at speed

MARK CAVENDISH

MY LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

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BY MARK CAVENDISH

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— *THE GUARDIAN*

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prologue

Dave, I'm going to win the worlds tomorrow."

Dave was Dave Millar and I was already the world champion in my own imagination. It was midafternoon on Saturday, September 24, 2011, and we'd just watched Giorgia Bronzini from Italy win the women's world championships road race on a TV in our hotel room. Before Bronzini, the previous day, a 20-year-old Frenchman named Arnaud Démare had taken the men's Under 23 race, and before Démare, Lucy Garner of Great Britain had been the first of the junior women to cross the line.

Rod Ellingworth, my coach and the British team's that week, had stuck his head out of the car window and broken the good news about Lucy while we, the senior men, were on a tough final training ride. When Garner had got back to the hotel where the whole GB squad was staying, I'd been with an old teammate, the Swede Thomas Löfkvist, tinkering with my bike, but stopped to applaud Lucy as she walked in. As I clapped, my eyes had wandered toward the rainbow stripes of her new world champion's jersey—then I'd quickly averted them out of superstition. That jersey—maybe the most sought-after in professional cycling, more than even the Tour de France's yellow jersey—was one thing that Bronzini's race, Démare's, and Garner's

all had in common. Another was a course circling a leafy suburb to the north of Copenhagen. And another was the way that the races had all ended: in a sprint. Twice could be coincidence, but three times was a pattern.

I turned in my single bed to face Dave. "Dude, I'm going to fucking win this. We can't lose." Dave later told me that this was the moment when he knew as well. No sooner had I said it than I was already diving between gaps on a finishing straight tarmacked across my mind's eye, already ducking for the line and feeling the elation of victory hit me like an ocean wave. I'd been complacent about winning races before in my career but I'd also, gradually, learned the difference between healthy and unhealthy confidence: one energized and sharpened your instincts, your muscles, even your eyesight in the race; the other dulled, muffled, and slowed everything. This was definitely the first kind.

Almost a year earlier, I'd gone with my old mate and HTC-Highroad directeur sportif, Brian Holm, to take a first look at the course. Brian is just about the best-connected man in Denmark and also the fourth-best-dressed according to *GQ* (though I'm not so sure). We'd done a lot on that trip besides ride our bikes, but the time we spent doing loops of the circuit with donors to Brian's cancer charity convinced me that this wouldn't be another Melbourne.

The Australian city had been the venue for the 2010 worlds, which had taken place a few weeks before my visit to Copenhagen. Melbourne had not gone well. I was coming off a successful 2010 Vuelta a España, having won three stages and the points jersey, and I was flying. Therein lay the problem and the excuse I gave myself for pushing too hard in pre-race training sessions that were intended to

put the icing and a cherry on my form. I thought I could win it, but my overzealousness in training jeopardized my chances in the race proper. Dave, one of only three British riders who had qualified for the race, knew I was overdoing it, as did the rest of the team and the staff, but it took that mistake and the resulting, massively disappointing performance to teach me what proved to be an absolutely vital lesson.

All week in the run-up to the Copenhagen race, the atmosphere in the British camp had been fantastic. Everyone was rallied around the same cause—namely, making sure that the peloton was bunched together as we came into the last 200 meters of the 266 kilometers, whereupon it'd be handed over to me. It was a measure of my confidence, not only in the nature of the course but also in the guys, that I could only foresee one outcome.

The evening before the race, Brian came to our team hotel. I was getting my massage when he arrived, so Brian chatted to Dave and Brad Wiggins while he waited.

"I saw the races today. You're going to win this, aren't you?" Brian said when I finally appeared.

"Yeah, I am. I'm going to win," I told him.

Brian paused. "Shit, I'm nervous."

Nervous, I think, was the wrong word. I think he meant that he was excited. Brian always says that when I'm sure I'm unbeatable, as I was that day. It's been the same ever since we first met at the Tour of Britain in 2006, when I was a mouthy, 21-year-old stagiaire—cyclingspeak for an amateur getting a tryout with the big boys—and he called me a "fat fuck" for disobeying his orders to get to the front midway through the very first stage.

Over the years, Brian had become a kind of father, brother, and mentor. I was lucky to be rooming with another one of those that week in Dave. There are some riders, like Brad, who will always room alone given the choice, but it drives me absolutely crazy. If a roommate goes home early from a race or training camp, I'm climbing the walls within hours, pestering the management to be put with someone else.

