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Mike Tyson: Undisputed Truth

By Kiki Tyson

We have
Say what?
A whole lot
of superstars #
On this stage
here tonight #
But I want y'all
to know one thing #
This is my house
And when I say,
"Whose house?" #
Y'all know
what time it is #
Whose house?
Run's house
Once again, my friend,
not a trend for then #
They said rap was crap,
but never had this band #
Till the ruler came
with a cooler name #
Made you dance and prance
and drove the fans insane #
Name is Run, my son,
number one for fun #
Not a gun that's done
and get done by none #
The other act, in fact,
is just whack I kill #
- # Why? - # It's fun, my son,
and Run heads the bill #
Whose house?
Run's house.
(people cheering)
(music playing)
(applause)

Nat King Cole:

There was a boy
A very strange,
enchanted boy #
They say he wandered
very far #
Very far

Over land and sea
A little shy
And sad of eye
But very wise
Was he
And then one day
A magic day
he passed my way #
And while we spoke
of many things #
Fools and kings
This he said to me
The greatest thing
You'll ever learn
Is just to love
And be loved
In return.
(strobes popping)
Thank you for coming out tonight
and welcome to my living room.
(applause)
This is gonna be
interesting.
This is gonna be a fun night,
I can see.
I know many of you
are probably wondering,
"What the hell
is Mike Tyson gonna do
up here onstage
tonight," right?
And, frankly, I'm wondering
the same thing, too.
As you know, the name of my
show is "The Undisputed Truth. "
I personally wanted
to name it
"Boxing, Bitches,
and Lawsuits... Plus a Baby. "
You know?
But my wife and attorney,
they absolutely freaked
and I couldn't go
that way.

But, you know,
life is great.
You know, I really
can't complain these days.
I'm just very grateful that
life has come full circle for me.
Many of you may remember
I'm the guy
that used to knock motherfuckers
out in less than 30 seconds.
(cheering)
Thank you.
And I'll knock a motherfucker
out tonight, too,
if shit get out of...
I'm kidding.
No, I'm domesticated now
with kids.
Lawsuits.
But now I'm here in New
York City. My hometown.
At the Imperial Theatre
to entertain you all.
I actually did my show here on
Broadway last summer for the first time.
Many people thought this was my
first time on Broadway, but it wasn't.
I actually got arrested on
this same block right here.
Many years ago, though.
Many years ago.
I like to say that arrest was one
of those defining moments for me.
If I hadn't gotten arrested
on that particular night,
I wouldn't have went to that
Spofford Juvenile Detention Center.
And if I never went
to that detention center,
I would never have
met my mentor.
If I never met my mentor,
of course,
I would never have been the

youngest heavyweight champion

- in the history of boxing.

- (cheering)

That's true.

So I really have to thank

that really nice New York City

police officer

that was kind enough to arrest that

badass black kid from Brooklyn, of course.

But New York

has changed a lot, huh?

Especially this whole

Broadway-Times Square area.

Like Disney World

up in this motherfucker.

I remember when

it looked like a war zone

for drug addicts, pimps,

and prostitutes.

You know, Koch was the mayor

then, of course.

And I couldn't walk down

the street

without a pervert

flashing his dick at me

or somebody trying

to sell me something.

Wanted that shit

and didn't even buy.

And this neighborhood

became a prime robbing location

for me

and my Brownsville crew.

Brownsville's in this house.

I know they have to be.

(cheering)

That'd be fucking

real, huh?

I did this show so you'd better

understand me, of course.

In my own words.

You may have seen

that documentary I did

with my good friend

Jim Toback, "Tyson. "
We won a few awards and we kicked
ass at the Cannes Film Festival.
But to be honest, that was
some real dark shit, right?
I was filming it straight out
of rehab, so what did you expect?
I still had that stuff
in my system
and I'm coming at you
full speed ahead.
But tonight, I'm promising
to be a lot lighter,
like my personality
these days.
And, listen,
all jokes aside,
I don't know what you're gonna take
away from this experience tonight,
but to simply put it,
this is my story.
My mistakes, my heartaches,
my joy, my sorrow,
my gift, my life,
my undisputed truth.
Let's get this popping.
- (music playing)
- (cheering)
This is fun.
We got Red Hook up there.
Brooklyn Heights.
Carroll Gardens.
But this is where
it all started right here,
June 30, 1966,
the day I was born
in Cumberland Hospital in the
republic of Brooklyn, New York.
It's the same hospital where ballers
Bernard and Albert King were born,
and the legendary Michael
Jordan. Right here.
In Fort Greene.
Oh, fuck.

This is fucked up.
This is supposed to be
me and my mother up here.
Listen, come on,
there's no baby pictures
of Mike Tyson floating around,
but God damn, Spike.
You couldn't find a picture
of a nice black mother
holding a child?
That's really fucked.
I'm taking it
on the chin, guys, okay?
Wow.
This is much better.
This is where
it really begun.
Right here with this woman,
my mother, Lorna May Tyson.
(cheering)
A simple Southern woman from the
Charlottesville, Virginia, area
that moved up north and
tried to live out her dreams
that never came to form.
I was the youngest
of three children.
My brother Rodney
and my sister Denise,
they were more
like my mother.
I always felt like the
odd guy, the black sheep.
Ooh, ooh, ooh.
And this guy right here,
this is my father
Curly Lee Kirkpatrick.
Wait a minute.
Now, if Curly Kirkpatrick
is supposed to be my father,
then who the fuck is this
dude on my birth certificate?
This is where the shit
gets really tricky, right?

So...

listen to this.

My mom said Curly's my dad,
but Percel fucking Tyson
is on the birth certificate.

How did this happen?

No wonder I'm so fucked up.

Here's the early proof.

I'm still not sure who the hell
my father really is.

Curly was the pimp.

You know, Percel was the humble
Jamaican cab driver.

A sucker.

I so desperately wanted to be
the son of the pimp
because in my neighborhood of
Brownsville, that carries weight.

So if Curly really wasn't
my father,

him and my mother

must have made some deal
that once a year

you come around

and show your manhood,
show fatherhood.

And this is what he'd do.

He'd come around.

He always had a nice
Cadillac, of course.

And he'd come around,
beep the horn.

Boop, boop.

"Oh, God, Daddy's downstairs.

Look at his car, Daddy. "

"Get down here,

you little motherfuckers!"

And so, of course, we'd get
in the car happy, excited,
thinking we're gonna go

to some exotic place

like Coney Island.

Or Bear Mountain.

But, you know, that was some good

shit when you're broke back in the day.
That was some real good shit,
right? Especially from Brownsville.
Don't be talking like y'all are
some fly niggas all your life.
You know, it's like
going to Paris.
But anyway, right...
to our sad surprise,
five minutes later,
he'd go around the block,
he drops us back off.
Five dollars richer,
of course.
I don't know why we thought
each year would be different.
You know, I really don't know
much about my mother.
I remember her drinking
a lot and always angry
and fighting.
I knew she had dreams
of becoming a schoolteacher.
But then
she met my father...
well, the man I was told
was my father.
The fast-talking,
cool-dressing pimp
who I always credited with changing
the path of my mother's life.
And before long, she was
caught up in the street life.
But she paid
the heavy toll
because at heart she really
wasn't that girl at all.
So she drank
to cover up the pain.
And I suppose my addictions
started here with her.
See, I was born
with the addictive gene
and it still haunts me

to this day.
Ready to creep up on me
in my darkest night.
Ready to rob me
of my brightest day.
You know, this is the only picture
I have of my mother, Lorna May.
But it's a good one.
She seemed like she must
have been happy that day.
I wish I knew
more about her.
I know when
she took this picture,
she never imagined her boy
would make it out of Brownsville
unless I did it in some
handcuffs or a wooden box.
You know, I didn't come
from a place where memories
are cherished and displayed
proudly in a photo album.
I came from the gutter.
A place where dreams
are broken
and memories
are best forgotten.
Welcome to Brownsville.
Our motto is
"never run and never will. "
As a matter of fact,
right here is my block.
178 Amboy Street.
- Anybody know where that's at?
- (cheering)
My memories are
of this place right, well...
well, not this place. I don't
remember it looking like this.
I remember broken windows,
graffiti,
dog shit on the sidewalk.
"A tree grows
in Brooklyn," my ass.

Spike...
Spike shot this shit
a few weeks before
our Broadway run.
But now there's white people
in the neighborhood,
as you know,
the Whole Foods.
And you know, once those
white people move in,
there goes
the neighborhood.
They will lock
your ass up.
At that time leaving
Bed-Stuy, "do or die,"
moving to Brownsville,
"never ran, never will,"
it was equivalent
to being born in hell
and then the devil
took you and moved you
into his toilet where he
could shit on you real good.
And that's what he did
to me and my family.
I can still see myself
and my friends
roaming the streets at all
hours of the day and night.
And I hung out
with a tough crew of kids.
But my street friends
were my family, of course.
And we all knew no one
was gonna give us anything.
We knew if we wanted anything,
we had to take it.
And that's
what we did a lot.
I'm 10 years old
right here.
I remember I scored a couple of
hundred bucks on a robbing spree.

I used to be a good
pickpocket back then.
I bought that new jacket,
this bomber jacket,
and I took this photo
at Woolworth's in a photo booth.
You remember Woolworth's?
Pitkin Avenue?
Woolworth's?
After taking this picture,
I caught the 14 bus
off Pitkin Avenue.
I went to Utica
Roller Skating Rink
to meet up with some
friends of mine.
Since we didn't
have nothing,
we took pride
in looking good.
Our clothes played a great role in
our identity and our self-esteem.
You weren't shit unless you
had some shell-toe Adidas
or straight-legged
jeans from Lee,
a Kangol hat and those big
stupid Star Wars ski goggles
even though
we couldn't ski.
Day of robbing spree would
also include keeping our eyes
on the other little kids in the neighborhood
that were robbing and stealing, too.
They were
always easy scores
and they could never
go back to the cops.
The worst thing that can happen
there is you'd have to fight
their big brother
or one of their friends.
But it's still easier
than getting locked up.

