



Failure?

Love  
DADS

Design  
Failure?

Poetry

ART

Genius

Huh?

Anxiety

MENTAL  
ILLNESS

LIFE

Hector Lugo AKA. "Rotten Mynded" presents:

R T N



↑  
WTF?

xx

? ?

THE PORTFOLIO

WRITING AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROTTENMYNDED AKA HECTOR LUGO





**This book was created to show  
the inconsistencies of my mind  
and the ideas I come up with.**

lots of  
these

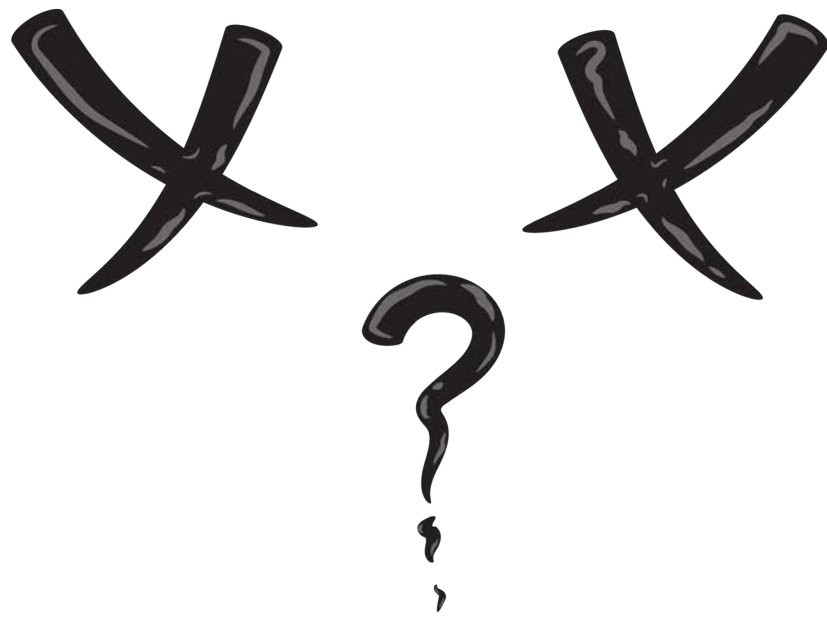
**Whether it's poetry, art, raps, or  
just random scribbles and  
rants...This is practically a  
portfolio, so you don't have to  
start from the beginning if you  
don't want to.**

Facts →

(Do it anyway.)

**I hope you enjoy this little trip  
inside my brain.**





## Introduction

Yeah, I know... you probably want me to talk about the projects, and rocking fake clothes, or the roach on the stove.

But that's not how this goes...

I won't mention the pain of being horribly broke, using bathtubs to wash all our clothes...or the glory of those-

days,



outside, playing dominoes til morning  arose/I won't speak on the shootouts I saw from windows, or the calls from my bro's saying "damn, we just lost a lil bro to the war on our roads". 

I refuse to speak on the torture we saw as we grow- for I am the product of hostile environments, though I try to keep my impulses controlled.

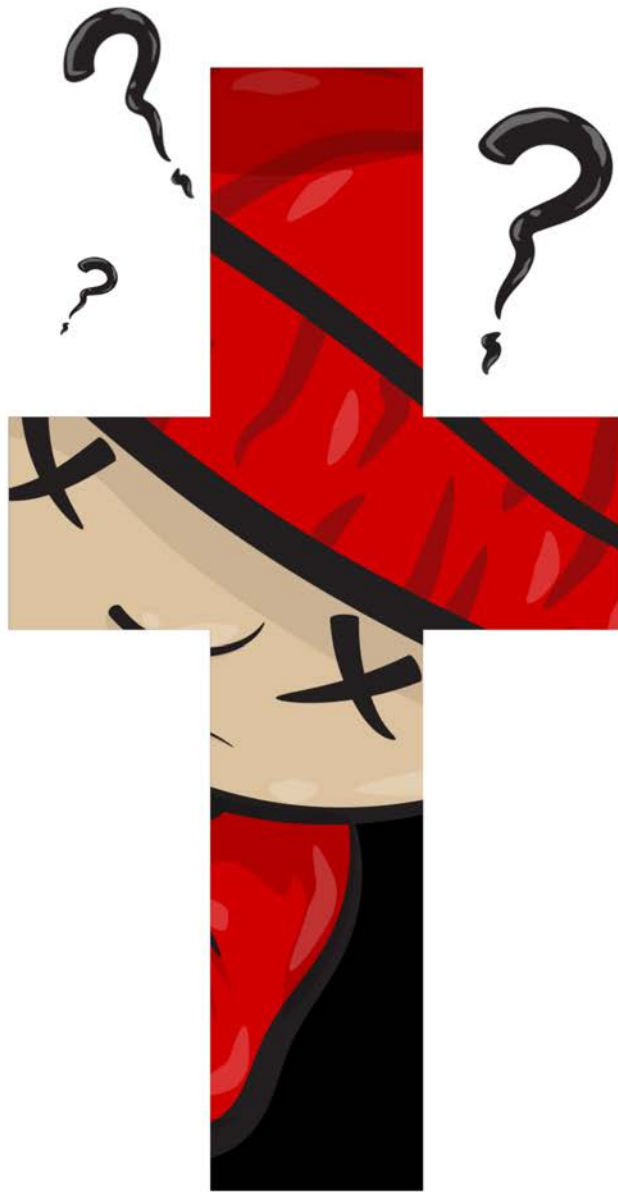
I will not be defined by insults used on minority souls-

or be called something other than Rotten, but lord only knows- mannerisms can alter the utmost professional being to a monstrous explosion-


In an eye blink.

 I think- I made this book to emphasize how "I" think/my mind shrinks reality, attacking with fine ink...okayyyyy, now I'm just rambling. Enjoy this blah, blah, blah and thank you for the support. 







I remember when I had to risk it all to get a meal/some shit I hold close to the chest and forever will...nights that I felt so obligated to mess with  / thinking every problem would be ~~fixed~~ with a record deal, but nah...it never mattered because they look past/and ain't nobody really clicking on these **FACEBOOK** ads...and everybody finna leave you on seen when you send a link/its like you got bars but no customers to send a drink...and every time a nigga *fell*, they would let me be/so now i be-overthinking everything...

remember when I used to do  
**recordings** on an mp3/parents  
copped a karaoke machine, ooh the  
memories...with a lil mic, I had 2, we  
was hype- I was playing tracks,  
freestyling over them with  
pride...me and Snoop back to back,  
on cassette, that's my guy/me and  
Gzz on the videos pretending to be  
Mike...even dancing like Jackson,  
music been my life/and the shit  
might look embarrassing, but damn,  
I wish I could go back  
again...because I had a **fire** inside of  
me that I'm lacking now/I guess as  
my skill grew, I've let the passion  
down.

My **canvas** was ready still ⚡

distributed **supplies** just

to **brush** <sup>↑</sup> up each set of skills.

