

Autobiography By Daryon Joshua Grant

Locked In, Breaking Out Chronicles: The Rise of a Living Legend



*From Prison Walls to Purpose Calls – A
True Story of God, Faith, and Glory*

Locked In, Breaking Out Chronicles:
The Rise Of A Living Legend

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Mission Statement

This book was written to inspire transformation, not imitation. It stands as living proof that redemption, faith, and discipline can rebuild any life from the ground up.

Let this message move you — but don't steal it. Create your own.

Spiritual Integrity Notice

This story is built on redemption, grace, and truth. Readers are invited to draw strength from it — not steal from it.

Every word is covered by both the law of man and the favor of God.

Those who try to take what God anointed for purpose will face both.

Final Statement

This work was birthed from pain, refined by fire, and blessed by divine purpose.

It belongs to God first, and to Daryon Joshua Grant second. Any unauthorized attempt to exploit this story will not only meet legal resistance — it will fail spiritually. Because what God protects, no man can possess.

Author's Purpose

I did not write this book to make you feel sorry for me. I wrote it so you would never doubt what God can do with the broken pieces of a life the world tried to throw away.

I wrote it because there was a moment when I thought my story was over and Jesus whispered, *"Son, this is only the middle."*

I wrote it because I buried myself in darkness... and still found God's hand reaching for me in the places I thought He'd never go.

I wrote it for the young kid running the streets believing he's invincible. For the daughter

who prays behind closed doors that her father comes home. For the mother who won't give up on her child even when the judge already has. For the man in a cell right now thinking the world has forgotten his name.

I wrote it because chains couldn't silence my purpose. Bars couldn't block my calling. Prison didn't bury me — it planted me.

I wrote it to show you Jesus is not just for Sunday mornings. He is for the nights you cry into a pillow so nobody hears your pain. He is for the moments you're one mistake away from losing everything. He is for the days you look in the mirror and see disappointment instead of destiny.

I wrote it because I want you to know: If Jesus Christ can reach a man like me, He can raise a king like you.

This book is proof that guilt can become grace. That shame can become strength. That your past is not your prison — it's the evidence of God's mercy.

I wrote this to tell you: Don't count yourself out just because others did. Don't give up just because it hurts. Don't settle for breathing when God created you to live.

You are here for a reason. You survived what should have destroyed you. You're reading this because God isn't finished.

So turn the page... and walk with me. Cry with me. Rise with me. Let this testimony remind you: You can lose everything in this world and still win when you choose Jesus.

If a felon can become a father again... If a prisoner can become a leader... If a lost soul can become a living legend... Then there is nothing on this earth God can't resurrect in

you.

This is my purpose: To prove that hope still breathes. That faith still breaks chains. That God still writes the greatest comebacks using people the world counted out first.

I pray these pages touch you. I pray they challenge you. But most of all I pray they lead you closer to Him.

With love, purpose, and fire,

Daryon Joshua Grant *A man redeemed. A vessel of God. A living testimony.*

Foreword

The journey from incarceration to inspiration is rarely linear, and it's never easy. When I first met Daryon Grant, I saw a man who had every reason to be bitter, defeated, and re- signed to his circumstances. Instead, I witnessed something extraordinary: a soul trans- formed by purpose.

This book is not just a memoir—it's a manual for anyone who refuses to let their past dic- tate their future. Daryon's story demonstrates that prison walls cannot contain purpose, and that sometimes our greatest trials become our most powerful testimonies. As you

read these pages, you'll encounter raw honesty, hard-earned wisdom, and un- shakeable faith. You'll see how one man's determination to rise above his circumstances became a blueprint for countless others. This is the story of the rise of King Joshua—not just a man, but a movement.

