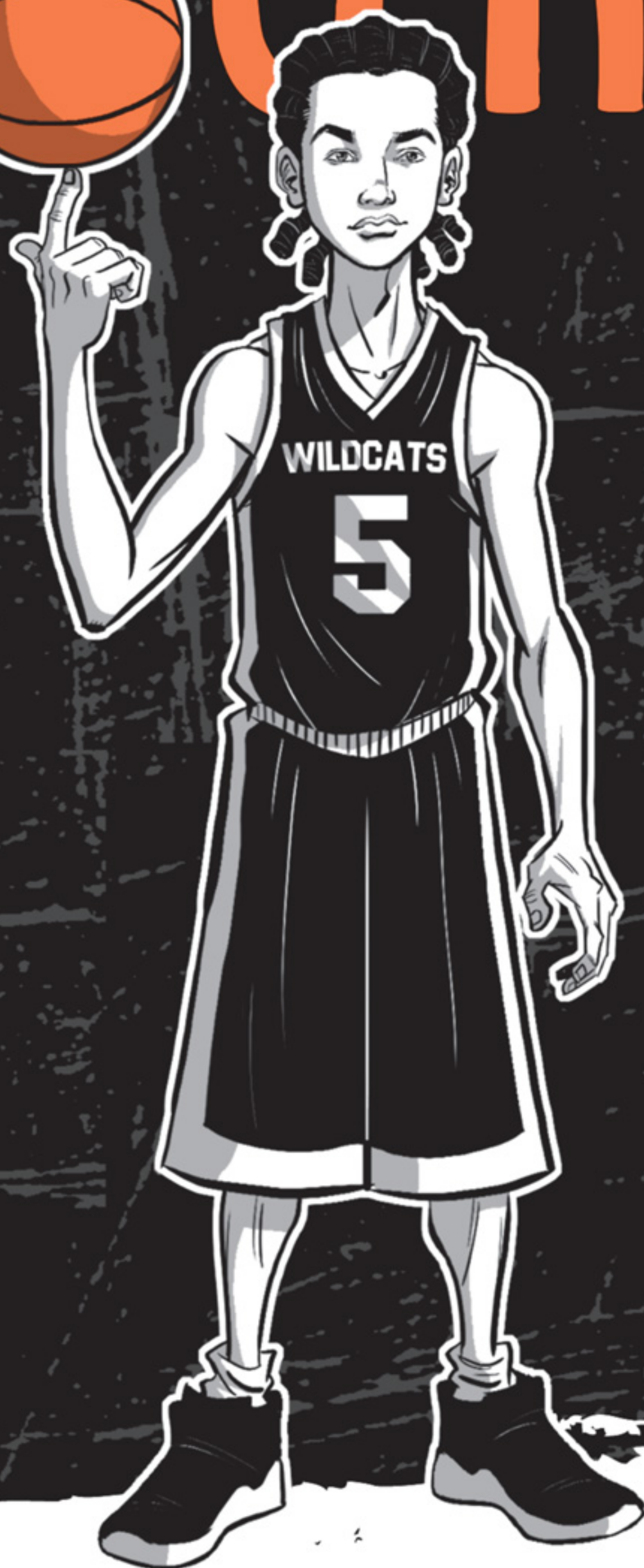


THE

WILDCATS



For Samayah and Jackson-Leroi
—K.A.

*I dedicate this book to the memory of my high school art
teacher and mentor, the late Mr. Bernard Harmon—
Central High School of Philadelphia. Thank you for your
guidance, patience, and instruction.*
—D.A.

