Introduction

On January 20, 2017, Donald J. Trump was inaugurated as the 45th President of the United States. He ran a successful campaign that was adept at marshaling a particular brand of political rhetoric that would also characterize his presidency and leadership style. This political rhetoric is gangsta rap. “Made Men,” a masculine mediation on power, conveys this compelling story.

Gangsta rap, commonly understood to be a genre of hip-hop that emerged from marginalized black youth, living in post-industrial inner cities in the 1980s, became popular and infamous for its vulgar, violent, and nihilistic rhetoric, as many critics charged. By the mid-1990s, a number of politicians from both sides of the aisle, not only took very public stands against the music, its consumers, and the pathological cultures it was thought to produce among fans, but they also worked to produce legislation reflecting their condemnations of the music. But “Made Men” argues something different about gangsta rap, and its utility and place in American life.

Politicians condemned gangsta rap expressed by inner city Black youth in order to embrace it by members of their own ilk, privileging its influential power and popular resonance only in certain political and racialized forms. Over time, this embrace and privileging of a gangsta rap with state and policy implications, ranging from charged rhetoric revolving around the War on Drugs to calls for “law and order” and “fiscal responsibility” alongside the rise of “tough on crime” political leaders, has culminated in the ascendency of the greatest gangsta rapper of our present day: President Donald J. Trump.

Positioning rap as rhetoric, and pivoting between the historical and satirical while straddling New York City and Washington DC to stage a political theater of the mind that is articulated and performed in the ribald language of the street and political that illuminates the trenchant gangsta rap of our contemporary politics, this sonic study examines Trump’s presidency as an intellectual, political, and cultural history that wades through themes, issues, and questions central to his consciousness. The foremost of these include white masculinity, real and imagined spaces, truth, leadership, governmentality, Nationalism, white supremacy, white resistance, power, and, juxtaposed to the communities in which Hip Hop emerged, justice.

Trump has built quite the reputation for his tweets, among other things, considering it his special method of communicating directly with the American public. But the 140-character limit of Twitter does not lend itself to
sharing his full body of thought at a given time. Here, the listener-reader will find that “Made Men” does, interrogating Trump’s public persona to imagine the subjectivity, thoughts, ideologies, consciousness, and intellectual processes that precede and precipitate his tweets, among other public utterances. Relying on government documents, news reports, and gangsta rap as a theoretical framework, this sonic study foregrounds an American story that too often goes unnamed—a story about white criminality.

Many critical writers and journalists have worked to analyze, if not outright expose Trump’s criminal machinations during his presidency, as well as over the course of his public career. Yet, many of these important works proceed without using the lens of race as an analytical frame, in addition to other critical categories of identity like gender, sexuality, and class. Indeed, political discourses on black criminality, which remain tied to a great extent in the popular imagination to hip-hop, have proliferated with incredible traction for decades. In many ways, these discourses have achieved axiomatic status without much of a corresponding racial equivalent, often serving as the backdrop against which many politicians have defined their political identities and carved out electoral space and power in the American body politic. Ironically, gangsta rap has borrowed much of its rhetoric, signifiers, masculinities, aspirations, and imagination from real or fictional white criminals, especially those who seemed to successfully straddle both the worlds of business and politics, like Trump. In fact, many rappers have cited Trump by name, admiring him in years past for these reasons, though the music they created was broadly condemned as pathological, nihilistic, and criminal.

Surging anti-black violence and vigilantism, growing white militia movements that appoint themselves state authorities with policing and executing powers, stolen seats on the Supreme Court, concerted attacks on the voting rights of people of color, calculated assaults on information and truth, and routine constitutional abuses, remain compartmentalized and isolated under certain nomenclature, and therefore disconnected from the naming power that catch-all terms like “black criminality” have exerted elsewhere. “Made Men” departs from this, marking a decisive discursive, political, and epistemological break that puts on full display what white criminality sounds like—as it has been skillfully conveyed by our most recent leading exemplar: the 45th President of the United States.
Outline & Abstract

1. Inauguration: Trump shares his vision for America.
2. Take Ova: Trump crafts his blueprint for the country.
3. Covfefe: Trump gifts to America a new word.
5. Hit Man: Trump initiates his first act of office.
6. Good Man: Trump repeats his daily affirmations.
7. A Stormi Night (Interlude)
8. The Séance (or Dead El Presidentes): Trump communes with his ancestors.
10. Redacted: Trump speaks with his therapist.
11. Year of the Rat: Trump decides to pray.
14. Moonlight Sonata: Trump enjoys the sounds of nightfall over DC.
15. A (Self-Made) Man’s World (Interlude)
16. [Ratchet] of the Earth: Trump contemplates his reelection strategy over drinks.
17. Trump Out (Exit Stage Left): Trump delivers his farewell address, and even considers the unthinkable.
18. One Luv (Bonus): Trump writes his incarcerated friend, his last letter to him as president.

D’Weston Haywood, MADE MEN 3
1. Inauguration

To all of the Made Men, who died for me,
May the angles bang you an ill symphony,¹
Made Men from the Rockefellers to my locked up killers up at Riker’s Isle,
Look at your baby boy! How you like me now?
Somebody wipe me down—Got power to call in military tanks,²
Oh now they looking at me scary faced,
Shit, I could do this everyday:
A Made Man plans to stand and fight ‘til streets cherry red,
And by the time all the blood has dried up,³
At exactly the moment the four horsemen ride up,
You’ll see a new breed of man of rise up,
As blessings from the King overrunneth my cup⁴—
Let’s go!

2. Take Ova

Verse I:

So I go to my cauldron,
Start boiling,
Shit that would hit the world and destroy it,
Put the world on its ass,
With witchcraft,⁵
Designed to prime your mind for whiplash.
Puritans would have me burned at the stake,
For what I’m determined to make,
But I’m a “wizard” with it,⁶
So cook it up, hook it up, I’m bout to get it, get it;
And Ima get it ‘til the getting is gone.
There’s nobody whose blueprints are this large!
Rest of yall up in La La Land,
Talking that blah, blah, yada-ya, nada man;
I’m here to let y’all niggas know one thing:
Three-branch government but there can only be “one king.”⁷
My come-up’s coming,
Make a name, “difficult takes a day,” impossible’s one week.⁸

Chorus:

Take over,
Breaks over,
Coup d’etat today y’all,
Change over,
Blueprint is in full effect,

D’Weston Haywood, MADE MEN 4
Hit the deck,
Reset,
Game Over

Repeat

Verse II:

We involved,
In intense wars,
To see who can invent more,
And I'm an inventor,
Studied my mentor's memoirs,
How they started piss poor —
Good men forced low down, so foul I lost my temper,
So now, I'm mad as hell, hellraising,
Trailblazing past cats running tracks at snail's paces.
My mind's my vehicle,
Deep mentals,
Speed sequentials—speed into—
Your speed limit travel bans;
My master plan —
So solid its obvious you looking at a man,
With a mastermind,
Mad precise —
I make my plans with an exacto knife —
Imhotep intellect,
Building pyramids through gameplans too tight to intercept.
Worldclass architecture,
Wall of China designer,
Surviving market pressures,
A-type scarlet letter,
Alpha-male, Rockefeller,
Don Cartagena,
Plus sharpest dresser,
Tryna' decide if I wanna be my competitor's predator, or his Schwarzenegger —
Think about that — too late.

