



# Mike Tyson Movie Reviews

by Mike Tyson

FLYMF February 2005, The George Washington Carver Issue, Volume 2 Issue 2

I was a little trepidatious and felt some nervousatiousness when I was contacted to give my opinionations on the movies. Why me? Why the youngest heavyweight champ of all time? Then I remembered I was in *Crocodile Dundee in Los Angeles* and the *Hollywood Reporter* said, and I quotations, "Everything about this film is tired and out of touch, from its telegraphed gags to its dog-eared fish-out-of-water premise. The film quite possibly reaches a low point of tastelessness with Dundee's chance meeting in a park with a meditating Mike Tyson."

That made me very upsetified and I drove around to Hollywood and I beat up every reporter I could find. Finally, when I was showing a man what his kidneys looked like as I squished them with my fist, he told me that it was a magazine and not just some reporter. And then I cried. I murdered a lot of people based on my ignorance and it was then that I knew I couldn't be a fighter anymore and that I must be a movie reviewer to make up for the pain I caused those innocent reporters.

My review of *Crocodile Dundee in L.A.* is this: "It was good and the acting was stupendous and wonderful. Mike Tyson is the champ of movies. Also, the punk that reviewed it earlier, I heard, is a homo. He could get beat up by a girl." This brings me to my review, ironically.

At first, I thought *Million Dollar Baby* was about a great buffet where the main entrée was Lennox Lewis's children—I'd pay a million dollar to eat that baby, wouldn't you? But then I saw it was girl boxing and then I knew this wasn't one of those documentarians because girls fight by calling you names like, "Oh Mike, you monster," or "you have the brains of a dead homeless man." Then they ask for you not to kill them and that way when I rape them, they feel like they got lucky. They don't punch you. So, I would say that the movie is science fictionese.

The movie was long too. I'm surprised I didn't kill myself in the movie. Actually, I'd rather kill somebody else. Dirty Harry was good as the old white boy, but he



was a crybaby because he daughter didn't like him so he went to church and the priest yells at him. If that's me, I punch the church and then blow it up with my dick. That's just me.

But, all in all, it was a very electrifying experience. Not as good as *Crocodile Dundee in L.A.*, but good enough to win some Oscars.