

Prayer Interlude

The Ambassador

You know we live among tough guys who say they ruff ride
But, ahh, what a relief it is to be in Jesus
You know we live among tough guys who say they ruff ride
But I've seen them meet Elohim and no more tough side

There's an attack on Christ in hip hop
That's like a man in Timberlands getting' dissed by a man in flip-flops
Will it stop, yes but not until we get dropped
Then Jesus universally will get props
It's not wise in my eyes for small guys
To dis Jesus Christ and be some so called "gods"
Your all off sides, your blind to the fact that God the Son takes lives
And one day will make them all rise
Just to judge them, find out what you thought of Him
Did you love Him, or was He just a dime a dozen
My mic's plugged in to confront the average rap star
Or the rap listener chillin' in you phat car
The facts are no matter what your stats are
Most R&B and rap are tracks that make God pull out the hacksaw
And disconnect them cause they won't respect Him
Once you get Him flexing then I'm jettin' cause then no one can protect them

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As I drop I've got you stopped like the red octagon
I never said I could rhyme, I only said, "God's the bomb!"
When the mic is mine Jesus will be in it every time
It's hard to keep fans when the Man's up in every line
But that's ok my pay day came when Yahweh visited Calvary
Crushed His son to pay my salary
Bet it, let it be know we're all indebted
One sin overcharged our credit
To the grave we were headed, the spiritual paralytics
Then Christ came to save like the paramedics
Check it---almost naked, with His arms spreader
Still said, "Come on with it, the Law, the prophets and the Psalms said it"
And now I get it, a chance to make a record what me set it
Off for Jesus who gets rejected
On the regular I bet you the secular mind makes
You think mankind is on the rise like the crime rate
The wickeder the jam, the more money that it makes
But the more that it takes to break the patty cake
Child like mental state, my pencil breaks
Trying to write lyrics to infiltrate you must be unregenerate

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I'm no holier than thou pal, I'm not bashin' you
I just want to be frank like a Hebrew National
Get it straight the human race's a death row inmate
One liberates, but He's the one that most men hate

When sin takes or should I say took the world captive
Death came after, then universal disaster
Just before they wrote the final chapter
Out of the blue the best made a move like a true chess master
And absolutely brought sin and death to its knees
By dying on a tree with no leaves---true indeed
Jesus is who He be, the only One that saves men
From the heavenlies but down to earth like the pavement
Cheer this champion, no more dissin' Him
On the count of three start kissin' him
1, 2, 3---ahhh feel the romance of the Father
Abba, The lover man with more rank than Shabba
Some think death ends the drama, but I'm a
Remind you death is not a period it's just a comma

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