And through the **highlights**, I

had **SHADED** my mental will ⚡

and paid a high **price**,



trying to search for a better



**deal.**

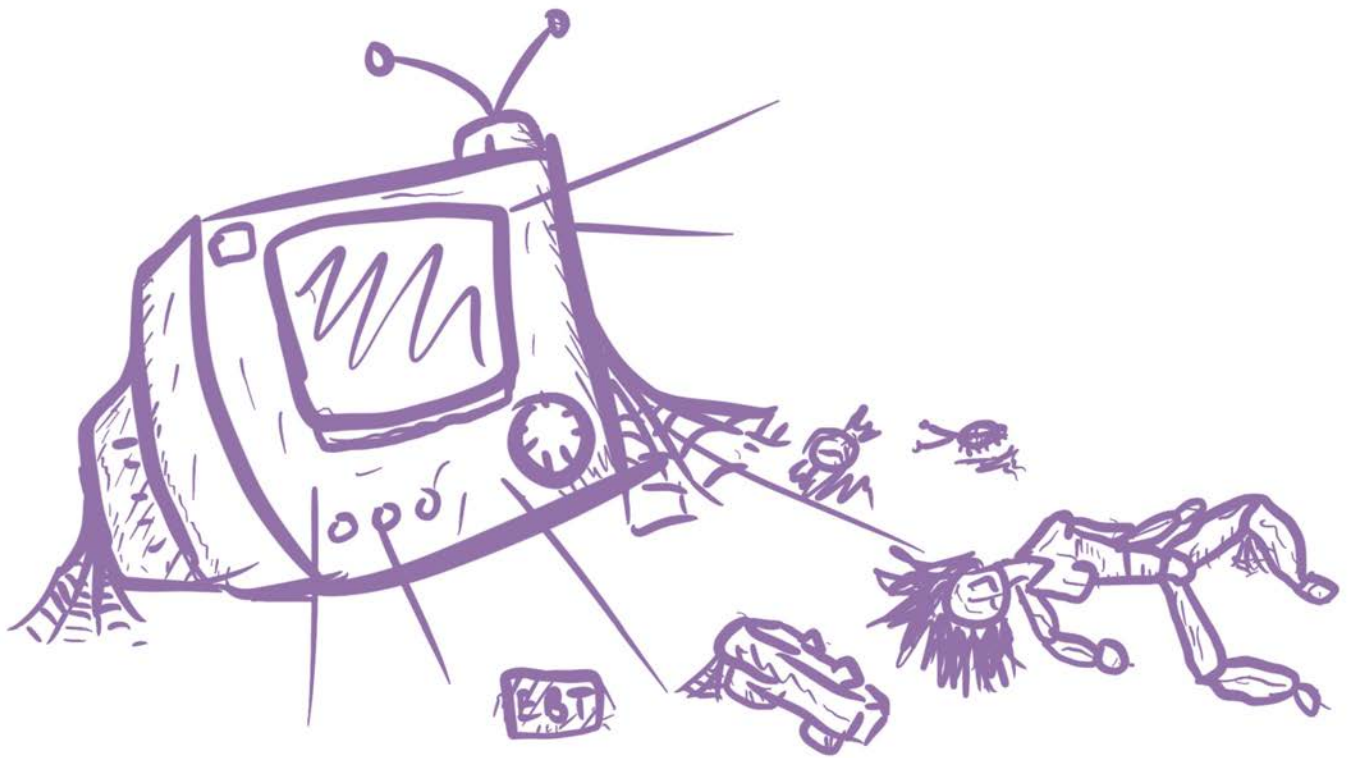


Welcome to the **LAND** of "Me-  
a walking casualty / haters tried  
**Planting** me, and I GREW to a

Family  tree...

Just one branch short, so it's  
no wonder I plan to leave (Plant-to-Leaf),  
and the  root of all my problems was a  
damaged seed. 

where do I even begin?/feel   
like a **waste** in this dream that  
I'm in...I say "Hectors back in  
school" and they're believing  
in him/I say "Rotten making  
moves", now we ain't speaking  
again...but they be quick to  
tell some people I was eager to  
win/from middle school lunch  
rooms making beats with the  
 **GENS**...any rap I allowed niggaz  
to read as a kid, would get  
praise/now I see the problem  
is just me with the page...the  
way I vent now is not like I  
used to before/as a teen I  
knew less, now I'm used to  
this **+ + + COURSE + + +**.



Sometimes, we forget to showcase affection/cuz  
the media tells us to be “Thots” for  
acceptance...and teaches us that love is a  
**POWERFUL** weapon/then uses it against us in

these  
“thoughtless”



Showcasing hatred to small adolescents- who grow  
with resentment/  
and lack the awareness to care for somebody,  
because there's no recollection- then we blame  
parents for the faulty connection.

When a celebrities in pain, paparazzi **DISPLAYS**  
the shit/you turn on the T.V, there's another  
**FAILED** relationship...all negativity normalized, I  
could make a list- we find the **WORST** forms of  
human beings and make them rich...then release  
frustrations, how fucked up “Entertainment” is-  
glued to technology, phones shackle our babies  
wrists...diamond chains, heartbreaks and drugs are  
a state of bliss- it's like “dying young” is their only  
way to live.

I'd be happy if you were haunting me/they say ghosts wear sheets, so I'll grab a pillow, lay down and place you on top of me...

I only see you when I fall asleep-

and dreams don't come true when you want them to/but laying in a bed of lies is uncomfortable...especially if your "boo" isn't around to comfort you...

What I gotta do to summon you?

You go through my walls that I put up, completely sneaking through/no reflection present, but sometimes I see me in "you"/and no amount of pix taken that capture your essence could help anybody else see the proof-that you exist.

They see through, but I believe in you/and every time you possess my mind- is unbelievable.

Please do it again/you could ghost me and still alter any mood that I'm in...bet I could make you feel alive, and feel human again/bet you make it feel like I died, when I feel YOU on my skin...just one touch, bet I'm cloud-bound, and viewing Heaven/plus, that angelic voice would sound great in the beauty of Sin...but to say I don't fear, would be a dubious hint- to keep haunting me as usual then.

Ghosts.

# Lighthouse



HAVE YOU EVER STARED OUT AT THAT DARK PORTAL OF DANGERS THAT WE CALL THE OCEAN AND FEEL SWALLOWED BY ITS WAVES? LIKE...ONE LAST GLANCE, AND YOU MIGHT BE UNDERWATER STARING AT OPAQUE SHADOWS THAT REACH OUT BUT NEVER FULLY GRASP ONTO YOU? SEaweeds TICKLE YOUR SKIN AS YOU SINK DEEPER INTO THE ABYSS, AND CREATURES BRUSH AGAINST YOU FOR JUST THE BENEFIT OF VISIBILITY. ONLY TO FIND YOURSELF EMERGING FROM ABOVE THE WATERS SURFACE WITH A BREATH OF AIR AS IF IT WERE YOUR ONLY ONE LEFT. IT IS EVIDENT THAT YOU ARE THAT LUMINOUS BEAM BEING EMITTED ONTO THIS GIANT WONDER, FROM THAT OF A LIGHTHOUSE. IF YOU CONTINUE TO SHINE THROUGH YOUR DARKEST NIGHTS, THEN YOU WILL PROCEED TO STAND TALL FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY FOR AS LONG AS YOUR STRUCTURE DOESN'T CRUMBLE BENEATH YOU. KEEP SHINING.



