I have never in my 43 years been so disgusted with a Cleveland sports team.

I wasn't as disgusted with a wretched baseball team that piled up losing season after losing season. I wasn't as disappointed in a football team that put us through two of the most wrenching AFC Championship games in league history. I wasn't even as disgusted watching a Ricky Davis-led Cavalier team slop through 82-game seasons.

But this Cleveland Cavaliers team suddenly has made me physically and emotionally sick to my stomach. There is bile in my throat and hate in my heart for this team of emotionless, pathetic front-runners.

I no longer take any pride or solace in watching them lead the league in victories for two straight regular seasons only to soil themselves publicly in the playoffs.

And today, right now, I couldn't care less whether LeBron James takes his act to a different stage come next fall.

I'm sick of his tiresome crap too.

I guess those are the types of feelings that follow what might be the most pathetic playoff performance in the franchise's history Tuesday night; sheer and utter disgust.

At least it wasn't a critical game.

I'm tired of it.

I'm tired of Head Coach Mike Brown's deer in the headlights look and his scatter-brained approach to coaching playoff games. If Brown doesn't pull a miracle out of his backside and win a World Championship with this bunch of front-running prima donnas then his ass can be on the next bus out of town.

As much as Brown has been outcoached by Doc Rivers in this series I still find it difficult to blame the guy for failing to motivate this basketball team. We're talking about a group of veterans who know damn well what time it is and what needs to be done. And as a group they have failed miserably in regard to answering the damn bell. That's not on Brown. Failing to make the adjustments necessary to defend an aging group like the Celtics or failing to demand his team push and dictate the tempo? Yeah, that's on Brown. But if guys on this team are looking to Mike Freaking Brown to lead the charge up the hill they're not only choking on the pressure of playoff basketball but they're also dumber than bus full of basketballs.

I'm tired of Mo Williams. In fact, I'm really ***sick and tired*** of Mo Williams. If anyone epitomizes this underachieving group of dogs it's Mo Williams. Williams has one job: shoot the ball effectively. And he does a relatively good job of it against the dregs of the league. He looks like a million dollars against the Nets and the Knicks but when the heat is turned up in May Mo wilts like a neglected house plant.

Williams has never played any defense. He's been as exposed as a whore in church in that regard this series. Again. But he has, during the two regular seasons he's spent in Cleveland, shown the ability to shoot the ball.

Not now though. Not when it actually matters. Just like last May when he couldn't hit the floor if he dropped the ball, Mo is choking away each and every opportunity presented to him. And while he got the benefit of the doubt for a bad series or two last season he's not getting it this year. Not being able to get the ball past the lump in your throat might be an aberration once. But when it happens again the following season, well, that's a trend. Mo can save his goose neck crap for the damn Clippers on some Tuesday night in January. Right now he's playing like a gutless punk who has no reason whatsoever to suck up 35 minutes per night.

Chalk Mo up as another guy lacking the heart and balls to be great or to at least aspire to it. And that pretty much makes Mo the poster-boy for this group of Cavaliers.

And while I've been effusive in my praise for LeBron James and bemoaning the fact that he's surrounded by basketball- trash like Mo Williams for far too long, let's just call a spade a spade and shout from the mountain top that James has been a true disappointment the last three weeks. The King has played like the princess that blowhard Skip Bayless calls him.

And I have no idea as to why that is.

James seems way too damned concerned with playing up some phantom elbow injury and building an audience for his summer free agency tour to actually lift this team up on his shoulders and get them where they need to be. He's stood in the background and been content to 'play nice' with his teammates despite the fact that he'll intimate as soon as this season is over that his supporting cast wasn't up to snuff.

No shit 23. That's exactly why they and we look to you to assume a leadership position on the floor when the inevitable train wreck from guys like Williams and Delonte West goes down. Your obligation to the franchise is to do everything you can to carry the club at that time. If that

means reckless drives to basket to the score or draw a foul then you're damned right we expect you to risk life and limb to do what MVPs do, What we don't expect, need or want is you to take your diva antics off the court and into the media room and whisper about your elbow or how your Head Coach over-reacted after a lackluster effort in Game 2. How's that over-reaction thing looking now after the 30+ point beat down the Celtics handed you in a pivotal Game 5?

You're going out like a punk-ass bitch right now. And you're leaving everyone in Cleveland and around the NBA scratching their heads and wondering why that is.

Hey, there is another ball game Thursday night. It's in Boston and it's an elimination game. As the TNT slogan goes, 'Win or Go Home'. No one questions that this team has some talent at its disposal. And it wouldn't be completely stunning to see the Cavs actually get another win in BeanTown. But it's sure not going to happen if the Cavaliers take the floor with the same mindset that they've employed in Games 2,4 and 5.

Is it too much to ask, win or lose, that this team takes the floor like it's the best team in basketball? One that's hell-bent on sending this series back to Cleveland for a Sunday afternoon Game 7? Is it too much to ask that the coach get his head out of his ass and put the team in the best position to win Game 6 and that the best player in the game actually look like he's worthy of that title?

We're asking for effort. That's something that can't be coached and just shouldn't be that difficult to muster up at this stage of the season. Let everything else fall where it may. And no, it may not be enough to make us proud after the way we've been gut-shot by the team's performance thus far.

But at least it won't make us as sick as watching you continue to go out like a bunch of whimpering dogs.