Table of Contents

Copyright.....	i
Publisher’s Legal Disclaimer	ii
MissionStatement.....	iii
Author’sPurpose.....	iv
Foreword.....	v
Chapter1:BeforeGodSatMeDown.....	1
Chapter2:TheTrafficStopThatChangedEverything.....	8
Chapter3:ROOTS:WHEREI’MFROM(78702).....	12
Chapter4:TheWalkThrough.....	19
Chapter5:NotLeavingNoTimeSoon.....	22
Chapter 6: Welcome to the Jungle: My First Night in Texas State Prison	27
Chapter7:HEADUP,CHESTOUT.....	35
Chapter8:QUIETKNIVES,LOUDEYES.....	41
Chapter 9: THE DEVIL’S PLAYGROUND, GOD’S TRAINING GROUND	45
Chapter 10: When God Opened the Gate and Hell Lost My Name	50
Chapter 11: First Week Free: Learning How to Breathe Again	59
Chapter 12: Beast Mode Activated: From Felon to CEO	62
Final Chapter: Reentry Blueprint: Stabilize, Build, and Rise	66
Acknowledgments.....	71
Connect.Support.Share.....	73
StayConnected.....	74

CHAPTER 1: Before God Sat Me Down

Back to Table of Contents

Big Idea: Before God sat me down, I lived like the finish line was already behind me.

It's crazy how your mind can make a funeral feel like a checklist. I had rehearsed mine what suit I'd wear if they even bothered to dress me, which photo they'd blow up on a black easel, who would cry the loudest and who would pretend they knew me better than they did. I wasn't afraid of death; I was familiar with it, like a neighbor whose porch light is always on. The streets made that possible. So did the money. So did my own pride.

I had love real love for my son and my baby girl. My daughter had just been born; soft breath, tiny fists, that milk-sweet smell babies carry like a halo. My son was two, a ball of sunshine and stubbornness, a kid who wanted to be his version of a superhero which was me his father and actually believed he would be just like me one day even at a young age. I loved them both. But love can lose its voice when life screams too loud. The world outside the part that wasn't family, wasn't mine I had nothing for it. I was numb to it, cold as a steel barrel at sunrise.

I sold what moved: weed, pills, lean, heroin, coke anything my hands could touch that the city craved by nightfall. Supply and demand ain't poetry until it buys you time. I had a delivery job that let me come and go the way a ghost does. Clock in, disappear, clock out, count up. On paper I had "work"; in motion I had an enterprise. When I wasn't hustling, I was out of town or on that black motorcycle I bought off a dope fiend for \$400. The bike was loud and ugly, but it cut lanes like it owed nobody an apology. I told myself it matched my spirit fast, reckless, difficult to catch.

I collected guns like some people collect shoes. Micro Draco, Glock 19, Glock 26 - and thirty-round sticks taped together, mouth to mouth, like they were whispering about the next man to point at. I kept cash spread across different spots: a book I'd never read but always carried, a cereal box with the flap re-glued, a shoebox at the back of a closet that had more history than shoes. I was ready for anything except the one thing you can't control: time closing in.

Me and the mother of my children were always arguing. Females called her phone, some playing games, some trying to start fires I was already living inside of. That's what comes with the streets with being known, with being seen, with being mistaken for the answer to a problem that shouldn't be yours. I had women in the city and outside it. Some knew my name, some knew only the nickname. Some knew the truth; most knew the version the money told them. I told myself I was just living. But if you zoom out far enough, "just living" can look a lot like dying slow.

Speed lies to you. It says movement equals progress, that motion equals purpose. It tells you the bag is proof that God doesn't mind. But peace isn't loud, and purpose doesn't need a weapon to introduce itself. I know that now. Back then I only knew acceleration.

The stop should've been enough to slow me down. State Trooper - lights like a siren had teeth and then a trunk full of proof I didn't plan to defend: almost ten thousand ecstasy pills, XO's cut with meth like somebody's bad idea had a schedule. Three guns: Micro Draco in the trunk, Glock 19 in the console, Glock 26 riding close to the hip when I wasn't thinking straight. They took me to county. I sat eight hours in a cement room that smelled like sweat and disinfectant and men who looked like they stared off of scared straight "later." I remember the bench cold, hard, unforgiving the way it made my lower back feel like a sentence already started. I remember hearing somebody laugh in a way that meant they were done crying. Then, money moved. Ten thousand cash on a