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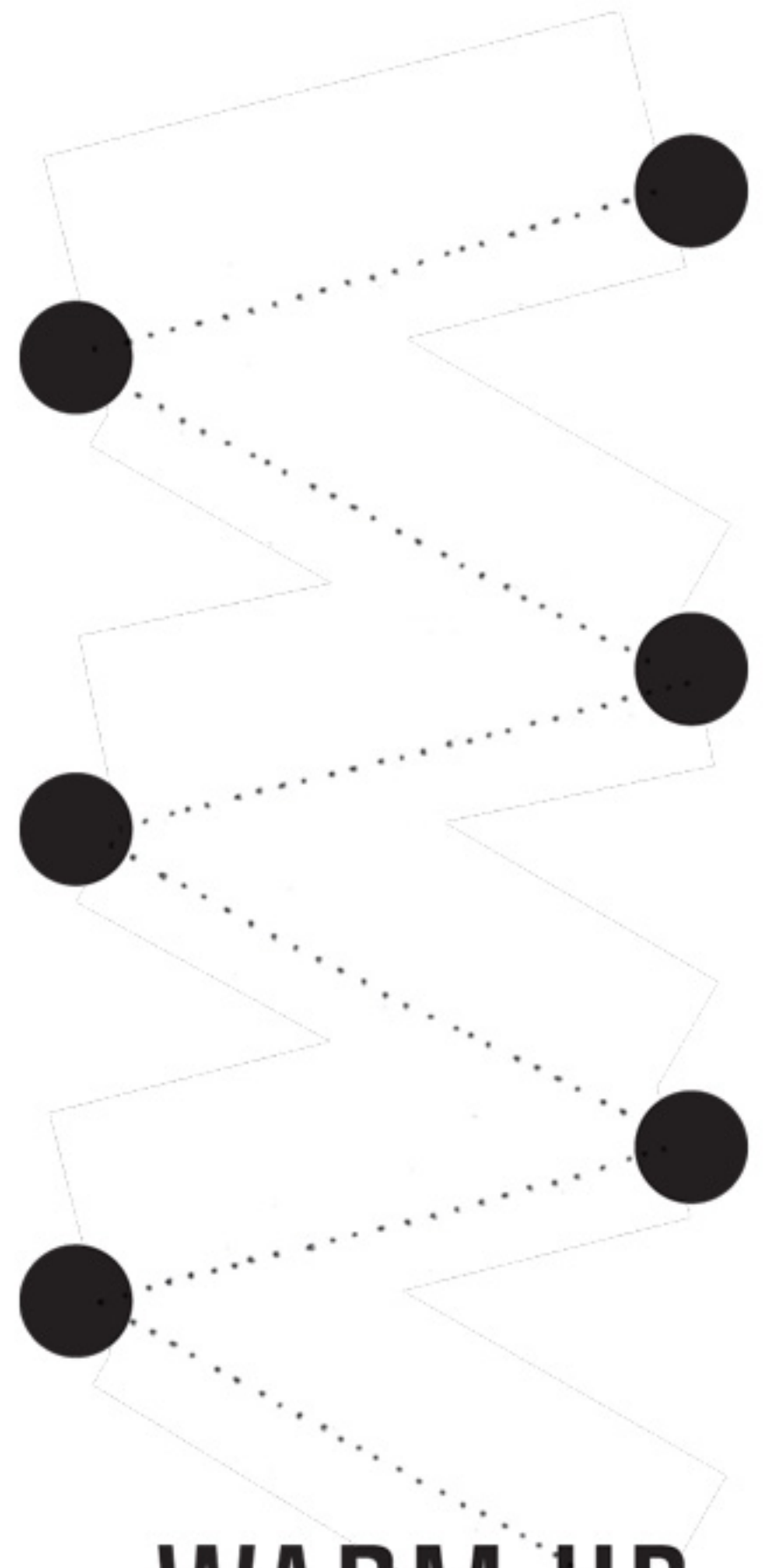
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WARM-UP



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

CRISSCROSSING
FLOSSING

FLIPPING AND MY DIPPING
WILL LEAVE YOU

SLIPPING

ON THE
FLOOR,



WHILE I SWOOP
IN TO THE FINISH



WITH A
FIERCE
FINGER ROLL...



STRAIGHT
IN THE
HOLE!

SNOOSH!

JOSH BELL
IS MY NAME.



BUT FILTHY McNASTY IS MY CLAIM TO FAME.