Chorus (Repeat X2)

Egyptians scrawled,
Hieroglyphics cross,
Temple walls —
I see the same thing for me in this crystal ball,
Tarot cards,
Give me some concrete, tattoo ink: I'll leave my signature.
They had hieroglyphs;
Ima come up with my own shit though—the mad scientist,
No Igor,
But I do be hard in the lab trying shit—
Plan A don’t work?—plan B—
Plan B don’t work?—plan C—
Plan C don’t work?—I’m alphabetizing, right down to the line of Plan Z;
So y’all niggas aint fucking with me,
Nobody gone stop me in this 500 Indie;
Come and get me,
Aint nothing pretty,
‘Cept the way I planned my hand: Trump the city.

Chorus (Repeat X2)

3. Covfefe

Verse I:

Keeping them secrets like them UFOs at Roswell,\(^{15}\)
Or might write a tell-all, blow it up to high hell;
Might buy/sell,
Sell water in a dry spell,
Or “water to a whale”—“a hustler baby” with balls big as a kettle bell.\(^{16}\)
Got enemies on bended knee,
Praying to snuff me out;
But God is, made me a diamond in the ruff and plucked me out—
Sent me through a stargate,
To a little larvae:
Realest nigga caterpillar butterflied into a Scarface man—\(^{17}\)

Bridge:

Getting real sick of you niggas,
Everyday with this shit B?
Alright—Bet

Verse I Contd:

I’m a flood the market with a flood of ideas, y’all go build an ark,\(^{18}\)
We’ll sell somewhere between Mar-a-Lago and Plymouth Rock,
I’m just on my G, doing the will of God;\(^{19}\)
Tell the croupier we play no matter how they deal the cards.
Been working on my revenge body—
Since Benghazi,\(^{20}\)
Now we bout to hit the Republican Party;

D’Weston Haywood, MADE MEN 6
I’m Big Papi,
Mixed with a little bit of Kid Rocky,\(^{21}\)
Don’t think I’m the shit?—watch me—
Shout out to Mitt Romney,\(^{22}\)
Just thank me for making the White House a white castle—
Try and stop me, I’ll flash this knife at you—covfefe!\(^{23}\)

Chorus

And then we (cruise)...And then we, and then we (cruise)

Verse II:

Am I the hottest or the coldest?—climate change—
Just watch me rise alongside the tidal waves,
Cruisin’ this swampland in a small 500-foot yacht man,\(^{24}\)
Til the last polar caps slide away,
But not before—
We tee-off on this green course,
And get it in at this Michelin three-star;
My long range long game’s strong, mane;
I’m the Supreme Court, and guess what—judgement day’s about to swing forth, dog,
Feeling like King George y’all.

Bridge:

Had to take it back on you niggas;
I’m the most patriotic muh-fucka out here, nah mean?\(^{25}\)

Verse II Contd:

It’s a “G” thing whenever we swing—you stuck in the sand trap;\(^{26}\)
How you swing is where you land at,
Understand that, dog;
I’m wonderful,
3 under par, gallery jam packed,
But tell ’em stand back,
Before you get yo man slapped.
Cameras pan back;
I need quiet;
I am the one lion the hunter’s been trying but can’t catch.
Smooth criminal on his moonwalk,\(^{27}\)
Getting gugobs of guap,
Clocking them dollars on Ukraine;\(^{28}\)
We at the top of the food chain,
Top that Barack with the Hussein; \(^{29}\)
But no quid pro quo—
Bitch go low—
Covfefe!

Top that Barry O! (X2)

4. [White House] State of Mind

Verse I:

I’m the new Biggie,
So aint nothing ya’ll can do with me;
Impressive, benchpressing like 250;
Sometimes I’m too pretty,
Too gritty,
Tale of two cities—
Challenge me like who really—
Now who wit’ me?
Me and my dogs, we an aggressive breed—
What’s yo pedigree?
Doberman, Rock, Pit?
 Bye bitch—
I’m mixed with US Treasury.
I’m a go-getter;
You a come-to-er;
“I’m a hustler;” You a consumer; A “monster”—Got Ivanka, Trump Junior, Jeff Sess, Steve Ban—we gone run through ya Chuck Schumer. They saying its unprecedented,
When I just saw a hole in history and stepped up in it;
Already the best that did it—
Better than Obama,
In the Rose Garden,
Even Goldwater.
None before me, none after, empty space.
What’s stronger than a constitution?—NDAs! What’s a constitution anyway,
When you a muh-fucking “Renegade”?

Chorus:


Verse II:

No such thing as a free election—
How much it cost?—easy question.
How much you got?
What you running as: Republican, Democrat, or a fucking juggernaut,
Above the law? Fuck the journalists—Facts alternative—fake news or fake thugs, what’s worse?
Either way may this gun burst.
Walk in the UN—everybody tucking chains—
Why, cuz they know its not a fucking game;
We aint a small people;
We a wall people:
We all ego—
Bald eagles!
Believe Obeze was wire tapping
Trying to catch me,
With Russian cyber hackers,
But I’m hypermasculine,
Shitting on niggas, no diaper rashes,
Lying asses—
I rep the White House of flying daggers—
Sayonara,
You probly’ a doubting Thomas,
Probly’ don’t believe my bank account routing numbers;
I’m in the Oval O’ making counter offers,
All praise due to the founding fathers.

Chorus:


Verse III:

Bridge-builder, nobody been realer, national unity—
Its only built for Cuban Links!
This is real life—aint no story line;
Aint no studios; aint no audience;
Bitch I’m 45—
Took an oath to slay the beast—
I wish you would try and take a knee;
Star Spangled Banners;
Mind your table manners;
Fuck these anchorman-ers,’
Pay the table dancers.
King of New York, Queen Melania;
We be notorious;
Senior Mafia
Presidential hopes to presidential pardons—circle of life, running rings;

D’Weston Haywood, MADE MEN 9
This is the apprentice, all you niggas is under me—
Rude boy running 'tings!

5. Hit Man

Verse I:

Heard a lot of y'all is jobless—
Cool, I need a mob hit:
Somebody who can make the drop quick,
Then go and find me a boss bitch.
If you move in silence,
Never say nothing to nobody,
Send your resume, your repertoire,
All of your rec letters cuz—
I think I got a job for you,
But you can't be soft-boiled.
Need this cat to take a dirt nap in these streets—
But this conversation never happened, capeesh?
If you game, the name of the mark: Constitution—
Constant nuisance;
Hope you got the balls to do it.
When the body drops,
Dump 'em in the 'maserat,
Hand it to the mechanic at the body shop,
For the choppy-chop;
I'll be doing body shots.
6 in the morn before the party stops,
Like La-di-da,
Call Giuliani up,
Now let the body rot.

Chorus

A lot of y'all is talking shit man—
Have to call in the hitman;
So keep talking shit man,
And I'ma call in the hitman.
Call in the hitman
Call in the hitman.
Keep talking shit man,
I'ma call in the hitman.

Verse II:

Uh, she feeling on my halo,
Unaware I got killers on the pay roll, \(^{47}\)
And they follow me, orders to a ‘T,’ so believe they will kill you if I say so,
Like fuck free will,
Plea deals,
Sounds evil,
But we destroy, rebuild,
So peace be still—
Yea, we read the righteous word,
Every line and verse—
As the world of these indictments turn.
They want to make this proud eagle a flightless bird,
Strap on they silencers,
Shoot me down from the highest perch,
But “Still I Rise” like the firebird,
Why? Cuz I gotta higher purp’—
Look, Constitution’s on my summer reading—\(^{48}\)
Take some time—rediscover freedom—
Time to let the sunshine in;
Never read the constitution—but I read the fucking fine print!