Man, we were like
a pack of wild wolves.
God forbid if you came
to our neighborhood
and we didn't know you.
We might have killed you.
And we could always
be found on a corner
unless we was hiding
from the cops.
We'd be there talking shit,
smoking weed,
gambling, drinking.
Night Train, Brass Monkey,
Olde English 800.
You name it, we drank it.
The cheaper the better.
That's real talk.
We'd sit around laughing
about our robbing spree,
splitting money and laughing
about almost getting caught.
It was always funny until you
were the one that got caught.
Shit, by the time
I was 12 years old,
I was arrested
over 38 times.
You know how it is.
The juvenile detention center
was like "Cheers. "
There, everybody
knew my name.
No, really.
No shit.
The whole of Brownsville
was locked up with me.
It was like one big
family reunion.
No, like a summer camp.
No, even better than that.
'Cause we got three hots
and a cot.
For most of us,

that was royal treatment.
But, you know,
when I wasn't locked up,
which wasn't too often,
only thing I enjoyed more
than stealing was my pigeons.
My first fight started
with one of my pigeons.
You know, Gary the bully
stole one of my pigeons
that I stole,
you know.
And I'm like 10
at the time.
"Give me my bird back. Please,
please, give me my bird back. "
"Shut the fuck up, nigga.
You dumb fat fuck.
You want this motherfucking
bird? Fuck you. "
And he snapped my bird... the
fucker, he snapped my bird's neck
and threw the blood on me
and hit me with the bird.
Then my rage let loose and I beat
Gary the bully's motherfucking ass.
- (laughs)
- (cheering)
It was love
at first fight.
It wouldn't be long before
I got a reputation
for being the good street
fighter in the neighborhood.
Older kids would bring other
kids from other neighborhoods
who were supposed to be
good street fighters
to come to my block
to fight me.
Well, actually, they had to come
to my block 'cause I was only 10.
My mother wouldn't
let me leave the block.

Anyway, we would go into
alleyways or abandoned buildings
and the older guys would bet
money on us, of course.
And they couldn't believe
I was a fat kid with glasses
and I was kicking these
kids' asses,
punching 'em, slamming 'em,
biting 'em, too, back then.
(cheering)
Oh, yeah, you know
you got to...
you know you got to bite the
motherfuckers to get them off your ass.
They might have you in
the headlock too tight,
right, and you got
that leg... arr-rr!
I was already a legend in the
making, at least in my mind.
I used my newfound talent
as an asset
to my new crime enterprise,
of course, right?
But I guess it wasn't
a good venture
because I got caught
and finally sent away.
Although I had a reputation
for being a good street fighter,
I still never thought about
being a boxer or prizefighter.
I just wanted to be remembered
for being something great.
I didn't know what. Like a gangster
or stickup man or something.

Muhammad Ali:

I'm a bad man.
I am the king
of the world.
(cheering)
I remember like it was

yesterday when Muhammad Ali
came to Spofford Juvenile
Detention Center
to visit the kids there.
Man, he lit the place up.
And I was saying to myself,
"Wow. "
I didn't know how I was gonna do
it, but I knew I wanted what Ali had.
I wanted people to be around me and
look up to me because I was special.
And at the time there was this trainer
that worked at the Tryon School for Boys,
a place that I would eventually
get transferred to from Spofford
'cause I stabbed
a motherfucker, right?
I was a beautiful child.
(laughs)
I was a beautiful child.
Listen, right.
So this trainer,
he taught boys how to box.
And I remember seeing the guys
when I was in the hold.
They were coming back
from the other side of the dorm
with cracked ribs,
bloody noses, knocked-out teeth.
But they were happy.
And I wanted to be happy, too.
So I said, "Yo, yo,
what's going on?"
'Cause that's how I talked
back then.
"Yo, yo, what's going on
back there, man? What's up?"
I wanted to be in
that program so bad,
but he ignored me.
The trainer, Bobby Stewart,
who we're watching now,
he ignored me because he
thought I was a troublemaker,

and I was 'cause I stabbed
a guy to get there.
It was a bad place...
So he comes to my room
in the middle of the night
'cause I told people
I wanted to meet him
and this is
his white ass.
(laughter)
"Let me tell you something,
you little dickhead.
I hear you want to be
in my program. "
(laughter)
"You got to show me
you're ready to work
without being an asshole,
asshole.
And then you do
that with me,
maybe I could work
with your dumb ass. "
And this is how he talked to
me. Just met me that evening.
It was hard,
but I did it.
I got on honor roll.
You know the honor roll.
The slow kids' honor roll.
Special ed honor roll.
I made the fucking
special ed honor roll.
Like, "what block will fit
into this hole" type shit.
I did it. I did it.
Who needs boxing?
I got on honor roll.
So he introduced me
to this old Italian man
that would change
the path of my life.
This guy would become my mentor
and his name was Cus D'Amato.

(applause)

The names Mike Tyson
and Cus D'Amato
would forever be synonymous
with one another.

You can't mention my name and not
ever reference the legacy of Cus
nor can you mention Cus
without reference to my legacy.

Cus told me from the moment he met me
what would happen after he watched me box
and follow his map
to success.

He said...

just like this, he said,
"Now, Mike, I'll tell you,
Mike, if you listen to me,
you really want to do this,
I'm gonna put you in the locals,
then the regionals,
then the nationals.

You're gonna win that,
and then after that,
you're gonna become the youngest
heavyweight champ of all time.

As of now, I hold the record
with Floyd Patterson at 21.

You could break that record at 20 and be
the youngest and the greatest of all time.

Only if you listen
to me, of course. "

And so, of course, I'm a young
black kid from the inner city.

Cus says this to me, this white man
said this to me with no hesitation.

I thought he was
a pervert at first.

No, 'cause where I come from,
they was trying to fuck you.

There's always somebody
trying to fuck you, right?

But really, believe it or not,
his confidence in delivery
made me believe this was

gonna be an easy task, right?
At the time, I had no idea
what I was getting myself into.
I just knew
it sounded good.
When I got discouraged,
as I often did,
he would massage my mind
with these great thoughts
of exotic worlds
and masterful treasures.
Man, everything he said
sounded so foreign to me,
but I loved the way
it sound.
There we were, venturing off
on this magnificent adventure
like two pirates
ready to claim our riches
and to decimate anyone
that stands in our way.
This old man made me hunger
for glory like a mad dog.
So one of the first things
Cus ever told me
was this invention called
the Willie. The Willie, right?
It's named after light heavyweight
champion Willie Pastrano.
Let me explain this.
Cus would call out
a number.
Cus would call out
these numbers.
Cus would call
these numbers out
and I'm gonna
do it slow
'cause I'm an old
motherfucker now, all right?
But Cus would call out
numbers in rapid succession.
It would go
something like this.

One... left hook
to the jaw. Boom.
Two... right hook
to the jaw. Boom.
Three... left uppercut.
Four... right uppercut.
Five... left hook
to the liver.
Six... right hand
to the spleen.
Seven... jab to the head.
Eight... jab to the body.
Fuck. I'm glad I don't have
to do that for a living no more.
God damn.

But anyway, our early adventures
started traveling all over the country
fighting in these small clubs
called "smokers. "

And the reason why
they were called smokers
is because the cigarette
and cigar smoke
was so thick, you could hardly
see the guy you're fighting
let alone the guy
you're talking to.

And Cus was a big man
in this world.

And the fights was
pretty much unsanctioned,
which meant lawless.

There was never
no paramedics outside.

If you got a concussion
and you died, it's on you.

You know?

No, this is real talk.

And plus, if the crowd didn't like
your performance, they didn't boo.

They fought each other to show
you how it was really done.

This is some serious Puerto Rican
shit, man. I'm serious, all right?

I'm serious.
You think I'm bullshitting?
No offense, Puerto Ricans,
but listen...
(laughter, applause)
y'all some fighting
motherfuckers.
You're either fighting,
fucking, or cutting.
Y'all are doing some shit.
But anyway,
so I'm like
14 years old, right?
But Cus had me chiseled in this
great Michelangelo statue right here.
Back... not now.
Back then, all right?
I was really cut up like I got in a
fight with the Latin Kings and lost.
No, listen, really.
I won the national championship
just like Cus said I would
at 14.
I broke the record
for the fastest knockout.
Never been broken.
Eight seconds.
(applause)
I was well on my way.
So one day Cus looks
at me dead in my eye
and he goes, "Hey, Michael,
you scared of white people?"
What? "You, are you
scared of white people?"
Fuck.
I'm scared of this
white motherfucker right here.
Shit, I'm not worried.
He didn't get reelected.
I'm cool.
Elected. I got fucked up with the words.
Elected.
Shit, I can't believe

Spike's racist ass
didn't have George Zimmerman
up here instead of him.
Shit.
Oh, shit.
Fuck.
Love to Trayvon Martin
and family.
But, anyway,
I'm talking shit.
(laughter)
But really, no,
as I'm saying this to you,
and I'm speaking
very eloquent at the moment,
Spike isn't worth a damn
because Spike knew me
over 20 years,
but he never told me that, "Mike,
you need a fucking interpreter.
I don't know what the fuck
you're talking about. "
(laughter, applause)
This was not even on the show.
This is some real shit.
So anyway...
Cus was born in like 1905.
So he sees a big...
what's that word?
Transition. He sees the big
transition in the black community.
So he goes like, "You
ain't afraid of white men.
You're not afraid
of mustaches and beards.
I've been around a lot of black fighters
that are afraid to hit white people.
You better not be
one of those kind.
Wasting my goddamn time.
I'm an old man.
I don't got time
to waste. "
I'm like, "Whoa, Cus.