# ME

**I'm a man in the city with my slacks and my button up,**

**I'm some nigga from the hood, with my sweatpants and hood low,  
Smiling, embracing the buildings around.**

**Angry, peeping everything on the block.**

**Movie posters and quirky advertisements grace the walls.**

**Graffiti and R.I.P. pictures all over the project building walls.**

**Slightly annoyed at the amount of people,**

**Type annoyed at some people on the benches,  
but nonetheless,**

**but still,**

**I remain joyous, speaking with an extensive vocabulary when**

**I say what's up to a couple of them, and look past anybody I don't give  
communicating.**

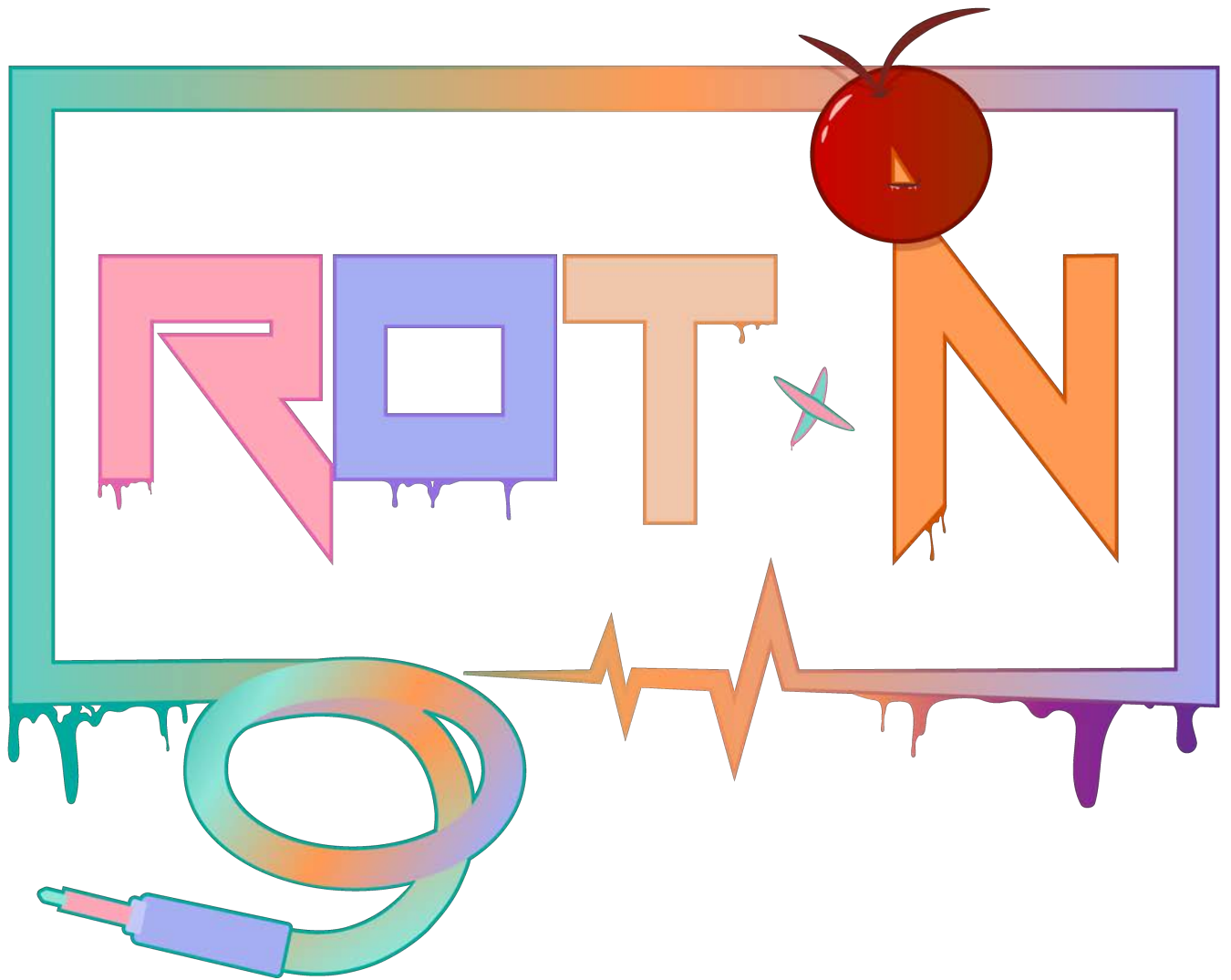
**a fuck about.**

**This is mind.**

**This is heart.**

**This  
is  
ME.**







STOP  
TARGETING  
BLACKS



# BLACK

Don't SHOOT!!!

Everybody killing minorities, it's sad we have to see this/  
got R.I.P. t-shirts, and candles on the street  
lit...shellcasings on the concrete, chalk outlines for a  
deceased kid/reports say "self defense", but there's no  
weapon that he kept.

It's odee disappointing, racially profiled while they  
roam/gotta kiss their families bye, in case they never  
make it home...a "traffic stop gone wrong", or jogging at  
night, alone/because to THEM, that man's just another  
"Jerome".

Whether he was a college grad or a doctor, they want  
him in the system/because to them, the biggest threat is  
his "Pigment"...they don't stress the loved ones being hurt  
by this new victim- for every crime suspect, they'll claim  
he fits the description.

Profiled by authorities, and won't move a muscle/they'll  
still claim you resisted them trying to cuff you...toss you  
on the ground, siren sounds, police rush to- the area,  
now there's 10 cops and 1 man in a tussle.

Til' a gun goes off.....

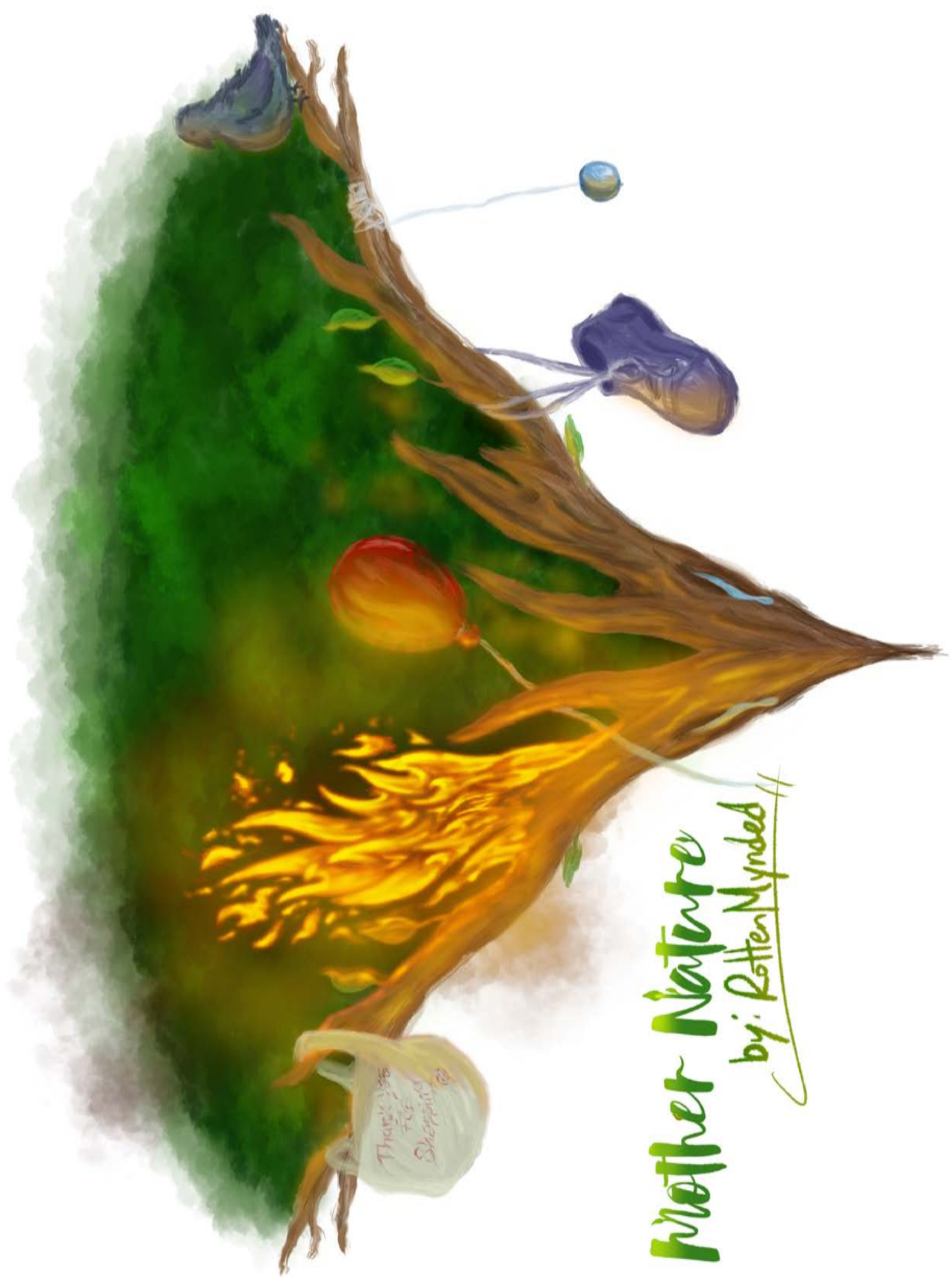
Screams...shocked faces reflecting off the phone screens/  
as bystanders record, and cops try to clear the scene.

