

P.O.S.**"Out of Category"**Visit "[Out of Category](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus] Cate-cate-categor, cate-categor, category I'm out of category, I'm out of category I'm out of category, I'm out of category I'm out of categor-cate, I'm out of categor-cate I'm out of categor-cate, I'm cate-cate-category [P.O.S.] 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" [Chorus] I'm out of category, I'm out of category I'm out of category, I'm out of category [P.O.S.] 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, fuck '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! [Chorus] I'm out of category, I'm out of category I'm out of category, I'm out of category I'm out of categor-cate, I'm out of categor-cate I'm out of categor-cate, I'm cate-cate-category [P.O.S.] 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 mix 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 lives in So he surrounds himself with

hope to touch a throne and other people feeling all
alone, hold your heart [Chorus] I'm out of category, I'm
out of category I'm out of category, I'm out of category
[P.O.S.] 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 fuck 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 [Chorus] I'm out of category,
I'm out of category I'm out of category, I'm out of
category I'm out of categor-cate, I'm out of categor-
cate I'm out of categor-cate, I'm cate-cate-category I'm
out of category, I'm out of category I'm out of category,
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category

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