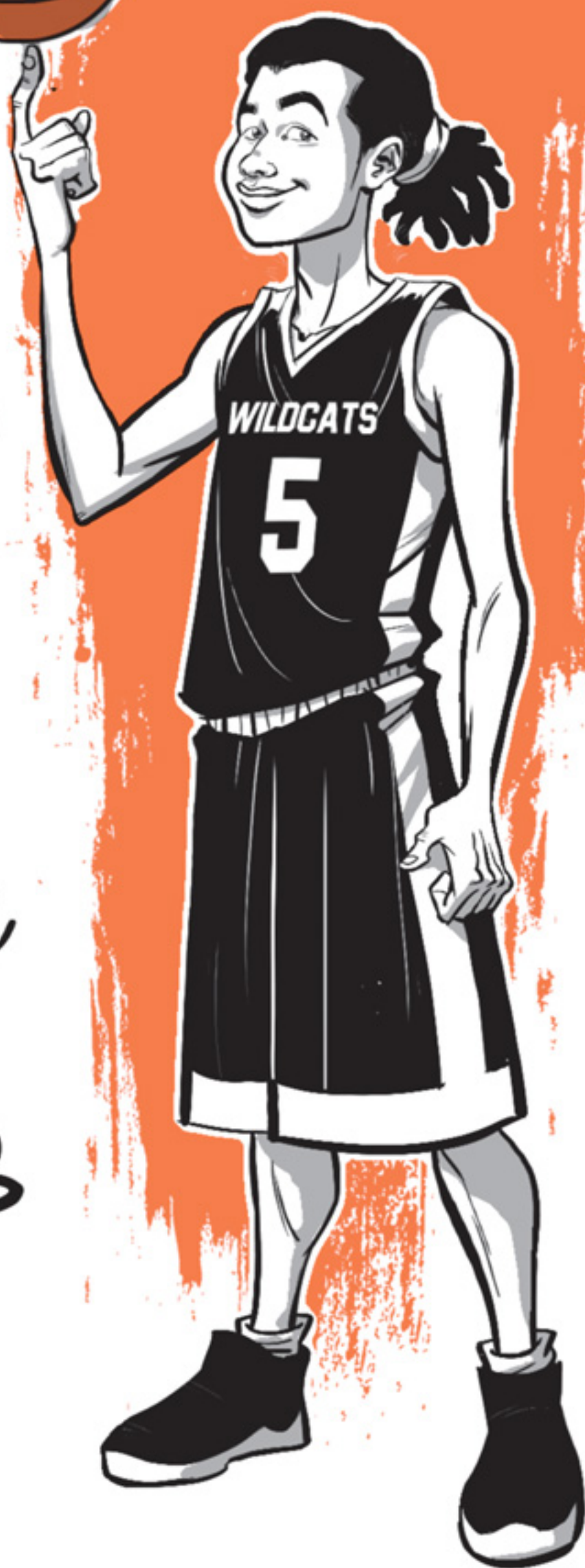
FOLKS CALL ME THAT 'CAUSE MY GAME'S
ACCLAIMED,

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.



REMEMBER THE
GREATS,
MY DAD LIKES TO
GLOAT:

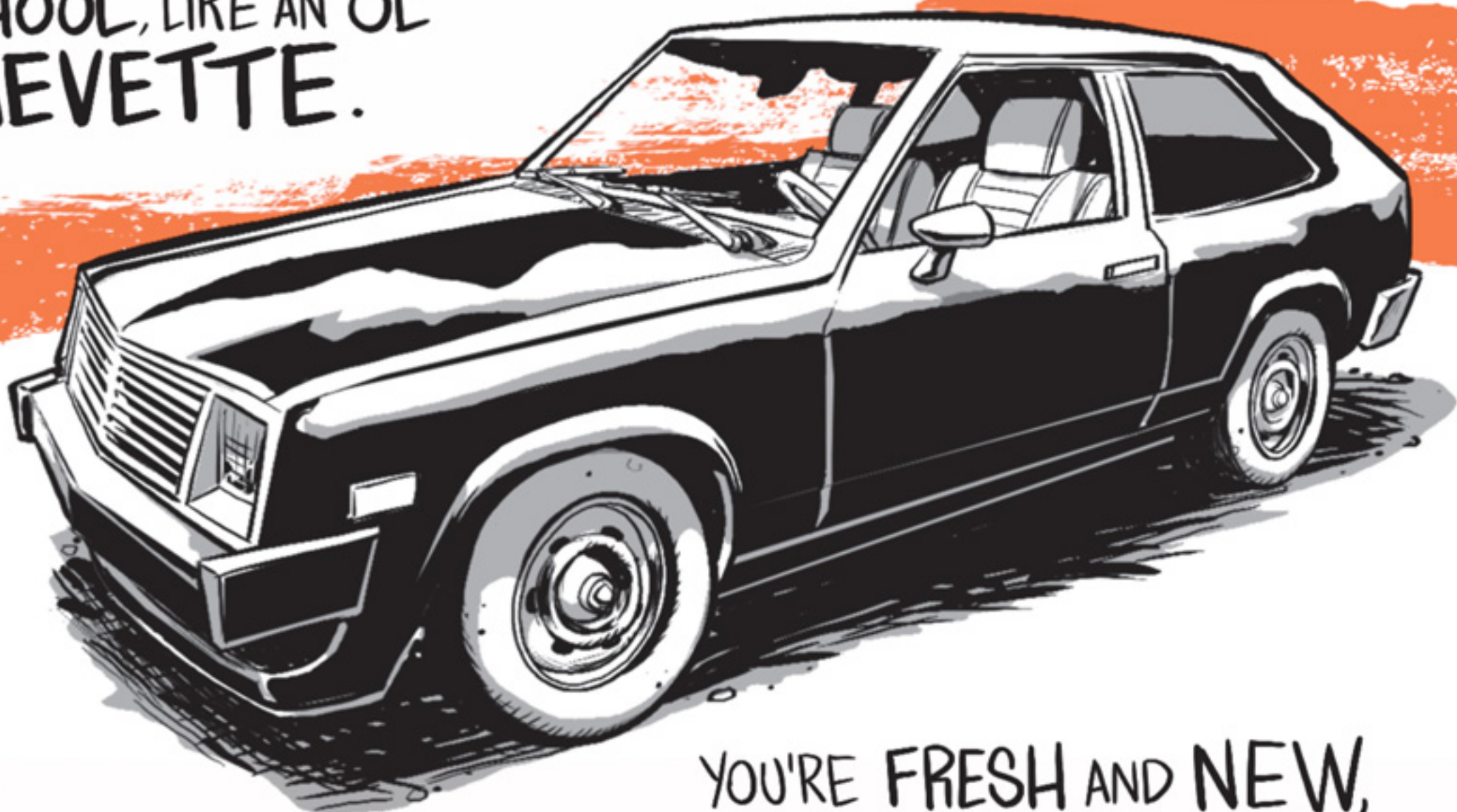
I BALLED WITH
MAGIC
AND THE
GOAT.