It's the '80s.
I'm okay with hitting
a white person.
Just tell me. As a matter
of fact, Cus, I'm cool.
Just tell me. I'll hit
anybody you tell me to, Cus. "
Because I love Cus.
You know, even though
he's an old man and small,
he was
very intimidating.
Here I am,
a boy of 14 years old,
and I have this old man
in my face intimidating me.
Just like this. "Mike, you
got to punch with both hands.
And don't
let him hold you. "
He's a mean-ass
old Italian man.
It's just intimidating
with his words
telling me not
to be intimidated.
But yet I'm intimidated
with the way he's trying
to tell me not to be...
you kind of getting me?
I was intimidated
across the board.
I was just
fucked up, man.
But Cus was beautiful.
I love Cus
because I'm a street kid.
I never had a mother
or a father really that close.
But he taught me
how to read, write.
He was very patient
with me.
He encouraged me to read

anything I could get my hands on.
So one day
I'm in Cus's living room
and I'm reading
the boxing encyclopedia.
"Encyclopedia. "
That's a word I learned.
I had to work on that
with a speech coach.
Encyclopedia.
A record of great fighters
like Sam Langford,
Harry Greb, Jack Britton,
Ted "Kid" Lewis,
Willie Pep and the great
legendary Sugar Ray Robinson.
And these are six
funny-looking guys, right?
But when you add up all their
fights, that's like 1,500 fights.
I gave up right there. I said,
"Cus, I can't do this shit. "
I didn't say shit. But I said,
"Cus, I could never be like them.
I can't do this. "
Then he looked at me
in the eye with angry passion.
"Mike, you got to read
the whole records, Mike.
Look at 'em.
What you doing trying
to accomplish what these guys
tried to accomplish
if you're not willing to endure the
misery and pain these guys endured?
We never hear any more about the guys that
knocked them out early in their career.
Know why, Mike? Know why? 'Cause at one
point somebody knocked them out, Mike.
But they quit. But these
men you're reading about,
these champions,
they never quit.
They never

got discouraged.
You know? And that's why the other guys,
their demons are following
them forever, Mike.
'Cause they had a chance to face
their demons and they didn't.
No, they didn't.
You have to face your demons.
You hear me, Mike?
'Cause if you don't,
they will follow you
to eternity.
And you remember, Mike, be
careful how you fight your fights
'cause the way you fight your fights
be the way you live your life. "
And I never quit again.
A little later in my amateur
career when I had this big head...
(audience laughs)
What the fuck?
This looks like the 1910...
don't I look...
no, really,
I was psyched.
Don't I look
like these guys?
Look at this guy. It was all
about the bulge back then.
It was all
about the bulge.
In my early career,
I had this big head.
I was national champ.
And my talents were pretty
awesome back then, right?
I was a 14-year-old kid
knocking out grown men.
Cus was so happy. Guys in
the middle of the night,
my sparring partners, in the middle
of the night, they would leave.
Pack their bags
in the middle of the night

when there's no lights
and just walk...
and leave
without getting paid.
But, you know, after getting
a bad beating by me, of course.
But who doesn't want
to get paid?
It was the house joke. Cus would
say, "Another one bites the dust.
Another bites the dust. "
So Cus would be around me
telling me,
"If you listen to me,
you'll be a god beyond means.
People will carry
your mother's bag. "
Cus thought I would be
a god of war.
This is what this old Italian
man kept saying to me.
He fucked me up.
You know what I mean?
That's why I got
in all this trouble.
I thought I was
a fucking god.
'Cause I was kicking
niggas' ass like I was a god.
Cus said I was the baddest man
on the planet one day.
I was just a kid
and I thought I was.
I'm a local celebrity.
Catskills stuff.
I'm always in the papers.
The professional boxing world
had their eye on me.
And so every now and then,
I'd go back to Brownsville
to hang out with my old
friends I used to hustle with
and talk about my crazy life
with these white people, right?

I go down there
carrying a photo album.
Nigga, I blew my friends away
with pictures of me
and my little happy white...
no, not white friends.
I got
happy white friends.
I got well-fed,
nourished,
a happy white school,
hugging, kissing.
I'm holding white babies.
I looked like I was
running for mayor up there.
You know? I looked like
a fly in buttermilk.
Look at my black ass
up there.
I just don't belong
in that picture.
Look like I'm about
to rob them
after their last supper.
I just don't fit there,
but these motherfuckers
loved me, right?
You know, they loved me.
I was one of those guys
that lived upstate.
I came from upstate,
lived with a good white family.
Liberal kind
that take in
badass blacks
and Puerto Ricans and shit.
Like the Fresh Air Fund. "Come
up and get some fresh air.
They're okay,
they just need fresh air. "
You know that shit, people
that have been in group homes.
You know about that, right? "They just
need some fresh air. They're good kids. "

Then I'd go back to Brooklyn
and I'm still robbing people.
Give me the... give me the
fucking chain, you stupid...
Then I'd go back upstate
with my white family.
"Hi, guys. "
I'd go,
"What's for dinner?
Lamb chops?
Oh, God! Oh, shit.
Oh, God. Camille, I love
your lamb chops so much. "
I say Camille, I'm talking
about Camille Ewald.
That's Cus's life partner.
She's a Ukrainian lady.
Right here.
Not the first, that's the
sister. But right here.
And she was a beautiful woman
'cause she had great food
that I never ate before
and I loved the food
and she loved me because I
loved to eat all her food.
And... I'm sorry,
I'm sorry.
Back to the robbing spree.
Okay, as we were passing
the joint around, of course,
looking
in the photo album,
Panamanian Ernie said,
"Hey, papi, what the fuck, papi?
You fucking with
these crackers, boy.
Papi, you kissing
these babies, bro.
You fucking... don't fall
for the okey doke, boy.
I'm telling you, bro.
Don't go for it, dawg. "
So my man Black goes, Black

goes like this, Black said,
"Let's get this money, nigga. You
up there with them motherfuckers,
big-ass white motherfuckers,
let's see what they brought you. "
And I'm saying, "Let's do this,"
right? But it's different this time.
It's a lot different
this time.
My friend, Barkim, he's older.
He's around 18 at the time.
And he goes...
he's a Five Percenter.
So I'm sure I see
Five Percenters,
people that were
Five Percenters here.
It's supposed to be a real...
a real righteous brother.
Very righteous.
Supposedly.
Supposed...
You never heard of a Five
Percenter in your life, have you?
Have you? This righteous
brother, he's smoking with us.
"Yo, yo, Mike, man, what
the fuck you doing, nigga?
These white people
love you, man.
They love you, man.
This ain't...
Go back up there
with them white people, man.
Don't be fucking with us, man.
Fuck that shit.
I wish I had some
white people that loved me. "
And Barkim died
shortly after that.
Somebody murdered him, you know,
'cause he was in the game.
I always wonder
if I didn't listen to him,

I wonder would I be here
telling this story.
But not everybody
was happy with my success.
No, no, no.
Uh-uh.
There were some haters. You need
haters to motivate you, though.
Got to have 'em.
They resented my fast rise
and close ties to Cus.
In particular, a trainer
named Teddy Atlas.
Yeah. He didn't like Cus telling
him to drop other fighters
and focus on me.
He thought I was arrogant
and spoiled, which I was.
But what he said
don't matter
'cause Cus had my back and my
talent was un-fucking-deniable.
(cheering)
So Teddy had this sister-in-law
who was 12 at the time.
And I was 15.
I knew her
for a couple of years
'cause we went to the same
Catskill upstate New York school.
And we knew each other every day
'cause Teddy was married to her sister.
You know, everybody's close like a
little family, everyday stuff, right?
And I was an awkward dude.
Never been with a girl.
Put that one in.
Never kissed a girl.
Well, I kissed her,
but never with the tongue.
I kissed pigeons. I like
pigeons, so I kissed pigeons.
But we joked around a lot and I
felt really comfortable around there.

Around the ladies,
of course.
I'm talking about
the young girls.
So one day in a moment
of immaturity,
with raging hormones
taking the lead,
I grabbed her ass.
I don't know what hand. I know
I grabbed her ass, though, right?
You're an older gentleman,
so I'm sure you may know, sir.
And you look like you've made
a lot of mistakes in your life.
You ever do something when the
fantasy... the fantasy in the head
is going on in your head and your
head tells you if you make this move,
the fantasy
will become a reality?
People are familiar with that?
All right, so I made the move.
I didn't get the response
that I anticipated,
and the response
I got back was like, "Fuck. "
And it wasn't like she said, "Fuck
you, Mike! Why did you do that?"
It was like, "Fuck. " And you just
like, "Fuck! Why did I do this? Fuck!"
And she didn't say anything, but you
know it wasn't right when you touch it
and they, "Whoo,"
and looked at you.
And you said,
"Oh, shit. "
And this nigga,
I know he know.
Oh, you know
that's some shit.
The cops are coming, or somebody
is going to come with a gun.
Bad idea, right?