Chorus

The first POTUS to combine the First and Second Amendment;
Try and step to my henchmen,
Is like electrical fences;
Welcome you bitches to the winner’s circle, long ways away from unemployment,
Bill collectors coming for you—
Class struggles,
Where cats punk you,
Fighting to the top with brass knuckles,
Me too—scrapped with badge numbers,
“F the Police;” they shot Rickey in the calf muscle.\(^{49}\)
That’s why you’ll find inside this black duffle bag:
Hustle—
The answers to your problems in a cash bundle.

6. Good Man

Verse I:

Feds, they racking they heads to mob tie me,\(^{50}\)
They don’t know that I’m god-body though;
They don’t know I got the gods watching my back—
Straight truth;
If you want proof, got the hard copy,
Already sent it to Hard Copy,
Signed, sealed, delivered to you niggas with yo subpoena ass,
Trying to sneak attack.
What? You think I ain’t thinking fast,
You asshole,
When I gotta bunch of Fat Joes ready to lean you back—
But that’s a dated reference—they call it the Filibuster;
I call it the quicker picker upper,
Re-arrange the game like a fixer upper,
Raise the rent on these never- Trumpers, 51
Liberal fuckers,
Nipple-sucking nigger lovers.
Tell Pelosi we gone need a bigger budget, 52
Like I need sweet and sour sauce on my chicken nuggets—nigga; 53
Sit back with a Big Mac, special sauce, lettuce cheese,
With what’s between these buns, I build my legacy—
So, its Me Too bitch, I’m calling you out,
Hoping y’all legislative proposals stall in the House;
Fuck whatever it is ya’ll was talking about—
Try saying it with deez nuts all in your—man, just leave me alone; 54
I need time to be in my zone—I’m a good man.

I’m a good man 55 (Repeat 2X)

Verse II:

They tried, nearly died to get me on the ‘grabbing pussies,’ 56
Like they caught me red-handed with the magic cookie,
But word to Scaramucci,
If you examine,
And understand and—
Really have a looksee,
You’d know it was a metaphor: the pussy’s democracy,
Grabbing it means: take the country back,
From these hungry rats,
So we cunning linguists,
Hustling this policy up out the laundry ‘mat,
Policies as sweet as Honey Smacks—
Executive order: bring Playboy Bunnies back,
So we can get they undies wet, yea—
’Miss’ America: stop slut shaming,
Stop complaining—
All up on the front pages.
Got my business spread eagle on the Washington Post;
But its cool, I’m about to box up and post—
And just rise in them polls.
Cant help I’m a lady killer;

D’Weston Haywood, MADE MEN 12
My legacy made me a sex machine since my baby pictures.
You just gotta be hot enough with an amazing figure—
To make me hit ya.
Patriarchy’s patriotic!
Like pancakes and Aunt Jemima, So
Strip, submit your lady privates—
To the white rageaholics, But no restraining orders;
Stand, right hand on your breast, and pledge allegiance to me and Reaganomics,
And never break the promise,
Never break the promise—I’m a good man.

Chorus

7. A Stormy Night (Interlude)

8. The Séance (or Dead El Presidentes)

Right here’s the last heir to a dynasty,
Inside of me’s the genes of a dying breed—
Since I’m the last one left,
I gasp for air,
Catch my breath,
Then last accept the—
Responsibility:
Stay pure, make sure self made men will survive,
My DNA was being made for this exact moment,
So luckily,
Its up to me, myself, and I.
Do my best work under pressure,
Let it force me down deep enough into this red dirt—
To resurrect this dead earth,
Like, I mean, bring back these dead el presidentes—
In a séance; I’ve trained hard with corporate senseis,
To keep Zen states in the midst of chaos, trade wars,
Cuz since ‘9-7 its been all about the Benji’s;
For real, every dollar bill’s a Ouija board,
Contacting Jackson, Grant, Benjie, gimme the keys to cross,
I can open any freaking door,
Access anything I’m dreaming of,
Just let me grease some palms;
Yea, please believe these are my niggas,
Franklin, Jackson, down to every dime, nickel—
Daddy threw at me itty-bitty loans—
Ran with it on my tippy toes,
Took fifty cent to fifty fold,
Business wiz kid worthy of a score by Quincy Jones,
Leather-bound books, chimney smoke,
Princely robes—
Old money—I’m talking centuries old.
Only salesmen, who never sold out—
The kid is still committed to them visions of the Old South—
Art of the transaction,
Walking in 725 5th Avenue Manhattan,
Pants sagging,
The Grand Dragon,
ARs tucked, you looking like it can’t happen,
Matter fact, don’t even glance at him,
Cuz you ain’t got enough bands for the bandwagon.
Cuz the greatest real estate is silence—
And guess what, I stepped up with enough money to buy it.

9. Caesar

Verse I:

Any mic I step to gets murdered,
Even my lip service—
Is pitch perfect.
The whole scene: disturbing,
Graphic; Get Sean Spice’ to clean it up, Clorox, detergent,
Splendid forensics;
I wrestle with mics,
Battle and fighting chords like a matter of life or death;
Young bucks run up—ask if I’m nice:
Shit, I been slaving from day into the shadows at night—
To be a master craftsmen, precise with it.
Even back when I was demo-taping,
I understood the importance of innovation;
Lot of y’all couldn’t evolve, too busy imitating,
Couldn’t survive the fittest with us, so ya’ll didn’t make it—
Extinct; let me take the reins;
Mumble rap it out or say it plain;
I could make a man or make a slave—
So we Mad Men with this advertising,
Mastering the mysteries of ballot boxing,
Know we bout to blow—you can see the magma rising—
Volcanic;
Can y’all stand it?
Nah, cram it!
I already did the math long-handed:
Calculated changing traditions y’all considered longstanding.
But just decided to crush this small planet—
I'm gargantuous!

Chorus:

See sontin,’ say sontin;
Stop snitchin,’ I don’t say nothing;
Your second coming aint coming;
The Lord giveth and take frometh!
Don’t front—you know I got you open.
Don’t front—you know I got you open.
Don’t front—you know I got you open.
Don’t front—you know I got you open.

Verse II:

6’ 3,” 243 with a slight build——
Giant with the heart of a lion, minus the white guilt;
Right wing, doing the Right thing with Alt-Right skills,
For this cold world and ice age, ICE raids, I got this ice grill.
Blood type G, pigeon toed,
But never been pigeon-holed,
I rock steady,
Top heavy,
With a potbelly,
Sipping the five deadly venoms,
With a cocked dessie,
God said He got me;
You are not ready!
Beauty pageants I win by landslides,
Though I’m also the ghost scouts talk about by the campfire.
Orange-skinned, golden child—got the “glow,”
Truly blessed with bioluminescence—lets rock and roll—
Locked and loaded. I’m a one-man killer army,
Coming to kill you softly,
’Til you all rigimorty,
Like the dealers taught me;70
Its infinity wars with criminal charges,71
But I walk in the Senate with enough strength in my arms——
Pull the pillars on me!

Chorus:

See sontin,’ say sontin;
Stop snitchin,’ I don’t say nothing;
Your second coming aint coming;
The Lord giveth and take frometh! They got Black excellence—we got (white) supremacy! They got Black excellence—we got (white) supremacy! They got Black excellence—we got (white) supremacy! And we can do both ‘til like infinity.

