



## DONALD STERLING SAYS HELLO AGAIN

August 23, 2019

By DINO COSTA

I find writing to be very cathartic.

Then again, merely waking up each and every day is pretty liberating if you ask me.

Well, sometimes.

Let's see now...

Well, I applaud the NFL for wrapping both arms around JAY-Z and pandering to him so pathetically these days.

At least it's with keeping things consistent during these crazy and psychopathic times.

However, somewhere the former owner of the LA Clippers (*they were the Los Angeles Clippers when he owned them*) Donald Sterling is wondering what universe he's living in?

Sterling isn't the only one thinking this thought by the way.

You remember Donald Sterling right? He won the NBA's worst owner award 20-consecutive years running (*this award is named after former Cavaliers owner Ted Stepien*) and was generally thought to be Stepien reincarnated during the years he owned LA's *other* NBA team.

Nonetheless, Sterling is probably sitting on a beach someplace right now with millions in the bank, no doubt sipping on a Mojito while trying to make sense of a senseless world run by people who have lost all reason and sanity.

Playing on a field with the same rules for everyone is a nice thought, however, while it might be nice, as we all know its also totally unrealistic.

If you remember (*how could you possibly forget?*), Sterling was outed as the worst kind of a human being on planet earth after he was surreptitiously taped inside the privacy of his own home a few years ago by a lady friend with questionable integrity to her name. Sterling referred to some people with some bad-bad words and thoughts – and long story short – he became a poster boy for the kinds of irredeemable people who we're told we must expunge from society.

Donald Sterling.

The NBA.

Mister Z.

The NFL.

A tale of two people, different, but with some similarities.

Two reactions, two verdicts, and judgments, neither similar at all.

Donald Sterling said some things.

So too did mister Z...in fact, mister Z continues to say things.

Double standards and hypocrisies rule!

A few years ago after Sterling's words became public property and after the country worked itself into all kinds of mostly manufactured outrage, Sterling was then forced by the league and it's equally outraged

commissioner, Adam Silver, to sell his franchise which eventually was awarded to tech giant Steve Ballmer.

People like Donald Sterling, we were told, have no place in the world of professional sports. After all, if Sterling was caught on tape in the ultimate game of 'gotcha' saying the things that he did then just imagine what kinds of things were probably making their way through his racist-as-hell mind and yet never spoken?

So then we fast forward to last week when NFL commissioner, Roger Goodell, decided that it would be a swell idea to lather up JAY-Z's balls and introduce him into the NFL club, appointing the ex-felon to head up the NFL's Super Bowl halftime shows in the coming years.

I guess that Snoop-Dog, Eminem, and Lil Wayne, were all unavailable for the role?

There's also been some speculation that mister Z could also become a part of the NFL family of owners at some point in the future.

Unlike Donald Sterling, who may have kept some of his thoughts to himself before being outed in cloak and dagger fashion by some lady friend, mister Z, on the other hand, has been quite public about the things that go on inside of his mind and with many of the words that he expresses with regularity as an alleged musician.

Just a few days ago ESPN's website had a major feature detailing how the Sterling saga nearly wrecked the NBA while also nearly bringing an end to civilization in America as we know it.

For a quick reminder of what Sterling was quoted as saying all those years ago while speaking to his lady friend, V. Stiviano, here's the exchange between Sterling and the women who thankfully got these words on tape:

*STERLING: "In your lousy fucking Instagram, you don't have to have yourself walking with black people. It bothers me a lot that you want to promote, broadcast that you're associating with black people."*

*STIVIANO: "Do you know that you have a whole team that's black, that plays for you?"*

*STERLING: "Do I know? I support them and give them food and clothes and cars and houses. Who gives it to them? Does someone else give it to them? Who makes the game? Do I make the game, or do they make the game?"*

Following this incendiary and obviously, racist-like commentary, the world lost its shit and a predictable narrative of selective outrage commenced. Leading the chorus was none other than the face of the NBA, LeBron James, who rightfully concluded that such racist drivel has no place in the game of basketball.