So now it's 6:

I'm going to the gym
as I always do
and she told Teddy.
And I see Teddy
and he looks as mad
as a motherfucker.
Teddy had a bad back
from a car accident,
so he was always
cracking his fucking back.
And it always reminded me of
somebody suffering from Tourette's.
Because he'd be talking...
even training he's like,
"Move your head. " Crack.
"Move your head. " Crack. Crack.
"Move your head. " And he's
moving and shit, and like, crack.
And I'm looking at him
over there
and he's mad.
And I see him and he starts
coming towards me.
"Mike, come here. "
Crack, crack, crack.
And he grabs me...
crack, crack.
But he pulls his big
motherfucking gun out.
Not that fucking funny now,
Miss Red Dress, is it?
All right?
So...
This is my head.
So he goes,
"Motherfucker, you ever touch
anybody in my motherfucking...
I'll blow your motherfucking
head off, you motherfucker. "
- My head's here now and he goes...
- (gunshot)
He don't shoot me, but he

shoots the gun close to my ear.
You, sir, you look like you've
been shot at before, right?
(laughs)
You know that
proverbial "bong"
that goes off when
the gun goes and, bong!
That happened to me. After Teddy
shot the gun, he was the one that ran.
And I'm not saying
I was a bad motherfucker.
I wasn't, like, going,
"Fuck you, nigga.
Shoot me.
I'm ready to die. "
I was like, "Whoa!
Fuck! Stop! Wait!
Hey, motherfucker, why?
Shit!"
You know?
"Cus!"
God damn.
Who's from Staten Island?
(audience shouting)
Raise your hand.
I see you.
All right, so Teddy was
from Staten Island, okay?
So on Staten Island, you know
everybody on Staten Island
think they're
a motherfucking gangster.
Out there on Todt Hill.
What's that hill?
Toot Hill?
Todt Hill?
So...
I wish I had my ring.
But this is the proverbial
Staten Island gangster.
"You looking at me
up there?
Hey, it's Staten Island. "

So he went like this.
This is a Staten
Island thing.
"Hey, my friend.
If you knew who I knew,
you wouldn't be popping
at the fucking gums, you know?
Oh, yeah?
You want...
my fucking uncle...
yeah, my uncle.
My fucking uncle. My
motherfucking... my mother's brother,
he fucking cleans Paulie
Castellano's colostomy bag,
you fucking moolie
motherfucker!
You fucking moolie fuck!"
What the fuck's a moolie?
There was a lot of rumors
that went on about this.
Everybody thought I was
a 20-year-old pervert
and she was 12 years old,
but I was only 15.
And I'd never been
with a girl before.
But Cus was outraged
and he fired Teddy.
Teddy went to New York
and trained some fighters
and we never spoke again.
You know, it was very easy
for me to block out the fact
that my mother was sick when I was
being praised and worshipped upstate.
Actually, I didn't know how sick
she was until it was too late.
She died of cancer, but I think
she died of a broken heart,
a shattered dream
that she never accomplished.
See, my mother was always
talking about her death.

For some crazy reason,
she had a fear of dying
and her body going
to this place called...
what's it called,
potter's field?
A year before her death,
she started saving money
and she bought a few
burial plots
at Rose Hill Cemetery
in Linden, New Jersey.
And it was important that we
made sure she was buried there.
She had a small funeral and only
a handful of people attended.
And it was a damn shame,
because she should have had
a better send-off to heaven.
But we were so poor
when my mother died,
we had to bury her
in this thin
wooden cardboard-looking box
without a headstone.
So years later
when I started making money,
I had her body exhumed
and I had her buried
in the most lavish coffin
that money could buy.
Well, her gravestone to this day,
it sits high in the whole cemetery.
And it was important for me
to do that for her
because I wanted to give her a
resting place that was respectful.
So that in case her grandkids
ever decide to come visit,
they would believe in life
she was a remarkable woman.
(applause)
(music playing)
Oh, sinner man,

where you gonna run to? #
Sinner man,
where you gonna run to? #
Where you gonna run to
All along them days?
Well, I run to the rock
Please hide me,
I run to the rock #
Please hide me,
I run to the rock #
Please hide me, Lord,
all along them days #
But the rock cracked...
(bell rings)
(applause)
In the ring,
I was invincible.
I think all my tragic moments
prepared me for my rise to the top.
I had a focus and drive
like no other.
Never a moment went by
that I didn't think about
having the heavyweight championship
belt strapped around my waist.
It was all I was ever
permitted to think about.
I was gonna be a god of war
like Cus said.
There was never anyone
who was gonna beat me.
They would know my name from
now until the eons of oblivion.
Cus always thought he was
preparing me for his death
by shoving all this
information in my ear
even if I was in the mood
to hear it or not.
Countless nights he'd wake me
up in the middle of the night.
And I'm dead asleep.
"Hey, Mike. Hey, Mike. "
"What?"

"Don't you what me.
Don't you...
You remember
what I told you?
You remember, move your head,
then come back and punch
with bad intentions? Do you
remember that, Mike? Huh? Huh?
I'm not gonna be here long.
I'm an old man, Mike.
But if you listen,
you'll be ready.
You'll be best ever. "
I knew Cus would
eventually die.
He was this old stubborn man
with a hacking cough
who refused
to see any doctors
and believed he could
heal himself with his mind.
"I can heal myself
with my mind.
Nothing them damn
doctors can do. "
I'm like, "Damn, Cus.
Let's go to the hospital. "
"What do you know
about some doctors?
Do you know doctors
kill more people
than all the sports combined
in the history of sports?
Did you know that? You didn't
know that, did you, huh?
They'll never kill me. "

Man:

We love you, Cus!

Tyson:

left me directionless.
But I had a machine of managers,
lawyers, and accountants

there to rob me every
single step of the way.
However, things were
so plentiful at the time,
it was hard to notice
their masterful deception.
I was now the youngest heavyweight
champion of the world at age 20
after defeating Trevor Berbick
in just two rounds.

Announcer :

He goes down.
He should be able
to get up from this.
His legs may be shot.
They are!
As Trevor Berbick
falls back,
I don't know if he's gonna
be able to continue.
He's got the heart,
but his body won't let him
do what his mind wants to.
It's all over.
We've got a brand-new
heavyweight champion
of the world, Mike Tyson.
I was like the poster boy
for success.
See?
I really was
the poster boy.
I know the NYPD wished they could have kept
this locked up in their archive somewhere.
I just had to show you,
you know,
the irony
is just too twisted.
Good picture, bad day.
You know, really, you take
away those numbers,
it could be a yearbook
picture, football.

I never had a yearbook
picture. This is it.
But, anyway...
Of course, you know, I had a
few million bucks in the bank.
But still,
there's something wrong.
There's just something
missing. I just don't know.
And then I found
true love.
Check this out.
Everything I do...
Oh...
Sing with me, suckers.
La la la la la,
la la la la la #
La la la la
la la-la la-la la #
Do do do do do do
Ooh-hh.
- Whoo!
- (gunshot)
It's been torture.
It's been pure hell.
It's been worse
than anything
- I could possibly imagine.
- Pure hell?
I'm not talking
about once a week.
- I'm talking about every day has been...
- Every day?
- ... some kind of battle,
some kind of fight. - Shit.
Better mention this 'cause after
Robin hears about this show...
on HBO...
she's gonna use it as a way
to relaunch her career
the same way she's been trying
to do unsuccessfully
for the last 25 years.
- (cheering)

- Predict.

I know you guys didn't
know anything about this,
but during our separation, me
and Robin were still fucking.

(men shouting)

No, no,

any kids in here?

My kids

in this motherfucker?

Okay.

This one particular day
before I go to my lawyer's
office and tell him
that these are goldiggers
and these are horrible people,
I decide to go by Robin's house
and have sex.

She's still my wife.

Have sex with my wife.

She's soon to be an ex-wife,

but I'm trying to get

all I can

before it's over, okay?

So I go to my house...

well, it's actually

not really my house.

It's her house, but you know when
you give the girl so many gifts
and the gifts supersede
the price of the house,
you think the house is yours?

But it's not.

It is not.

So I go to the house

and I'm ringing the doorbell.

Ding-dong.

And, of course,

no one answers.

So I do it again.

Ding-dong.

As soon as she don't answer
the door,

I head back to

my Lamborghini Countach.
Before I get there, I see a
car coming up the winding road.
Blair Summit in LA.
I see her coming up
the winding road.
And the reason why I know
it's her car is why?

- Audience:

- I bought it.
So as I see the car
coming, I'm saying, "Whoa.
I can get this quick stroke session
in before I go to my lawyer's. "
As she comes closer,
I see in the passenger seat,
I see this grayish-whitish
silhouette.
And so I'm thinking it's
one of her white girlfriends
from that whack-ass show
"Head of the Class. "
Oh, fuck.
But when the car comes
and it's more in view,
I notice it's not one
of her girlfriends
from that show
"Head of the Class. "
It's a white dude that she's
probably giving head to.
All right?
You'll never believe
who this motherfucker was.

- Man:

if you know, motherfucker?
Yes, yes, okay.
Yeah,
Brad "the shit" Pitt.
This pretty motherfucker,
all right?
He was high.

He was on something.
He had to be on some weed.
You know I would know.
Like a "doobie," dude. It's like
the doobie dudes are smoking.
So he didn't know
it was me.
But when he gets out of the
car and he sees my black ass,
you should have
saw his face.
He went pre-Matrix
on my ass.
'Cause "The Matrix"
wasn't out then,
but he did
that same shit.
"Fuck, dude.
Whoa, shit.
Oh, shit.
Oh, shit, Mike Tyson.
Fuck, Mike.
Don't hit my face.
Please, don't
fucking do that.
I got an audition. We were
just going over some lines.
We were talking about you
the whole time.
You're a good man.
I just put in my two cents.
You guys could be like
the Cosbys, man. Really. "
I'm just standing there looking
at this pretty motherfucker, right?
I don't know if I'm gonna
fuck him up or fuck him.
I don't know
what I'm gonna do.
I don't know if I'm gonna
boom, boom!
Fuck you!
Boom! Boom!
No, I wasn't

gonna do that.
(panting)
(laughs)
Oh, look at that.
So cool.
They're so cool.
It's funny when
you think about it,
'cause, really,
Brad wasn't shit back then.
And Robin kind of was.
But now she's a cold fart
and he's hot shit.
Give me a job, Brad,
all right?
Shit, even better,
adopt me, know what I mean?
Plus, you never paid
that pussy bill, motherfucker.
Shit.
Oh, man. Look at me.
I'm the dumbest nigga
in the history
of dumb niggas.
Ain't that some shit?
Ain't this... "I got
a girl! I got a girl!"
Fucking stupid.
And she's like,
"Yeah, I got you. "
She's like, "Yeah, I got you. I got you.
I got your wallet, Mike.
You're a dumb nigger, Michael.
I got your wallet. "
Look at that ridiculous weave.
Can you believe that shit?
- That's some big Staten Island hair
shit, right? - Man: Long Island, Mike.
No, Long Island got the big hair.
Long Island got the big hair.
So me and Robin was only
married eight months,
but by Hollywood standards,
that's like 20 years.

