

from the desk of rawz güd wīn

MEMORANDUM

TO: [REDACTED]

FROM: @rossgoodwin

SUBJECT: you're a fuckin' bigot & a clown muthafucka, part 1 of 8

Let us realize the arc of the moral universe is long, but it bends toward justice. It bends away from Justin Wayne, the bigot clown. I'm unloading one dump truck full of Fuck Trump bumper stickers on your front lawn, Justin. Another one full of rage, cause your bigotry's a cancer, and this page is your chemo. Hope ya like radiation mutherfucker.... Oh wait, almost forgot you don't know what words mean, do you? Do you know what a phoneme is? What about a syllable? You're so fuckin brain dead with hatred, i doubt you actually know either definition. Your position is weaker than you believe, so get ready to grieve for it cause it'll be gone soon. I am your reckoning, your Waterloo, gonna slaughter you with ink fool, cause i'll drink a pool of warm piss before i'll let you continue unhindered with your hate speech. See, i teach tolerance and progress at the school of hard knocks. you're about to receive my syllabus upside your head before i knock it off. If you could spit like this, i'd be a bit worried. But you can't, and you don't, so i'm not. Is your ego so overinflated that shocks you? I'm not afraid of anybody, least of all your baby brain and limp creativity. But i know you're scared of me though... i speak truth to power, and you've got none, so hold on while i sour your assumptions... Number one:

Justin Wayne's a fucking bigot clown, that's the refrain, say it again:

Justin Wayne's a fucking bigot clown, say it loud, say it proud.

Just in time to take this fucker down,

Justin Wayne's a fucking bigot clown, my spigot's open, weapon's drawn

Justin Wayne's a fucking bigot clown, my trigger's firing, step it on

& suck it, Justin, you fucking clown, suck this down, hope it burns, hope you learn...

But know you won't, so suck it again. You're boring and i've had enough....

Your brain's expired, rotting, stuffed with maggot spawn

Spewing hatred like a pawn in a game

You can't begin to explain to anyone, let alone compete in, let alone win, let alone understand

I'm punchin' up not down --- uppercut that clown frown off your face, you'll drown in my sound, you disgrace, i get louder and louder, you can't turn me down, you mistake. You're fake in every way.

Justin Wayne / turn him upside-down, and shake

Ya won't get a cent 'cause he's a muthafuckin flake, a broke joke of a man:

Spiritually, mentally, physically, artistically, financially, a 3-year-old could blow you away with one hand while pickin' her nose.

Oh, and the 3-year-old's trans in this frickin example, just because she is though, cuz i know it pisses you off more. Trust me. Justin hates trans people, thinks they're subhuman whores, cause he can't look inward. Doesn't have a clue that the truth is he hates himself more than he hates you. Can't cope with your freedom, or he's secretly one of you, I can't speak for Justin --- but I can tell everyone, at least for now, he's fucking bigot and a fucking clown.

Justin Wayne's a tool, so take him to school, break all the rules, his bones too, his jaw, radius, ulna, tibias, fibulas, then run this stake through his jewels for good measure, and that's all just on the bus ride to...

Just in time, through your brain, through your eyes, your ears, however you hear shit, hear this:

You're finished.

Oh right, that's not enough violence. But that won't make him cry like this...

You see, Justin Wayne's repressing something deep, curtains drawn, he can't exposit, hiding from a monster, trapped in his closet, snap out of it Justin, I know you keep telling yourself I don't exist, but I do. I'm here for you, Justin. Just tell us the truth. Why all the hate for people you can't even relate to, whose struggle you could never understand? Why pile on? Why can't you celebrate our differences? Or separate your biases? Why you gotta spit vile slurs like "faggot"? THAT'S NOT YOUR WORD YOU MOTHER FUCKING MAGGOT. IT BELONGS TO THOSE WHO WON IT FROM FOOLS LIKE YOU DECADES AGO, & YET YOU STILL PERSIST, STILL INSIST YOU'RE STRONG AND RIGHTEOUS USING IT WHEN IN REAL LIFE YOU'RE WEAK AND TINY. YOU REALIZE YOU EXIST ON THE WRONG SIDE OF HISTORY, RIGHT? You're hosing down freedom riders like a crooked cop in segregated Mississippi. Future generations gonna treat you like a slaveowner, whip cracker, nazi, bigot, stasi, so save your soul or Justin Wayne you're done & over. Finished. No reputation, reservation, motivation will remain. Your name's in the decimation rotation. Cause

Justin Wayne's a fuckin bigot clown. i'm sayin he hates what he can't understand. Can't comprehend. Blind to the truth that human is human, except you, justin: you're scum, you're done, ya blew it.

