

The Tonic: Ay yo, I'm screamin 911!
I got a man down, son
And death is trying to
Take him under like biggie, pac and pun
I need backup and bring the full doses
Ah, forget it no time
Hold on kid, here's the prognosis
Sin has hit you in your head and caused a kind of amnesia
Now you can't remember God or why you have the social fevers
The violent seizures, help him Jesus!
Somebody copy, yo tell God we gonna need the anesthesia

The Phanatik: God's eyes despise lives that lie so live truth and give proof
that God is high
And lifted up above the twisted minds of men
God has called you time and time again, I go to work
You know like it's 9 AM trying hard to find me a friend
Who reminds me of Him
Not just putting on a Godly act with Godly rap but the real deal, you copy t
hat?

The Tonic: Ay yo, I copy, good job, keep doing it
I'm on the metropolitan under cover rescue unit
Make a visible criminal who is trying to pull a fake out
He's an old pro who put the business into show
But you would never really know cuz he does it on the low
Gotta go
... he's in flight 10-4
He's trying to make a move like an angel of light

The Ambassador: Set it straight man, tell the real deal about Satan.
No horns, pitchfork, red suit and cape, man
But he hates man and makes plans to play the game
Not omniscient so he studied your jaded frame
Knows all your favorite things and your maiden name
You crave fame, tricks you like David Blaine
But the Savior came and told us his days will wane
Bring in major pain cuz he's gonna bathe in flames

The Phanatik: Roger that, rolling down this world's hostile rivers
With Christ the lifesaver and my crew of gospel givers
Survival packs attached to their backs
Filled up with notepads, Bibles, and tracks
We're not coming to do CPR!
We're here preaching the Christ of the C. to the R.

O.S.S.
Your best bet is to accept the Lord while your breath is left

The Ambassador: Dispatch I need backup, I'm on the corner of hell street
But problem, they seems to think they're already healthy
Trying to tell them but they want to tell me I see their frailty
But the gospel doesn't work until the victim's saying help me!
They're too wealthy they are telling me to get lost
They need the Red Cross their red cross, their insurance can't pay what it c
osts
For man's cure something nothing but the blood can ensure

I'll implore once more but then its over, 10-4

The Tonic: 10-4, 1 Adam 12, 1 Adam 12
In the process of rescue working I fell
Man down, I repeat man down
Now I need a rescue and ain't no one around
But by the grace of God I can tie a tight tourniquet
Confess and let God put my life in a split
Copy that H.Q. by His stripes I'm healed
Give me some proper time and I'm back on the field

The Phanatik: See, while you bouncin in party lines
I'm hard to find, gaurd my mind
I eat drink and sleep on army time at 00: 00 hours I'm solar powered
Draw strength from the Son of God and hold it down for the Christians, I'm t
rippin? You call me a liar?
Cuz I'm screaming emergency and you can't see the fire
But when you sense the ergency Jesus says, "I am the One" to rescue from the
wrath comin'. Come in 911

The Ambassador: It's a code red -- men are in a crisis; men are Christ-less
They underestimate how strongly sin entices
Even when we show them the price list, their vices
Has them saying "yeah I know it's wrong but I like this!"
We know the feelin', its appealin' just like when hotties flirt
Wearin' shoddy skirts with their "Bath and Body Works"
But we tell it to men, 911, then we'll tell them again
Sin's fun but there's HELL at the end... over.