

I'm 32, Mr. Dunn, and I'm here celebratin' the fact that I spent another year scrapin' dishes and waitressin' which is what I've been doin' since 13. And according to you, I'll be 37 before I can even throw a decent punch, which I have to admit, after workin' on this speed bag for a month may be the God's simple truth. Other truth is, my brother's in prison, my sister cheats on welfare by pretendin' one of her babies is still alive, my daddy's dead, and my momma weighs 312 pounds. If I was thinkin' straight, I'd go back home, find a used trailer, buy a deep fryer and some Oreos. Problem is, this is the only thing I ever felt good doin'. If I'm too old for this, then I got nothin'. That enough truth to suit you?