

Cardi B releases drama-filled new album

By Solé Scott
Editor-in-Chief

After seven long, agonizing years, Cardi B has finally released her second studio album. On Friday, Sept. 19, Cardi B released “AM I THE DRAMA?,” which consists of 23 songs and has a surprising duration of 1 hour and 11 minutes. The album starts off strong with “Dead,” featuring Summer Walker. That is until the next songs, “Hello” and “Magnet,” weigh it down by sounding way too similar and weak. The songs continue to be unlistenable until “Imaginary Playerz,” which is a Jay-Z sample from his album, “In My Lifetime, Vol.1.” From this song on, the album starts to become more enjoyable and personal. “Man Of Your Word” dives into her relationship with ex-husband Offset, a member of Migos. “See what special treatment do? Huh, I could’ve cheated too,” Cardi B said. Cardi B has alleged

infidelity is the reason for the divorce. She also admitted her faults in the marriage and that she was not perfect either. “There’s skeletons in my closet too, it wasn’t all bags,” Cardi B said. “What’s Goin On” is a continuation of the deep dive into their personal relationship and what was missing down the line. “Anniversary gifts started lackin’,” Cardi B said. When I got to track “Shower Tears” and saw that Summer Walker was featured again, I got excited because Walker never misses any song. This track was better than the first song on the album and concluded her chapter with Offset. She took revenge with the next songs, “Outside” and “Pretty & Petty,” with the latter trending all over social media due to her lyrical disses of rapper BIA. “Name five BIA songs, gun pointin’ to your head. Bow, I’m dead,” Cardi B said. The beat sounds like a

bay area song produced by YG or DJ Mustard and was a perfect response to BIA, who has been dissing Cardi B because they sampled the same Missy Elliott song. This was a nostalgic song that paid homage to the old Cardi B who used to have diss songs uploaded on YouTube and SoundCloud before she became a mainstream artist. In the song she sent a warning to rapper BIA for mentioning her children and spreading false rumors. She also mentioned BIA’s close connection to Diddy. “Why you always at Diddy house?” Cardi B said. I was excited when I heard Janet Jackson’s “Funny How Time Flies (When You’re Having Fun)” sample on Cardi B’s “On My Back.” The sample was a teaser for “Principal,” which featured Jackson herself. Again, I was left bummed out when I listened and realized it was just another sample of Jackson’s “The Pleasure

Principal” from her 1986 album, “Control.” I do not know why Jackson could not cut new vocals for these tracks when she is literally not doing anything else. My only controversial take about this album is that “Up” and “WAP” should not have been included when they were released five years ago. This album is a new era, and I feel that it was a cheat code to add existing streams from those singles to her album. On the same day as her release, she broke Rihanna’s record for fastest female album ever to be certified platinum in 15 hours. The album has been streamed over two billion times thanks to the older tracks. She even broke a Guinness World Record for most drone deliveries in an hour. This album surprised me because after seven years, I lost interest a long time ago, but thanks to her old-school press tour and her evolved craft, I must give her a ten out of ten.



Cardi B’s cover art for the album “AM I THE DRAMA?” PHOTO | CNN

Algorithms replace people

By Jay’Mi Vazquez
Managing Editor

In a world increasingly defined by screens, a quiet truth has emerged: smartphones now know people more intimately than many of the humans closest to them. Beyond being tools of communication, devices today serve as behavioral mirrors, emotional indicators and silent observers of their owners’ everyday life. Each swipe, pause, search and stream contribute to a massive, living portrait of personal behavior. Algorithms track not only what individuals consume, but how they consume it, such as what content is lingered on, which items are added to carts but never purchased and which playlists are revisited late at night. Over time, these types of interactions form a picture of a person more detailed than most conversations could ever reveal. This is the age of algorithmic intimacy, where digital platforms seem to understand their users beyond human interactions. Early algorithmic suggestions such as “you might also like”

have transformed into eerily accurate emotional depictions. Platforms like TikTok, YouTube, and Spotify have become personalized comfort zones, offering content that aligns with mood, mindset and even mental health struggles. Instead of reaching out to someone for support, many turn to search engines to work through their emotions. Rather than speak openly with a friend, a user may open Instagram or scroll through curated content for validation, distraction or a sense of connection. These platforms respond instantly, offering dopamine hits in the form of likes, comments and content that seems to “just get it.” But the comfort is conditional. These systems are not built to understand. I feel as though they are meant to monetize attention. Unlike friends or family, the algorithm on a phone does not challenge or question. They offer the comfort of familiarity without the discomfort of honesty. That kind of emotional responsiveness can feel like humanized interactions, but in truth, it is just data repackaged as care.

