"Gun Control"

There use to be a time,
when we'd just work arguments out,
Verbally,
If physically,
Then they'd happen through fights.
Just fists,
Like real men do,
Cause only boys will play with guns and a knife.

Night's like this,
Kids would be outside,
No cares or worries,
Everyone's too scared to
leave their homes nowadays,
Afraid they'll be shot and buried.

1920's African americans wanted freedom for each other;
They fought and died for what they believed in
Not for young teens to die,
They didn't know what to believe in,
They fought because they wanted change

Change has come but from a shooting range.

Terror running,
through every single street,
All I hear is BOOM! BOOM!
And running feet,
I hear the sounds of people crying,
All around there's baby's whining,
A brand new heart, stained with fear
Young hopes die with each flowing tear.
I hear the ambulance sirens,
Whoever shot that person says "Oh no there lying"
All this world needs is change,
Change has come but from a shooting range.