10. Redacted

Man, there’s so much drama up in DC—
Its kinda hard being the P-R-E-Z,
But I, a certified genius—
Alexa: how do you assume true leadership?
It’s a cold world, should I run it or save it?
Good question, Doc—I’m nothing play with, cuz
Oh, it started with Kev McCallister, self-defense—I was like don’t play me;
I think we was watching Departed, Goodfellas, Scorcese;
My slim thug, Kim Jong, was mixing Kool-Aid—
My favorite flavors: red and blue states,
Then some spilled into inkblots—I saw a new race—
Yea, he’s the only who knows the truth; he left his rosary beads,
Before he vanished among the coastal elites—I miss em,‘
But the code of the streets dictate
The tweets—they just my firesides—
For these dire times—
Warp speed: we got vaccines with cyanide, you know,
I think—I don’t even worry about it,
Just say what I’m gonna say anyway and then I scurry up out it.
I laughed, Rome wasn’t built in a day, I said,
Young buck—know your passion;
If you see it go down, you don’t know what happened—
Flow with traffic—
These cabals and cartels,
Part and parcel of all of this shit—
The art of hard sales,
Pushed to the edge, off the guardrails, but
Think about Merrick Garland,
No Eric Garner,
Or Reverend Barber,
Just Farrah Fawcett,
Never Trumpers,
And the discipline of terracotta soldiers,
Who followed they leaders no matter the
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX,
couldn't believe this mothafucka resigned,

Right as I was working on my freestyle—
For Eminem; it go like this: check it—

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

—“Keep us safe from those who would prey on innocent lives—
To fulfill some distorted inner need,”

Is Karma bittersweet,
If freedom isn’t free?


11. Year of the Rat

Dear Big Poppa,

Know I been a shit talker,
Shit starter—
Chris Wallace—forgive me, but bless with the stigmata,
Clean me in your holy dishwater,
Give me the clarity to know my friends from the imposters—
I’m surrounded by “rats”!

They wanna know how low I’ll go—
Never so low I’m eye level with where the rats crawl,
Out of they rats nest,
A place where traitors get cast off,
Before a black death—a death well deserved!
They everywhere: up in your crib rent-free.
Ghettos to gated spots with association fees;
You in deep,
Political intrigue—
No way to escape the rat instinct—
Caesar, Brutus, Jesus, Judas,
Disloyal,
Coming to destroy you,
Backstabbing,
Smile in your face, back peddling,
Trespassing,
Half-steppers,
Looking to write your last chapter—let me know when I see ‘em.
I know snakes, cockroaches with more decency,
But not this demon seed—
Forever back-talking,
But draft-dodging when its time for war;
No back problems, no back bone—commitment levels spasmodic;
You see stream of rat droppings,
Leading right to where yo stash hiding,
Pathfinders—
No respect for higher-ups,
On some liar-liar stuff,
Wired up,
Pressures on,
Turn Decepticons:
Bumble Bee to Megatron.
Biting the hand that feeds,
Infected your family tree—
With every damn disease;
Shit hits the fan they flee—
To the sewers they rose from,
Donnie Brascos, Benedict Arnolds—let me know when I see ‘em.
I’m on my knees, please protect me from the rat packs;
Please let me succeed with these rat traps;
All I got is the Beast painted in matte black,
And a few dec’ Secret Service on the clap back;
But I need more—got mountains to move,
Please B-I-G, I’m counting on you—
I’ll go to the top of Trump Tower, scour the roof,
And promise for every minute they lie, I’ll bring an hour of truth—
Amen.

12. Shook 1s Part 3

Verse I:

“To all the killers and the hundred dollar billers;
For real niggas who aint got no feelins’—check it out now.

“I got you stuck off the [illness]—we be the infamous; you heard of us—
Official [DC] murderers;
The mob comes equipped for warfare,
Beware,
Of my crime [fam who ain’t got enough] shots to share for all those,
Who wanna profile and pose,
[Sneeze in your sleeve, blow out] your nose bone;
You all alone in these streets cousin:
Every man for they self in this land we be gunnin,
[Got your whole nose] running,
Like [its] supposed to—
[6-feet nigga, cant] come close to;
[I can see the mask on] your face;
You in the wrong place,
Cowards like you just get they whole body laced up,
With bullet holes and such...”

Verse II:

Go ‘head run a fact check,
Wile I run them jewels on yo fat neck!—
Fuck a pandemic—
Aint nothing for me to shut shit down—too much ambition.
My Klan elected me Grand Wizard;
Stand with us or against us,
Cuz if you want it; you can get it—
Transmitted.
Preachers praying,
People saying, these the last days,
Like we facing revelations on the last page,
To survive we gotta hide inside a bat cave,
Close up all the pathways—
Shit—COVID-19 aint nothing but my old rap name,
Back when I was getting in the rap game—
But decided to go with Teflon Don,
Truest to do it from DC to Wuhan.
Mind on my money—money on my mind since I was bout it-bout it—
Now we got the White House bouncing, bouncing,
Teflon’s been on that social distance,
Separated haters tryna to get closer with us,
Talking that socialism;
I’ll stop the globe from spinning—
In the solar system,
And go postal nigga,
Relapse dog,
Throw the ski mask on,
And ahhhh—tell you to strip!
But everybody’s masked up, screaming apocalypse now,
Like it’s the end when all of y’all are just jocking my style—
Its cool—desperate measures, desperate times;
I let it slide long as we agree the credit’s mine—
Living legends,
Popping vintage bottles: disinfectant—
For all my sychophantics,
My kiss the ringers,
Pistol Peters:
Stick up kids with sticky fingers,
Fiscal leaders with they pork barrels,
My niggas waving that tiki torch at you—
They know the truth about corona virus:
All of this shit was started by Joseph Biden,
Polarizing,
A Chinese disease he brought from Okinawa,
On an ocean liner,
Laughing, with donors smiling,
Forcing us to reconcile our souls to science,\textsuperscript{94}
Or forever hold our silence;
Gotta pray to Jehova Jireh,
“Getting closer to God in a tight situation,
Now, take these words home and think it through,
Or the next [Covid case] might be about you!”\textsuperscript{95}

Chorus:

“Son, they shook
‘Cause aint no such things as halfway crooks
Scared to death, scared to look, they shook
‘Cause aint no such things as halfway crooks
Scared to death, scared to look, they shook”\textsuperscript{96}

“I guarantee you it’ll be your very last time breathing.”
“Your simple words don’t move me; you minor, we major.”\textsuperscript{97}
I mean, “It is what it is.”\textsuperscript{98}

13. Whitekanda

The only direction northward—
Laser-focused on the North Star;
Old folks say, wade in the water;\textsuperscript{99}
Blood of a king pulsing through my forearms;
Containing it is torture!
You can’t lock down a free man—
Can’t shackle these hands—
The gods made me a he-man,
Mastered the universe so fuck “emoluments clause”\textsuperscript{100}—
You never seen my body of work on top of this free land?—
Fingers that built something from nothing;\textsuperscript{101}
Worked down to the bone, cracked, calloused.
There’s an elephant in the room of this great Republic,
And Ima call it out: what? We gone be on Zoom in the day of judgement,
Saints are coming,
What y’all talking bout?
Pharaoh’s forcing my people to be slaves to pyramid schemes,
But its funny how the pendulum swings,
So I’m gone have to be the one\textsuperscript{102}—
To place in these hands, deep in these palms—
Our bloody liberation in the name of freedom—
That makes me the most essential essential worker—
Using that tool at the top of my central nervous—
To free everybody from the young thugs to the baby boomer silver surfers!
First, let me meditate at the peak of Pride Rock.
Some men ask why—I ask why not.
“Clouds” cut up a dark sky; raise my arms high, and these hands lift them—
Loose the serpent—a sign its time to let them sparks fly!
Are you a real man or a field hand?
Are you the type to ignite the revolution but,
When the executioner comes, do you still stand?
Do you do what they trained you for?
Got you waiting on Emancipation Proclamations, huh?
And you waiting long,
’Til now—here it is, the kid’s leading the slave revolt,
And I just pray today that my aim aint off—
I recruited a Rasputin—
I asked Putin,
Zab Judah,
A jazz flutist, math tutor, mass shooter,
And we gone be screaming: give to me liberty or give me death!
Fuck these slave masters,
Slave catchers’
We chain snatchers;
Blow your legislative brain backwards.
Slave to self-made, the clips jam packed—
The one runaway, who got North,
Stole a Bible and a shot gun and ran back!
Free my niggas in—
Virginia and—
Minnesota,
Michigan.
I’ll accept death so we can be free,
Just place my statue next to Robert E. Lee’s.