Dave and I woke to sunshine the morning of the race. We ate breakfast, got ready, and then climbed onto the bus. I was quiet—quieter than usual. I rarely get nervous because I keep my mind too busy. Sudoku, logic puzzles, visualization. All full gas. Every pro bike rider trains his legs but very few train their minds, the only muscle they use to make decisions in races. It mystifies me; the more you keep your brain active, the more it's whirring away and the less likely it is to get sabotaged by the kind of anxiety that can cause mistakes and compromise a performance.

Winning the worlds, and before that ensuring it finished in a sprint, was also a logic puzzle that needed to be solved. To help us, in the days leading up to the race, we'd spoken to other teams who also had strong sprinters and might therefore want the same kind of finale—the Americans, the Australians, and the Germans. They'd said they'd give us a hand, but we all knew that the main responsibility would fall to the team with the fastest sprinter, unanimously acknowledged—namely me. For that reason, it was better that we were prepared to lead the race for all 266 km, something that for any other team would be an impossible task, but that this one was going to relish. It took a special group of guys to achieve that; there would be no personal glory for my teammates, only sacrifice for the benefit of a rider who, for most of them, was an opponent in every other race of the season.

That was the inherent contradiction of the worlds: For one day, arguably the most important of the cycling season, allegiances to trade teams—companies to whom riders owed their livelihoods—were set aside in the name of patriotism. This was why a lot of national federations, though not British Cycling, put up a sizable bonus to be shared among the riders in case of victory; it was compensation for what those guys would have given up.

Before we'd got off the bus, I'd said it one more time: "If we do everything 100 percent right, we'll win this."

It was the kind of thing that's said on every team bus by every team leader or directeur sportif before every race. What we did over the next six hours would determine whether it was cliché or prophecy.

The world championships road race generally follows a familiar pattern: A relatively large break of unfancied riders goes up the road early, the speed in the main group settles, and the major cycling nations—Italy, Holland, Spain, Belgium, and so on—share the pacemaking to ensure that the breakaway's advantage doesn't become irretrievable. When it's brought back—which it usually is, with between 20 and 50 km to go—the serious, potentially race-winning attacks begin. It may seem like a counterintuitive way to operate, but no team can control a race from start to finish, and certainly not a world championships road race. Or so everyone had thought.

For the first 28 km from Copenhagen to the circuit in Rudersdal—where we'll then complete 17 laps of a 14.3-km loop—we don't lead. We're also happy to let the usual move—harmless, we hope—clip off the front shortly after reaching Rudersdal and the start of the circuits. By then, though, we're in complete command, with

Ian Stannard and Geraint Thomas pouncing on any break that's too strong or too big and could pose a threat to our plan. When we're finally happy with the group that has formed, our red and blue jerseys mass to the front and Britannia rules. And rules for the next five hours.

The experts have been saying ever since it was unveiled more than a year ago that the Copenhagen course is a simple one, but simplicity and subtlety shouldn't be confused. There's no such thing as a bike race whose secrets and nuances I won't try to understand and master. Here, for instance, every time we approach the biggest hill on the circuit on the first nine laps, I'll start at the front with my minder for the day, a 37-year-old veteran called Jez Hunt. I'll drop my chain into the small ring and we'll drift back into the belly of the bunch as we tap up the slope; that way, I can afford to climb more slowly than everyone else in the bunch, in an easier gear, yet still find myself in the middle of the peloton at the top, when we start the only real headwind section on the circuit. I'll then move back up and reposition myself, with Jez, behind the puddle of blue and red British jerseys on the front.

For 60 km the gap to the seven out front keeps rising, but it's rising on our terms, only as much as we'll allow. At Melbourne a year ago, I knew within a few kilometers of the start that I didn't have the legs to finish the race, let alone win the jersey. Today, however, I'm floating. I see riders steal a glance at my thighs, humming over the top tube, and I imagine alarm spreading through the peloton: *Cavendish is on one of those days*. Two riders who for the rest of the year are teammates, Lars Bak and Kanstantsin Sivtsov, ride alongside me, look down, and repeat what I have been saying for the last

24 hours, what Brian said and Dave had thought but kept to himself: "Cav, you're going to win today. You're going to be world champion."