BUT TRICKS ARE FOR
KIDS, I REPLY.

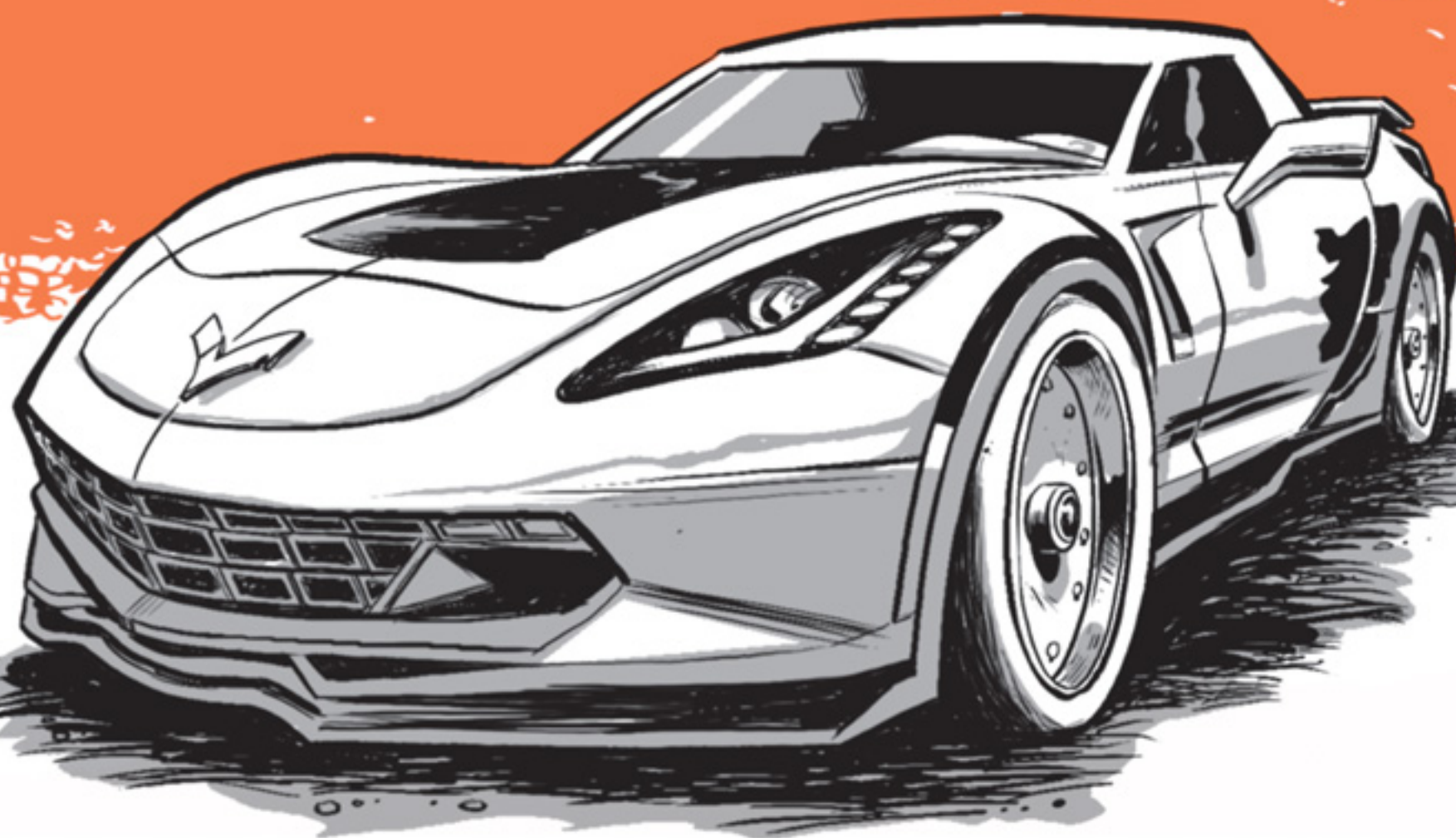
DON'T NEED YOUR PETS
MY GAME'S **SO FLY.**