14. Moonlight Sonata

“But soft, what light through yonder window breaks”—
Shattered glass—
To match this shattered man,
Scattered past—
A 5th Avenue windowpane—
Bitch, you know I love you!
Why you wanna go and do that for,
Swing at my glass jaw?
You know I organized a task force—
To give you a platform,
Anything you ask for,
Waiting for you at the backdoor,
But you’d rather douse my house in gasoline, throw the match on?—damn;
I thought we’d sit for a cocktail—you threw a Molotov.
What happened to the days when we’d go into a rage then walk it off,
Like false alarm,
But things fall apart—
Okonkwo; God knows you gone fucking make me—
Do something crazy—
Like push the button maybe—
Start a nuclear holocaust—
UN begging me to call it off.
If Black Lives Matter, then mine does too—I’m a Black man—
Just look at these crackers asking me to tap dance;
I’m from Queens, know what it means to wait at the cash advance;—
I know jive, can slap five on the backhand—
In other words, you’d see Black skin behind this white mask if you’d do a cat scan—
Black pride’s inside, though daddy Montague said pride goeth before the fall—
Look at us both, crying through this tear gas, pepper spray—
Almost impossible for us to see a clear path, a better way—
Just the mere fact of serenades—
From sirens: “O blessed, blessed night!”
“Being in night, all this is but a dream.”
Don’t the sirens sound like the sweetest moonlight sonata—
“The softest music to attending ears”—
Let’s close our eyes and wonder,
If we can ask the almighty fathers—
To hold off the sunrise tomorrow—
So we can enjoy this night for longer,
Just gaze at the moon;
Its amazing but true:
If this is the end I hope my last days are with you—handcuff to you to keep you!
Whispers of sweet nothings like nationalist, Neo-fascist doctrines,
Reactive politics,
Confederate monuments,
Or plain smack your momma shit—
On some classic mafia films;
Cuz when the “looting starts the shooting starts”—
Don’t misunderstand me—I’m talking about shooting stars—
Under this beautiful universe,
Just the two of us—
And the rule of law.
You want a revolution—so do I—
“Deny thy father,” “refuse thy name,”

D’Weston Haywood, MADE MEN 22
And join me like fuck they system with these voter rights! We'll sink into a well of deep anger — We'll build on the ashes of police stations — A free nation so thorough the whole world wont know how to restrain us — Wont be a jail cell strong enough to detain us — We'll take the world and remake it — Broken glass everywhere! Broken glass everywhere!

15. A (Self Made) Man's World (Interlude)

16. [Ratchet] of the Earth

Chorus:

Like a moth to the flame — They should've never shown me the game — Winning's on the brain, And I'm about to go insane — Come along for the ride, y'all; Come along for the ride; Come along for the ride; Come along for the ride y'all; Come along for the ride; Come along for the ride.

Verse I:

We examining straw polls; We stand at the crossroads, A planet of lost souls; We slamming them car doors; Damn Mar-a-Lago: Salmon, escargot, Vodka-cran 'til the bar close; Top shelf — Cocktails, Soldiers rolling in lockstep — Drink champagne, Tequila pourin,’ Mis hermanas, mis hermanos, call Tenochtitlan — The older gods of war, Russian oligarchs, Robo-calls, Voter fraud — I'm “the chose one.”
A man for all seasons, even elections, do what I do—
Find my niche, move in the groove.
Beast mode with cheat codes,\textsuperscript{127} 
No freestyle, just Neoliberal free flows—
Gimme the loot before I reload.
Stock market mob bosses,
Hard targets—
We got that la sparkling.

Chorus

I understand why God hid His face from the earth:
Put distance with him, the haters and jerks;
But we still out on Rodeo—
With the Alpha Romeos,
Campaigning, the Alpha-Omega—
Back to the bar, tiger’s blood mixed with hydroxy—whatever—chloroquine—
Fuck a quarantine,\textsuperscript{128} 
Shrimp Florentine;
Country flipping like gymnasts on the floor routine,
Making quantum leaps—
What’s my core beliefs?
I crack a smile—
Answer’s already in this strawberry Black and Mild.
Vaccines or vixens,\textsuperscript{129} 
That king is pimping,
Basking in liquid courage;
I deserve it—
Yea, you heard it.
That’s why you’ll find me grinding in the partisanbeefs,
Going hard on these tweets,
Heart on my sleeve—
Don’t get it twisted—we’ll rock you to sleep—
Supreme court,
Marine Corps,
D-boys:
Destroy.\textsuperscript{130} 

Chorus

White Mamba,
Sipping White Russians,
White Panther, repping Whitekanda,
Iconic,
White collar—
Dice tumbler.
Be Best¹³¹—
Reflex deep breaths in parabolic speakers—
Scream we need proper leaders,
Promise keepers—
No Obamas, Hillary Rodhams either—
Real men, who cock the heater,
Like Kenosha, at these non-believers,¹³²
How bout a round for the border agents,
Locking kids with they foreign language¹³³—
“Shit hole” hoods—drinks on me, a force of nature,¹³⁴
The new Noriega—
Meets Donald Draper,
Coordinating,
Watergating the new voter suppression¹³⁵—
One blink we stole the election—
Stay woke nigga.

Chorus 2:

Like a moth to the flame—
They should’v never shown me the game—
Winning’s on the brain,
And I’m about to go insane—
Come along for the ride, y’all;
Come along for the ride;
Come along for the ride;
Come along for the ride y’all;
Come along for the ride;
“Stand back, stand by.”¹³⁶

¹⁷. Trump Out (Exit Stage Left)

Ladies and gentlemen,
Babies and little kids—
I fucked up!
Punch drunk on power—
With a bunch of—
Young thugs—
Desperate for the come up—
I’m a deal maker;
They were deal breakers;
Didn’t feel safe so I had to keep the gun tucked—
Realest times—
I really tried—
Hater commentators haggled over my words,
Gods wrestled over the earth—
The embattled POTUS observed—
Thought this persona—
Would solve world problems,
Achieve Nirvana;
I mean I did swim with piranhas—
Made it out alive,
Survived;
I even thrived, so you know I aint a first-timer.
Cuz before a lot of y’all could even pee straight,
Back when I had the thick wig and clean slate,
Before Florida was a swing state,
Or before there was even a deep state—
Had dreams of being the GOAT,
Like Mike, but better—king on his throne,
In a league of his own.
But slipped into a drunken state,
Sunken place,
And just didn’t know what the fuck to say.

Chorus:

Why would I apologize!
One or two terms—we all on borrowed time!
Why would I apologize!
One or two terms—we all on borrowed time!

Political pawns,
Spiritual wars,
Moral dilemmas—
I’m just a man—a mere mortal, a sinner,
Caught in the middle—
Of audience members—
And exec orders I don’t even really sort of remember.
Made Space Force in case y’all force me to go where time doesn’t exist—
Take off—I’m done with shit.
Or claim squatters rights—
I mean I can’t knock the hustler—I can’t knock the life.
Or go to Russia, a refugee, asylum seeker,
Tight advice I got from the psychic reader;
Land then examine the man in the mirror through all of these diamond pieces.
Reflect a second on Freudian slips,
Going off of the script—
Could’ve put more Kavanaugh on the bench—
What could’ve been should’ve been—
Will y’all say, here stood a man?
For real y’all,
Real talk,
Wish Biden the best,
Long as y'all give my name the highest respect—
Nah, fuck it—gotta go in a blaze of glory: 141
Teflon Don—history's waiting on me.

