# Chapter 11: Still Feel Me

“Shit don’t just happen. Shit happens for a reason.” — Jadakiss

There’s a different kind of clarity that comes after the fire burns down.  
  
Not the kind that shouts. The kind that whispers and waits to see who’s still listening.  
  
That’s where I am now.  
  
I’m still here.  
  
Still coaching. Still building. Still carrying names—some that are gone, some that are growing.  
  
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They used to call me cold. Intense. Different.  
  
Now they call me consistent.  
  
Because I’m still doing it.  
  
Not for the rankings. Not for the photos. But because the kids still show up—and someone has to show up with them.  
  
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My drive used to come from three places.  
  
Hate. Frustration. Hunger.  
  
Not hate like spite—but like remembering who didn’t believe in you. What wasn’t said. What wasn’t given.  
  
Frustration with the games behind the games. With adults who say they care but don’t change. With systems that call chaos “culture.”  
  
And hunger. For something honest. For impact. For peace.  
  
They’re still with me. Just softened now. Less fuel. More compass.  
  
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The grief never left.  
  
It just changed shape.  
  
It doesn’t punch me in the chest anymore. Now it walks beside me. Quiet. Steady.  
  
Max’s name still lives in every drill. Every time I catch myself coaching too hard, I remember how I wish I could’ve done more. Spoken up more. Protected him more.  
  
So I protect what I can now.  
  
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The game used to be how I proved myself.  
  
Now, it’s how I stay present.  
  
I’m not asking the industry to feel me. I’m building something they’ll feel anyway. Maybe not now. But one day. In the breath a kid takes before they shoot. In the way a parent finally exhales in the stands.  
  
In the joy that doesn’t come with applause.  
  
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I used to think the work would speak for itself.  
  
Now I know better.  
  
The work whispers.  
  
It’s in the practice plans no one sees. The conversations behind closed doors. The long rides home after a loss that didn’t look like one on the scoreboard.  
  
I’m not loud.  
  
But I’m still here.  
  
And that matters.  
  
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Still feel me?  
  
You don’t have to say it.  
  
You don’t have to repost it.  
  
Just raise your kid with breath, not branding.  
  
Build your team with curiosity, not compliance.  
  
Choose presence over pressure.  
  
And when you do?  
  
I’ll know you felt me.  
  
Even if you never say it.

## Chapter Style Rationale

Chapter 11 is a slow burn. It’s written like a quiet monologue in a dark room—a continuation of Chapter 10’s emotional honesty, but with more edge. It’s not loud or declarative. It’s reflective. A Jadakiss verse in prose: sharp, measured, and real.  
  
The rhythm is subdued but exact. Sentences are trimmed to their essence. The tone is seasoned—not nostalgic, but weathered. This chapter had to feel like you’re talking to yourself as much as the reader. It’s the most grown chapter in the book. And that’s why it lands.