

## Out Of Category

P.O.S.

Cate-cate-categor, cate-categor, category  
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He never liked classes, he was always a social cat  
The cutest kittens forever where he at  
The rudest men held positions at the flat, momma loved him  
But momma want a man that help assist with this boy  
This boy swing and a miss, bright-eyed beautiful lips  
Pumped with lies, ma stumped and crying  
But he don't ever ask why, just kisses ma goodbye  
Zips his jacket up and goodnight, skateboard or bike like "peace"

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You know why? Cause he dislikes the strife so avoids it  
Don't trust teachers cause they don't trust him  
Don't trust motives so he don't trust friends  
He can't tell if most other people cold or just don't trust black skin  
Displaced the race card, shuffled the spade  
Ace into a place where cards stayed blank  
But not to say without a face, more like a lack of color  
Not really too certain how to go about a brother  
It wasn't always like that though  
But momma moved him out the gutter to the curb so he wouldn't wash away  
He didn't seem to get that though  
And momma wasn't really pulling in that butter so his bread came another way  
Yeah and if he couldn't have nice things, f\*\*k 'em, he didn't even want 'em  
If he needed 'em, he found a way to got 'em  
Since everybody doubt 'em, he happily obliged, bide his time  
Find his little piece of peace at the bottom, like FUCK y'all!

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He built his self-esteem up off some tricks  
Cause even when he matched as far as skin with kids, it seemed they didn't m  
ix  
There seemed to be disdain from the kids that clashed colors with him  
Rebel yelling girls tryna make they daddy pissed  
So ain't nobody on his buddy list  
Cause they would probably give him business about the shitty sweater he live  
s in  
So he surrounds himself with hope to touch a throne  
And other people feeling all alone, hold your heart

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When he found punk rock that first time  
He rode either the nine or eleven bus line, it slips the mind  
But that way they didn't need to fit in

He asked if he could pull the bell and said "Ma, I wanna be like them"  
Found his kin, brothers at school thinking tryna rewrite skin  
Other are fools, never seen some shit like him  
So far he's been a bitter boy, living like litter  
No choice, no quitter, so cue the noise  
Ain't nothing like a Mohawk to show off your f\*\*k off  
And kick off the Reeboks for boots to keep the block off you  
He could see how the re-route of style made the eyebrows raise  
Not for nothing wasn't changing you  
He'd seen his daddy with a pipe, too young to understand  
Life ain't coming from this man holding hands with him  
He probably didn't mean to hit him  
He probably didn't even mean to plant his seed  
Is his picture in his wallet with him?  
He's thinking probably not, and even so  
It's probably rolled up with some coke in it, old and out of focus  
So nope, the road they chose was not his  
Nobody will ever be like him, hold your heart

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