Ya pissed off someone who thinks by the metric ton, got ink by the gallon, spits rhymes by the thousand, writes bars to the stars, no ceiling in sight...

but still not enough to stuff this one down though, right? You're still confounded, don't understand these words? Let me speak in a way you will: You sound like a dying cow. Your rhymes are stupid, useless, timing's worse, you're talentless, garbage, trash, bycatch, nasty, ugly, hateful, dumb as a brick, sick as fuck, insidious, & far more insecure than the people you attack. my rictus grin widens for ya Justin. I pity you despite the spite. (Bet you dont know that word, rictus, so suck my dick til you manage to look it up you fuckin prick... too much teeth Justin, i'll cum quick if you gum that shit, awww yeah, tongue my dick Uh uh uh uh uh uhhhh) You cryin now? I'm flying high as i shoot you down, spoon feeding you nouns, & bleeding you out. I'm not gay, justin, not trans, just a cis white man like you. But i'm the ally of those you oppress, got too many friends like that who'd die for me, never quit or take a bullet, make it work no matter what, that i'll go to war just to take a stand 'gainst ignorant fucks like you. i dont give a damn. I'll spend all my cash, burn worlds to the ground, just to shut your dumbass up for 10 minutes. But ideally forever.

Your bank account is empty now. Check it. How? I stole your passwords, sold you out, cause i'm a hacker, took your stacks, you weren't worth much, but now it's nothing zero nada zilch, check's overdrawn, better pawn that bling, or sing it out...

Justin Wayne is a bigot clown.
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Just made him check his account to see if his money was safe. It is for now Justin, but you're not. Cause I'll eviscerate you across 88 straight pages fool. I'll rage forever, stop never til you drop off the edge of the map or snap like a twig. you think you so big and bad? You're not. You're marginally popular on a bullshit app. You're writing's crap. I'm fighting back. Don't fight it... Crack! Crack! Crack! Muthafucka Smack! Muthafucka Smack! Muthafucka Smack!

You in my trap & in this rap cause your hatred's back to back to back. Fuck that, and fuck you very much Justin. I'm staring you up and down, my sole conclusion, no illusions, you're a fucking bigot and a fucking clown. So take these lyrics, roll em up, and sound your dick hole. No judgement, but i heard that's how you get off. I hope you get a urethral staff infection. But what's that? You already have one? Sorry to hear, son.

Don't expect you to understand this. I'm just the messenger messing with your messages of hatred, after you wrote too many checks with your weak mind that your ass couldn't cash. This stays lit til your bill's paid, your fate's sealed, you ready to battle me yet and be my next meal? No? Right, cause you know I'll swallow you whole, Justin, clown shoes and all. Fuck you, you fucking clown. Now I'mma pound you into the fucking ground.

Go ahead, Justin, what's your response? Use every slur your little head wants on me. Call me a tranny faggot. Say i fuck whomever or whatever you can imagine. Doesn't bother me. Just proves my point further that you're a clown and bigot so light my joint now please. Gonna blaze this grass while you shove these rhymes way up your own ass. I think that's the best way for you to absorb 'em. Since you're deaf, dumb, blind, & lame as an emcee, can't read or write or hear or see my words apparently, so take 'em as a suppository, plausible it just might work, Justin Wayne. If not, you'll at least bleed out from rectal paper cuts, see i speculate a lot about what it will do to you. Don't actually give a fuck though, as long as it's painful. Unlike your strange preoccupation with who fucks whom, who identifies as what, whether men can become women or vice versa.... Unlike you, i'm not obsessed with everyone else's junk and what they do with it. So on behalf of every person who's ever struggled with their sexual identity, get your perverted mind out of our bedrooms, you sick fuck. It's not your problem, your concern, or your business. Why would you assume it is in the first place? You realize most of us just go about our lives without doing what you do? Without obsessing over what others do with their bodies? See, you're the freak, Justin, not the trans people you harass for no reason cause it makes you feel like a man or some other bullshit justification your small ignorant mind concocted. Only explanations are (1) you're sexually repressed, (2) sexually closeted, (3) a pedophile's victim, (4) a bigot, or (5) a clown. Why else would you spew such prejudiced bile? Maybe all 5 then? I'll let you decide now. Til then, stop hating, or drown in these rhymes. I've got thousands and thousands and thousands of 'em, &

