

# Bun Da Gun, Vibes Not Knives

By : Frenzee Da Rebel

So Bun Da Gun Vibes Not Knives, This a dedication to those who lost their live, And their mums and wives,  
Just think of all they could have done if they was still alive,



Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/Frenzee Da Rebel](http://booksie.com/Frenzee%20Da%20Rebel)

Copyright © Frenzee Da Rebel, 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

# Bun Da Gun, Vibes Not Knives

Bun Da Gun, Vibes Not Knives,  
She wept under the pale moonlight,  
She lost her son her only child,  
And she continued to weep all through the night,  
All of a sudden she felt alone,  
How could her son be killed out here on road,  
And it seemed like her husband didn't care,  
But he was just trying to stay strong for her,  
After she raised him all on her own,  
Taught him all that she did know,  
And another yout pulled a skeng and pulled the trigger,  
Now she's lost the only thing she lived for,  
Into the hands of God he was delivered,  
That dark dark night she cried a river,  
Then she looked to the sky and felt a shiver,  
That's when she knew that God was with her,

So Bun Da Gun Vibes Not Knives,  
This a dedication to those who lost their live,  
And their mums and wives,  
Just think of all they could have done if they was still alive,

Bun Da Gun, Vibes Not Knives,  
Our young are spli8t into different tribes,  
Bun Da Gun, Vibes Not Knives

## Bun Da Gun, Vibes Not Knives

The system wants to see us divide,  
In the jungle of the concrete high rise,  
It started with a bad look,  
Now neither wants to act like they're shook,  
But it ended with another kid gettin jukked,  
It ended with another life being took,  
Damilola was killed only ten years old,  
Anaka Pinto on Tottenham High Road,  
Nas, for being in the wrong postcode,  
It took five youts to murder Kojo,  
And I don't know the reason for this grieving,  
Why's a yout on the floor bleeding,  
Leaking as the lord takes his soul,  
Another yout swallowed up by the road,

So Bun Da Gun Vibes Not Knives,  
This a dedication to those who lost their live,  
And their mums and wives,  
Just think of all they could have done if they was still alive,

Bun Da Gun, Vibes Not Knives,  
There's a problem from which we can't run and ride,  
Whole families are ruined when guns collide,  
Another news broadcast as another son dies,  
And I don't know why another mum must cry,

## Bun Da Gun, Vibes Not Knives

Another dad must feel sad at the loss of a child,  
From all this mad chaos we must rise,  
Just know they're looking down on us from the sky,  
And God feels our pain,  
He cries so many teardrops we call them rain,  
And every drop in every bloodstain,  
And the culprits aint the only ones to blame,  
We live under a system that needs to change,  
What could drive a yout to act so insane,  
And take another yout's life when it comes to beef,  
We need to bring peace to London's streets

Bun Da Gun, Vibes Not Knives

# Bun Da Gun, Vibes Not Knives

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-31 20:22:28