

I never said he was an outcast
In grade school, I was blastin' my Outkast
And now pass on running' to catch a route pass
Give me a pen and a pad I'll try to outlast
All of my idols, America into foreign arts
Before I heard all of these boring bars
Money, money, money, sex, drugs, and some 4NRs
All this killin' but where the bodies at?
All this money but where the Bugattis at?
But dig a little deeper and you'll find another insecure man si
ttin' in a two seater
The same little boy that got beat up
With plenty pains in his past you can bring up
Nobody ever told him he could be more than he is, but inside he
's a leader
I didn't know who was inside me either
Striving to be a captain, hoping I can date a cheerleader
Trying to get a throne on my own so I can put my feet up
Thank God my kingdom was overthrown by The Redeemer

Yeah, anomaly
Deviation From The Common Rule
Somethin' or somebody that's abnormal,
and dosen't fit in
I say that's exactly what we are.
We are the odd,
The outcast,
The peculiar,
The Strangers.
And they say you don't fit in
But I say, God exactly God created us to be anomalies
The system didn't plan for this.