So I was 20,
she was 21.
We were young. I didn't
know what I was doing.
I didn't have no money,
never had no pussy.
So we ain't have a clue what
we were getting ourselves into,
but her mama Ruth
sure did. Yeah.
Who I so endearingly liked to
refer to as "Ruth the Ruthless. "
They tag-teamed me worse
than Hulk Hogan and Mr. at WrestleMania, man.
I tell ya, man, Rotten Robin
and Ruth the Ruthless,
they jumped on my wallet like a
pack of wild dogs from Africa, man.
You ever watch "National
Geographic" and "Animal Channel"?
Of course, it's this animal that
everybody's trying to get in Africa.
He's a very slick,
slender, sophisticated...
"didactyl" animal.
He has a black last name.
Thomson gazelle. Thomson.
The Thomson gazelle,
the Thomson gazelle.
The Thomson gazelle,
you know that animal, right?
So he's familiar...
the Thomson gazelle...
so the Thomson gazelle, he's very
didactyl, he's very sophisticated.
When he moves,
he's very...
"foomf, foomf, foomf. "
And then we have
the wild dogs of Africa.
There's normally
about nine or 14 in a pack
and they're on your ass
like this.

And then, of course, their thing
is wearing you down. Endurance.
So eventually
the Thomson dudes dropped
from exhaustion
and then they go to eating his
ass. They go right into his ass...
they rip his stool out then they rip through
the rest of him then they eat his balls...
and that's what them ladies did to
me. They ate my ass alive, right?
I know when I said, "I do," I didn't
know that meant your mama, too, right?
(mimicking Robin Givens)
"Michael, we're a package deal.
You know you like
my mother, Michael.
Michael. "
And this experience
really taught me
that the apple doesn't fall
too far from the tree.
It is what it is.
How do I get...
(Beethoven's
Fifth Symphony plays)
I want me some
"Michelle 'Cicely' Tyson. "
He's a homo.
Uh, baby, subject to
assimilation.
Don King ugly.
Tyson's ugly. He a homo.
Read my lips,
I'll say it nice and slow...
Michelle Cicely Tyson
is a ho-mo.
Hear me!
"Mean" Mitch Green, y'all.
Unfortunately, this wouldn't be the
last time I would run into Mitch.
I would see him again.
This time it will be

at 4:

At Harlem

at the most famous

and luxurious

Dapper Dan boutique.

We up there getting fitted

for a beautiful, tailored...

no, it wasn't really

a tailored suit.

It was this bullshit-ass,

ridiculous white leather jacket

with "Don't Believe the Hype"

glued on the back.

And I got these white, tight

leather Daisy Duke shorts.

Don't judge me,

motherfucker.

I had good legs back then,

motherfucker.

I liked to whip it

and whip it.

So this is New York

and most of you are black,

so you know about

Dapper Dan.

And for those who don't,

Dapper Dan was

the man back then.

Every hip-hop artist/

drug dealer/killer/kidnapper/...

whatever you slash with,

you're up there.

So it's not really weird

to see people up there

at the wee hours of the night,

of course, right?

So I'm there feeling good,

all of a sudden,

my cool is interrupted

when this uncouth motherfucker

walks in the...

looking just like this.

He didn't have the shorts

and the gloves, of course,

but he had the sweatpants
and he had no shirt
and he had the hairdo.
I go here
and I'm trying on clothes
and Mitch comes in...
and then when Mitch comes in...
Mitch comes in
like this.
(laughter)
"Bitch-ass nigga, what the fuck
you doing in my neighborhood,
you bitch-ass nigga?!
You "Cicely Tyson"
homo-ass-bitch nigga.
What... you wanna jump?
Don't jump, nigga.
Don't jump...
don't do this, nigga. "
And, um...
I'm trying to
stay cool, right,
because I'm in
this white world.
I got endorsements.
I got Pepsi-Cola.
Not now, back then.
I got Kodak.
Not now, back then.
I got Bank of America
before it was Bank of America.
Not now, back then.
'Cause white people love me.
Not now, back then.
So I don't got time to fuck
around with a \$2 nigga, right?
If you have any kind of
success anywhere in the world,
you got some fuckin'
Jewish influence.
You got these Jewish managers,
lawyers, and accountants and shit.
And they ain't
no big motherfuckers,

but every time I see them
in verbal altercations,
and they says some slick shit
from the side of their mouth,
they never got their ass whipped
or hurt or anything, right?
So I thought I'd try
this shit on Mitch
mixed with my little
Brooklyn shit, right?
So I say, um,
"Now, Mitch,
what are you doing?
Now trust me, Mitch,
by all means,
I don't really believe this
is advantageous to your health.
I already
kicked your ass now.
You need to proceed to
the nearest exit immediately. "
And it didn't work for me.
Why did I say that shit?
Why did I say that shit?
He said, "What, bitch?! Nigga,
you ain't beat me, nigga!
That Don King... he ain't
give me no per diem, man.
I ain't have no food, man. How am I
gonna fight with no food, you bitch-ass,
dick-sucking fool, you
Tyson-ass-bitch-ass-ho nigga.
Huh?"
I have this
speech coach, right...
and this is one of the words
that we worked on and stuff...
so suddenly I had
an epiphany.
I had
an epiphany, right?
I had an epiphany.
So I say, "I am Mike Tyson, right, the
baddest motherfucker on the planet, right,

I do not have
to take this shit. "
All that white world
that I wanted to be a part of
just went out the window.
I just get mad and Mitch
said, "Fuck you, faggot!"
And it just slipped and I...
(yells)
Right? But it didn't
turn out cool.
I broke my hand
on this gorilla's face.
And listen, right,
you know,
after all that stuff,
I really don't even like
to use the word "gorilla"
concerning a black man, but
come on, guys, just look at him.
I'm gonna
leave it up to you.
Gorilla,
orangutan, baboon,
spider monkey, you pick.
It ain't on me, all right?
So this is what you never
knew about the fight.
You all knew about the altercation,
but this is what you didn't know...
Mitch was high on
some powerful shit
they gave him, like,
alien-like strength, all right?
Angel dust. Yeah, he was
high as a kite on angel dust.
I'm laying some beautiful
combinations on this brother, right.
I'm laying these
beautiful combin...
But, um,
he doesn't go down.
"Weebles wobble,
but they don't fall down. "

Remember that?
That's Mitch.
So I'm opening up on Mitch
and it's like the karate movie.
I'm moving...
and Mitch is not going...
but he's not going down.
And he's just going like this
and he's not going down.
Shit's not looking good for me,
so I have to resort
to my Bruce Lee
"Enter the Dragon,"
Regent Theatre
on Nostrand Avenue,
across the street from
the bank, roundhouse kick
on this motherfucker,
right?
You know that...
all right, but listen, right,
I see the people are very excited,
the expectation is all in the air.
Keep in mind, though, the kick
that you're about to witness now
is not gonna resemble
the kick from 1988, okay?
So Mitch comes, right...
so Mitch comes...
"Fuck you, nigga!"
Boom!
Mitch is down again.
He's fucking down.
He fucking down
and he's not moving.
He's not getting up.
I got this driver/bodyguard
that's with me at the time,
but he's never with me
when the fight's going down.
"Yo, Mike, man, I think you
killed this motherfucker, man. "
And then...
of course I have to go back

to this Jewish etiquette shit.
I go, "Fuck that shit, Tom.
It was inevitable this shit
was going down, man. "
And Tom goes,
"Fuck that, Ike. Man, this nigga
gonna hit you with that lawsuit, man. "
And then this is back
to my Jewish etiquette shit.
"Fucking Tom, do you believe
there's a court in the fucking land
that will believe
this fucking baboon, man?
Are you fucking crazy?"
But I'm really scared.
I'm talking that tough shit,
but I'm really scared.
I'm really scared.
And my mind says, "Please,
I hope this nigga moves. "
And then this "Night of the Living
Dead," Jason, Michael Myers...
he pops up and he says,
"Fuck you, faggot!"
and hits me in the balls.
I went "Ugh!"
And then I said,
"Fuck that Bruce Lee shit,
it's time for WWE,
Bruno Sammartino...
and it's...
(yelling)
And I was gonna bite
this motherfucker, right,
but, um, not this
dirty motherfucker.
'Cause I'll bite a motherfucker
before God gets the news, right,
but he had that green shit and
grey shit coming with his blood.
I didn't wanna catch
the "West Nile"...
I mean,
West Nile virus.