hundred-thousand-dollar bond. Nine hundred more to drag my Charger out of the tow yard black 2014 Dodge, V6, factory rims, 5% tint a car that, from the right angle, looked like it was already guilty. They released me back to the world like the world had done nothing to me. I walked outside and the sun hit me so hard it felt like disrespect. I didn't blink. Most people would've slowed down. I sped up. Dallas to collect calls that came in urgent and disappeared when it was

time to pay had

suddenly found sentences. Austin to flip. Houston to re-up on bars, percs, narcotics. The weekend folded itself into a blur of freeway signs and exit numbers I could recite like Scripture. I went back to Austin, made sales, then right back up to Dallas to drop off like the law was a rumor. Like my name wasn't already printed bold on paperwork some clerk had slid into the right drawer. Like God hadn't whispered in my ear that survivors die too. After bond, my the mother of my children let me take my son for a month. My

daughter

was too young; her body still learned the alphabet of breathing. But my boy he was ready to live with me, and I was hungry for that kind of proof I could be better. I left Texas to get him, even though I knew I shouldn't. Even though it meant bond conditions were just letters on a page I pretended not to see. Life made me slow down in ways that didn't

look like mercy then, but I know now they

were. First, a layover in Atlanta turned into a miss flight gone, connection dead. I ended up in a clean hotel, sheets bright, lobby smelling like citrus and money. I had fifteen hundred on me, so I did what a man who wants to feel alive does when the plan breaks I went to the mall. Bright lights, sales clerks with too-perfect smiles, mirrors that promised you a new beginning with every jacket. I grabbed a fresh fit. All white Air Force 1s. The kind of purchase that says, "I'm still here," even when the rest of your life is counting down.

Then California Compton my cousin's graduation. COVID made the ceremony a living room event, but it sounded like a stadium. His smile covered the whole house. His brother dapped me up like we were already legends. They drove me through streets that carried weight and memory, then put me on UCLA's campus like I had a right to stand on futures that didn't bleed. I walked between buildings and imagined my son running there one day, bookbag like a cape. I felt forgiven for a second, like all my history took a breath and decided to try again.

Then Mobile, Alabama a state line crossed with a heart ready to be father and a mind still plotting plays. I picked up my son. We rode together like time didn't have hands. That month? It was the happiest lie I ever told myself, and still the truest prayer I ever lived. Mornings started early. I woke him up gentle the way fathers should, not like alarms, but like a hand on the shoulder that says, "The day believes in you." We did pushups in the living room he counted out loud and stopped at ten even when his arms gave out at four because discipline is also pretending until it becomes real. I made breakfast: eggs that probably should've been better, pancakes on Saturdays, grilled cheese cut into triangles because kids like to win their lunch. We walked to the park, and he ran hard toward the second tree like there was treasure buried under it. He'd look back to make sure I was watching. I always was.

But comfort doesn't end assignments you haven't canceled. Some nights, I still had to make drops. I told myself they were quick, close, careful. The kind of lies fathers tell themselves when they want to be better but don't want to be different. He rode in the backseat, shoes tapping, buckled in like that strap could guard him from the world I kept flirting with. I kept something tucked because I knew the world wasn't soft. I hate that sentence. It's a sentence that puts my love on trial with a guilty verdict already stamped. He'd fall asleep on the way home sometimes, head tilted, mouth open, the way babies sleep when they trust the driver. I'd carry him in, settle him down, and tell myself I was a good father because he was safe now. I didn't ask why he'd needed to be saved in the first place.

A week before the phone call, I played ball with my homie Red. We grew up together in a neighborhood that taught us to keep time by streetlights. He was one of those friends who remembers your first fight and your first victory, and he loved me with a laugh that made it easy to survive the day. We ran full court, breath burning, knees muttering curses only joints know. We talked trash and talked life. We drank water like it was currency. We were men, and for two hours, the world tolerated that without tax. Two weeks later, Red drowned.