What is more troubling is that many no longer expect deeper emotional recognition from actual people. Human relationships, with all their nuances, are increasingly less appealing than the seamless affirmation of an algorithm. Real intimacy takes time. It requires vulnerability, risk and patience. The consequence is clear: a growing emotional dependence on systems that cannot reciprocate actual feelings. As people turn to screens instead of others, the foundations of social connection such as empathy, shared experience and mutual understanding are fading. If a phone knows more about a person’s emotional state than their closest friend does, the issue runs deeper than technology. There is nothing inherently wrong with personalized algorithms or a funny video bringing someone joy. But when emotional needs are more easily met by a machine than by a human being, it may be time to question if apps such as TikTok, Instagram and X are proving valuable to human interactions.

Born to be compared

By Jay’Mi Vazquez
Managing Editor

For all celebrities, legacy is a double-edged sword. For the children of celebrities, especially those whose parents are iconic figures, the expectations placed upon them to be better than their parents are often impossibly high. No matter their talent or effort, these offspring find themselves in the shadows of greatness, living in a world where their last name is both a blessing and a curse. Consider Marcus Jordan, the son of, arguably, the greatest basketball player of all time: Michael Jordan. While Marcus played college basketball at the University of Central Florida, the comparisons were inevitable and relentless. It did not matter that he was a solid player; he was not his father. The towering shadow of Michael, with his six NBA championships, five MVPs and cultural legacy, was simply too great. Marcus quietly stepped away from professional basketball pursuits and turned to business, opening a high-end sneaker store. Though successful in his own right, his basketball career will forever be framed in contrast to his father’s greatness. Then there is Bronny James, the eldest son of LeBron James. Fans and critics

Bronny has been in the public eye since middle school, with highlight reels and social media accounts scrutinizing his every move on the court. He is a talented ball player, but his father’s legacy is monumental. LeBron is a four-time NBA champion, a billionaire athlete and an outspoken social figure. Bronny’s recent journey to the NBA, which included a health scare with cardiac arrest and modest college stats at the University of South California has already been met with critique and skepticism. He is new to the league, yet he is expected to carry a name that changed the sport forever. No matter how far he goes, he will still be compared to a man who is still rewriting NBA history at 40. Even outside of sports, celebrity children carry these same burdens. Lil Wayne’s son, Kameron Carter, has recently shown interest in music. But being the son of one of rap’s most influential and lyrically gifted artists is no easy position to hold. Lil Wayne, with his decades-long career, millions of records sold and critically acclaimed projects, reshaped hip-hop. For Kameron, any musical endeavor will come with comparisons to a father who helped define a generation.

alike will expect bars to be as sharp, flows as innovative, and charisma as natural — all of which are a nearly impossible standard for a teenager still discovering his voice. These celebrity children are not untalented. Many, in fact, are immensely gifted. But they face a cruel paradox: the very fame and success that gives them a platform also becomes the weight that holds them back. The public rarely allows them to simply be themselves. Instead, every move is measured against a legacy built over decades by their parents. The myth of generational greatness is seductive. Many want to believe that greatness is hereditary, that icons can pass on their spark to the next generation. But the reality is more complicated. Talent can be nurtured, but the cultural impact, timing and once-in-a-lifetime uniqueness of a Michael Jordan, a LeBron James or a Lil Wayne cannot be replicated; not even by their own blood. In truth, these celebrity children deserve the space to carve out their own identities, free from relentless comparisons and inherited expectations. But until society learns to see them as individuals, not extensions of their parents’ brands, they will continue to live under a spotlight that both illuminates and burns.

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