Amba-ss-ador

Ambassador

Here we go
While cops bust glocks and call cars; God calls the Amba-ss-adors
2 Corinthians 5: 20; we get up (it's a lot of us out here)(Verse 1)
It's been a while; I've been chillin'out, in and out of basements
You've been patientwaitin' for what's been marinatin'
God's a slow cooker
I know look how I'm stationed
Knee bones are bowed to the throne and now I'm facin'
Raised up stakes and a lot of anticipation
Allow me to shift the weight to the God who can get with Satan
If was a Colt you'd allow me to look to Payton
Well I'm William; now will you allow Will to look to grace and
Trust Christ to be the reason I feed them a true dish
Skills are only equal to probably barley and 2 fish
But Christ is known to whittle your stash
Till it's little and then he multiplies the little you have
Whether you laugh or not I'm a trust in His word
I dare trust the God who cares more for us than the birds
After I drop some'll ask, "What just occurred?"
Ambassador was more than rappin' he was rushin' to serve(Hook)
Amba-ss-ador(Verse 2)
Hip hop is more than a musicmore than a fad
Like the church is more the pews and more than pastor
It's what the streets asked for when they fell through the cracks
They felt trappedhip hop gave them a back door
We were sheepthe streets were like pasture
We could feast on a beatwe liked rap more
At the core it's about art like a crafts store
The glory of God is what all of our crafts for
But like any culture without Christglass jaw
Easily robbed of its wealthlike cash draws
Now hip hop's in a peculiar position
Sides get divided by it like a tool of division
It can teach but not free you like a school up in prison
It can feed but it's usually junk food in the kitchen
And it's now in a ruler's position
Could go far; but the way things are the fuel's not efficient(Hook)(Verse 3)
I seem to love the culture but I hate most of its ways
I'm supposed to if I say I hope souls can be saved

It can make you gravitate to the foul spots
And make it look great to break all of God's "shall nots"
All of your pals flock to the place where the shells drop
They sell rock and make it look like you're on hell's block
Gals shop just make mouths drop
Hard not to watch when you see what these gals rock
And kids are so star struck, forget Harvard
They wanna be on a show that hooks their car up
And you can hang God up
You'll blow the whole mood, they're gonna go "boo"
When His name is brought up
But this is the mission Ambassador's on
This Christian is hip and he's rippin though its hazardous for him
I'm rappin' as long as I can till the chasm is gone
I know a God who'll put a Lazarus on them(Hook)

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