Chorus

18. One Luv (Bonus)

Verse I:

“Word up kid,
Know shit is rough doing your bid;” 142
You wouldn’t believe the streets since you went in:
Classy bitches—
Turned to “nasty women,” 143
State actors is paid actors—
A world you can’t trust—
Kids caged up,
Everybody’s brainwashed;
I taste blood on my taste buds—
Aint the same bruh.
‘84,
Crazy dog;
I was Crazy Horse, 144
Waging war,
Drop by drop,
Real estate block by block, 145
With crazy wars on drugs—
Now the war’s on us—
Fast forward:
Last poets—endangered species,
I’m exposing the weak links,
The strong from the weak-kneed.
Lesser men bowed out,
Kowtowed,
Fractured and caved,
Cracked from the weight;
I adapted and changed,
Since before the White House,
When we was in the trap house trapping them things—
Shit—you know, back in them days—
Hit 5th Ave and ride thu,’
Switches hitting,
Chickens grinning—
From the passenger side view,
Genius IQ spitting,
Cerebellum, another level—you know how I do.
How or when the world lost its mind—I think it was ’08.\textsuperscript{146}
Shit was so strange,
Switched the cornrows to a low fade;
Watched the dope game—
Turn profane,
Needed an Enlightenment,
To know the mice from men:
Michael Flynns,
Bill Barbies, Michael Pence\textsuperscript{147}—
Formed a cabinet,
Fitted MAGA Hats,
Rocked low to take this block over from these Kaepernicks—
Its deep—Sigmund Freud;
We were like the new Wu, the Beastie Boys,
Cuz when I think about it deep inside, I realize we dem boyz!
“Left a half a hundred in your commissary.”\textsuperscript{148}

Verse II:

You wrote, ‘I should them with hating,
Stopping a nigga’s shine should be a crime’—
True—
High crimes depend on the skyline—
What’s your view?
Garden apartment or high rise?
In style—
In a penthouse?
Are you Po Pimp or pimped out?\textsuperscript{149}
Your brother's undercover pointing out these whistleblowers,\textsuperscript{150}
Misinforming.
“If we start the revolution,” they tattle tell—
I be kamikaze on these battlegrounds!
Guess who came through: Kanye\textsuperscript{151}—
You should’ve seen Kelly Conway;
Its high stakes though, bro—they shot Harambe.
Big picture: bitch niggas taking over;\textsuperscript{152}
I’m a faithful soldier,
Just gray and older—
Goldenest child,
Still holding it down,
Defending,
These trenches,
Tribal wars—
With rival hoods,
The only thing to save us: a Bible verse—
Luke 6:22—
Maybe, seems that I’m screaming in an empty room—
Overworked, underpaid,
Wishing there’s another way.
More money, more problems—
Go before Congress?
“Kinda makes me wanna murder for reala—even got a mask and gloves”—
Picture me—a mask and gloves.

Verse III:

Sometimes I sit back, reflect with a winner’s mind,
Focused like the Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter’s mine,
A young Odysseus—
In this Iliad,
Headed home: land of the free enterprise;
Idiot savant, thinking through sovereignty,
Bureaucracies,
Policies,
Ponzi schemes—
And it hit me, we killing each other, infighting,
Divisive,
Crab in the barrel battles,
Scapegoating,
Chainsmoking lungs—
Done brung them flamethrowers,
When we could all be stakeholders—
And take over.
So next meeting of the [Knights of the Round] Table Talk—
First agenda item: Cain’s fatal shot—
Through Abel’s heart,
Unless we unite in all ways, we always gone take the loss.
Lets wipe clean—
Right wing—
Pysches—
Mental health—
Enter my inner presidential self.
Cuz ‘til we mentally free—we all prisoners,
Between prison walls,
Prison guards;
Lets kneel at the altar of a new religion,
Crucial mixtures—
Of crucifixes,
My own influences,
Confess your sins to the president—I commute your sentence\textsuperscript{158}—
Its futuristic;
Now every man can go from the belly of the beast—
To the valley of the kings—
Tally up the C. R. E. A. M\textsuperscript{159}—
“Rise up above;” no more jake, shorty wop—
I’m 45,
“One love.”\textsuperscript{160}
1. Trump’s conception of a proper white masculinity rests on and circulates through a universe of crucial and pliable masculine models through which he presents himself and performs in different ways before different publics. While the models he deploys depend heavily on the publics and politics of his moment, revealing the constructed nature of gendered ideologies and identities, the foremost of these models, however, is the self-made man. The self-made man was a nineteenth century gendered ideology and model that remains just as popular and powerful today. In this model, with its emphasis on independence, control, and power, Trump finds his symbolic ancestral lineage, reaching back through time and space to the storied magnates and ‘captains of industry’ of the Gilded Age, as well as the strong men of governments past and present. Unlike fallen American soldiers, these are the dead that Trump does actually honor. See for instance, Gail Bederman, *Manliness and Civilization: A Cultural History of Gender and Race in the United States, 1880-1917,* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1996); Michael Kimmel, *Manhood in America: A Cultural History,* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2018); E. Anthony Rotundo, *American Manhood: Transformations in Masculinity from the Revolution to the Modern Era,* (New York: Basic Books, 1994). On the pronunciation of “symphony,” see for example, Marina Pitofsky, “Trump goes viral after mispronouncing Yosemite,” *The Hill,* August 4, 2020, https://thehill.com/homenews/administration/510501-trump-struggles-with-pronouncing-yosemites-at-bill-signing, accessed October 2, 2020.

2. See the transcript of Trump’s Inaugural Address, which he delivered on January 20, 2017. Trump’s address argued that his presidency marked the transferal of power from elites to ordinary citizens, and elevated military power while turning on motifs of loss and decline, ruling classes, and apocalyptic scenes of “American carnage” that helped him to instantiate himself as a strong man, white savior figure particularly opposed to the emasculating and enervating effects of a period of “Negro domination” represented by the Obama presidency. Drawing on longstanding but popular tropes of whiteness and white masculinity especially present in American film and literature to strengthen and personalize this framework, Trump put forward his body to suggest that he was willing to make a crucial manly sacrifice. “I will fight for you with every breath in my body,” he declared, elevating himself as the herald “a new vision,” one that centers in large part on him restoring proper white masculinity. See for instance, Bederman, *Manliness and Civilization;* Thomas DiPiero, *White Men Aren’t,* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2002); Ashley Jardina, *White Identity Politics,* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2019); Carol Anderson, *White Rage: The Unspoken Truth of Our Racial Divide,* (New York: Bloomsbury, 2016); George M. Fredrickson, *The Black Image in the White Mind: The Debate on Afro-American Character and Destiny, 1817-1914,* (Middleton, Conn: Wesleyan University Press, 1987).
3. In his Inaugural Address, Trump stated that, “It is time to remember that old wisdom our soldiers will never forget: that whether we are black or brown or white, we all bleed the same red blood of patriots, we all enjoy the same glorious freedoms, and we all salute the same great American Flag.”

4. As Trump stated in his inaugural address, “the Bible tells us, ‘how good and pleasant it is when God’s people live together in unity,’” and that “we will be protected by the great men and women of our military and law enforcement and, most importantly, we are protected by God.”

