

"THUNDER"

I hear rumbling
Da sounds of thunder
 NO RAIN!
Jus' sprinkles of gun powder
Now da lifeless achieves freedom
Livin' in struggle can't free him
 Now comes da Rain!
Not from da sky
But from da eyes of love one's
 It's Pourin'
Forever cloudy days
 No SUN!
For da block he took one
Circumstances of da ghetto
Made him a victim
Time will pass by
And no one will remember him
To America's Government
He is jus' another dead one
NewTown - Sandy Hook
Little dead white one's
Caused a uproar against guns
From da streets of L.A. to Chicago
Young minorities die everyday
But No uproar against guns
It seems when white people die's
Da world cries
When minorities die's



It's push aside
No uproar over our tragedies
No one talks about gettin' rid of artilleries
I guess gun's in our hands
Means money in their hands
It gives them a reason
A reason to raid our communities
Build more prison's
All of them in little white Counties
Creates for them more financial opportunities
Inside they over-charge fo' ~~Commissary~~ ^{Commissary}
Fo' them it's a get rich system
Within their hands is a invisible gun
Pickin' us off one by one
All fo' da love of funds
But we can't see it
Cuz we're too dumb!
So it still rumbles
Da sounds of Thunder
When will it stop
I Wonder?

By: Souvannaseng
Boriboune