The water took him quiet. No headlines that stuck, no lesson the city was ready to hear. One moment he was laughing, and the next the surface collapsed over him like a door no one could open. The streets don't always shoot you. Sometimes they let silence finish

the job. Grief pressed on my chest, but it didn't stop my feet. I told myself I had too much to collect,

too much to deliver, too many exits planned. That's how pride lets pain make you faster instead of wiser. You run harder because stopping means you might feel everything. Hill

County had its own script for me. A place where meth has a first name and the courthouse wears hate like a badge. Guns plus pills equals a math problem that never solves in your favor. My next court date was on the calendar like a trap with proper paperwork. The public story was that I was still on bond; the real story was that bond sat on a chair with one leg loose. The afternoon the phone rang, I had just walked off an

outdoor court in North Austin,

over by Parmer Lane near the Apple campus, air thick with late-day heat. My shirt stuck to my chest, a white muscle tee turned gray at the edges. Black basketball shorts, Nike socks, striped solid, hoop shoes with soles that sang a last squeak against painted concrete.

My little brother walked beside me. He was quiet in the way people are when they give you space without calling it a gift.

We were halfway to my Charger when the phone lit up. The screen showed my lawyer's name. My ribs felt like stained glass the kind that breaks light and keeps breaking.

I answered. "Daryon," he said, voice steady - too steady, like there was something he was

holding in

his throat to keep it from drowning us both. "We need to talk about your case."

Those words mean nothing and everything, depending on what comes next. He paused like he was giving me one more breath on the way down.

"You need to turn yourself in." Four words. No echo. No safety net. The asphalt under my

feet dropped an inch. He kept talking - Hill County won't wait, turn yourself in Tuesday,

it'll go worse if you

don't, I'm advising this, it could help later - all those phrases stacked like links in a chain looped around a man. My ears heard him. My blood didn't. My heart knocked once,

twice, then turned its fist to the door of my chest like it didn't want to live there anymore.

"Aight," I said. "I hear you." I didn't hear me. I hung up, screen still glowing, my

reflection a ghost inside the glass. My brother looked

at me like he needed a map. "You good?" he asked. He said it soft, like the question itself might break.

I started walking in a slow circle, the kind you make when the room is too small for the size of what's chasing you. I could hear the bounce of a ball from the court behind us, muffled like it was under water. I felt the evening settle across the lot, gold turning blue. I smelled the warm rubber from the soles of my shoes, the faint gasoline ghosts that hover around parking lots. The world was still happening. Mine was pausing.

"Let's go eat," my brother said. "Clear your head." We sat in the car awhile before we

even turned the key. When we finally moved, the city slid past in neon interruptions. We grabbed food I couldn't taste it. I chewed thoughts instead of fries. Back at the apartment, I lay in bed with my forearm over my face and watched the ceiling turn into the kind of bars you can't bend.

The first thought wasn't God. It wasn't surrender. It was the only sentence survival mode keeps loaded in its top drawer:

I can't go in broke. Money felt like oxygen. If I went in with a stack, I could come out and

rebuild. I told

myself it was strategy. The truth was it was fear holding a calculator.

The second thought hit softer and heavier: How do I tell my son I'm leaving? That one

slid under the door like smoke and would not leave. He was just here counting pushups, laughing at pancakes, falling asleep in the backseat. How do you tell a two-year-old that time is about to change the shape of his father? The third thought was

darker than the room: What if I don't make it back out? The courthouse doesn't sell hope

wholesale. It taxes it. Men like me, with charges like

mine, in counties like that if we walk back out, we usually limp, and sometimes not at

all. I knew the odds. I knew what prosecutors do with numbers. I knew what a DA,

best friends with your \$5,000 "lawyer," does with your future inside a conference room

where the carpet is thicker than the mercy. On top of that later down the line I found out

the lawyer I just paid \$5,000 to represent me was actually a court appointed lawyer as

well! Yeah the man I paid to protect me wasn't my man at all. He belonged to them, to

the town,

to a system that smiles at you while it sharpens the knife. He told me to turn myself in

under the flag of strategy. But looking back, he didn't defend me; he delivered me. The

room held me still. My mind ran. Somewhere between midnight and morning, a

decision I should've rejected turned into a commitment I couldn't put down.

The day I had to turn myself in didn't feel like morning. It felt like expiration. I barely slept the night before eyes closed, heart wide awake. Every memory of my son ~~that~~ ~~into~~ month kept replaying like my brain was trying to pack thirty days of fatherhood one last night of freedom. Then the sun came up, rude and bright again, like it didn't know what was on the schedule.

