



now I run the game, got the whole world talkin'

Hola.

Allow me to introduce myself.

Who am I fooling? I know you all know me.

And love me.

Which is why I decided, out of the goodness of my heart, to give back to all of you out there. I decided to grace the Cannabis Cup with my presence.

Please, please hold your applause. I'm only a man.

But..

You're all very welcome.

Now that we got those pleasantries out of the way, let's get down to business.

I found myself back in the City I fucked dreaded, the Big Apple, earlier than I wanted. I wasn't planning on getting into the City until the week of the Cup. I hated this City, brought back so many terrible memories of my upbringing. Of the events surrounding the lies told by my.. Joe Montuori. Horrible memories of my career nosediving after choking to Dickie Watson in FIGHT!. FIGHT! Tower blowing up was the best thing that ever happened. Got me out of this horrible City.

But I had to come into the City early, I was booked in a match in the revival of my old stomping grounds, Outlaw Pro Wrestling. I don't know what I was thinking, going back there. I'm too fucking nice..

That place dredged up a past I'm trying to forget. Dredged up a version of myself I thought I long left behind. I'm not the same man I was when the first reincarnation of OPW was around. I'm not the same man that started at FIGHT!. Shit, I'm not the same man from 2021. I've fucking grown so much, finding myself. And it's all thanks to my family. My *real* family. Not the backstabbing, lying fucks that called themselves my family..

These last few months have been awesome. Surrounded by my daughter Madison, son Ezra and baby boo Michelle, life has been dope. Family life has been dope, I'm not going to lie. Well, outside of never being able to burn in my own crib. I have to wake up before the kids or wait until they go to sleep. And between the two kids, they never sleep. I'm so paranoid of seeing my daughter Madison catching me, I put her through enough already. Kids at her age think all drugs are the same. She doesn't realize that I gotta smoke herb on the account my doctor says I need a backiotomy.

So here I am, on the balcony of some highrise hotel suite. Windy as fuck, blunt clenched in my teeth. I haven't burned all day, Daddy Fucking Day Care. Michelle is getting the kids ready to go out to dinner. Perfect time to spark one up.. I pat my pockets down, finding no lighter but matches. Where'd I get matches? Oh yeah, I grabbed them off the hotel bar last night. Figured, never know. And look! I was fucking right.

One match. Two matches. Three matches. Match after match, all extinguished by the wind before the flame can even become developed.

"Fuck!" I curse. Only to watch the blunt go sailing through the air and over the balcony. I lean over the railing, watching it disappear onto the street below. Someone is going to think they found a gift from Heaven. Fuck, I would too. This is already a bad start to Cannabis Cup Weekend. I should be staying baked. I bet everyone else doesn't have to hide their smoking. I smelled it in the halls of the hotel. I saw it in their eyes. I bumped into Young Ricardo and he looked straight up like Mister Miyagi. I don't even know how he could see where he was going.

"P, let's go. I'm hungry," Michelle says as I turn around to see her standing at the door. I wish I was hungry from smoking too much reefer. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," I say pouting as I follow her into the suite.

"Grab Ezra," she says as I reach down and pick buddy up. "Madison, you ready?"

"Coming," I hear her say from the other room.

"You don't want the baby sling?"

"I'm not wearing that," I reply. No way was I putting that baby backpack thing on.

"Why not?"

"Why not? Cause that shit doesn't look cool."

"Are you serious?"

"What?"

"Whatever," she says. But I know she ain't done. "Just don't cry to me like a little bitch cause your back starts to hurt from holding Ezra for too long."

"There it is," I say.

"I'm ready," Madison says as she walks into the room.

"Uh.. Excuse me?" I ask.

"What?" Madison replies.

What are you wearing?" I say, pointing at the fucking middriff fucking belly showing shirt.

"Ew gross, don't be one of those dads," she replies.

"Yeah P, don't be so gross," Michelle chimes in with a grin on her face.

"Sorry for thinking my 9 year old daughter," I start to say.

"I'm 12," Madison says, cutting me off.

“12?” I say. Fuck. “Really?”

“I think I’d know,” she replies as she snatches up her purse and walks out of the suite.

“Of course she’s mad. Flipped that shit on me real quick,” I say as Michelle laughs, patting me on the back.

“Between that stank of a mom of hers Machel and me, what’d you’d expect?” She says as I shrug. I follow her out of the suite and find Madison already waiting at the elevator. We ride it down, smelling herb the entire way down. Everyone’s getting baked but me. The doors open as Young Ricardo Rodriguez stands there, looking high as fuck with that grin on his face. He steps on as the door closes behind him.

“Aye Paulie, Michelle. Paul’s kids..”

“Young Ricardito, wadap? Waddya getting into” I ask. Knowing damn well what was up.

“Oh man just sumlilbitonadabittho..”

Lucky for both of us the doors open. We all hop out and walk towards the restaurant. Young Ricardo walks off, joining his wifey, the Ramsey’s and some other participants of the Cup I can’t name cause I didn’t get them to sign a release.

