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Opening extract from
The Crossover
Written by
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*For Big Al and Barbara,
also known as Mom and Dad*

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Dribbling

At the top of the key, I'm

MOVING & GROOVING,

POPping and *ROCKING*—

Why you BUMPING?

Why you LOCKING?

Man, take this THUMPING.

Be careful though,

'cause now I'm CRUNKing

*Criss*CROSSING

FLOSSING

flipping

and my dipping will leave you

S

L

I

P

P

I

N

G

on the floor, while I

SWOOP in

to the *finish* with a *fierce finger* roll . . .

Straight in the hole:

Swoooooooooooooosh.

Josh Bell

is my name.

But *Filthy McNasty* is my claim to fame.

Folks call me that

'cause my game's acclaimed,

so downright dirty, it'll put you to shame.

My hair is long, my height's tall.

See, I'm the next Kevin Durant,

LeBron, and Chris Paul.

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Remember the greats,

my dad likes to gloat:

I balled with Magic and the Goat.

But tricks are for kids, I reply.

Don't need your pets

my game's so

fly.

Mom says,

Your dad's old school,

like an ol' Chevette.

You're fresh and new,

like a red Corvette.

Your game so sweet, it's a crêpes suzette.

Each time you play

it's ALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL net.

If anyone else called me
fresh and *sweet*,
I'd burn mad as a flame.
But I know she's only talking about my game.
See, when I play ball,
I'm on fire.
When I shoot,
I inspire.
The hoop's for sale,
and I'm the buyer.

How I Got My Nickname

I'm not that big on jazz music, but Dad is.
One day we were listening to a CD
of a musician named Horace Silver, and Dad says,

*Josh, this cat is the real deal.
Listen to that piano, fast and free,
Just like you and JB on the court.*

It's okay, I guess, Dad.
Okay? DID YOU SAY OKAY?
Boy, you better recognize

*greatness when you hear it.
Horace Silver is one of the hippest.
If you shoot half as good as he jams—*

Dad, no one says “hippest” anymore.
*Well, they ought to, 'cause this cat
is so hip, when he sits down he's still standing,* he says.

Real funny, Dad.
You know what, Josh?
What, Dad?

I'm dedicating this next song to you.

What's the next song?

Only the best song,

the funkiest song

on Silver's Paris Blues album:

"FILTHY

McNASTY."

At first

I didn't like
the name
because so many kids
made fun of me
on the school bus,
at lunch, in the bathroom.
Even Mom had jokes.

*It fits you perfectly, Josh, she said:
You never clean your closet, and
that bed of yours is always filled
with cookie crumbs and candy wrappers.
It's just plain nasty, son.*

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But, as I got older
and started getting game,
the name took on a new meaning.
And even though I wasn't into
all that jazz,
every time I'd score,
rebound,
or steal a ball,
Dad would jump up
smiling and screamin',

That's my boy out there.
Keep it funky, Filthy!

And that made me feel
real good
about my nickname.

Filthy McNasty

is a MYTHical MANchild
Of rather *dubious distinction*
Always AGITATING

COMBINATING
and ELEVATING his game

He dribbles
fakes

then *takes*

the ROCK to the
glass, fast, and on BLAST

But watch out when he shoots
or you'll get SCHOOLed

FOOLed

UNCOOLed

'Cause when FILTHY gets hot
He has a *SLAMMERIFIC SHOT*

It's

Dunkalicious CLASSY

Supersonic SASSY

and D

O

W

N right

in your face

mcNASTY