The laps tick by. Steve Cummings and Chris Froome are on the front; behind them are Dave, Gee, Brad, Stannard, and Jez, my babysitter. Radio contact with our team cars isn't allowed at the worlds, so information about time gaps is relayed to us on blackboards twice every lap. Our team staff can communicate with us the same way from the pits, where we can also pick up drinks and food. At one point the blackboard tells me that I'm too far forward and need to move back. I ignore it. If I'm supposed to be my team's leader, I'm staying with them.

Eight laps to go. Seven. The gap to the early break is shrinking now; Froomey and Steve are slowly reeling them in, two Trojans.

Countermoves are starting to develop, but they're quickly extinguished, stifled by our pacemaking. Six laps to go and we get our first big scare; the French rider Blel Kadri crashes, others pile into him, and the peloton suddenly splits. This is why you ride at the front, because pretty much everyone behind the bodies, including the defending champion, Thor Hushovd, has to stop. On a fast course like this one, with us driving, they won't see the front of the race again. Gee—Geraint Thomas—is our only rider caught in the mess, but he manages to untangle himself and miraculously rejoins our train. Like I said, it's a scare, a warning, and perhaps a sign that today our luck is in.

With five laps to go, a counterattack joins the 7 who went away early on, so now they're 11 with a two-minute gap. It's a big group, under normal circumstances a dangerously big group, but we're still playing this race like a computer game and have got everyone right where we want them. Froomey and Steve have done their work and

will pull off in a minute, and then it'll be Jez's turn on the front. Dave will come after Jez, and Brad will come after Dave. On the last lap, Brad will then hand over to Stannard, who'll come before Gee, whose job it is to position and launch me in the sprint.

The attacks are coming in flurries now, but we're irresistible, inescapable. On the climbs especially, my heart is pounding against my rib cage and I'm clenching my teeth so hard that I'll break one of them and need dental surgery in two days. It's all bearable, though, because I'm being whipped along on a magic current created by my teammates. It's the perfect microcosm of my life as it stands in September 2011: the ups and downs that I've endured over the past two years; more criticism than some riders face in an entire career, some of it deserved; arguments with my team and my manager; personal problems; health problems; historic successes; and intermittent but devastating failures. A lot of it I've kept to myself. I've ridden the bumps in the same way that I'm surviving this course today, thanks in equal parts to my resilience, or rather my bloody-mindedness, and the support of some exceptional people. If anything is in danger of overwhelming me today, it's pride.

The same emotion swells when I see Jez pull off and Dave take over with two laps to go. Then, just as we catch the remnants of the early break, the French rider Thomas Voeckler counterattacks and is soon joined by the Dane Nicki Sørensen and the Belgian Klaas Lodewyck in probably the most dangerous move of the day so far. Dave drapes his hands over the middle of his bars and clicks into time trial mode to keep us within striking distance. Voeckler is a top rider, but this is desperate stuff now. Back in the peloton, resignation spreads like gangrene: This race will end in a sprint, just like we said and wanted, and Mark Cavendish is going to win.

One lap to go.

Voeckler and his group are still away, but Brad's taken over and he's gunning now, gunning like I've never seen. We go through the finish line, take the bell, and Brad's dropping the peloton. He's 5 meters ahead, 10 meters.

"Brad!"

One of the lads shouts to him above the crowd noise to slow down. I've zoned out from everything—or rather zoned in. Brad has this race by the scruff of the neck, and he's dragging it around this circuit, yanking it every which way, bullying it, brutalizing it.

I already knew Brad was committed to this, and that when he's committed there's no one like him, but I really knew the previous day, in our last big meeting on the bus before race day, when we started discussing contingency plans for if, say, I had a mechanical problem near the end of the race. After a few minutes of ideas pinging back and forth, I finally said, "Look, guys, if I puncture with 3 km to go, Gee, you sprint for yours—"

Brad, who generally keeps his thoughts to himself in this kind of meeting and had barely opened his mouth so far in this one, didn't let me finish.

"Listen," he said, "if Cav punctures 50 km from the end, we're waiting for him. If Cav punctures 3 km from the end, we're waiting for him. And if Cav punctures 700 meters from the line, we're fucking waiting for him then, as well."

