

Doc Brown f/ Lowkey

"Donnie's Lament"

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[sample]

All around me are familiar faces
Warn out places, warn out faces
Bright and early for the daily races
Going nowhere, going nowhere

[Doc Brown (sample)]

Doc Brown, it's a disgrace, this place is like a whore
house
The crooked systems the pimp that got us workin' 'til
me worn out
Storm clouds so it's dark when I wake up
Same street, same run for the same bus
Same tramp with his change cup
But many pennies and tens and twenty's ain't gonna
change his day up
This train sucks blood, you look familiar
Why do I know them tired eyes from somewhere in
particular
Wait, nah it was yesterday
You shoved me in the chest just to race to the top of the
escalate
So all we rats comin' back for more
Happy to carry the wait 'til our backs are sore
Trapped in the system of capitalism
That got us thinkin' that we have to take a shit job just to
get a quick buck
Why not live the life that you want?
When your dreams too big to fit in that Burger King
uniform
Forgot what humanity showed us
Now we walk around like robots 'til we go nuts
What strangers, we all creative
'Til age six then we start hearin' the same shit
From police, parents, teachers, television
Take them first steps towards a mental prison
Then at the end of ya life you like "what!"
"I was doin' time but I weren't even behind bars"
Know what blood, it's a very very (mad world)

[Chorus: Doc Brown and Lowkey (sample)]

Maintain feel the weight on my brain (mad world)
It's still the same my brains achin' with pain (mad world)
This ain't life it just doesn't feel right (mad world)
My dreams ain't nice, can't sleep at night

[sample]

Went to school and was very nervous
No one knew me, no one knew me
Hello teachers tell me what's my lesson
Looked right through me, looked right through me

[Lowkey (sample)]

From the time I was a toddler, tiny and small
I grew into a little monster in primary school
Just another name on the list at registration
The teacher never listens so I lived in desperation
By Year 6, I was sick of education
Not to mention wantin' attention but I'd sit in hesitation
Scared to ask teachers questions
Cuz I was quick to test their patience
Soon as I reached secondary, different heads were hatin'
To teachers I was already dead and buried, a product of the street's devastation
Aggy and fassies and fools and carryin' tools
Why, it's a weak explanation but I was never happy in school
Sufferin' from sleep deprivation
Teachers new my type, they saw it in me, never used eyesight
Most pretend they're blind when the older youths and new guys fight
Got sent around to the deputy heads
When the fat kid that grassed went back to sit in class
And dreamt about leavin' all my enemies dead
Many tears where eventually shed
Up 'til now I didn't know what my memories meant
Many messed with me then, all the fights left my energy spent
Teachers need to fix up, this message is for everyone bUt especially them
Intelligent kids don't grow unless they mentally fed in this (mad world)

[Chorus 2: Lowkey and Doc Brown (sample)]

Life is cruel blood, I'm tired of school (mad world)
Your mind's a tool, don't play by the rules (mad world)
That's the truth I've been trapped since youth (mad world)
My heart's bruised but I still won't lose (mad world)

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