Amen, LeBron.

And so now back to the NFL's brilliant move last week with a party that was thrown by the league introducing mister Z into the league's plans.

Mister Z, who has been an outspoken critic of the NFL as per the Colin Kaepernick situation over the last couple of years as well as being a major figure who loves to push the phony narrative that America is an inherently racist country full of sheet-wearing people from coast to coast, is someone who really should be considered the *anti-Donald Sterling*.

Whereas Sterling was found to be a reprehensible human being by way of an elaborate secret plan of action that would make the CIA proud, mister Z, on the other hand, comes right out and tells people what he thinks by using all kinds of verbiage that might make someone as disgraceful as Donald Sterling actually blush.

But Roger Goodell? He didn't blush, on the contrary, Goodell smiled and kept it real as he brought in mister Z to become a part of the NFL's fabric.

So just as we're getting set to indulge ourselves in yet another season of football – and only 1-year removed from an NFL that seemed to have moved on from the sewer-like and manufactured social issues of the previous few seasons – the league's commissioner decided to resurrect those issues which previously had resulted in a football league that millions had dropped like a bad habit.

You remember that illuminating time in the NFL's past, right?

Television ratings plummeted, attendance at NFL stadiums took a major hit, interest in the league waned. The league was lit on fire by a giant blow torch, and while we saw much less of an NFL embroiled in so many of those manufactured societal issues last year, while we were able to enjoy an NFL last year free of the bullshit that enveloped it for much of the 2 seasons prior, you could still feel the repercussions a bit and you were still able to smell some of the smoke from those fires that were lit.

Still, though, people found it refreshing last season to see an NFL that was mostly about football...the business that the NFL is supposedly fronting.

But why should the NFL be only about football? This thought was probably going through the head of Roger Goodell sometime last week, right?

In one fell swoop, Goodell did everything he could to make the NFL a toxic product once again with his introduction of mister Z last week.

For a long time now (*at least the last 20-years*) I've determined that there is an actual agenda that goes back many years that you may feel free to describe as; *The Planned Destruction Of America*.

Forgive me for also believing that there is another plan that was enacted not so long ago that may be entitled; *"The Planned Takedown Of The National Football League."*

Why do I feel this? Because there is simply nothing else to explain a league that insists on destroying itself in so many of the ways as the NFL has taken to over the last few years...mostly since Roger Rabbit became the top pilot in charge.

Someone, please get LeBron on the horn for me because if he felt that there was no place in his NBA for someone like Donald Sterling, then I'd like to know how LBJ feels about mister Z and the noxious fumes he expresses and has expressed throughout his long and storied career as a rapping wordsmith.

I NOW INTERRUPT THIS COLUMN AND WARN THOSE READING IT THAT THERE IS SHEER REALITY IN THE NEXT FEW PARAGRAPHS BELOW AND IF REALITY BOTHERS YOU THEN I URGE YOU TO CHECK OUT OF THIS PIECE RIGHT NOW.

On Mr. Z's 4th album; *Ryde Or Die Volume 1*, he sings a song that is called; *"Jigga My Nigga"*, and perhaps if the aforementioned Donald Sterling had merely been caught singing along to this tune he'd still be in possession of the team he used to own?

But forget Donald Sterling for a minute because what I'd like to hear is Roger Goodell singing this tune as he approaches the podium next spring to announce the first selection in next year's NFL Draft.

I mean it's one thing to endorse mister Z and to enthusiastically welcome him into the world of the NFL as an official ambassador. Yet I think that if Goodell truly believes in the mister Z persona as much as he claims,

then I'd like to see him go all the way and to sing the same songs that mister Z does by using the same exact language as mister Z does with the same feeling in singing many of these songs that mister Z does.

If Roger Goodell sings along then I promise to be next in line and I'll sing too.

Hell, why don't we all join in?