5. Trump’s constant refrain about “witch hunts” to rebut and/or trivialize critique, the Mueller investigation, and his impeachment trial, for instance, was in fact a rhetorical strategy to signal a concerted attack on white men and manhood by constructing a new way to frame white male victimhood, even through the historically gendered female frame of the witch.


9. Another masculine model important to Trump’s universe of proper masculinity and gendered ideologies is the “Good Man,” an appellation he reserves exclusively for white men, who are aggrieved, or, in his mind, have just cause to be because some aspect of their identity, social and economic status, and/or real or perceived authority has been ostensibly challenged. Consider, for instance, his framing of Brett Kavanaugh during his confirmation hearings. See for example, Jordan Phelps, “‘Trying to destroy a great man’: Trump doubles down on defense of Kavanaugh,” ABC News, October 1, 2018, https://abcnews.go.com/Politics/destroy-great-man-trump-doubles-defense-kavanaugh/story?id=58205160, accessed October 2, 2020. See also, DiPiero, White Men Aren’t; Jardina, White Identity Politics.


12. See Bederman, Manliness and Civilization; Kimmel, Manhood in America. Consider the ways in which Trump draws on rugged and frontier masculinities to present himself as a ‘builder’ of sorts, re-purposing and updating these bygone masculine models to instantiate contemporary iterations of them by emphasizing his reputation as a real estate mogul. In this frame, he is able to conquer and control physical space, creating and/or promising to create landscapes of pleasure, play, and power through physical structures and built environments that range from hotels to proposed border walls.


with the Wind,” “Goodfellas,” and “Godfather.” It is worth considering how these films helped serve as important sources of Trump’s subjectivity and ideas on masculinity, governance, resistance, power, and justice.


figure out the true meaning of 'covfefe' ??? Enjoy!,” This song defines what Trump probably meant, in line with his typical bluster and braggadocio, though it is also worth considering how Trump seizes on the confusion his statements and actions tend to cause in order to mobilize distraction as a deliberate political strategy.


29. For Trump and many of his supporters, President Obama represents his chief foil, symbolizing the leading presidency, ideological frame, rhetorical style, masculine model, and racial identity against which Trump not only defines and presents himself, but also positions himself as the last ‘wall’ between white civilization and “Negro domination.” As identity construction is deeply relational, Trump’s many references to Obama point to how much Obama occupies a significant degree of intellectual space in Trump’s consciousness, and has since 2008 when Trump ignited the ‘birther movement.’ Trump considered the White House an inviolate white male space and the
presidency as the last bastion of white (male) power, owing, on one hand, to his constant aspersions against Obama, and on the other hand, revealing the parts of his consciousness occupied by Obama as an influential model of leadership that he desires to have also. Still, Obama’s presidency ignited a crisis in white masculinity and a crisis in governmentality for Trump and many of his supporters. His campaign and presidency promised in part to counter these perceived crises and redeem white manhood, as well as white (male) control. Performing a white savior figure and a Great White Hope especially before QAnon supporters and the like, Trump has elevated himself among supporters as the one leader capable of rescuing the country, the West, and whiteness from what could have been, he and supporters believe, the “resurgence” of “Negro domination.” See, for example, Michael Barbaro, “Donald Trump Clung to ‘Birther’ Lie for Years, and Still Isn’t Apologetic,” New York Times, September 16, 2016, https://www.nytimes.com/2016/09/17/us/politics/donald-trump-obama-birther.html, accessed October 19, 2020.

30. See, for example, Blake Montgomery, “Obama Says Fox Would Have Called Him ‘Beijing Barry’ if He Had Chinese Bank Account,” The Daily Beast, October 21, 2020, https://www.thedailybeast.com/obama-says-fox-news-would-have-called-him-beijing-barry-if-he-had-chinese-bank-account-like-trump, accessed October 24, 2020. As illustrated by many of his public statements as president and as early as 2008, Obama occupies significant space in Trump’s mind, a space in which Trump engages in an eternal competition with Obama at the same time that Obama also represents for him a gold standard of leadership and masculinility.


kamala-harris-monster, accessed October 18, 2020. For Black women, Trump does not apply his typical pejorative “nasty women.” He goes further to reach for more derisive and beastial terms that are not only deeply gendered and racialized, but also do critical ideological and political work in the American popular imagination concerning Black people in general, and here Black women in particular. Trump’s “monster” serves as an important buzzword in the racial lexicon for delegitimizing Black people’s ambition, vertical and spatial mobility, and/or resistance by dislocating them from humanity and citizenship. The word therefore identifies a Black threat, which is then intended to alert the appropriate political, social, and cultural policing powers. For Black women, Trump’s rhetorical move here demonizes them in gender and racially specific ways. See also, Melissa V. Harris Perry, *Sister Citizen: Shame, Stereotypes, and Black Women in America*, (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2013); Daina Ramey Berry and Kali Nicole Gross, *A Black Women’s History of the United States*, (New York: Beacon Press, 2020).


36. See, Jones, Nas. NY State of Mind. Columbia Records, 1994. Accessed October 29, 2020, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hI8A14Qcv68. Consider the ways in which the White House, like the storied New York, serves as a physical and structural mimetic space, though an elite one, that facilitates and sometimes disciplines a certain consciousness and sense of self for its occupants. For Trump, however, the White House ratcheted the consciousness he brought with him to the presidency, one already deeply rooted in class and racial privilege, power, masculinity, and criminality.
Within and from the White House, Trump constructs and projects his particular leadership model, a model rarely considered by leadership studies as a model in and of itself: Incompetency. The Incompetent leadership model dovetails with his self-made man and strong man personas, all of them working to mask and compensate for his ineptitude as a leader. Here, Trump offers Incompetence as a pliable and democratically accessible model of leadership for white men and women. Indeed, this is part of what gives Trumpism such widespread appeal, that Trump’s particular brand of masculinity and leadership make raw power more democratically accessible to white men and women, while crucially negating it for those deemed ‘other.’


45. See, for example, Megan Flynn and Allyson Chiu, “Trump says his authority is ‘total.’ Constitutional experts have ‘no idea’ where he got that,” The Washington Post, April 14, 2020, https://www.washingtonpost.com/nation/2020/04/14/trump-power-constitution-coronavirus/, accessed October 12, 2020. Because Trump’s primary governmentality revolves around monarchies, autocracies, imperialism, and strong men, it puts him ideologically at odds with constitutional and democratic government. Indeed, Trump has worked to map on to constitutional government the dictatorial and unilateral corporate culture from which he comes, though white supremacy, which has long undergirded American governmentality, provides him a ready framework in which he is able to apply his notions of government and leadership.


See for example, Jonathan Mahler and Steve Eder, “‘No Vacancies’ for Blacks: How Donald Trump Got His Start, and Was First Accused of Bias,” The New York Times, August 27, 2016, https://www.nytimes.com/2016/08/28/us/politics/donald-trump-housing-race.html, accessed October 20, 2020. In addition to Obama, Nancy Pelosi is one of the leadership styles against which he defines himself and his leadership. Revealing other sides of his gendered ideologies, Trump constantly frames Pelosi as, what he calls, a “Nasty Woman,” his typical pejorative term for women, particularly white women, who challenge male authority in real and perceived ways. His (hyper)masculinity makes space for critical and resistant women like Pelosi only in this capacity, as an aberration in need of correction through rhetorical violence, violent silencing, or even violence itself. Here, Trump thrives on one of the crucial features of proper masculinity, which must eliminate real or perceived rivals whether they are men or women.