Tensions rising, friends crying, more sirens, EMT's/this  
young kid ain't gonna make it, hearts breaking for this  
teen...good kid, clean record, doing better, left the  
streets/but the world don't care to love him for the best  
things he achieves- instead, it's pressure, racist hecklers  
hate his efforts, call Police/and fake the "dangers", can't  
save him, on a stretcher, can't breathe.

BLACK IS ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL.

It's RottenMynded, get it straight/I  
got this 🍌 in my hands, like when  
you're wiping your ass and the tissue  
breaks...if you ain't a day one, we  
don't integrate/I'll get rid of you, it's a  
wrap (rap), just diss integrate  
(disintegrate). Poof!

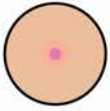
My brain works different, cuz when  
I'm verse kicking- lyrical magazines ✂️  
hit hearts- like articles of mass church  
killings...a bunch of hurt feelings,  
dispersed ceilings, I Rot In (Rotten)  
like the foundation on the worst  
buildings. 🏠



*Mother Nature*  
by: *RottenMynded*

5:45 AM

Rottenmynded



Frida\_Nippu\_4All



Colors

Colors

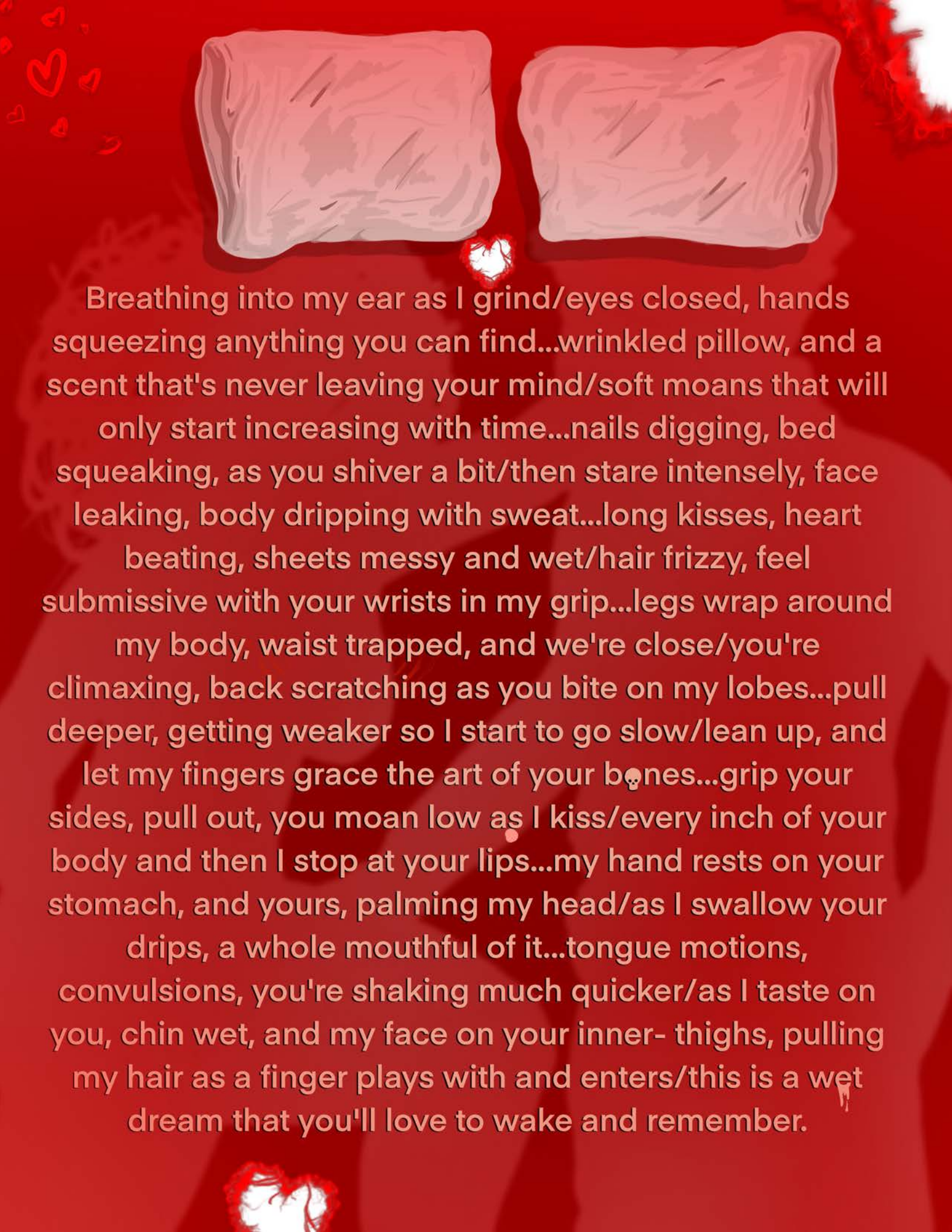
Colors



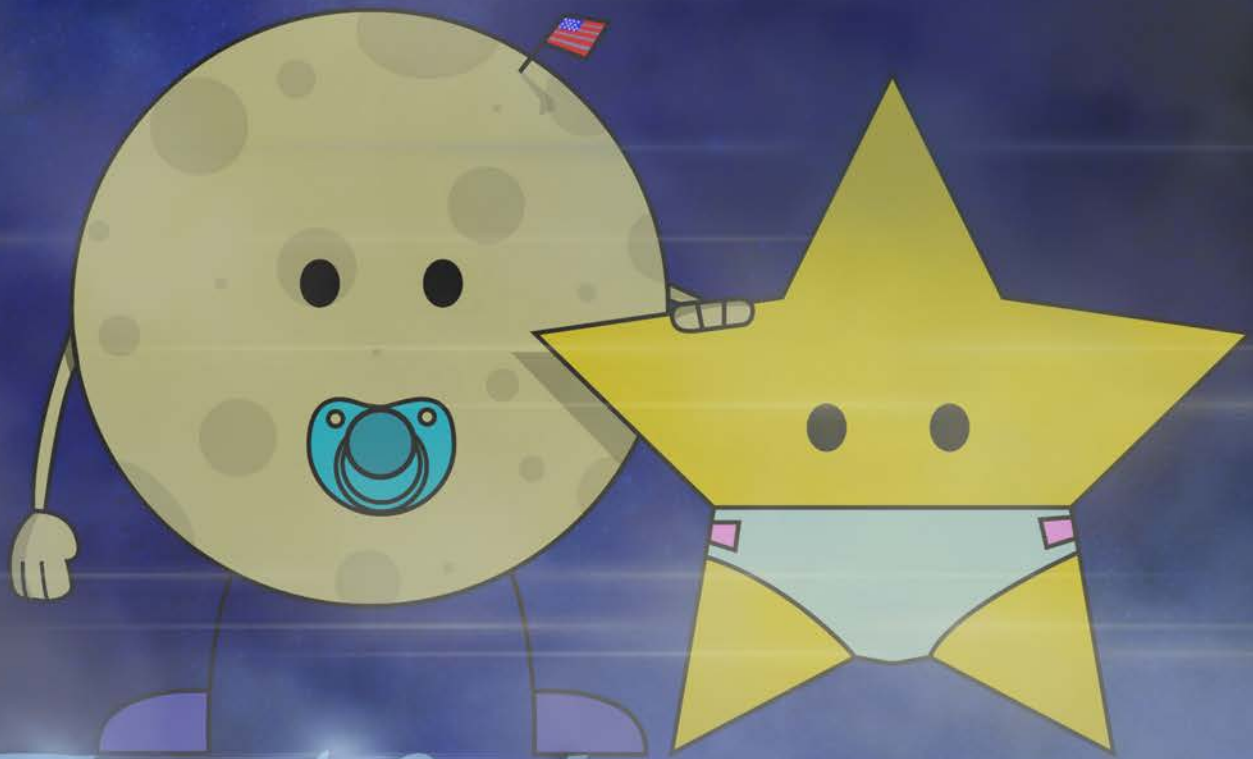


Bruh... I'm  
NAKED!





