

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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