To this, no one said a word. Eyes just darted around the bus, from rider to rider, in silent recognition not of what had been said, but of who had said it, what it meant in the present context.

Hearing Brad speak, I felt a cold tingle up my spine. Over the previous couple of years, certainly in the days before and even more so

during the race, there were endless little moments when you could say, with hindsight, that the worlds was won. This was without doubt one of them.

Of course Brad and I have had our problems. Neither of us is what you'd call an "easy" character. Together we've had the best of times—like in the Madison at the 2008 track worlds—and we've had the worst of them too. At the Beijing Olympics, I simply didn't feel that his mind was fully in the velodrome after his gold medals in the individual and team pursuits, and our Madison race was an unmitigated, well-documented disaster. That night I called Rod and the British Cycling performance director Dave Brailsford into my room in the Olympic Village. I told them that I was disgusted with how I'd effectively been forced to leave the Tour de France to get ready for the Olympics, disgusted with Brad's attitude in the race, and that their apologies were coming too late. For two months after we rode off the track in Beijing, in different directions, Brad and I didn't speak. Then he sent me a conciliatory text—"Hi, do you remember me?"—and the ice was broken.

Three years on, my biggest worry for a while hadn't been *my* relationship with Brad but Dave Millar's. That had soured pretty badly when Brad left Dave's team, Garmin, for Sky at the end of 2009.

For a long time, I feared that the tension between them would either keep one of them—probably Brad—from even riding in Denmark, or undermine whatever harmony we were trying to create in the team. The fact was that I needed both of them in order to win. I needed Dave because he is not only a fantastic natural athlete and hugely experienced but also one of the best in-race communicators in the peloton. Plus, Dave's character is a kaleidoscope of eccentric-

ities totally at odds with my own ticks and quirks, yet it somehow complements mine perfectly.

Dave and I have roomed together a few times at races and training camps, and we almost invariably find ourselves staying up most of the night, just talking shit that to us at the time seems like the final word on modern civilization.

The reason I needed Brad was even more straightforward: On the bike, he's an absolute beast. If any doubt about that remained, even after his third place in the 2009 Tour and third in the 2011 Vuelta, he was banishing—obliterating—it now. Just a few weeks earlier, in August 2011, I'd won the Olympic test event in London and got everyone excited about my prospects in the actual Olympic road race a year later. The best thing to come out of that day, though, was a text sent to me by Brad that night. The gist, if not the verbatim message, was "Fuck all the grudges, fuck the issues with Dave, fuck everything. I want to be a part of you winning the rainbow jersey in Copenhagen."

That had been another big moment.

Our next challenge with Brad before the race had been keeping him back until the last two or three laps, when he could act as our human Hoover—both pulling back breakaways and sucking the peloton along at such a rate that any fresh attacks or counterattacks would be doomed. Brad had initially been reluctant, knowing that this was physically perhaps the hardest role in the team, and potentially the most pressurized. He wanted to get his job out of the way early in the race, but from our point of view, that would have been like using a Formula 1 car for delivering the milk. Brad eventually acknowledged that, too, and it was bad news for everyone riding against us.

This penultimate lap will be the only time in the race that I ride the finishing straight in the big ring. The circuit has been hardwired into my memory for a year now: a right turn 300 meters after the line, past the Rudersdal town hall, down to the foot of the first, 300-meter hill, up and down again to the bottom of Søllerød Slotsvej, at 480 meters the longest and hardest climb on the course. Then it's a 2-km descent and another 650-meter drag before the relatively straightforward—and straight—second half of the course to the bottom of the 400-meter, steadily rising home straight.

As we come toward the last 10 km, the last time up Søllerød Slotsvej, three guys are up the road, but on borrowed time. That means the shit-fight for positions is about to begin; it'll no longer be single riders moving up on either side of the road but whole lines, whole teams, creating the conditions for a vortex or "washing-machine effect" that could take me from 4th to 40th wheel in a matter of seconds. It's paramount that this doesn't happen, and this is why and where we need Brad. I keep peering over Gee's shoulder, and Stannard's, wondering how the hell Brad's still there, but he keeps drilling—55, 60 kilometers per hour, not only controlling our rivals but hurting them. When I watch the reruns on TV later, the commentator will see Brad swaying left and right across the road, occasionally glancing sideways, and say that he's suffering and looking for a teammate to come through and take over. In fact, what he's doing is using the whole width of the road to make it impossible for anyone to dive-bomb us, swooping down on the inside or over on the outside and setting off that vortex, that deadly spiral. Usually, in a long, hard race like the worlds there are a certain number of riders—the thoroughbred finisseurs like Fabian Cancellara or Philippe Gilbert—

who could outride a group over the last 5 or 10 km. With Brad driving, they're seat-belted into the backseat of the bunch.

