

What I want...

My dream state, that is...

I want to be someone, a figure, an image of power like Cobra. Respected like I never was in my whole life,

I want a big yacht on some faraway island with some hot-ass chicks. All in good spirits, smiling ear to ear, bumping Dancing in the Moonlight, ironically in an orange sunset.

Give my family everything they ever wanted. **No more** labor, **no more** shitty apartment. **I want them all** to learn the amenities of wealth.

I want it all for them. I don't want nothing back. I want my siblings to look up to me with proud eyes like "Yeah, that's our brother!"

I want Mom to shed a tear and see how big her son has grown. All those days we gave her trouble, all those arguments, all the stubbornness we showed her, me and my brother...

I want my grandparents to relax too before they leave... Before it's too late. I want them to be there with me,

I want to be above the average, to connect with above-average men. Real, masculine men that uphold purposes and passions common to mine. Focused solely on an outcome,

Men that transcend normal limitations. Men that will lead me to victory, pat me on the back and say "Let's go" against all odds.

A first-class flight to Dubai at 16 on a school weekend, sipping on a martini and smoking on a cigar. Like the legendary Andrew Tate, who came before me.

Without his lessons, who am I? Who would have I become? Would I be talking to you right now, surrounded by a community of Top Gs?

I want to prove all the naysayers wrong. All my teachers, all my classmates, all the strangers I've told about my vision. I know they don't take me seriously. But I'm damn well serious about this!

I want to pull up to my high school in a speeding race car. A Lambo. Bump some Tupac while all the girls gawp at my riches and all the men respect my hard-earned physique,

I want it all! I want absolute fun and neverending joy with my family and with my network. I want to be a high value individual that steals the breath of any room. I want to have a big wide smile, one I can pull out from under my shaded glasses.

Dressed in a white tuxedo and elegant moccasins. A man of brilliance,

Day in and day out I spent sculpting this image.

No matter how many days I spent banging my head against the wall,

How close I was to lose my damn mind, breaking apart as I did back in December,

I know I got the Gs with me... Success is a struggle. These are the hardest times of my life,

My age doesn't matter. I'm as capable as any 20-year-old out there reading this,

Always be wary that you're competing against me and my vision. I MAY KILL some dreams to get mine realized. Such is the way to success.

This is my dream state