Breathing into my ear as I grind/eyes closed, hands squeezing anything you can find...wrinkled pillow, and a scent that's never leaving your mind/soft moans that will only start increasing with time...nails digging, bed squeaking, as you shiver a bit/then stare intensely, face leaking, body dripping with sweat...long kisses, heart beating, sheets messy and wet/hair frizzy, feel submissive with your wrists in my grip...legs wrap around my body, waist trapped, and we're close/you're climaxing, back scratching as you bite on my lobes...pull deeper, getting weaker so I start to go slow/lean up, and let my fingers grace the art of your bones...grip your sides, pull out, you moan low as I kiss/every inch of your body and then I stop at your lips...my hand rests on your stomach, and yours, palming my head/as I swallow your drips, a whole mouthful of it...tongue motions, convulsions, you're shaking much quicker/as I taste on you, chin wet, and my face on your inner- thighs, pulling my hair as a finger plays with and enters/this is a wet dream that you'll love to wake and remember.



*The Night is  
Still Young*

Dark skies display the glistening of stars,  
such as the eyes of a  
newfound love.  
Everyone gazes,  
lost in the luminous glow before them,  
but nobody budes.

Stars are always out of reach.

Eyes closed, yet you reminisce  
in a moonlit room.

Their starry eyes lighting up  
"Inner" space.

It's never too late to reach higher,  
for the Night Is Still Young.



10.25.19

To:

All the women that I've  
dubbed, just know I wish you  
well/ Sorry if I ever made  
you go through some bullshit-  
yourself... and any nigga that  
came after that would hit, and  
bail/ no longer having that  
shoulder to rest when niggaz  
fail... and I apologize for  
those moments you can't forget  
and heal/ but ya'll be smiling,  
pain-hiding, ya'll got strength  
for real... To all the women  
we did dirty, all the ones we  
left/ all the ones we used  
daily, or the ones for sex...  
I apologize for every -

nigga that done killed your  
conscience / or the ones that  
try to break you down when  
ya'll are confident... or the  
girls who get abused because  
they fear their options / so, if  
you forgive a nigga, give this  
letter off and -

to all the women that I've  
loved, just know I wish you  
well / I hope ya'll finally found  
somebody who convinced you  
now - would be the time to  
trust again and maybe settle  
down / we're getting too old  
for these games, we need to  
Dead this now... these could -

● be mothers, or even our little sisters drowning, and it's too late to find them, they got mental problems-now, ain't no way to talk to them and create a strong end— I learned "that" pain be exhausting...

● To all the women that I've loved just know I wish you well/ too many angels in our world to keep on giving Hell...  
● to all the parents that be beefing cuz they miss their child/ the baby's parents being petty, children missing out...  
hope you rekindle what you have cuz life is way too short/

live with so much regrets, I  
wrote a page for ya'll... when  
did we forget that we were  
made from ya'll?, just know  
I pray for ya'll...

Love,  
Me

P.S. Women are the sole  
strength that we seek.  
We can't cause damage  
and then complain when  
they don't conform to our  
expectations any longer.





7:30 PM



Rottenmynded



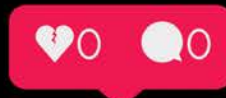
whatigottadotogoviral?



What I gotta do to go viral?/  
isn't it sad that we allow "Likes" to justify  
whether others "Dislike" you?  
Letting social media "watch" us,  
but get depressed when  
we don't got "views".

What I gotta do to go viral?/  
feed the homeless on video and try to-  
help?,  
but we're filming them  
at their lowest while we supply food.

Do crazy tricks on a unicycle?/  
or go on Facebook live and say I'm suicidal?/  
do a prank war with a wife,  
or get racially profiled by a group of  
white dudes?



7:30 PM



Rottenminded



whatigottadotogoviral?



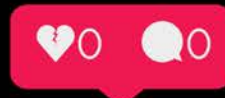
What I gotta do to go viral?/  
act wreckless, and start trouble like  
I'm in High School?  
Harass the elderly, attack people  
in the night too?

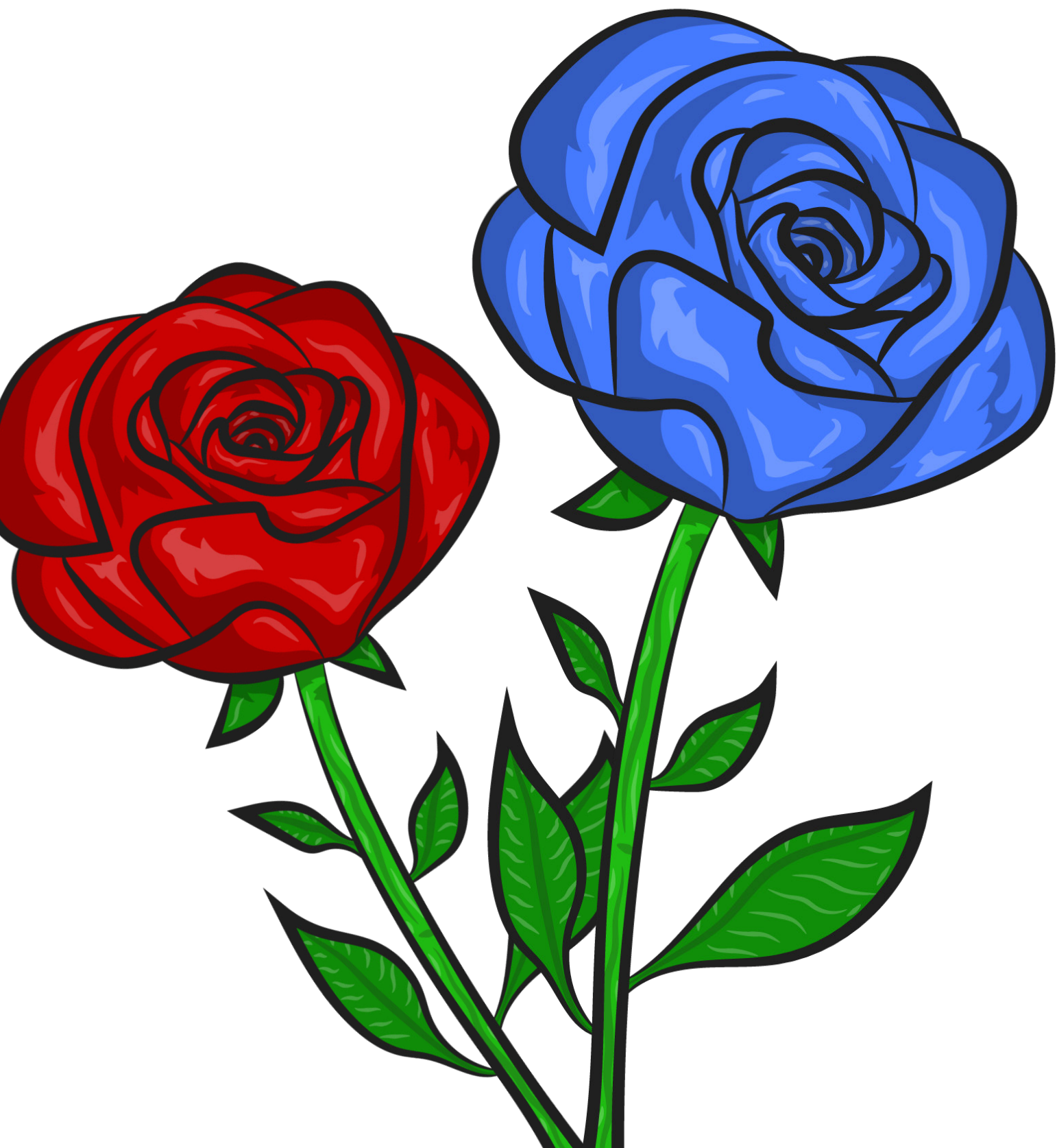
Or maybe record myself destroying  
the store aisles that I shop through/  
people share these negative videos  
to unintentionally hype you.

