# Chapter 12: Outro

“I’m nothin’ like you rap dudes / I’m a man with my own flaws / But I stand for somethin’ / That’s more than your downloads or your applause.” — Nas

I never wrote this for your applause.  
  
That’s the part most people still don’t get. I didn’t build Max Potential because I needed a brand. I built it because I had already watched something sacred die. And once you feel that kind of grief in your bones, you start moving different.  
  
When Max relapsed, the world had shut down. But that didn’t matter. We were ready to fly him across the country in a private jet—during a pandemic. Airbnb lined up. Bags packed. Doctor’s notes printed. The treatment wasn’t guaranteed, but we were all in. Because when life’s on the line, clarity shows up. Real fast.  
  
We weren’t chasing comfort. We were chasing breath.  
  
And that’s what I’ve been doing ever since. Every rep I design, every question I ask on the court, every player I refuse to over-coach—it’s not about polish. It’s about breath. About building spaces where kids can exhale. Where they can miss a shot and still smile. Where they don’t have to perform just to feel seen.  
  
I’ve been called intense. Cold. Different. And they’re right—I am.  
  
Because I’m not trying to impress you. I’m trying to free them.  
  
There’s a difference.  
  
People talk a lot about legacy. Most of it is branding. Logos. Hashtags. I don’t care if my name ends up on a building. I care if a kid, somewhere, who never met me, breathes easier because of a structure I helped shape. That’s the only metric I’m measuring.  
  
You won’t always feel me now. That’s fine. But you will.  
  
You’ll feel it when your player adjusts mid-drive because they weren’t over-scripted. You’ll feel it when your kid tells you practice was fun again. You’ll feel it when the game breathes different.  
  
That’s what this book was for. For the ones who are tired of pretending. For the ones who saw their kid fade and knew something had to change. For the coach brave enough to rebuild their system from scratch. For the parent whose love got loud but didn’t know how to quiet the pressure.  
  
For Max. For Cole. For Lennox. For every kid learning how to breathe through the noise.  
  
Jay said we all have genius. Mine isn’t flash. It’s structure. Seeing what’s broken and mapping a better way. That’s what I’m standing on. Not bitterness. Not ego. Alignment.  
  
I’m not here to go viral.  
  
I’m here to last.  
  
This is my Outro. But it’s not the end.  
  
It’s the invitation.