Ten to go. The Dutch rider Johnny Hoogerland gets a couple of hundred meters and joins the breakaway trio, but they're going nowhere. While it's fast, savagely fast, our secret all day has been the steadiness of our pace; it can be easier to go at a level 50–60 kph than 52 then 54 and back again.

Nine km to go and I'm already low on my bike, in my bike, with my hands on the drops. Usually at this point I'd still be on the brake hoods, head high, neck cocked, and eyes peeled, but we're moving too fast to worry about whom and what I can see. As we catch the breakaway, I'm certain it's the last we'll see of Brad on the front, but his legs are still pumping, two pistons stabbing the pedals. Six km from home and he's still there.

Five. Four and a half. Still Brad. Fucking incredible.

Finally, with 4 to go, Brad fades to the right and Ian Stannard is on the front and in the wind. Two seconds later it comes: a bolt of magnesium white, a flash in the far-right corner of my eye. The Aussie cavalry are galloping level and then past us on the right-hand side of the road. I don't panic. I never panic.

This is one of the reasons—the main reason, I think—that I have a clear advantage over other sprinters, not just here in Copenhagen but in every race. A sprint isn't a chaos bomb exploding in your sightline; it's not bedlam on fast-forward—it's a multiplication of problems to be solved quickly, usually instantaneously, but at the same time rationally. It's also a contest of freshness, not brute pace, and I generally have more energy and move faster than anyone else because I'm staying calm and clinical. I would even bet that my heart rate is

10 beats per minute slower than that of a lot of my rivals in the closing kilometers, not because I have a more efficient cardiovascular engine—I don't—but because I'm not getting flustered.

Part of staying cool is also, of course, staying focused on the process and not the outcome. When I know that I'm going to win, when that voice inside my head is telling me, *Cav, you've got this*, it's also my subconscious warning to myself not to fuck up. That and a shot of confidence, not complacency—a last splash of the special tonic that quickens and gives high-definition and perspective to the film rolling in front of me.

Two km out, though, it's a struggle to stay composed. On the far side of the road, in the shadows, riders of all different nationalities are pouring into the Aussie train's slipstream. Behind five Australian jerseys come Italians, Russians, Spaniards, Americans, and French—the United Nations of fucking up my sprint train—and suddenly we're engulfed. I tell myself to be patient and have faith—faith in Stannard and Gee, the only teammates I now have left, and faith in how I can read the movements of a bunch, like a weatherman reads the path of a storm. Do only what I always do: Stay not on the wheels but in them, not directly behind the rider in front but almost between two guys riding parallel to each other ahead of me to give myself the room to move forward or back, left or right in a split second. I don't snap, although the urge is there, when riders and teams whom we haven't seen all day while we've controlled the race, guys like the Spaniard Carlos Barredo, start butting in, jostling, and trying to barge us aside.

I'm lucid and alert, but inside the last 2 km and 20 wheels back, I know that I'm in a vulnerable position. If another train suddenly surges on the opposite side of the road, I could instantly drop 20

wheels and out of contention. Luckily, in Gee and Stannard I've got two guys who are both exceptionally strong and immensely loyal. From where I am now, you'll get nowhere just following wheels; you have to go outside and into the wind, and to do that at 60 kph you need exceptional horsepower, which Gee and Stannard have. You—or I—also need that dedication, which I'd never question from this pair. The symbolism of me riding into the last 2 km of a world championships road race behind two guys whom I grew up with as a cyclist, with the British Federation and its Academy, will be something to reflect on and cherish later.

One point nine km and we're still behind the Aussies, Italians, Germans, and Spaniards, tight to the barriers on the right-hand side. I can see Matt Goss five positions ahead of me, hunched over the bars, legs chopping. Muscles don't bulge from his calves like they do from Andre Greipel's, Marcel Kittel's, or any other sprinter's—Gossy looks awkward, ungainly, but on an uphill finish like this one, he could be the biggest threat.