- Shit.
- West nine?
I'm walking to
my yellow canary
convertible Rolls-Royce.
350, 350,000... Puffy
didn't have 350 back then.
He does now.
He didn't have it back then.
I get in the car and Tom's
in the car and I say...
I've still got my Jewish
etiquette with me, though...
I got Jew etiquette,
so I go,
"Tom, um...
will you please be...
will you please, um,
pursue the road
to the emergency room
because I believe
I have a hairline fracture. "
And Tom goes, "Fuck, man!
You crazy motherfucker!
Mitch is on the back of the car!
Mitch is on the wheel!"
And this is not a lie,
he woke up again.
He... I don't know how...
he woke up, he's on the back
of my car and he's on the wheel
and he's,
"Fuck you, faggot!
You faggot!
I'm going to kill you, homo!"
So he's back there...
he does an alien-like leap
and he disappears.
He goes up and disappears. Me and
Tom are like, "Oh, shit! Fuck!"
And comes down and we're
scared to get out of the car.
And he comes down
on my side view mirror

and rips it off.
I said,
"That's 30 Gs. "
It has to be 30 Gs
if the car's 350.
350,000,
it has to be 30 Gs.
And I'm saying to myself,
"Fuck,"
but I'm still in Jewish etiquette
mode, but I'm mad as a motherfucker.
And I say... I say,
"Tom, will you be kind enough
to wait here patiently as I
go outside and confront Mitch
about this motherfucking
side view mirror?"
And I come out the car
like this.
And I jump and I grab
this motherfucker
and I just reel in
that Jheri...
I'm reeling in...
excuse me,
I'm from Brownsville.
You know we got the lisp.
"Jheri curl. "
I'm reeling in
the Jheri curl...
I'm reeling in
the Jheri curl
and then the proverbial
Ralph Kramden...
boom, zoom,
to the motherfucking moon.
Boom!
(sound effect whistles)
I'm waiting.
Boom!
Mitch is down again, right?
Sometimes you hit
your head once... boom!
On the concrete... on the

floor 'cause you had a fight...
boom... sometimes...
boom, you're dead.
Motherfucker
ain't breathing,
but this is something
that is really uncanny.
Sometimes you hear the... boom! And
then it bounce up and hit again. Boom!
And then he wakes up and
he starts throwing punches.
I don't know why,
but it always happens that way.
You hit it twice,
you get up.
But when Mitch came down,
he just did one... boom!
And the breath
from his air came up
and he shit on himself
a little, right?
And my mother
always told me that...
ah... that's your soul
going to Jesus.
I had to do
my Jewish/Brooklyn...
"See, Mitch, I told you.
This was going to be fucking
detrimental to your health.
Now you forced me to put
a sign in your eye that says,
'Closed for
the fucking season. '"
This again, this wouldn't be the
last time I see this motherfucker.
I'm in Harlem now
with this Afrocentric sister.
You know, who always...
Sister Egypt is her name...
with the turban
on the head.
The flowing dress.
Likes to be very conservative.

Don't want to show
the curves and stuff.
But when she moves,
her body would, too.
She just couldn't help it.
Excuse me.
Thank you, Gwen.
You remember...
it was like '88...
the way Harlem is now,
they got, you know, linen
cloths outside on tables.
You eat outside now.
But they tried... this is
like the prototype before...
to see if the shit
was gonna work.
I'm sitting at the table
and from the side
of my eye,
I see this big guy
with some big hair on a bike.
Not a Harley-Davidson or a
Ducati, but a bike, and no shirt.
This shit just
don't look right.
So I turn,
it's fucking Mitch Green.
Mitch Green's
around 6'5"/6'6",
but with his hair...
the hair's like 6'12"/7-foot,
you pick.
Anyway, he's on a bike going,
"One, two, woomp. "
And I'm saying to myself,
"Mitch is here. "
And I'm saying,
"If he goes here... "
just like if the cops
are looking for you
and you can't move right quick 'cause
they'll spot you if you get up...
I said, "If Mitch go here,

he'll go by that block,
and I know
he'll be gone. "
But he doesn't,
he gets here and he looks
and his eye
catches my eye.
And he's not sure if it's me,
but he went like this.
And Mitch goes, "Foom,
foom, foom, foom, whoa. "
I knew Mitch for years.
The most rational thing
I ever saw Mitch do...
he stopped,
he got off the bike,
and he put the kickstand down real easy.
That's the only
transportation he had.
So he was very careful.
He comes to the matre d'
and Mitch goes...
(groans)
And the girl go...
(groans)
See, Mitch
is a Neanderthal
and I am half-Neanderthal,
so I knew what he said.
The girl didn't
understand him.
What he said was,
"Is that Mike Tyson over there?"
The girl stepped back
and she pointed to me and said,
"Hey, Champ.
Mr. Green wants to see you. "
And once she said that,
he said,
"You see,
you motherfucking faggot,
homo-bitch-ass nigga.
Fuck you, faggot.
Why you snuff me and run?

Why you snuff me, nigga? You
bitch-ass nigga. You snuffed me.
Motherfucking Tyson,
homo nigga.
I tell you,
you ain't fucked with me.
You ain't beat me,
I ain't have no food.
Fucking you and that
bitch-ass Don King.
You're sucking
his dick, nigga.
How am I gonna fight
with no food?
How am I gonna fight with
no motherfucking food, nigga?
I ain't got no per diem, nigga.
I'll fuck you, nigga. "
So I'm eating this steak...
I'm not a vegan...
I'm eating a steak.
I'm saying to myself...
I'm saying,
"I'm about to gut Mitch
like a fish right now. "
I had Sister Egypt,
she said, "No! No!
Be cool.
Don't play yourself, brother.
That's that white man's trap to get
you in that white man's prison, brother.
You worth too much there,
brother.
I'll fight him. You're worth
too much there, brother.
That's that white man's
plantation nigga, right there. "
So my life is unraveling. That's
the right word, right? Unraveling.
Mitch Green
and the street fight happens,
then Robin filed for divorce
later that year.
Yeah, yeah.

And then I make a deal
with the devil...
I sign my life away
to Don King.
(mimics Don King) "Nyuk,
nyuk, nyuk. Only in America. "
Fuck you, nigga,
fuck you.
All right, there's nothing
American about you.
You pull his pants down, you'll see a
stamp on his ass says, "Made in China. "
So my divorce is finalized
on Valentine's Day.
More like St. Valentine's Day
Massacre, right?
Then there were all these
emotional issues,
my pussy supply's cut off,
and Don has me set to fight
Frank Bruno two weeks
after that.
In spite of it all, all the
turmoil and adversity in my life,
I still maintained
my Heavyweight Championship
with a knockout.
A few weeks later,
I go to Atlantic City,
I fight Carl "The Truth"
Williams, find out he's a lie.
I knock him out
in 93 seconds.
Then I fly to Japan
to fight
James "Buster" Douglas.
Check this one out.

Commentator:

Douglas! Look at this!
He's knocked
Mike Tyson down!
For the first time
in his career

Mike Tyson
hits the canvas!
He's in big trouble!
He may not be able
to recover!
It's up to seven and eight!
He's not gonna make it!
Unbelievable!
Bad day at the office.
You know, I didn't think
I was gonna lose,
but I didn't know
how I thought I could've won.
I wasn't
training properly.
I was beating everybody
even though I wasn't training.
I was supposed to be
practicing...
and this is another word
I learned, too...
abstinence.
You know, I couldn't even
say abstinence,
how was I gonna
practice it, right?
That's some folklore tale
that you're not supposed to be
with any girl before a fight.
Nobody believes in that stuff. Cus didn't
believe in that and I didn't either.
Cus would go, "That's
just a form of control.
If they can get you to stop having sex,
they can get you to stop breathing. "
And of course I didn't
wanna stop breathing, right?
But to be honest,
I actually knocked Buster
Douglas out in the eighth round.
It was a 13-second count.
You see for yourself.
Check it out.
Oh, one, two, three...

see the guy
in the white gloves?
Four, five, six,
seven, eight, nine,
10, 11,
12, 13.
Un-fucking-lucky number.
I had that coming to me
because I was a spoiled
little schmuck.
I just left Japan,
it was an all-time low.
I took a vicious...
my first professional defeat...
and a bad one at that.
And then a week later,
my sister Denise,
she just suddenly dies.
And I remember talking to her
the night before
and she was telling me
I need to see a doctor
because my eye
was really damaged
and Buster gave me
a really bad beating.
And then the next morning,
she was just gone.
My sister Denise...
but known to everyone in the
neighborhood as "Niecey"...
took on a maternal role in
my life after my mother died.
She was the only person not
afraid to put me in deep check.
She was loved by everybody
in the neighborhood.
She just had that fun,
gregarious personality
that everybody just wanted
to have around them.
Niecey was buried with
the honors of a dignitary.
I couldn't believe hundreds of

people... thousands of people...
they just kept coming and
they just came to the funeral.
I was overwhelmed.
And I made sure she was buried
close to my mother.
You know, I may not
always been a good son
or brother
for that matter,
but I made sure Denise
was buried with dignity.
It was the very least
I could do.

(music playing)

She's faced
the hardest times #
You could imagine
And many times
Her eyes fought back
the tears #
Lord, Lord
And when her
youthful world #
Was about to fall in
Each time
her slender shoulders #
Bore the weight
of all her fears #
And a sorrow
no one hears #
Still rings
in midnight silence #
In her ears
Let her cry
For she's a lady
Let her dream
For she is a child
Let the rain
fall down upon her... #
Mm-mm-mm.
Mm-mm-mm
mm mm mm-mm mm.
Mm-mm-mm. I should have

known it was gonna be trouble.
One ballroom
represented by 50 states
of beautiful black women.
And I was really bored.
So when I was invited as a
guest to the Indiana Black Expo,
I jumped
at the opportunity.
I had no idea this
one decision, once again,
changed the course
of my life.
Now, there was a lot of things I could
have gone to prison for at this time,
but this wasn't
one of them.
Although I understood
the seriousness of the case,
I really believed
that justice would prevail
and that the evidence
would exonerate me.
However, I was convicted
before the trial even started.
I really wanna go back
and read the transcripts
about my case and find out
what really happened.
'Cause I don't understand
how I was facing 63 years...
check this out... and only did
three years of a 10-year sentence
that Judge Patricia Gifford,
known as the "hanging judge"...
who I had
as a judge, of course...
dropped four years
off my sentence.
Now what black man you know
got convicted of rape
in the state of Indiana and
only got three years, okay?
It wasn't like I had

a hell of a lawyer.
I could've did better
with Joe Pesci
in "My Fucking Cousin Vinny,"
okay?
My brother Don King...
(mimics Don King) "Nyuk, nyuk,
nyuk, only in America, motherfucker. "
Fuck you.
He hired Vincent Fuller,
a tax attorney,
for my defense.
No, you're not
listening to me.
Balcony, a tax...
a goddamn tax attorney.
I didn't have tax problems
back then, I need his ass now.
You know,
and I was just saying,
I'm tired of living
as a sex offender.
I have to register
wherever I go.
My kids are at an age
where they ask questions
and I want to have
better answers for them.
Well, really, I need
better answers for myself.
And I also want to make this
point that wasn't argued in court
that could have
exonerated me.
Now I know
rape's a serious thing,
and I know things happen
in life,
but this wasn't the first time
Desiree Washington
claimed that
somebody raped her.
There was another incident
right before my case.