On your way to the supermarket to pick up your next gallon of milk, roll down the windows of your car, turn up the volume to maximum blast, and get down with this little mister Z beauty, okay?

Ready? All together now...

*Roc-A-Fella, Ruff Ryders, Swizz Beats*

*It's almost over yall Jigga, how real is that? Uhh, uhh, uhh, lights out niggas!*

*What's my motherfuckin name?*

*(Jigga) And who I'm rollin with huh? (My niggas)*

*Uh-huh-uh-uhh-uhh-uhhniggas better get it right, bitches better get it right, WHO? (Jigga) What's my motherfuckin name? (Jigga) And who I'm rollin with huh? (My niggas) Uh-huh-uh-uhh-uhh-uhhniggas better get it right, bitches better get it right*

*Yeah yeah*

*From the crap tables down in A.C.*

*back on the block Jay-Z motherfucker from the, the, the Roc*

*Went solo on that ass but it's still the same*

*Brooklyn be the place where I serve them thangs*

*B. my niggas was strugglin, to the 'burbs they came*

*And then we got to hustlin, murderin thangs*

*I dipped...*

Goodell has two 17-year-old daughters – so what are the chances that while driving them to school one morning he'll pop in a mister Z CD (*how about the song: ignorant shit?*) and bounce with them on the drive to class that day?

When mister Z's wife was given an opportunity to choreograph a Super Bowl halftime show only a few short years ago, she decided to honor the Black Panthers <https://vault.fbi.gov/Black%20Panther%20Party%20> and she also played up the America-is-a-horribly-racist country notion during her performance.

Mister Z himself will now be coordinating upcoming Super Bowl halftime shows, but before he announces who will be playing at some of these upcoming events, I'd love to have mister Z take to the stage next year down in Miami and have him belt the abovementioned track (*Jigga My Nigga*) for the millions around the world who will be tuning in the big game.

Mister Z can even invite Roger Goodell onto the stage with him, he should also ask LeBron to make an appearance, and maybe even make a phone call to Donald Sterling to see if he can play saxophone or something while everyone grooves along with the NFL's new Super Bowl halftime coordinator.

Once mister Z finishes up with *Jigga My Nigga* he can seamlessly transition to another hit of his called; *Dirt Off My Shoulder*.

I've seen the lyrics to this little diddy and let me be the first one to tell you that this song is beyond dope.

Mister Z talks about giving the middle finger to the law and he also pays homage to women by keeping it real when talking about them as he sings; "*I've got 99 problems but a bitch ain't one.*" You tell em', mister Z.

Fortunately, mister Z appears to be an equal opportunity word arsonist, because he also slurs those within the Jewish community on another dope track entitled; *The Story Of O.J.*, and he sings: "*You wanna know what's more important than throwin' away money at a strip club? Credit. You ever wonder why Jewish people own all the property in America? This is how they did it.*"

Who could possibly argue with Roger Goodell that mister Z, his lyrics, and what he represents, are totally in line with what the average NFL fan thinks and feels?

The NFL's newest best friend (*mister Z*) also sings about '*fags*', '*ho's*' , *maricon's*, and other Donald Sterling-like things on many of his songs throughout the years.

Interesting, you say?

As interesting as it may be to you, surely this disgusting double-standard has been talked about Ad nauseam on your favorite little sports radio show, right?

Unlike Donald Sterling and so many of the millions of racists that are hiding in the shadows of daily life in America who when found are shunned

and sent to the dustbin of history, on the other hand, mister Z is held up as a beacon of social progress and is apparently someone that Roger Goodell's NFL just can't do without.

But no matter how you may feel about the NFL and their new partnership with mister Z, at least we can all breathe a huge sigh of relief knowing that people like Donald Sterling is no longer a part of the NBA and is no longer a part of the world of professional sports.

Thank you, Adam Silver.

Thank you, Roger Goodell.

Thanks to you as well, mister Z, and best of luck in your new role.

The NFL could use your help – and I have no doubt you're prepared to give them that help.

But good.