What I gotta do to go viral?

I don't know,  
but based on what I see...

I don't think I want to try to.





*There she sat,  
sunlight reflecting  
off of her glazed skin.*

*Shining onto her hair,  
yet radiating a golden glow  
from within her curls.*

*Brilliance.*

*The softness of her lips  
are imagined as I get lost  
in her stare.*

*Perfection.*

*Arm around her shoulder,  
cloths touching,  
I kiss her forehead  
and she smiles.*

*Radiance.*

*Her scent underneath my nostrils,  
her warmth as she gazes up  
and snuggles beneath my arm.*

*I would hate to wake up  
from this dream.*





# Family



Family means the world to me/the way my siblings look at me, the hugs when we speak personally...though we may drift apart, they're the glue that heals me perfectly/some voices go missed, like when I bother my titis and they curse at me...love mamas happiness when I'm around, she smiles eternally/papa barely say he's proud, but he loves to compliment internally...I love it, like links with cousins, we be laughing until it hurts for weeks/or when I was single, how Tios said they'd get some girls for me...how grandma dances in the kitchen, seasoning dinner for me/real pops was distant, but we text and talk now, he sends pictures to me...tragedies have happened that forced some to be close with me/one grandpa who passed away is with me on a rosary...the other grandparents who passed are in my heart, where they deserve to be/families fight, but forgiveness is better BEFORE "Emergencies"...so you can express all the love you have, cuz it's the perfect thing/family is more than blood, but blood is what makes us the word we speak.



ROTTENMINDED



December 20th, 2019

10:03pm



December 20th, 2018

Seen

I still can't get that night out of my head. It's like, no matter what I do, I hear your voice for the last time every day. Why'd you have to go so soon? 💔

Today 9:56pm

Seen

Today I woke up with tears in my eyes just thinking what did we do to even deserve this? I feel like I'm stuck in a bad dream and nothing I do is waking me up from it. Please come back soon. The world is different without you.

9:59pm

Seen

Hey, I'm sorry for your loss, but this # doesn't belong to that person anymore.

Kk. I'm sorry

# Used to it

Running down the steps from the roof,  
my brother teaching me how to skip 4 to 5 steps at a time.  
This wasn't for fun.

We never knew what we would come across in the same project staircases that some have gotten  
murdered in.

Gang tags and the words "Suck my dick" decorated the doors on each floor we ran past, in  
permanent marker.

Traces of piss stains along the walls from drunk nights.  
Cigar "guts" and ashes sprinkled on the floor like dessert toppings,  
flying into the air the faster we ran down those stairs.

We would push through the lobby doors and breathe in the scent of bud on the first floor.  
We were used to this.

Another brother sitting on the bench out front, pitbull running around with no leash.  
Music blasting out the window from a couple floors above.  
Nothing but a Summer night.

The sound of gunshots for a split second as we headed to the bodega, but we kept walking that  
direction anyways.

We were used to it.

Crackheads gracing the bullet-riddled Ave.  
Picking up cigarettes from the concrete to smoke.  
We always said "what's up" to them because they knew us since we were kids though.  
We seen THEIR kids grow, but follow in their steps,  
because they were used to it.



172<sup>nd</sup> St.

Fulton Ave.



T2S

Lit candles were lined up by the same spot we threw dice and got our chopped cheese sandwiches from.  
Haunting images menacingly luminated by that very candle light;  
pictures of someone from our building who was murdered several days ago.  
We were used to it.

We knew what came with the territory,  
the tragedies of stray bullets grazing innocent bystanders, the glory of rival gang members being killed, the  
pain when our own were taken.

We had school, but that's not where we learned most survival skills.  
Most of us had parents, but not all of us had "parenting".  
Some of us had better meals than others, but we were used to it.

Trips to the blue park were always eventful.  
People playing basketball and handball,  
some of us flipping off of shit in the playground.

Some of us trying to get others numbers to text late night for fun.  
Some of us fighting each other, but ending up cool the next day.  
This may all seem hectic to outsiders looking in,  
But this is part of what we consider home.

And although it may not seem like much to love,  
we grew used to it.

556

FFP





## **Please Do Not Attempt To Subway Surf This Train**

Surfing the internet is less likely  
to kill you.



## **Please No Stripping On Public Transportation**

You already complain about fare prices being “unfair”.



Wake up, 6am, brush my teeth and spin/had a good night, shit just came and went, oh well, it's time well-spent...bae laid out, AC on full blast, got the mattress cold/shit, I wanna lay back down<sup>it</sup>, and smash some mo'...my jobs far away, I don't wanna go back no mo'.

But I have no choice, I'll get dressed- what I'm gonna wear?, all **BLACK** I guess...same hat and sweats, same kicks like it's a "matching set"/I ain't wanna leave the mattress yet...but I walk to the train and get upset cuz a train just came, and I have mad steps- to still go up...

what the fuck?, it's delayed and it's packed as shit. Text the manager, say "I'm running late again, but it's the train again"

"okay"

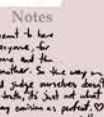
...then the next day again, hit her like

"Hey again, I missed the train again",

"okay..."

whatever you say again",

So I get angered and have a long day again/hundreds of notes on a page again, wonder if they ever wonder where all their note Paper "went".







Nothing  
is

Wrong

With **ME**

**\*inhales deeply\***

The loving scent of Grandma's cooking fills your nostrils the second you step into her warm home. Old school music emitted from a small radio with its antenna pointing to the ceiling for the best reception. Chef's decorate the kitchen along with several ceramic chickens plastered throughout the walls.

This is Grandma's home.

"Hey Grandma" you greet her with a kiss on the cheek followed by one of the happiest hugs you could ever receive. That natural excitement to see her grandchild.

Walking you to the grease-covered stove, she hands you a spoon of rice to taste and you're struck with an abundance of tastes.

This is Grandma's food.

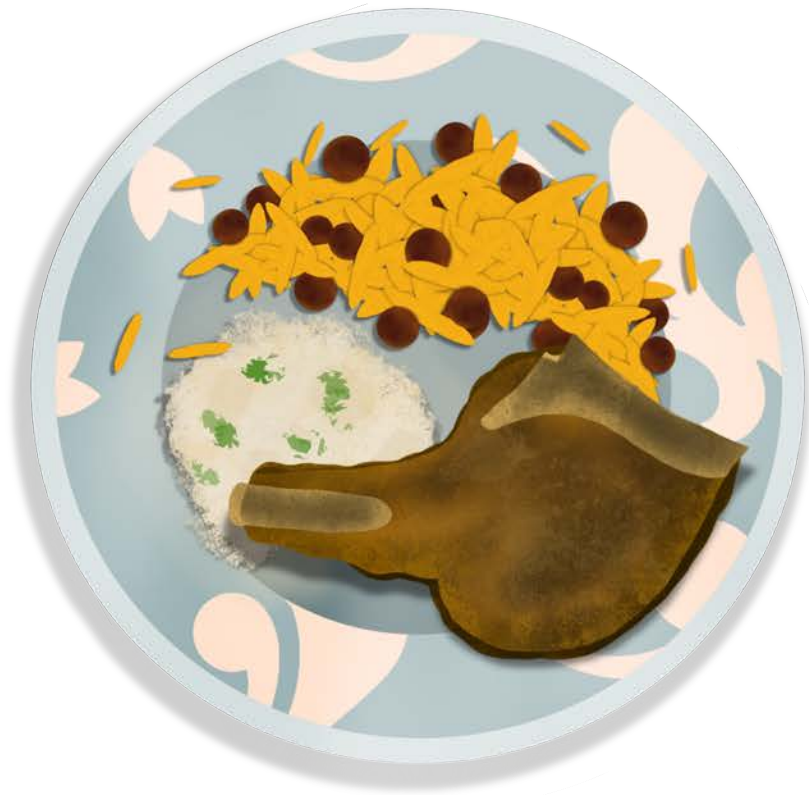
Homemade dessert rests on the table by the radio, steam following the sounds as the song changes.


