



Wonderboy!

I wonder why we don't see more black cheerleaders in college sports?

I mean, it takes an exceptional athlete to be able to hold those cheerleaders up with only one hand...hey, maybe that's it!

Perhaps the reason black females don't make good cheerleaders is because they are too thick. Granted, those male cheerleaders are super-strong but we must also realize that those particular cheerleaders have not been eating neckbones and turnip greens all their lives either. The sisters are absolute specimens. They'd make better power forwards than pom-pom shakers.

But what about the brothers? I thought long and hard as to why we don't see many black men on the sidelines. As much as I hate to say it, I came to the conclusion that... the black man is just too horny!

Realizing this I thought back to my past columns. In this retrospective act I thought of all the times I had referred to the

HMMM... Is Digging For Treasure Really Worth It?

sisters as gold diggers. I hate to eat crow, but I was... wr...wr... wr...wrong!

Sisters, please forgive me. How could I have been so blind?

The fact is that it is us brothers who are the real gold diggers. To make it plain... how can the sisters be gold diggers when it is they who have the GOLD MINE?

Now many of you ask, "What exactly is this gold mine?"

Well let me break it down like I broke it to a couple of people a while back.

You see, there is so much talk of how controlled substances are taking over the black community. Many argue that crack is killing most of our black youth. Whether it be from actually using the drug or getting shot from a drug deal gone bad, crack's ominous presence continues to reign over the black community.

This is very true, yet crack is not the controlled substance we should be worried about.

One of the least talked about of these substances is alcohol... oh my mistake, we're talking about the black community... I meant to say, wine. Brothers and sisters will do anything to get their hands around a hot bottle of liquid crack which is known to most as Cisco. (They ought to call that junk Crisco because from what I understand, that mess will fry your insides like a pork chop.)

But this is not even the most deadly of controlled substances.

The one thing that has had the most damaging affect on the black community is... BOOTIE!

Knowing this boys and girls, let's ask ourselves some questions.

Q: Who has this terrible thing known as bootie?

A: Women

Q: Does it come in various shapes, sizes, and RACES?

A: Yes, yes, and HELL YES!

Q: To a man, is there anything more important than this thing called, bootie?

A: Are you kidding?

This leads me to say that women, not men, rule the world. They are in control simply because they have the gold mine that men just love to stick their "picks" in. This is where the trouble starts.

Because men love the skins so much they'll do anything to get it. Women, being a smart species, realize this and use it to their advantage. This is one of the reasons why brothers be selling that rock. Women put on that front that they want money and selling drugs is an easy way to get it. (How else would you explain why some black men in college, with the potential for greatness, turn to selling drugs?)

I mean, brothers get stupid when it comes to gettin' some bootie. I've heard of guys quitting school so they can get a job to support their bootie habit. Brothers get so bootie-whipped that if you so much as look at their babe, they will cut, shoot, and possibly kill you! There is no excuse for such ignorance. I don't blame the women

at all for her actions. If a man is willing to be manipulated by a mere body organ, then let him. (But ladies, don't be out there flaunting it. Us guys are just like a Chem 41 experiment... if we get too hot, we're ready to boil over into something.)

In fact bootie may well be considered a drug for the simple fact that it is addicting—VERY ADDICTING! Just one hit and you are hooked.

For those brothers who don't choose to sell drugs to get the bootie, the situation doesn't get any better. They go out and rape some poor innocent girl wearing some biking shorts and a tank top.

Hmmmmmm?

Even if the female willingly consents to having sex, the black man is still at odds.

Check this out:

Black Brother X had a beautiful sexual relationship with Soul Sister Y. Unfortunately they ran into some problems which brought an end to it all. Ten years later Soul Sister Y finds out Black Brother X was cheating with her best friend. Now her ego is destroyed and guess what... Soul Sister Y cries rape—ten years later.

Did Black Brother X rape her—probably not. However, being a female, Soul Sister Y has the privilege to say so. It's her word against his. Better yet, it's her best selling novel against his comic book. (In court, the black male voice gets no dap!)

And please, don't let Soul Sister Y be Anglo Saxon Susie. The

situation really gets ugly.

All this is to say, "Fellas, just say no!" Sex is a drug and you will become addicted with one "hit". Also, realize that females have the upper-hand in the bootie-business. They can cry rape or even...BABY!

Now many of y'all say, "She has to take a blood test and all that to prove the baby is mine." This is true. However, realize the anguish you'll be going through in the meantime—whether she's bluffing or not. All I'm saying is that we live in a very, very cold world and if you don't cover your own butt, you will freeze!

Now don't get me wrong. Sex can be a wonderful part of a relationship but, it should not be the only part of one. Talk with your partner about it so that you both understand where each other is coming from (no pun intended).

Brothers be careful not to fall into that "bootie-trap" that has ruined the lives of so many promising black men. We saw what happened to brother Tyson. Whether he did it or not is not the issue. The problem is that he put himself in a vulnerable situation and got burned in the end.

Let us also remember how Magic Johnson "dunked his balls" in the wrong goal... excuse me again... goals.

Although too late, Magic realizes his mistake and is making it his mission to warn us brothers about that executioner called AIDS that is somewhere chillin' in some girls gold mine.

Now, go digging if you want to! Peace Y'all, Wonderboy