Joe pulled up outside the kind of man you meet once and wonder how you ever survived before knowing him. Solid. Real. One of the few who didn't vanish when trouble clocked in. He didn't try to make jokes. Didn't try to fix what couldn't be fixed. He just showed up and sometimes that's the whole gospel friendship needs to preach.

My mom T-Lady followed behind us in her car. Mother hands hearts never stay home when their sons are hurting. I could see her through the back window whenever I looked gripping the wheel like prayer and fear had finally met each other. We pulled onto the

freeway, and that road stretched long like the last miles of a life I thought I understood. The closer we got to Hill County, the smaller my chest felt. State Troopers were everywhere. Sitting in the median. Posted on the shoulder. Lights flickering behind cars they decided didn't belong.

Every time we passed one, something dark in me flared. Part of me wanted to slide on every single one- like they were the reason I was going in. But deep down, the truth sat bitter: I did this. I put myself here. My speed wrote this chapter. Now time was turning the page. Joe looked over at me a few times like he wanted to ask if I needed anything...

but every word in my throat was busy trying to not to break. I just stared ahead, jaw locked, breathing shallow trying to mentally build a version of me who could survive steel doors and controlled air.

The silence in that car wasn't awkward. It was loud with everything we weren't saying.

Joe finally asked quietly, "You straight?" I nodded a lie small enough to fit between my teeth. The highway signs started counting down like a clock God set. When Whataburger showed up on the right, Joe took the exit without asking. He knew a man needed one last meal that tastes like outside. I ordered, but I didn't taste anything. I was chewing nerves and swallowing fear. T-Lady sat across from me at a table too clean for the kind of goodbye we were pretending wasn't happening. Her eyes glistened, but she held them steady mothers are strong like that. Strong enough to break later where nobody can see. When we got back to the cars, the air felt heavier. The sky seemed too open for how trapped I felt inside my skin. Hill County wasn't far now. The courthouse waiting like a mouth that doesn't spit out what it swallows. My heart beat slow. Not scared surrendered. I wasn't walking into prison. I was walking out of the war I started with myself. And God... God met me at those doors with a whisper: "You're done running now." I looked at Joe his nod said, I got you. I looked at my mother her courage said, Come home different. I exhaled... and stepped forward.

CHAPTER 2: The Traffic Stop That Changed Everything

Back to Table of Contents

Big Idea: One wrong turn can reroute your entire destiny.

It's later in the evening around 6 or 7 p.m., the Texas sky turning that purple-orange color that should've warned me a storm was coming. I'm in Del Valle, in my room, weighing up platinum bubba and listening to YFN like he's narrating my life. I'm trying to get sixteen zips done so I can hit the city- Austin calling first with weed, lean, and pills, then straight to Dallas to run up another bag. Around zip six, my phone keeps blowing up-my business in Dallas. I ignore the first call because in my mind if bro ain't talking, "I got your bread and I need a re-up," then the call ain't worth answering. But it keeps ringing. Finally, I pick up, lying on autopilot, telling dude I'm busy like always. He says he has most of my money, and the rest is still in the streets, he just needs to collect. Soon as I hear that, I see money-not logic, not danger, not God. That's red flag number one, and I walk right past it like it's invisible. I call a shorty I kick it with whenever I'm in the D. She's younger, always in the mix, but loyal to the attention. I tell her I'm headed out there but I got a weird feeling, so I need her to hold the work for me. She doesn't care about the risk; she just excited to see me. That's red flag number two, but ego makes you deaf to sense. I tell dude I'm on the way. Then my T Lady, my mom but also my best friend in the rawest way, knocks on my door. She looks me dead in the eyes and tells me, "At this time of night? You don't move like that." She says she has a bad feeling, and that should've been the biggest red flag of all -because a mother's intuition is God's voice in disguise. But I only saw the dollar signs. I shrug it off, hug her, pack my clothes, grab my Draco and both Glocks, toss extra drugs- including 10,000 XO pills-into a suitcase that I stupidly leave in the back seat like I'm untouchable. I feel invincible, not smart-blueprint for self-destruction.