**\*cling cling cling\***

Her metal spoon bangs on the pot as she scoops rice and serves it on a glass plate, while dancing to the rhythm. Her pork chops sitting beside the rice and potato salad in perfect unison. Family getting along as they converse.

Grandma's ARE the Holiday.







*I sweat at the sight of you, I'm told that you're wicked/just  
one fix and I get so addicted...and once you're in my system, I  
feel like there's no limit- to how high you can take me, and the  
lows are nonexistent.*

*I try to push you away, seek help and be different- but I need  
you, you're my needle, you are the perfect injection...once  
you're gone, I feel lost and get urges for the feeling/heart races,  
there is no such replacement for your serum.*

*As I turn over a new leaf, detoxing my body/til' the roots start  
to bind all of the organs that's inside me...to be honest, I don't  
feel good, you turn me to a zombie- and what sucks is they  
would find no traces of you in my autopsy.*

*A unique type of drug,  
possibly worse than most of them/*

*Once it's out of love,  
then it seeks a new host again.*



LOOSING  
my  
MIND

# Notes

*Rita*

Rita

o s h r  
+ e t - i s +  
n e a r t i s t

Rotten  
Is  
The  
Artist



*Rita*



# Notes

We aren't meant to have the same views as anyone, for some things are ugly to some and beautiful to another. The way we look at, and judge ourselves doesn't mean it's truth, it's just not what oneself may envision as perfect.

10-22-19

# Notes

I've wrote bars on Notecards with no holds barred / I'm so scared we every loss that I face, is a close call - like I'm speaking to a relative but I'm on the other side while we don't talk / and I won't even go off

so on, so forth  
post off-ice  
real - slow porsche



Rotten Myndes

3.15.20

Sell panic to the world,  
and profit off the fear/  
a city that never slept  
will have public transit clear.  
As viruses wipe the nation,  
rapid spread through locations/  
casualties everywhere, just to  
control the population.

Distractions heavy at hand,  
consuming foods from a can/  
Quarantine for humanity,  
It's all part of the plan.

Army's locked in and loaded,  
Martial Law for the hopeless/  
control the "Land of the Free,"  
genocide with no motive...



Welcome another pretty nigga  
with a attitude/You could blame  
it on my spanish roots...people  
be faker than the bowls with the  
plastic fruits/if you want to know  
who I am, then bring a canvas  
through.

Let me paint that bitch/got  
coquito in the crib and my  
eggplant, lit...and theres more  
people coming, you can't save  
that shit/got both the cocina and  
the cake, then I ate that  
shit...scoop it up and "test-taste"  
that shit/we don't follow recipes,  
we pour until the holy spirits say  
"that's it!"

*Sometimes I fill up the tub.*

*Sitting in my thoughts,  
water rising beyond a reasonable limit.*

*Drain stopper responsible for the overflow,  
though I can't seem to remove it just yet.*

*Faucet off,  
Droplets landing into the water.  
A slow rainfall to a mini flood.*

*One last tug and then  
We  
Both  
Drain.*

*Is it me,  
or is there a  
face there?  
?..?*



Do i ? 

i DO 

Okie   
Dokie ..

i ok.. 

ok i Die 

..

ko 

:



# The Phases of Rotten Mynded...

Umm... huh?



Lol... ↓



Just a lil' head. 😊



Yeahhhh!!  
This is the ONE!!!



WTF?

↑ Must be a superhero. ???

↑ Ayyy!

SOCIALLY

AWKWARD

XX

"Borough"