See for example, the Mueller Report, Vol. II, pg. 40. The report states that, “according to Comey’s account of the meeting, once they were alone, the President began the conversation by saying, ‘I want to talk about Mike Flynn.’ The President stated that Flynn had not done anything wrong in speaking with the Russians, but had to be terminated because he had misled the Vice President. The conversation turned to the topic of leaks of classified information, but the President returned to Flynn, saying ‘he is a good guy and has been through a lot.’ The President stated, ‘I hope you can see your way clear to letting this go, to letting Flynn go. He is a good guy. I hope you can let this go.’”

See for example, Jill Filipovic, “Our President Has Always Degraded Women, and We’ve Always Let Him,” Time, December 5, 2017, https://time.com/5047771/donald-trump-comments-billy-bush/, accessed October 18, 2020. As problematic as the statement was, a confession of Trump’s fondness for sexually assaulting women, it should also be construed
as one of the ways he intended to govern, that is, by force and predatory power, hence his gendering the country as female in the lyrics that follow.


64. See, for example, Jeanne Whalen, “Court orders Trump to pay Stormy Daniels $44, 100 to cover her legal fees,” *The Washington Post*, August 22, 2020, https://www.washingtonpost.com/nation/2020/08/22/trump-must-pay-

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67. See, for example, Amy Siskind, “This is Not Normal,” The Washington Post, October 16, 2020, https://www.washingtonpost.com/graphics/2020/outlook/siskind-list-trump-norms/, accessed October 19, 2020. But much of his anti-establishment rhetoric and politics grow out of his effort to project himself as an outlaw figure, on one hand, and on the other hand, project a leadership that actually hinges on a model rooted in incompetence. This model does not strive for efficacy so much as it strives for an absolute power and white resistance that works to mask the ineptitude at its very center.


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72. True to the deeply performative and theatrical nature of Trump’s leadership model and masculinity, he has in part performed a minstrel version of Shakespeare’s *Julius Cesar* that is also partly influenced by the biblical story of Samson.


83. See, Jan Ransom, “Trump Will Not Apologize for Death Penalty Over Central Park Five,” The New York Times, June 18, 2019, https://www.nytimes.com/2019/06/18/nyregion/central-park-five-trump.html?auth=login-email&login=email, accessed October 4, 2020. Here is perhaps the most glaring example of Trump’s conception of justice, which is that justice does not and should not extend to Black people. For Trump, justice, in its full sense of fairness, rights, and equality, should only manifest for white men and especially privileged white men. Here, like many other politicians have over time, Trump was convinced of the axiomatic status of “black criminality” in American life, and promoted the death penalty for the Central Park Five, though he himself confessed on tape to sexually assaulting women.


The Report states that, “after the FBI searched Cohen’s home and office in April 2018, the President publicly asserted that Cohen would not ‘flip,’ contacted him directly to tell him to ‘stay strong,’ and privately passed messages of support to him. Cohen also discussed pardons with the President’s personal counsel and believed that if he stayed on message he would be taken care of. But after Cohen began cooperating with the government in the summer of 2018, the President publicly criticized him, called him a ‘rat,’ and suggested that his family members had committed crimes.

See, Mueller Report, Vol. II, pg. 6. The report states that, “after the FBI searched Cohen’s home and office in April 2018, the President publicly asserted that Cohen would not ‘flip,’ contacted him directly to tell him to ‘stay strong,’ and privately passed messages of support to him. Cohen also discussed pardons with the President’s personal counsel and believed that if he stayed on message he would be taken care of. But after Cohen began cooperating with the government in the summer of 2018, the President publicly criticized him, called him a ‘rat,’ and suggested that his family members had committed crimes.

See, Mueller Report, Vol. II, pg. 35. The report states that, “after Comey’s account of the dinner became public, the President and his advisors disputed that he had asked for Comey’s loyalty. The President also indicated that he had not invited Comey to dinner, telling a reporter that he thought Comey had ‘asked for the dinner’ because ‘he wanted to stay on.’ But substantial evidence corroborates Comey’s account of the dinner invitation and the request for loyalty. The President’s Daily Diary confirms that the President ‘extend[ed] a dinner invitation’ to Comey on January 27. With respect to the substance of the dinner conversation, Comey documented the President’s request for loyalty in a memorandum he began drafting the night of the dinner; senior FBI officials recall that Comey told them about the loyalty request shortly after the dinner occurred.”


96. Ibid.

97. Ibid.


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110. See, for example, Anagha Srikanth, “Trump doubles down on ‘heritage’ defense of confederate statues,” *The Hill*, June 29, 2020, https://thehill.com/changing-america/respect/equality/505060-trump-doubles-down-on-heritage-defense-of-confederate, accessed October 10, 2020. Again, Trump shares his necropolitics, honoring these dead, not fallen members of the US military or the murdered Black victims of police brutality. But in defending the statues, these concretized memories of the slaveocracy, Trump affirms his sense of justice. Through this defense, he is able to help fulfill, especially within his model of masculinity, his and many supporters’ political and ideological wet dream: for a new American Revolution or Civil War that restores white (male) supremacy and subjugates racial others once and for all. This vision constitutes a critical part of Trumpism, See also, Belew, *Bring the War Home*.

111. See Shakespeare’s classic, *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 2, Scene 2.

112. See, Chinua Achebe’s classic, *Things Fall Apart*.


114. See, Frantz Fanon’s classic work, *Black Skin, White Masks*.


117. Ibid.

118. See, for example, Jason Wilson, “White nationalist hate groups have grown 55% in Trump era, report finds,” *The Guardian*, March 18, 2020,
https://www.theguardian.com/world/2020/mar/18/white-nationalist-hate-groups-southern-poverty-law-center, accessed October 10, 2020. It is worth considering that there is a significant portion of the country, perhaps more significant than previously assumed, that is not opposed to fascism or a monarchy if it means that the state is under the leadership and control of the right kind of white male leader, who can help ensure the leadership and control of other white men on even the most local and ordinary of levels on through the future, especially as it is projected that that future will be increasingly populated by people of color.


133. See for example, Mark Katkov, “Parents of 545 Children Separated At U. S.-Mexico Border Can’t Be Found,” *NPR.org*, October 21, 2020, https://www.npr.org/2020/10/21/926031426/parents-of-545-children-


141. See, for example, Michael Crowley, “Trump Won’t Commit to ‘Peaceful’ Post-Election Transfer of Power,” The New York Times, September 23, 2020,


156. See Homer’s classic works, the Odyssey and Iliad.


158. See, for example, “Trump Commutes Sentence of Roger Stone in Case He Long Denounced,” The New York Times, July 10, 2020, https://www.nytimes.com/2020/07/10/us/politics/trump-roger-stone-clemency.html, accessed October 25, 2020. It is worth reconsidering one of the American presidency’s common appellations, “leader of the free world,” within the context of Trump’s pardons, white criminality, mass incarceration in America, and his steadfast position against the since exonerated Central Park Five. Trump’s pardon of Stone makes plain his conception of justice, especially within the context of the theoretical framework outlined in Nas’s classic work, “One Love.” In it, Nas writes an incarcerated friend to offer him encouragement. Nas is deeply invested in an egalitarian vision of justice that, in his mind, should apply both to the worlds of the ‘outside’ and ‘inside.’ Yet, circumscribed by his racialized, working-class status and particular New York environs, even from the same borough in which Trump was born and raised, Nas is only able to offer his friend emotional support. But illustrating his racialized, privileged position, which has only been amplified by the power of the presidency, Trump is able to offer his incarcerated friend freedom. And yet, the ‘one’ at the center of Trump’s “One Luv” ultimately remains himself, a deep self-love magnified by presidential power.