And I don't know the odds
of this happening twice
to the same person
in a short period of time.
I did not rape
Desiree Washington
and that's all
I have to say about this.
(applause)
So I went to prison
for something I didn't do,
but it turned out
to be a blessing.
It was the first time in my
life I was able to be still
and there was a freedom
that came with that.
Now hold up,
I'm not recommending
anybody go into prison
to get any kind of freedom
or anything, okay?
Just go in the bathroom,
do what you have to do,
and just call it a wrap.
I didn't go in there
singing "Kumbaya"
and "Don't Fucking Worry,
Be Happy," right?
I was pissed the fuck off.
And, you know, I'm from
Brownsville, Brooklyn,
and I couldn't wait to get in
there and prove to those psychopaths
I was just as homicidal
as they were if not more.
Right? So as soon as I
got in my cell, you know...
of course, you know,
they give you your stuff...
you know what
they give you, right?
Your sheets...
you know what they give you.

The sheets...
you know...
I'm going to my cell,
I packed my stuff in my cell,
and I come back out.
"Dig, man, Rod, don't go
near my motherfucking house. "
That's my jail voice.
"Don't go near
my motherfucking house, Rod.
Dig, Rod,
don't go near that mother...
I need a phone, nigga. I don't
know which one, but I need one. "
"No, fuck you!"
"No, fuck you, motherfucker!
And fuck you, too, you
nappyhead-Aryan-Nazi motherfucker!"
And then, of course,
there's always some really
humble, black, Muslim brother
with a thick Arab accent
that never even met
an Arab motherfucker, right?
But he comes...
he comes to me and he goes,
"Assalamu alaikum,
Brother Mike. "
(speaking Arabic)
"Brother Mike, we're here...
Brother Mike,
we're here
under the umbrella
of Allah doing time,
not allowing time to do us. "
(speaking mock Arabic)
And so I say,
"Fuck you, motherfucker!
Get the fuck
out of here! "
But then, eventually of course,
you're in prison. You chill out.
Some people are nice. They got good
personalities and maybe it's not that bad.

When I was in prison... you guys didn't know... I had a visitor every day. My most famous visitor was my man Spike Lee. He came to visit us. He did a preview of "Malcolm X" before it went to the movies. It was pretty awesome, but there was actually only like nine black people in Indiana prison and like 42,000 white people. It was all Nazis and Aryans and shit and Spike almost got us killed. Shit. Oh, Whitney Houston came to visit me. Tupac Shakur, James Brown, of course, John Kennedy, Jr., and matter of fact, they're not here no more, so may they all rest in peace. Wow, that's a trip. Maya Angelou came to visit me. LL Cool J, Reverend Al Sharpton... the fat guy, not the small guy. Okay, so, um, Larry King came up there. The O'Jays came to visit me, too. Not O.J. Simpson, know your R&B, the band. # Backstabbers. Even Florence Henderson from "The Brady Bunch. " She was in town for the Indianapolis 500, which is the big... she was singing "God Bless America," yeah, sitting next to the mayor and the governor, and she said, "I'd like

to go see Mike Tyson. "
And the mayor said,
"Then you should. "
At that day,
I'm in the hole.
I spent a lot of my time
in the hole when I'm locked up.
The guard comes and he says,
"Oh, God, hey, Mr. Tyson, sir. "
Real good guy, Christian guy.
"Mr. Tyson, sir, oh, sir,
you don't know who's here.
Ooh, they came.
You'll never believe
who's here to see you now, sir. "
I'm saying, like,
"Who, Michael Jackson?"
He said, "No, not him.
Even better. "
He said, "Miss Florence Henderson
from 'The Brady Bunch. ' "
I said, "Get the fuck
outta here," right?
And then he got insulted
and he said,
"Excuse me, Mr. Tyson, sir,
I've always treated you like a
man, sir, since you've been here.
I've never disrespected you,
and, sir, and I'm a man,
and I'm not gonna lie
because I'm a Christian, sir.
Yes, I am.
I'm a Christian.
Yeah, I know, I know.
I know everybody say they're a
Christian. Everybody's a Christian,
but they ain't saved.
I'm saved. "
And I said,
"Okay, cool. "
As I go on up, I say,
"Cool, I'm gonna go
meet Miss Henderson,

beautiful person. "

And then, of course, there's
always the asshole going,
"Where you going, boy?
Heh-heh-heh-heh.
Huh, 'Champ'?"
"Well, I'm going to see...
Miss Henderson's outside.
She came to visit me
and I'd like to visit with her. "
"Not without these. "
He's holding the shackles.
And for people
who don't know the shackles,
it's like the Kunta Kinte thing,
young man, okay?
You're right here, and many
times I've been in the hole,
as I was explaining earlier, and
sometimes my lawyer came to visit me,
and if you're in the hole and you
come and you visit your lawyer,
it's... and you're shackled up,
you can't shake his hand.
You gotta shake
his hand like this.
And I'm not gonna shake Miss
Henderson's hand, "How you doing, ma'am?"
"Hi, Miss Henderson, ma'am.
Well, I got caught.
I gots caught tryin'
to run for freedom, ma'am.
Hey, ma'am, do you know
Mayor Goldsmith?
Can you get me some help?
I need liberation.
I need isolation.
I need some freedom. "
But I just couldn't do it.
I just decided I'd rather not let
Miss Henderson see me like this.
But I was grateful for her
visit, and all my visitors.
These people gave me hope

in a hopeless place.
They knew I wasn't the guy the
DAs wanted them to believe I was.
Never did I think I'd go to prison
with all my fucking mental issues
and come out
finding peace.
Temporarily,
but some kind of peace.
And one of those major
stepping-stones
was when I learned
about Islam.
You know, before this,
I wasn't very religious.
Pretty much
a Neanderthal.
There were a few Muslims,
just a few,
and I noticed some of them
possessed a calm demeanor,
something that
I'd never mastered,
and it intrigued me.
And I wanted and needed something
to enforce some kind of feeling
and structure in my life,
at the time, of course,
and for me it was Islam.
So I began reading the Qur'an,
attending class,
and it's just who I am.
And after I left prison,
I have to admit,
I was really scared
'cause I...
(cash register dings)
I had \$400 million
in my bank account coming to me
and not a clue how I was going to
survive for the next 400 seconds.
And I wanted to stay focused
on my deen and practice Islam,
but my quest for righteousness

quickly halted
once those
prison cells opened
and all the snakes, leeches,
and trolls started sucking on me.
And I loved snakes, leeches,
and trolls because back then...
because they make you
feel great, right?
So, on top of the list of those
parasites was my man,
(mimics Don King) "Nyuk, nyuk,
nyuk, nyuk. Only in America" Don King.
Fuck you.
So, the real beef
between me and Don
was fueled after I lost
my boxing license.
And Mr. Vince McMahon,
he approached me
and he wanted me to become
a part of WrestleMania.
So Vince McMahon goes,
"Mike, come with us, man.
You're gonna be bigger
than boxing.
You're gonna get in wrestling.
You're gonna be in our family now.
Wrestling's fake,
but the checks are real. "
And I'm like, "Cool. "
And so they needed
clearance for some photos
and Don was giving them
a hard time,
trying to charge them \$300,000
for pictures of me.
I started questioning my rights.
We did an investigation.
We found that Don
owned my rights.
And I really suppose it was
easy to rob me at the time
'cause Don so kindly

recommended his best lawyers
and his best accountants
that my money could buy.
So I made this
multimillion-dollar deal
with this big network
and Don was fucking both of us.
He would demand money
from them saying it's for me,
and if they didn't give it
to me, "Mike would leave.
He's a crazy nigga. "
And I would never get the money,
but he would bill me for it.
So once we started doing
this investigation...
oh, this is another word we worked on
with the... with the... with the voice...
vocal chords...
the speech coach...
when we did that investigating
and this "auditing shit," right?
The "auditing shit," right?
One of the line items
billed to Don
was he charged me
\$8,000 a week...
for towels.
I ain't fucking with y'all.
Balcony, balcony...
8,000 fucking dollars
a week for towels.
I wasn't getting high
on cocaine then.
I wasn't sweating like
a pimp on a ho back then.
Hell fucking no.
Just imagine all the other stuff
he was billing me for.
So, we finally settled,
and I won, but the damage
was already done.
I was forced
to file bankruptcy,

and of course you know,
once the money goes,
so does the hos.
I was homeless
and ho-less.
I've been trying to work at this
thing from a forgiving place,
but it's fucking hard,
you know?
Oh, speaking of forgiveness,
I'm really very grateful
that Evander
forgave me for this.
Oh, I know that
fucking hurt so much.
What was
I thinking about, man?
He lost a piece of his ear,
I lost a piece of money...
a lot of money,
and I lost my license.
And all I can say
is that I snapped.
And the days following
were pure hell.
I went from the 10th hated man
on the planet,
which I could handle,
but to numero uno after I
bit the motherfucker, right?
So, you know,
that was some hard shit.
I mean, I was angry.
I was just really pissed off.
Then I was forced to read
this contrived apology letter
at the press conference for the
Nevada State Athletic Commission.
And to make matters worse, I
had to read it on my birthday...
June 3rd, 1997.
Happy birthday, dickhead.
But now I really am sorry
and me and Holyfield

have become friends.
And look at him.
He's real debonair.
See, right?
Real class act.
Debonair.
And me, I look like
I could be...
Holyfield's
fat grandmother, you know?
You take... throw a wig, a dress
on me, and I'm Madea, right?
But irregardless...
That's that cocaine, man.
But, no, Holyfield's just a
beautiful guy, man. A beautiful man.
And I just want
the best for him.
Guys, please go buy
his barbecue sauce, okay?
I really like to address
everything I just said
and consider it
about my life as PT...
pre-tattoo.
Everyone wants to know, "What
the fuck are you doing, man?
What you put that
on your face for?
What, are you crazy, nigga?
You being like those white boys.
Why the fuck you do that?
What does that mean, Mike?"
You get the gay guys
come up to me,
"Man, you're very...
you're very...
ooh, you're very... ooh.
You're a very exotic-looking
man, Mr. Tyson. "
I just wanted everybody to know,
I put this tramp stamp
on my face
because I wanted to.

