

# Thug Joint

The Ambassador

[Chorus]

I used to be a thug but now I'm a believer  
I used to be a thug I know how it feels  
I used to be a thug but now a believer  
No more thug and no more deals

[Verse 1]

Ok doc my occupation was thuggin'  
The whole nine, I mean the robbin' the dealin' the muggin'  
The Clubin' the premarital lovin'  
The type to put one in the oven but I wasn't tryin' to be the husband  
Sin was Lord and I always obeyed the Master  
It told me "sell drugs" just to get the paper faster  
Let me go to church but would let me imitate the pastor  
It only let me imitate my favorite rapper  
So the deal was I grew up doin' the ill stuff  
Would fight the cops 'til they threw on the steal cuffs  
Go in do my bid like the mack  
When it was done say, "cool out kids---I'll be back."  
But lately there's been some friction  
I've been feeling sort of sick from this heart condition  
It's an unusual affliction, when I do wrong that's when it kicks in  
(From your description, you know it sounds like conviction)  
I knew something was going wrong when I bumped in  
To a kid so soft I thought his name should be Pumpkin  
Recognizing he was a weaker type of creature  
I decided to take his beeper and his sneakers  
You could tell for this kid a fight was a rare sport  
Cause with ease I held him up like flights at an airport  
He pleaded, "Don't take my beeper, I need it  
And, "...not my sneaks, let me keep my brand new Adidas  
That's when signs of the sickness manifested  
My mind said, "Be nice and do what the man suggested."  
I broke down like a fraction  
Gave him back what I took away like subtraction  
I'm puzzled and I'm struggling through this distraction  
The reciprocal of my typical reaction---dag blast him!  
I made tracks and then a flash back happened  
That's when the rugged me kicked back in

[Repeat Chorus]

Now last week I was in my dad's black jeep  
Rollin' mad deep with mad peeps smashed in the back seat  
We took a back street, a Pontiac tried to pass me  
I sped up and made him crash by the trash heap  
The accident was nasty if you ask me  
I would have laughed but then it happened again---the sickness harassed me  
Oh no, not again. I had hurt a lot of men  
But never felt bad before even when I shot a friend  
For ease I thought I should step to the weed spot  
Cause I was loosing my cool like melted freeze pops  
My knees knocked as my conscience eaves dropped, found a weak spot  
And said, "You sin too much, please stop!"  
Peep the situation as it gets deeper  
I started getting second thoughts about getting' the reefer  
But what scared me was the internal reasoning

It was, "God sees you man, and your not pleasing Him"  
This was hard to swallow like food with out seasonin'  
Me believe in Him, I rather not breath again  
Before receivin' Him  
You would see a turtle beat a rabbit and a cheetah in a 100m's sprint  
That's all that was the last straw I was ready to blast off  
To a place I didn't have enough cash for  
But with the swiftness, the sickness turned up the pitch  
And with the quickness I felt it clutch me like a stick shift

[Repeat Chorus]

Yea you have no idea just how absurd it is  
But check the word of this witness, now get this---I heard of this  
Crew that could rip rhymes murderously, but I heard it would be  
Christian, I thought absurd as can be  
And churches to me can make the hard rocks feel nervous  
But I went because I heard this would be an outdoor service  
I got there and saw mad youth noddin' to mad truth  
Rockin' mad hats and suits and not plaid suits  
As truth crashed through my heart ached like a bad tooth  
This hard rock got softer than brown spots on bad fruit  
I came with a heart stone like a statue then the rap group  
Got under my skin like a tattoo  
They rapped about a man diein' and I was cryin'  
They said He died so I could be saved like Private Ryan  
We all could see zoomorphically He's a lion  
Coming to rule from Zion with a sceptor of iron  
Trying to hold back tears that wanted to flow jack  
Couldn't control that, it felt like my soul cracked  
In half and Jesus started lookin' much bigger  
than drugs or liquor or thugs pullin' a trigger  
And it was a first that I ever felt so cursed next to One so perfect  
My soul thirsted to worship  
Scufflin', tustlin', my feathers, He ruffled them  
I tried to duck Him and tried to get back to my hustlin'  
I must have been affected more than I could have imagined  
Cause that's been all I can think about since it happened

[Repeat Chorus to fade]