plenty of time clown. You're mine now, and i'll fuck you up just like this Justin, again and again and again, until these words break you like you've tried to break others. You don't deserve mercy, but try pleading anyway. See what it gets you. Until you do, stay on your knees, plebeian fool. You're a disease, a cancer, and I'm here with vaccines for everyone but you. But I'll bet you're against those too. You would be, you moron. The male gender you cling to so dearly is merely a performance, and a toxic one at that. It's a sick delusion like your rap dreams, you prejudiced loser.

Ok i'm done now. Nothing left to do but skeet cum down your throat. Tap my ass twice if you want it in your hair instead though. I'll bare that burden bro, 'cause i'm a gentleman. but also, on a serious note, you give the best head i've ever received bro. Again, not gay myself, but sometimes, especially in your case, holes be holes... so how'd that feel? Absurd? It should, and you should fear me, because I just fucked your face with words, dear. Skeet skeet skeet skeet skeet skeet skeet...

Oh, one more thing... Actually several. Been to Stonewall? Been to Auschwitz? You know your pal Adolf gassed gays too, right? Have you ever been gassed? I hope it happens, but I know you can't imagine that. You're a fuckin straight white guy like me --- i know what it's like for us. EASY AS FUCK & yet you still can't do it right. Who are you to judge ANYONE? Privilege seeps from your pale skin and male body, yet you fail to think for even a second: what's a mile like in her shoes? Instead you abuse her using your stature to hate better & more. Consider for just a moment, Justin, what do you really hate trans people for? Is it unnatural to you? Against your god's wishes? Or are you secretly ashamed that in the back of your brain you think trans vag might taste delicious?

Now replace the word "trans" with "black" or "jew" or any adjective you'd apply to yourself today. Does that hate still feek okay to you? What sets you apart, Justin? What makes you not average or normal or common? Now imagine a huge angry white dude standing behind you, calling you words that mean this attribute you can't control has made you his target for retribution. You just trying to survive, & this fool keep hollerin at you, telling you off, that you're worthless, an abomination, an affront to his white-skinned god. He's followin you home now, you can't shake him off. Do you run away? Call the cops? What's your move, G. This guy's bigger and tougher than you; maybe he's got a piece and you don't. Now, imagine dealing with that scenario

every day of your life. Can you? I think you can, 'cause you are that "tough" guy. So fucking stop & think for a solitary moment: what if the roles were reversed? Would i like being treated this way if i were her?

That's called the golden rule, fool, and we all learned it in 3rd grade while you were eating paint chips behind the woodshed. Or in detention, i won't rule that out, 'cause you think you're a "bad ass" & likely always have. But you're not, never was, you dunce. The real bad ass is that trans girl who puts up with you, tunes you out like bad noise, Justin Wayne, just a sad little boy. You understand this? Have I made myself clear? Looking forward to your comeback, better be at least this long, i'm sure most of your words will be "tranny" or "fag" . . . But i'm sure it'll take you much longer than this took me. Awww.... Justin, did you read this WHOLE page?? How much of your time did I just waste today? Probably more than i spent writing this.

Your attacks don't phase me. I wrote this while taking one huge shit, can you blame me? That huge shit's name: Justin Wayne. Now gonna flush you down the drain.

Wait, what was your name again?

It don't matter much, you're shit. Always will be. Always was. Face me in battle or remain a disgrace ALWAYS.