One point eight and the arrowhead of the bunch sways toward the middle of the road. That movement opens a window of opportunity on the far right-hand side at one point seven: Stannard surges, makes it, Gee does the same, makes it, and suddenly they're snapping at the Aussie's heels, in second wheel and third. I also surge . . . but, maybe sensing I'm there or guessing that I'll be following Gee, Gossy swings hard right and slams the window shut.

Fuck.

One point five and I've lost my lead-out man. One point four and I'm boxed. One point three and Stannard's on the front, Gee's looking around to see where I am but is dazzled and blinded by Italian

blue, Australian and German white. Gossy lets me past, but I'm not looking for Gee anymore. I know Gossy will come under me before the last corner, then I'll swing onto his wheel. It's risky, but if I pull it off. If I pull it off . . .

One point two. One point one. Then we're under the blue banner for the last kilometer. Nine hundred. The last, right-angle right-hander. Stannard slants his body and bike into the bend and is the first man to see the finish line; Gee, in second, tilts into the same arc. I'm 10 positions back, Gossy's gone under me like I knew he would, and I'm fine here, I'm thinking now—*I'm golden, this is good, real good*. For days before the race we've debated whether to use the more aerodynamic, mid-section carbon wheels or the lower-section, lighter and zippier model, and finally I've gone for the latter because of the acceleration needed out of this last turn.

As Gossy hugs the corner, an Italian rider tries to cut in. I kick, my bike fizzes in front of him, and I know I've made the right choice.

Stannard's laboring now, about to pull off, and Gee's still turning to look for me. I shout, "Gee, I'm okay!" Gee is in the perfect spot to go for himself here, at 800 to go, and a lot of riders would, but not Gee. Gee would never do that. Loyal to a fault, Gee is. Would ride the cranks off his bike for you, Gee. Absolute legend.

Seven hundred and fifty. Three hundred more meters and then the road starts to ramp up. I stick to Gossy, like his shadow, or closer. I'm just waiting now.

Seven hundred. I see Gee drifting back on my right, level, and then behind me.

Six fifty. Now I'm just waiting. Waiting, waiting. Five fifty.

Five hundred. The wind's coming from the right. I've felt it in training—laps and laps, practice sprints, testing gears, lines, lead-

outs—and I've felt it on every circuit today. It'll blow and the group will drift, drift to the left, leaving clear air on the right-hand side of the road, where I am now.

Four fifty. Four thirty and the road starts rising.

Four hundred and they're drifting now. Just tiny amounts, but they're moving. Heinrich Haussler's on the front, driving for Gossy, and he's veering, veering left, and the whole group's swinging like a dragon's tail behind him.

Three seventy-five. Three fifty. It's going now. Haussler's dying and everyone's drifting, drifting left, and the window's creaking open. I've got an Italian, Daniele Bennati, on my right and a Dutchman, Lars Boom, on my left. I'm on Gossy, but here it fucking comes, earlier than I think. The gap's coming.

Three hundred and it's creaking ajar. Two seventy-five and it's half-way there. Two fifty . . . come on. Two twenty . . . a bit more.

Two hundred and it's open, waiting, yawning—a gateway to para-dise running up the barriers. I think I'll have a moment, a second in the eye of the hurricane, but no, I have to go: Fabian Cancellara, in red, sends a flare up the other side of the road and it's now or no chance.

Ten pedal revs and I'm past Gossy. Fourteen and I'm past Bennati. Fifteen and I'm past Cancellara and leading the worlds.

But there's still 100 meters to the finish and the lactic acid and the adrenaline are waging a chemical war in my thighs and calves and even my arms and this road's still going up at 75, 70, 60, 55 meters to go. At 50 it starts flattening, but that breaks the rhythm and I've gone early and I've not got much left . . .

I look left, see Cancellara going backward and no one else making ground. Forty-five to go and it's coming, it's coming, coming. *You're going to be world champion, Cav, it's fucking coming.*

Thirty-five, 30, 25. *Sixty-five more revs and it's over, Cav*. Gossy's closing, I know he's closing, but he's left it late and now I'm riding over the sponsors' logos and it's 10, it's 9, it's 8, and it's 5 meters. I'm raising my fucking arms and the next thing on the road is the finish line and I'm the fucking world champion.

World champion. I'm the world champion.