

## Doc Brown

### "Decisions, Decisions"

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[Doc Brown]

Never was a G, never wanted to be, I did me from my  
very first steps  
When my mother regretted my first breath  
Was taught respect, kalma and drama was worthless  
Heard death hung over my shoulder to curb stress  
Rest my head upon my old dears chest  
Perplexed cause we couldn't live forever I step through  
the perspects  
Windows of my father's car  
Places far from far away, basically chasin' stars  
Facin' hardships, started lacin' bars, achin' hearts  
Like the song said, came this far and can't stop now  
but watch how  
Before I became Doc Brown I was a timebomb tickin'  
the clock down, tick-tock bloaw  
Without knowin' what you wanna do  
You can fall victim to your depression when nothin' else  
seem to follow through  
It hit like cancer thanks to the pull of the street  
Each week another young one gone thought he was  
gangster  
In fact I was surely mistaken  
Tradgic waste of life, and the predjudices sayin', "of  
cause, he's Jamaican"  
Waitin' for danger, ain't happenin' any time soon  
East mad West, this world just like high noon  
My truth blow fruitons just like typhoon  
Tear roof off a ya mind, like Busta Rhymes' tune  
I move usin' the force of avalanches  
Speakin' on behalf of kids who never had the chance

[Chorus: Doc Brown]

It's time, look myself in my eyes  
If I die in the next 24 am I happy with my life  
There's lots to lose, even more to give  
But I got to choose how I aught to live  
So take time, look yourself in ya eyes  
If you die in the next 24 are you happy with your life  
There's lots to lose, even more to give  
But you got to choose how you aught to live

[Doc Brown]

They say if you ain't a cause to die for  
Then you ain't got a reason to live and that's true but  
you ain't Guy Fokkes  
Pick your cause wisely, guys wanna burn at the state  
For prize sake, livin' life at a high speed  
Mikey, gat from the flashest of the high street  
Nineteen, rollin' with olders who love fightin'  
Elder dudes say to the younger, "to join my team  
You gotta be grimy, you gotta be sheisty"  
Usually Mike would be too afraid, but this week  
feels low, no self esteem and loves the mischief  
Shits deep, blood in a second it takes to blink an eye  
Decisions on livin' can switch an be givin' prison time  
Cap down, pull out a browns, strike a match stick  
Mike's badness is a true right of passage  
That handbag bitch don't fuck about, knock around  
blood  
P-64 hit the floor  
But he didn't look before he went runnin' across the  
tarmat  
Car crashed, smack and Mikey ain't comin' back  
That old woman touched his neck, he didn't budge  
Life sentance given him straight without a grudge  
Now ask yourself, was he a victim of circumstances?  
Or was he guilty of his flirtation and romance with  
elements that had more power than him?  
If you want a happy endin' then know how to begin

Chorus x2

[Hook: Doc Brown]

Now tell me what do you believe in  
Truth, lyin' or thievin'  
Undercover of evenin'  
What is it you got in you? Winner or sinner  
Surrender your inner demons

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