaning, questioning everything. But through struggle, I found faith. And through faith, I found my voice.

Now, I present to you Innton Tagger Presents: My Hip-Hop Wiz, a complete masterpiece. This isn't just another story; it's a movement. A fantasy thriller like you've never seen before, blending hip-hop, passion, and raw reality. Inspired by The Wizard of Oz, I took this classic tale, flipped it, twisted it, and infused it with the heartbeat of the culture.

This book is for everyone from 13 to 60, from dreamers to believers, from hip-hop lovers to fantasy fanatics. Whether you're looking for adventure, inspiration, or just a fresh perspective, you'll find it here. And guess what? This is just the beginning. The original version is coming soon.

My journey hasn't been easy. My first book, "This System Will Make Everyone Rich," failed when the tech company I worked with

collapsed. But failure doesn't scare me; it fuels me. Every setback is just another setup for something greater.

The artists in My Hip-Hop Wiz taught me about resilience, gratitude, and the power of self-belief. And now, I'm passing that energy to you. We are all our own gurus. We just have to believe it.

So sit back. Relax. Open your mind. Get ready for a story that will move you, shake you, and inspire you to chase your dreams.

You are the greatest. Now, it's time to own it.

—Innton Tagger



Chapter 01:
Introducing Dorothy

The lights of Las Vegas sparkled like diamonds in a rapper's chain, glittering against the evening sky. Neon signs in pink, blue, and yellow flickered across the Strip like a DJ's soundboard, casting a glow that could wake up the dead. The city's rhythm pulsed through the streets, slot machines chiming like hooks in a beat, street performers spitting their rhymes, and tourists flexing like they owned the place. In the midst of all this chaos, Dorothy Jones walked with that boss energy that made everyone stop and stare. Dressed in a tailored navy blue suit with shoulders sharp enough to cut through haters and a plunging neckline that screamed confidence, she looked like she'd stepped straight off a magazine cover. She wasn't just moving through the crowd; she was running it.

Dorothy wasn't just another pretty face trying to make it in Sin City. As a real estate mogul who'd climbed from the bottom to the penthouse, she'd built an empire stretching from Vegas to L.A., all on

the strength of her hustle, vision, and that street-smart swagger that couldn't be bought. The days of grinding just to make rent were history, but she kept that hunger alive. Growing up in the shadows of this glittering city had molded her like a platinum record, pressure creating something precious. And now? Vegas wasn't just a city to her; it was her kingdom.

Earlier that day, she'd dropped off Governor, her ride-or-die Rottweiler, at her friend Tina's crib. Governor always hit her with those puppy eyes whenever she left him behind, but she knew he'd be living his best life on Tina's luxury couch instead of dealing with tonight's wild energy. Because tonight wasn't just any night.

Tonight was Showtime.

Dorothy slid behind the wheel of her Lamborghini, the matte black finish gleaming under the street lights like fresh vinyl. The engine hummed to life like a perfect bassline, sending that familiar thrill through her system. She adjusted her designer shades and hit the gas. Her squad was waiting.

First stop: Candace, holding down her spot in a high-rise penthouse with views that had the whole city looking small. Candace stepped out like she was walking onto a music video set, rocking a fire-red bodycon dress that curved in all the right places, her stilettos sharp enough to leave marks. Her waist-length braids swung like silk ropes as she claimed the passenger seat, that million-dollar smile lighting up her face. "Girl, if I don't leave this concert with somebody's number in my phone, somebody's getting sued."

Dorothy laughed, the sound rich and full. "Better hope his wife doesn't catch you slipping."

Aaliyah came through next, quiet storm vibes in full effect. Every move she made was poetry, gliding out in an emerald green slip dress that caught light like a jewel. Her slicked-back ponytail highlighted the model's sharp cheekbones, making her look like she belonged on a runway. Sliding into the back, she caught Dorothy's eye in the mirror with that knowing look. "I might not leave with a number, but I wouldn't mind catching someone's attention tonight."

Tamia completed the crew, stepping out fresh in a cropped leather jacket over a black mini dress that meant business. Her blonde bob was laid to perfection, red lips popping against caramel skin like a warning sign. "You all can shoot your shots; I'm just here for the after-party invite."

The Lambo roared through Vegas like a beast unleashed, the girls' energy electric enough to power the Strip. Their favorite artist had been the soundtrack to their come-up years, back when their dreams were bigger than their bank accounts, and music was everything.

Dorothy pulled up to the venue as she owned it, the parking lot already buzzing with day one fans in vintage merch. She dropped her shades just enough to survey the scene, feeling the eyes on them as they stepped out. They were the moment, and everyone knew it.

Candace fixed her braids with practiced precision. "Watch me turn this whole night legendary."

Aaliyah's smile was smooth as butter. "Just keep the bail money ready, just in case."

Inside, the atmosphere was thick with anticipation, bass already rumbling through the speakers. Their front-row spots were waiting, and as they claimed their territory, Dorothy felt her pulse sync with

the beat. This wasn't just about the music. It was about living that dream they'd all had since they were kids, watching music videos and practicing choreography in their bedrooms.

When the lights dropped and the beat hit, the crowd erupted like a volcano. The group stepped out fresh as ever, harmonizing like time had frozen since their prime. They brought that legendary swagger, moving like they were still the teenage heartthrobs who'd made everyone swoon.

Dorothy and her girls went wild, every lyric memorized, every move automatic. Years melted away like ice in the desert heat, transforming them back into those fearless teenagers who'd sneak out for concerts and dream about stage lights.

One hit had Candace acting up, waving her arms like she was directing air traffic. "They better recognize I came through!" Dorothy nearly collapsed from laughing.

Tamia was in her zone, eyes locked on the lead singer like a heat-seeking missile, while Aaliyah kept her cool even though her eyes sparkled when the high notes hit just right.

The show ended, but the vibe stayed strong as they floated out of the venue, high on pure joy and nostalgia.

"That was next level," Tamia breathed, fanning herself. "Did you see how they moved?"

Candace spun around quickly. "In your dreams, sis. That look was all mine."

"Girl, please. They wouldn't know what to do with you!" Aaliyah teased, checking her reflection in the car's tinted windows.