Leave me alone. You don't like
it, don't fucking look at it.
Fuck you, okay?
It's my face.
God damn.
Just don't worry about it.
After the tattoo,
it could be argued
that I went
even crazier, you know?
I retired from boxing, and...
I started using cocaine.
I had nothing to hold me back,
and for a dude like me,
that's pretty dangerous.
My low self-esteem
takes over the wheel,
fueled by my megalomania ego
and, man, that's an explosion
ready to happen.
A lot of people
were asking me all the time,
"What was your rock bottom?
When did you know you had a
problem with cocaine, Mike?"
As Oprah Winfrey
would say,
"What was
your 'aha moment,' Mike?"
When was
your aha, aha? #
I knew things were bad
when I got arrested in 2006
before I almost hit
a cop car.
I mean, who does that?
So, the officer says to me,
"Well, Mike, man, we knew
you had a problem,
but we were hoping if you made that
left turn, you'd have kept going,
but you kept straight at us,
man. You just kept coming. "
And I'm like,

"Oh, God. "

But he's like, "We know
you've got a problem. "

So I'm in a holding cell
right now in Phoenix, Arizona.
I'm in a holding cell.
And, no offense, but there's always
some smart, creepy white guy...
small guy...
that knows the system.
Even though he's always
in the system,
he knows the system better
than anybody in the system.
So he asks me,
he goes this way,
he says, "Mike, hey, Champ.
What are you in for?"
And I'm depressed,
I'm really down.
The cocaine's wearing off and
I'm just really getting down.
And I say,
"It's blow, man. Cocaine. "

And he says, "Have you ever
been arrested for drugs before?"
I go, "Yeah, yeah, I got a couple
felonies. Yeah, I already got a felony. "

He said, "No, but have you
ever been arrested for drugs?"
I said, "No, no.
Never before, no. "

He said, "Well, they can't
put you away.
They can't
lock you up, Champ.
Naw, they gotta
help you first.
According to law 4902,
'Take a puff or two,'
they gotta help you
before they throw you away...
before they lock you up,
some shit. "

So I went from being down
to being very up, you know?
So I'm talking shit,
and I'm...
and so the intake guy
comes in and he says,
"Aw, Champ, this is
really a bad day in my life.
You're a hero of mine and I'm really
feeling bad, but all right, Champ,
let's go through it. Now, Champ,
how often do you use cocaine, Champ?"
I said, "Every time
I get a chance to.
Any time I get... you know?
When I get a chance.
Whenever I get...
any time I get a chance.
I'm like, I need cocaine now.
I wish I had some now. "
I was just...
I needed cocaine.
Um, I didn't want no help, I
just didn't want to go to jail.
I was facing nine years.
Oh, I can't... oh, fuck.
So, following that 2006 arrest,
I went to rehab,
the best forced decision
I ever made, all right?
I just got tired.
I got tired of disappointing my family.
My family wouldn't even
talk to me.
You know, when you're on drugs,
nobody talks to you no more.
You could cheat on your family,
cheat on your girlfriend,
but once you do drugs,
they don't talk to you no more.
And so eventually I married
my girlfriend, Kiki Spicer,
in 2009.
And she was looking out for me

and taking care of me
through all
my relapses and stuff.
It's my third marriage
and her first.
Hopefully
both our last, right?
But anyway, we have
two beautiful children...
beautiful, beautiful,
beautiful... Milan and Morocco.
And when I first got married,
when we first hooked up,
I was morbidly obese.
I was 380 pounds, right?
- Oh, wow. - And there's nothing worse
than a fat cokehead.
You ain't think a motherfucker
on coke gonna be fat.
You don't think nobody
on coke's gonna be fat,
but, you know, I became a vegan.
I started exercising.
And I lost
over 160 pounds.
- (applause)
- Yeah.
And, listen, I suddenly went
from wanting to die every day
to all of a sudden
wanting to live.
Now I'm four years
clean and sober,
a better man, striving
to be a better father.
(applause)
(piano glissando plays)
You know, as a parent,
I have many regrets.
I regret only caring
about fame,
money, women,
sex, drugs.
I thought the definition of a good

parent was being a financial provider.
I totally missed out
on the emotional part.
And for that,
I will always regret.
You know, I'm just blessed that
God has given me another opportunity
to be a father
for the children that I have
and that respect me now.
My older kids need more time to
forgive my absence and my relapse,
but I just want them
to know that I love them
and I will always be there
for them whenever they need me.
And I'm singing
this song to you... #
You know, nothing in life
can ever prepare you
for the loss of a child.
It just seemed to defy
the laws of natural order.
We, as parents, we're prepared to
leave this Earth before our children.
Before we leave,
we plan to guide them
and make them
stronger people in life.
It was a long
Labor Day weekend,
and I received the call
from the paramedics
at the house where
Exodus lived with her mother
and her older brother,
my son Miguel.
They lived in Phoenix, Arizona,
and I lived in Las Vegas.
I still don't understand
what happened.
I don't understand
why it happened.
I don't know how

a cord from a treadmill
can get wrapped around
a four-year-old girl's neck.
I jumped
on a plane immediately
and I went straight
to the hospital.
Exodus was already brain-dead
when I arrived.
It was the hardest thing
I ever had to do.
When I first went to the
hospital, I was really angry
and I wanted somebody to pay
and feel how I felt.
But when I saw other parents there
that had children that were dying
or just died right there,
at that moment,
and they came over to me
and comforted me.
We are all
members of a club
that we didn't
want to be a part of...
the bereaved parents club.
Before we left,
Exodus made her final ascent
to heaven.
You know, I can't bring back
my baby Exodus,
but the only thing I can do
is honor her life
by making a better example
of myself
for my children
who are still with me now.
There isn't a day
that goes by
that I don't think about
Exodus Sierra Tyson.
She will forever always be
my eternal angel.
These are my children

right here.
You know, I have, like,
a 9th grade education
from a really, really
fucked up, bad school, right?
And all my kids
go to private schools
and Ivy League schools,
right?
And every now and then I text
them and I see how they're doing,
and they call me back...
text me back and say,
"Daddy, this is not how
you spell my name, Daddy.
And you don't spell
'birthday' like this, Dad.
I can't believe
you can't spell 'birthday. '"
But this is what my life
is about now,
being with my family
and cherishing this.
It took me a long time to get it,
but, by God, you know, I got this shit.
And... man.
(audience applauding)
Thank you, thank you.
I hope you leave here with
a better understanding of me,
Michael Gerard Tyson,
and my undisputed truth.
Thank you for allowing me
to share this
roller coaster ride
of emotions with you.
It's been a long one, with
many highs and many lows, guys,
but it's molded me into
the man that stands before you
baring his triumphs and his
failures in front of you,
emotionally naked
as I came into this world.

God bless you all and thank you
for coming out and supporting me.
- I really appreciate it.
- (applauding)
Good job, buddy.
Good to see you.
Yeah, man, great.
For a new day
Celebrate and say
ay-ay-ay... #
- # Ay-ay-ay...
- Thank you very much.
Ay-ay-ay...
Ay, ay-ay-ay,
ay-ay-ay... #
I woke up this morning
thinking 'bout the old me #
When I was feeling like
Miller Lite and Ol' E #
But now I ride
on some conscious shit #
I'm getting bread while
I toast to my accomplishments #
Only one I could have
a problem with is myself #
That's probably why my
only competition is myself #
From today to tomorrow, the Doc
is just rocking the same drum #
Fuck the past, though I ain't
forgot where I came from #
Uh, I got the club
rocking, rocking, uh #
I got your girl
jocking, uh #
Me and Fif' still
in this bitch, bitch #
We going the distance with
you party people, come on #
Party people say,
party people say, ay #
It's a new day
It's a new day
World is getting ready...

Mike Tyson:

coming out, everybody. Thank you.

Brooklyn's in the house.

Brownsville.

Never run, never will.

Thank you, DJ Clark Kent.

I love you. Thank you.

Thanks to everyone.

Thanks, Spike.

Thank you, Mr. Nederlander.

Thank you, Kiki Tyson,

I love you.

Brooklyn rocks!

Ay ay-ay-ay, ay-ay,

ay ay-ay-ay, ay-ay #

Now you can get your knees on the
church floor, pray it get better #

Or push the dough on the liquor
store and see where it get you #

But me,

I got to be on top #

I said, me,

I got to be on top #

I got the street on lock

I'm on automatic pilot,

ain't nobody starting me #

Growing up in poverty ain't
fill my heart with larceny #

Niggas ride, I don't hide,

I jump to get 'em off on me #

I'm a leader, look and see

the natural-born boss of me #

They from Bel Air,

I'm from the bottom #

Soon as I spot 'em,

I get the drop and I got 'em #

I cock my piece

and red-dot 'em #

It's dinnertime

when the nine come out #

It's off with the chain,

off with the ring #

Move, bang,

off wit' ya brain now #
Party people say,
party people say, ay #
It's a new day
It's a new day
World is getting ready,
everybody ready, yeah #
For a new day
For a new day
Celebrate and say
ay ay ay-ay-ay... #
Ay ay ay
ay-ay-ay... #
Ay, ay ay
ay ay ay-ay-ay #
Ay, ay ay-ay-ay,
ay ay ay-ay-ay #
Marks on the wall
It's now or never at all
I'm gonna give it my all
Oh, oh
Whether I rise or fall
Oh, oh.