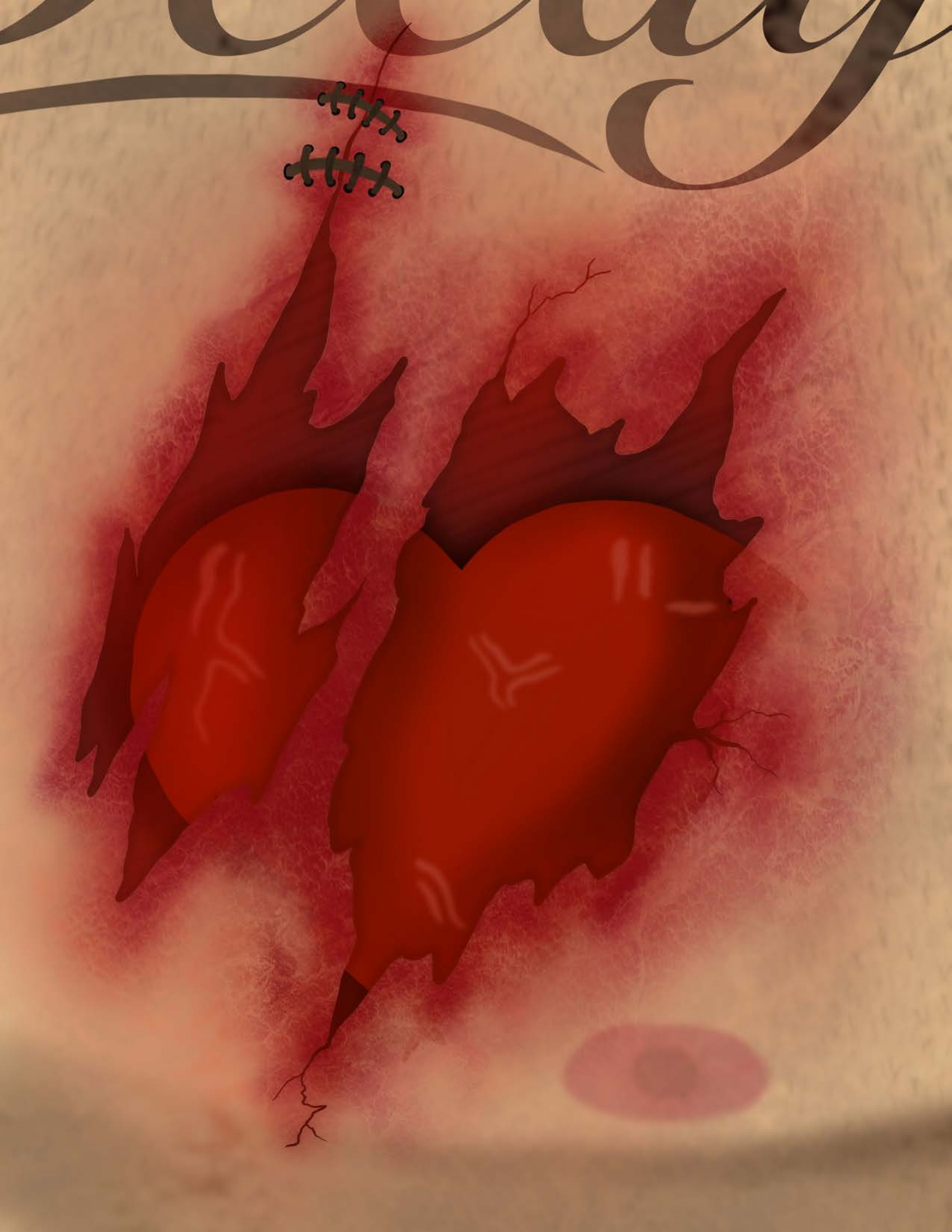
RAP  
SHIT

First and foremost, I'm a State - facts, I am not about to burrow in a product, if the outcome isn't positive, so stop the hate/if you do not think so, we don't really need to speak, you'll be the opposition, something like a chicho, we'll be piling weight...cash on cash, no hablar mucho, I'm a fucking target to these garbage niggaz, pop you, now there's complications with all your breathing, all bodily functions weakened, shouldn't stop a nigga, Rotten been a Zombie, I don't got a brain...all I know is music, got no time to play, my mind is on a casa for my mama, and my sister needs her college paid/had a dream that I was famous, called my pops and promised that we got it made, so lobster plates and asiago, ensalada topped with all the finest, on my card, I'll pay/no problem...but it's not the same...cuz I'm still in the projects, steady grinding, like a rail is to a gnarly skater, I'm awake...fucking stressing, cuz I'll likely struggle lots of days more, doubt away...say I'll never make it off the artist wage, a dollar and a dream? More like a quarter and a job I do for normal pay...every days a struggle when anxiety keeps trying me, like I don't think enough, my nigga, I be fucking tryna pray- never to a God or nothing, nonexistent problems to the odd religion, opposite ethnicities have garnered hate- tarnished our responses to the law and more, because we're labeled animals when we stomp through the harshest days- chin up, and our arms are raised, we're stronger than they all portray, and right now is the moment, may- we LEAD, refrain from any further FOLLOWING, because we're on a Social break!/and take note of how many walls our voices shake!

Cigarette smoke fills the air of the city  
as if they were giant lungs. Second  
hand smoke unintentionally blown into  
the faces of the generations behind you.  
Inhaling those toxins. Then, question  
why the youth die from illnesses caused  
by billion dollar industries they never  
made the effort to support. Virgin lungs  
being forced to partake in the act, as it  
is advertised as the cool thing  
throughout media.  
It won't be long til'  
the cigs ruin more  
than just the  
life of the  
one who  
smokes.











**FINISH**

**LINE**

**No matter how far I go, I know the finish line is never reached. One doesn't just stop when they hit a mark, they continuously make the effort to excel, and the finish line can't be the end of the race. It's only the beginning of a new lap in a neverending race. Every step that extends forward as I pick up momentum means nothing. The ribbon I break through first means nothing. The people who follow behind 1st shouldn't feel "defeated". They should be motivated. Inspired. Led. All reaching the same point, but at different times than the person deemed as "first place". But this is life. There are no winners, just people who reached an imaginary line before you. Keep running.**

# YEARBOOK

## MENTORS & GLASSMATES



**LOOPY SNOOPY**



**VENOM**



**EDDIE FRESH**



**EL YUNIÓ**



**JOKAR**



**PYRO TRAXX**

# YEARBOOK

**THIS CONSISTS OF FAMILY AND FRIENDS THAT I HAVE MADE THROUGHOUT LIFE THAT INSPIRED ME MOST WITH WHATEVER I PURSUED, ESPECIALLY WITHIN THE MUSIC AND DESIGN FIELD. THEY WEREN'T PEOPLE WHO JUST TOLD ME WHETHER MY PROJECTS WERE "GOOD" OR "BAD", BUT WOULD RATHER PUSH ME BEYOND MY MENTAL LIMITS AT TIMES. THEY ALWAYS TRIED TO FIND WAYS TO HELP ME EXCEL AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE AND WHEN I FELT LIKE QUITTING, THEY'D HELP ME GET BACK ON MY FEET. WHEN I FELT LIKE I WASN'T "GREAT" AT WHAT I DO (YOU CAN BLAME MY ANXIETY FOR THAT DUMB ASS THOUGHT, LOL), THEY WOULD REMIND ME THAT MY LEVEL OF SKILL AND PASSION SURPASSED THAT OF MOST PEOPLE. I HAVE BEEN CHALLENGED BY ALL OF THEM WITH MOST PROJECTS I CREATED AND HAVE BEEN VERY INFLUENCED BY THEM AS WELL. QUITE FRANKLY, THEY'RE WHO I CONSIDER THE BEST AT THE THINGS THEY DO, WITH NO DOUBTS WHATSOEVER. THAT'S WHY THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHOM I CHOSE TO SHOWCASE IN THIS SECTION. I APPRECIATE THEM BEYOND WORDS, AND I WOULDN'T BE AS GIFTED AS I AM TODAY WITHOUT THE PUSH I RECEIVED FROM MY CIRCLE. THAT IS WHY I'M HONORED TO CALL THEM MY FAMILY.**

# Thank You's



For everyone who knows me very well, I never finish anything I try to do. I usually blame my brain, but this book is meant to be the first step in my attempts to change that.

First and foremost, I would like to thank my beautiful Mama Rot for always supporting with the different things I pursued, whether it was helping me make custom clothing or video props, getting art supplies and even sacrificing sleep to go to my performances. She's really a perfect model for how mothers should support their kids dreams and I am forever grateful for her.

I thank Papa Ghost for the consistent push he gives me as well, and always asking me when I'm going to finally get rich off one of my talents. Lol. It keeps me on my feet alot, and now I owe him a Ferrari that he'll never drive. Lmao.

My closest sibilings (Lil Gzz, Lea, and Sammy) each give me strength and I want to be able to provide so much more than I have ever done. This is mostly because they've placed their feet in my footprints with relative interests before, and giving guidance has helped me grow mentally stronger and wiser for them. They mean the entire world to me.

My beautiful fiancee def helped push me towards every goal possible, although I gave up on shit I wanted to do multiple times. Mostly focused on doing great in life, she consistently tries to tell me about things that can benefit me and lead to a more secure future. The best part is that she never gave up on ME no matter what, and I am forever grateful for her.

I also need to thank Chief Pops because he taught me how to forgive and spread love, and that has been a big help on my mental health too. Before, it hindered me for so long and now I feel like it helped me mend my relationship with so many others as well, and he also shows love for all that I do.

# Thank You's...



My cousin Desire, mannnn. She's so supportive, loving and helped critique alot of my shit, whether it was music or art, and she has been by my side through it all! Alongside my other cousin JoJo, who never failed to show love and listen to snippets of music with Desire before they released, or speak about new possibilites and ventures.

Can't forget my titi Carmen for showing up when I'd perform at tiny venues, and always willing to help out as much as possible, just because she's dope as fuck.

Y'all are the fucking best!

Of course I have to thank Loopy Snoopy. The first big brother I truly made and the person I have spent almost 2 decades chasing a dream with. From the projects and being on the streets, to a castle with a marble floor, I know we will soon be known Worldwide when it's all said and done. My fucking partner in crime, no matter what life throws in our direction. Gotta also say thank you to bros like Soz-One and B-Skillz for their endless levels of support, and constant hope that one day I would be recognized by the world, even more than I had wanted, most of the time. But they remained solid friends and I consider them a backbone for me and all that I pursue.

Thank you, and I wouldn't have made this book, or whatever comes with it, without the love you all provided for me and continuous support, every passing day.

You will never go unappreciated.

- RottenMynded aka Rot-N

# A VERY KRO



# TEN FAMILY





LMBO



"WTF was this even about?"  
- Unknown

"Lol... what a waste of my time... Throw  
the whole book away"  
- Universe

orrrr... give it to

"Those other 2 readers don't know  
wtf they're talking about" - me 😞

"Too Vulgar!" - Wussy Unknown

Your Mom!