

The Ambassador f/ LaKia Wise

"Get You Open"

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[Hook]

We goin' get you op... we goin' get you open

[Verse 1]

Ready or not I gotta tell you from the top it's on
Christ is God, for Him I've got to rock this joint
I was born around the same time Hip-Hop was formed
Vacant lots were swarmed, kids from the block
performed
Soon cocky's norm
Rappers and cocky form
Went together like college and sloppy dorms
But the flows were butter like poppin' corn
And the shows would get you hyped like Rocky horns
Some couldn't understand why Poppy warned
"Stay away" till the day when rappers like Biggie and
Pac were gone
But prior Christ came and got me on
Taught me not to trust in the biological clock we're on
We're in the age where the caps are peeled
Even in school young guns'll have you runnin' like track
and field
And life after the casket's real
And since that's the deal
His word gets spilled when I grasp the steel
Forget mass appeal my heavenly Dad can deal
With making His word something that all cats can feel
I'll let grace talk 'cause grace stalks the stray hearts
She's got something in store that's super like K-Marts

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Do you see what I see?
Hip-Hop is a drug and it's got the city plugged like an
IV
Gotta give it up-it's the voice of the streets
It doesn't take much-just a voice and a beat
You can keep a crowd hyper
Control the souls of a whole generation kind of like a
modern Pied Piper

Face it; today ya favorite rapper's the icon
That's gotta hold on you like the wrap of a python
Lights on-Christ is the hype jaw
For Him I've gotta get my write on
So whether in the streets or in the booth
I'm a get at you, and I'm a prove you don't need the gin
and juice
Mommie you don't gotta-DROP IT LIKE IT'S HOT
And if you do it 'cause you wanna-STOP IT LIKE IT'S NOT
Son if you like the gangsta mind... think of where them
gangstas wind

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Nix your smarts
I know one who tricks the smart
Slick's his art; his canvas is your wicked heart
You're in a spiritual fog and it's thick and dark
And like a spiritual frog you get picked apart
But I know One who'll fix the heart
Trust me he'll set you free like the girl from 106 and
Park
So shine your light like when a wick gets sparked
And if you don't give him props then the bricks'll talk
We switched up, we switched the pitch up
The lyrical mixture is fully loaded with Scripture
But some are fancy and cute
When people can't understand
They say, "ahh you just can't handle the truth."
Nah the bad news is; while the gospel's an offense
lack of clarity and substance just adds to it
So leave out the trivial tricks
Moms and kids can both love it-kind of like the cereal
Kix

[Hook]

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