



XWF.

Can I talk my shit?

Don't worry, it doesn't come without its fair share of self awareness. There's no mental gymnastics to play that can make a winless start look like something that it's not. I've always prided myself on equal parts unwavering confidence, but in three appearances, I find my pockets a little lighter than I like. Quite frankly, a little lighter than I'm sure most of you expected me to be when I signed my name on that dotted line alongside my brothers in Pantheon. Sure, we wrecked shop at Free For All. We took the tag champs to their limit and lifted the standard for the division to heights it's been sorely craving, because what we've added is depth.

but..Semtex hits hard.

So here I am in the opening round of a tournament with coronation up for grabs and as far as XWF is concerned?

I'm at square one.

There's no beating myself up about it as you'd expect. I didn't get to a PWV World Title or an XHW Pride Championship with my head drooped forward. There's no limp dicked thirteenth reason why for Spencer Adams, because truth be told, zero and three could be zero and ten and I'd STILL be in front of you all shouting from the rooftops, spreading the message that as long as I am breathing, I AM the motherfucker to beat under the ExDubEff banner. A few reps doesn't usurp the boss battle and slay the dragon in this case. When Badmon wants something, Badmon doesn't lay down and bleed out.

So.

Razor Blade.

I'm not here for a conversation, but rather..an address. What you get at Warfare while your head remains filled with pipe dreams of accomplishment dangled over your bleached dome like a dollar bill on a fish hook is Spencer fucking Adams. You get the three time (and current) world champion who has spent every waking moment of the last year proving why "small pond" is mouth breather speak for "Please God stay over there and leave us alone." This is line in the sand separation of man and boy and BOY am I absolutely fucking giddy to bring the katana up against your throat as you do the butterfinger fumble dance with all the proverbial dullness that sticks to your name like rot.

I'm not here to shake your hand.

To bow and thank you for your time.

..or lift your hand out of respect for a hard fought battle.

I'm here to watch my edge glide through your pelt like butter.

You are an "also here" in the grander scheme of this federation while I've brought about the winds of change. With my arrival, others have followed suit, because greatness attracts greatness. Zero and three or three and zero, the hype train still remains and there's not a single betting man on the face of the Earth who lets your name move over their lips with optimism. Hattori Hanzo is about to eat his fucking heart out and fans of very good pro wrestling will soon rejoice with absolute certainty because round two is going to get the competence it deserves, not some "I think I can" spokesperson with a dipshit neck tat and a trove of AI catchphrases.

The crown is mighty heavy, Razor.

Just be grateful you're not the one who has to wear it.