Actually, I didn’t get Young Ricardo’s..

Or the Ramsey’s..

Oop..

We get seated at the table. I struggle to get Ezra into the high chair. This whole Dad thing is still so fucking new. And weird. But it’s so cool..

“I’m going to use the restroom,” Madison says.

“Be careful. Be on the lookout for creeps,” I say as I sit down. “Throw that judo chop I showed you.”

“I’ll be fine,” she says as she walks off. I look over at Michelle who looks like she’s got something to get off her chest.

“Why haven’t you dropped out? After what that asshole Page did to me,” Michelle says. How’d I know..

"You know why. It's bidness," I reply. She knew this. She still didn't like it. Michelle's dying to get revenge on Page. I just hope it happens before Thanksgiving at Parts Unknown. "I'm also going to be in the same building as him. Good possibility he'll be at ringside for one of my matches. Perfect time to get my hands on him."

"You better," she says.

"I got you. No one puts their hands on my boo thang," I say as I stand up and give her a kiss. I sit back down and start thumbing through the menu. An eruption of laughter fills the restaurant as I look over to see Young Ricardo and Co. cracking up.

"What's wrong?" Michelle asks.

"Nothing," I reply, not sounding all that convincing as I go back to staring at the menu.

"P, I know when somethings bothering you," she says. I sigh all dramatic.

"Nothing it's just.. When I signed up for this Cannabis Cup I thought it was gonna be a dope time. I'd be going to all these pothead events. Smoke with everyone that showed up to the Cup early. Be a guest host at a club or something. Ride in a parade."

"There's a parade?"

"I don't know, I just pictured I'd be in one. I'm Paul Montuori, I was *thee* Pothead Wrestler before that was a thing."

"I highly doubt that. There's plenty of losers in the Cup that probably think the same thing," she says as I shoot her a look.

"I don't even know the last time I even got to burn. And the entire fucking hotel smells amazing. One big ass tease," I say as I fold my arms across my chest and pout.

"So go fucking smoke and stop pouting."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Cause I'm with you guys."

"Like I care."

"I do. I can't sneak off. Sucks Rosa isn't here to help with the kids."

“She’s too busy getting that young dick.”

“Bite your tongue.. With Madison around, I don’t want her to know I smoke,” I barely finish saying before Michelle starts laughing.

“Madison’s almost thirteen. You don’t think she knows you smoke weed?”

“How would she know? I’ve been hiding it.”

“Oh P, you’re so lucky you’re beautiful.. There’s this thing called the internet. All of your promos, all of your videos..”

“Even the porn stuff?”

“Especially the porn stuff is all over the internet. I’m sure she looked you up a long time ago.”

“Oh no..” I reply as Michelle starts laughing again.

“Yeah. She doesn’t care about any of that stuff. She loves you. You’re her Dad.”

“Thanks.. What about you?”

“I don’t care. Go have fun. Just keep the Monty Python in your pants,” she says as I jump to my feet. I reach over and give her a kiss again

“Do you have to go right this minute? We’re about to have dinner,” she says.

“Dinner can wait,” I say as I kiss her on the head. I turn around and bump into Madison.

“Dad, where are you going?” She asks.

“I’m uh..” I start to stutter. Fuck that. “I’m going to smoke marijuana! And I don’t care who hears!”

And I instantly regret it. The look on Madison’s face. I look over to Michelle who’s sunk down in her chair, table cloth over her face. I look around to see everyone in the restaurant staring at me..



Ohh shiiiiit..

Who let the *real* **KING** in?

Paulie Tres Straps!

For the people in the back..

PAULIE TRES STRAPS!

Oh man, it feels so good to be me.

I'm on a fucking roll right now..

Killing it..

Proving to the my fucking hating ass fan club that I can be successful out of the cushy bubble I built for myself. I'm out here proving I'm not just a big fish in a little pond anymore. I'm *THEE* **KING** of the Ocean..

Wait, that doesn't sound right..

Which is why I decided to hit up that fuck Chris Page, before he bashed my boo with a steel chair in the back. Don't think I forgot about ya Page. You're lucky FIGHT! closed, but ya better expect a receipt..

See what ya did Page, the people tuned in to hear *greatness*, not to hear about you..

Anyway..

After FIGHT! closed, I knew it was my opportunity to spread my beautiful wings and prove I belonged anywhere I fucking pleased. So I got myself into the Cannabis Cup. My first tournament to prove I am who I say I am.

And my gawd how lucky this tournament is to have Paul Montuori involved. It definitely brings the prestige up a level. Before I became involved, it was some stoner tournament with mediocre talent being held in a strip club. Now it's a stoner tournament with mediocre talent being held in a strip club involving **PAUL MONTUORI!**

Yay!

I'm on my march back to the top of this business. With a stop at the Cup. Looking to get in the ring with some of the best this business has to offer. So when it was announced I was going to be involved, after initially being told it was completely full (like you weren't gonna let a star like me in), I expected someone big.