I pull out blasting YFN-the kind of songs that make a hustler feel like a superhero who can't die. My mind racing: money, re-up, flipping into more money. My spirit whispering: "Slow down..." but the money screaming louder. As I'm driving out this country town, I pass a sign: "Come On Vacation, Leave On Probation." It hits me funny-like some type of spiritual foreshadowing-but I ignore it because my pride has the wheel. Shorty wants to stay on the phone the whole drive, talking about nothing, and I'm only halfway listening. Then two cars fly past me doing 90 or 100 easy, and a state trooper is sitting in the cut watching. They blow past him like they invisible. I'm the only one going the speed limit-three cars total on a dead highway. Trooper pulls out, passes me, gets behind the second car, runs his plates, lets him go. Then he slows down and slides behind me. The math ain't mathing. He follows me for four minutes, maybe five. My chest tightens. My hands stiffen on the wheel. Lights hit. My heart drops but my face goes soldier mode-calm survival instincts taking over because I'm a tatted Black man in a country town. One wrong move and I'm a memory.

He knocks. I roll down the window. Hands on the wheel. He asks for my ID and registration. Before reaching, I ask permission, knowing how this can go if he flinches wrong. He looks at my info for one second, hands it right back-doesn't even walk to the car. That's when my spirit screams: "Pull off. Throw the pills. Don't let this happen." But my body can't move-like God froze my legs on purpose. Trooper says he smells weed. I look at him like, "Really bro?" I hadn't smoked in years-trying to get my health right-but stereotypes solve problems faster than truth. He tells me step out. I tell him I got two guns, both legal, both in my name because I ain't a felon -yet. He relaxes a bit. I tense more. He searches the car and that's when my sloppy mistake becomes destiny. He opens the suitcase. Finds the hidden zipper. Pulls out the gallon Ziploc stuffed with XO's like he just won a trophy. His whole face lights up like Christmas. My whole world caves in like a sinkhole. My knees buckle. Vision blurring. I ask for water. He sees I'm about to faint so he rushes to get it. Crazy world- man arresting me shows more concern than the streets ever did.

Backup arrives. They lay out everything-guns, weed, lean, 1,000 blue Xanax, bagged amounts of 100 XO's tied up, like six zips of gas-all on my own trunk while the first trooper smiling like this is his first big bust and the other trooper looking at him like he doing too much. They don't read me my rights. They don't need to. The evidence is screaming louder than any lawyer can silence. He asks if I want to talk to his boss-snitch vibes. I shut that down quick, respectful but firm. They cuff me, drive me not straight to jail but to some random parking lot like they staging a victory photo shoot. Then we go to county. That holding cell smells like bleach, must, and regret. One dude crying. One dude

detox-

ing. One dude obsessed with his girl cheating. I expected to turn savage, ready to crash into the first problem, but instead God makes me calm-real calm -like He placing His hand on my shoulder saying, "You're not staying here forever." They fingerprint me, tograph my tattoos, try to claim they gang-affiliated. I deny everything even if they might be right because labels become sentences. I finally get my call-T Lady already grabbing money from the safe before I even finish the sentence. Phones tapped, so we say nothing more than what's necessary. They set my bond at \$100,000-country-town extortion, knowing they need revenue. I drop \$10k and walk. Another \$900 to get my car out the impound. Almost \$11k gone in one night. Money vanishing like smoke. Freedom more expensive than any re-up I could chase. I walk out Wednesday, May 6th-anybody in the

streets know that date carries meaning-

and T Lady is waiting, eyes tired but heart strong. She throws my keys, hugs me like she trying to hold me together. Gabe with her-OG from the hood, one of the realest. He shakes me up, respect exchanged without words. I tell them I'm hitting Dallas to collect. They don't argue -they know hustlers hate feeling trapped. I don't say much because phones can put you back in cuffs faster than court can. I drive to Dallas, a mission carved in concrete: get my money, get back right, figure out my next move before the system moves on me. Dude hands over most but still owes like a band. We hit Dallas spots, then