MOM SAYS, YOUR DAD'S OLD
SCHOOL, LIKE AN OL'
CHEVETTE.

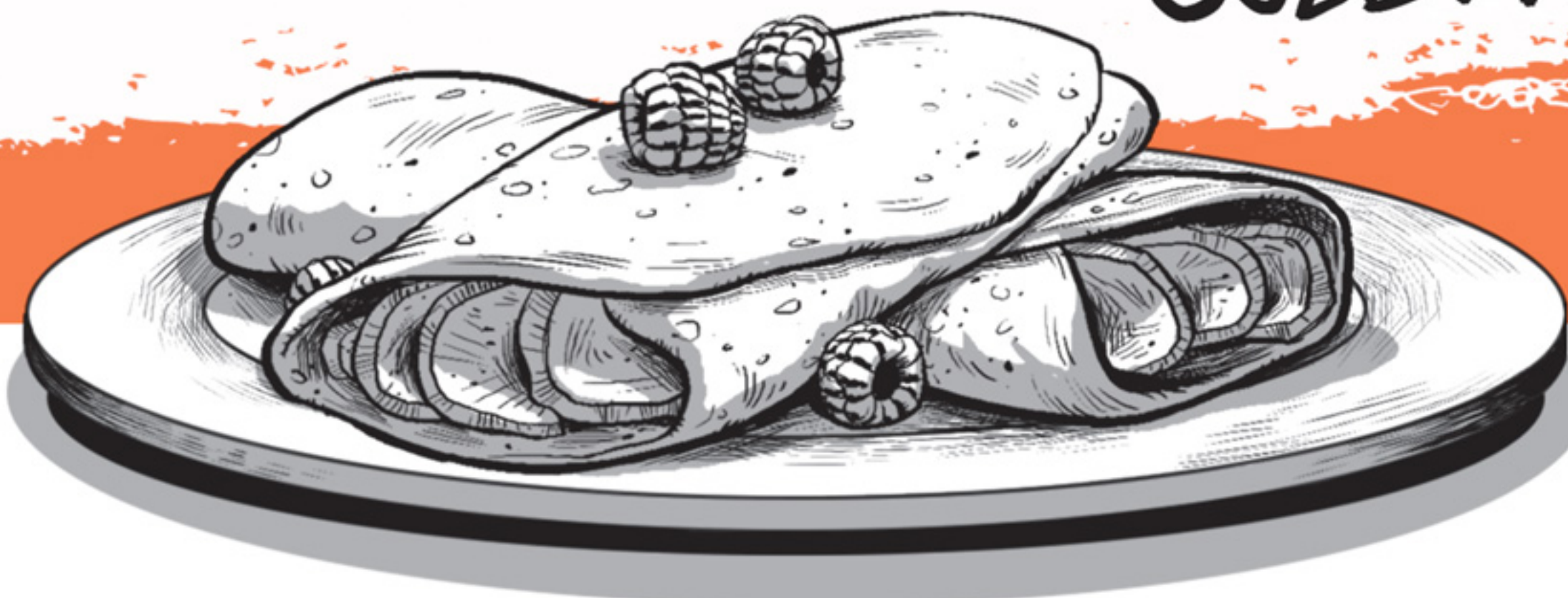


YOU'RE FRESH AND NEW,
LIKE A RED CORVETTE.



YOUR GAME
SO SWEET,

IT'S A CRÊPES
SUZETTE.





EACH TIME YOU **PLAY**

IT'S

ALLLLLLLLLLL

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.