Young Ricardo.

Maybe Ash or one of the Austin's..

Dane Preston..

Or get my revenge on Dickie Watson.

Nah..

Hailey Hasley.

But I gave homegirl the benefit of the doubt at first. I'm not really known to pay attention to anyone outside of my "bubble" or even inside my "bubble". For all I knew she was awesome in the ring. Handled bidness. Was a legend in her own part of the business. So it seemed unfair to cast judgment on someone I didn't know. That wasn't who I was anymore. I'm a family man now.

I'm grown..

So I did what everyone does when they want to know more about people..

Stalked them online.

My first thought was, you're cute. Not my cup of tea. See I like girls with booty. Have you met my Michelle? You'd hate her. She's so awesome and amazing and beautiful and a great mom and she's going to make a great wife. *My wife..* But cute nonetheless. Which then sort of confused me when I kept scrolling. You like to talk shit on Twitter, pick fights. Like a lot. Kind of a sassy ass bitch who loves to rile people up. Not much different than my boo thang Michelle. Except she's way hotter. But somehow your sassiness overcomes those extra points.. Wait, I hope I don't fall in love with you too. I'm like 1-0 when it comes to sassy blondes who like to pick fights. And it's 1-0 because me banging Michelle is definitely a dub.

Gotcha bitch!

It's weird Hailey, you kinda seem like the female version of me. Well, the younger female version of me. Back when I used to love to pick fights just to get a reaction. Positive or negative, I never cared. Looks like you're still in that phase of your life. Enjoy it because it actually can be fun to be a dick for no reason. Like, I'm way too mellow and wise now too, but occasionally I like to get under my boy Steve Blackman aka Dane Preston's skin. Yo, Thanksgiving at Parts Unknown is gonna be mad awkward..

You also got the looks to go along with the attitude. Just like ol' P Mont. Look at me, I'm beautiful.. And you're OK too. Wait, that won't get me in trouble with the hash tag me too movement, will it? Is hash tag me too even a thing anymore? And why are 90% of pro wrestlers these days good looking? I miss the days of ugly fucks like Damon Riggs and Vhodka Black's first boo Bryan Dyamond. Now it's like everyone's an Instagram model. Shit, I'd be an Instagram

model if Instagram was around when I first broke in. Fuck getting hit in my beautiful face for a living, I could be getting paid for dick pics like Austin Ramsey..

And you got some gold. NFW Perseverance Champ. Whatever that is. Which tells me you're at least somewhat decent. Or at least the best in a group of people. Unless you gave yourself that strap. Sort of like I just woke up one morning and crowned myself a **KING**. Unfortunately, it hasn't caught on. But Vhodka talked soo much shit about it, I can't let it go. Can't let her win. You get that right, Haysley? You seem like a super spiteful person. It's written all over your face. Shit, your entire Twitter feed is full with spite. And straight up hate. Yet you somehow try to flip the script. Make it seem like people are hating on you. That they're the problem. Does anyone really buy that shit? Anyone really buy in that you're the victim? You're out here bragging that people continue to block you. There's a reason for that. It might be time ya thought long and hard.

Do you need a hug?

I give dope hugs.

Then again you might not give a fuck. You look like you don't give a fuck. Relish in being *that* bitch. Relish in behind hated. Wearing that hate and spite like a badge of honor. I'm assuming that's your entire gimmick, right? Being a bitch to everyone? Taking Sahara's gameplan? You probably saw her on Twitter and decided to steal her gimmick. I don't blame you, she went from working at Applebee's to married to a dood with a lion. And look, it's worked out well for you so far. You're a Champ somewhere. More than most people can say.. You must know what you're doing.

So play on.

But Hayley, I'm sorry to break the news to ya but.. The Cannabis Cup isn't where you're going to make a name for yourself, smash through the proverbial glass ceiling. This isn't the time, this isn't the tournament, this isn't the match you finally breakthrough and become a big star. Not against me. No fault of your own, you're just not there yet, kid. But if you were smart, you'd take some mental notes during the match. You're about to get in the ring with a fucking **KING**, *thee* dopest dood that's ever been in this business. It's going to be a huge learning experience for you. Professor PMont is going to take ya to school..

You gotta understand, I'm too big of a name to let some wannabe YouTuber, thirsty for fame broad come in and embarrass me. You have no real discernible talent. Outside of being mean to people on social media and getting blocked. Which again, good for you. You've made a little career for yourself. You've gotten yourself into the Cannabis Cup by being rude. And I get it. Like I said earlier, I used to be mean to people too. Being mean sort of helped me make a name for myself, set me apart from most of these white meat babyfaces. But see the main difference is I could also go in the ring. Back my shit talking up. Can you say the same for yourself?

I sure as hell can.

I've proved it.

I continue proving it.

Maybe you'll be able to prove it.

One day.

Not July 22nd..

Not against *your* **KING**..

One day though..

I promise..

Until then..

Peace & Love..