Texarkana-grabbing every dollar we can reach. His face different now-not excitement or loyalty-just fear wrapped in respect. He stays down there to make the rest because he don't want to face me empty-handed. I grab a new iPhone SE, scoop shorty, eat good for a day like nothing happened. But beneath every laugh, every bite of food, every song on the radio... my mind is racing. Lawyer. Kids. Charges. Pills. Felony. Time. What if I gotta sit down? What if life as I know it is over? One thing is certain: I'm out on bond and the clock just started ticking. No more margin for error. I'm in grind mode. I need a lawyer. I need money. I need to see my kids. I need to figure out whether I'm sprinting toward success or sprinting straight into God's next wake-up call.

I get back in the car, headed toward Del Valle again, heart heavy but pride loud, determination and fear fighting for the steering wheel. Soldier mode on. Hustler mode activated. God whispering warnings. Devil dangling quick wins. And me? I'm stuck in the middle, thinking I'm in control, not knowing that this was only the first step of God sitting me down to finally stand me up. The traffic stop didn't just end a trip-it marked the beginning of my spiritual U-turn. A part of me knew life was never going to be the same. But the other part-the part wired for fast money and empty wins-was ready to run it up again until the consequences caught me. And they would. Soon. Because you don't outrun purpose. It finds you-badge or Bible in hand-and forces you to face the truth: every road you choose leads somewhere... and this one was leading me straight into God's plan whether I liked it or not. And I know by now, with y'all reading this, your heart

probably racing like mine was,

wondering how the hell I ended up here. Where did this hustle come from? What was I chasing and why did I think I couldn't lose? You might be thinking: "There's gotta be a story behind this story." And you right. Because legends don't just appear out of thin air. They get born in ugly situations, in environments designed to break them before they ever get a chance to rise. They get shaped by moments, by pain, by survival. They get built through the chaos that tried to bury them. So before I take you deeper into the war I was about to face... we gotta go back. Way back. To where everything started. To the village that raised me, scarred me, loved me, and sometimes left me fighting alone. To the roots of a kid who didn't choose the street life the street life chose him, dressed it up like opportunity, and tricked him into thinking fast money was freedom. So boom - we about

to rewind the tape and press play on the origin of a living legend. A story the world tried

to count out before it even began. A calling God wrote in stone long before I ever touched a bag, a gun, or a jail cell.

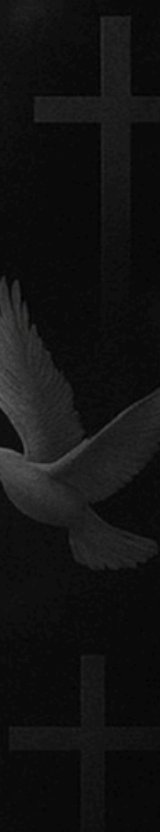



Turn the page. Come see how a king was crowned in a battlefield... and how God had a

plan for me even

when I didn't believe I had one for myself.

This ain't the part where the story goes left

this is the part where you finally understand why I had to go right.



He walked into prison as a number.
He walked out as a living testimony.
Daryon Joshua Grant had everything the streets
promised — money, attention, a name that rang
bells. But the same life that crowned him king at
night became the same life that stole his freedom by
morning. One moment, he was laughing with his
people. The next, he was shackled, chained, and
shipped to one of the deadliest prisons in Texas —
where hope goes to die and only faith survives.

Inside those cages:

- He learned what fear tastes like
- He faced the demons he tried to out-run
- He discovered the purpose he never knew he had

And when God showed up behind those bars, Hell
lost its grip.

This book is not celebration of crime — It's a
resurrection story

It's a blueprint for anybody who has ever felt trapped
in their circumstances, swallowed by their mistakes,
or convinced that their past disqualified them from a
future. From felon to father. From inmate to
entrepreneur. From lost soul to Godchosen leader..

**If you think this is just a prison story...
turn the page.**

It's a story about **what God can** do with a man the
world counted out.

It's proof that redemption isn't a rumor — it's a
calling.

And the same God who rebuilt him can rebuild **you**.

If you're ready to believe again —
step into this journey.

Your comeback starts here.

