

## **Ambassador "Elements"**

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[Chorus]

MC's: God gave us a gift

Made our lips so you can say that He made us to spit

B-boys, B-girls: Yeah we flip and spin

But for the One who made a trip to put a flip on sin

Graf artist: We use our markers and spray

To display the glory of the God that can save

Go DJ's: Every touch of the plates is like a touch of His  
grace

[Verse One]

I've got a riddle- what went from little to larger than you  
thought

Adults and youth both support it- it started in New York

Mostly Black and Hispanic, but now in Iraq and Iran it's

In Japan in fact it inhabits the planet

Man this thing has expanded- went from wild  
entertainment

To a global culture that molds ya, with a style and a  
language

Now this thing is no stranger it's mainstream, it's the  
disc jock

The rapper, graffiti artist, the breaker- it's Hip-Hop!

Yes- the leading cause of why popular music flip  
flopped

Odd but it's true it's now toppin' the charts along with  
rock

It's properly known as a street phenomenon

Local to global those who peep the economics find

If you're looking for a treasure hip hop is the right soil

It was underground but now it's found like when you  
strike oil

But can't boast in it, like it's the ultimate

Ultimately nothin' is the ultimate till God gets hold of it

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[Verse Two]

Note the power of the culture- it seems to get obeyed  
It's ghetto-made and it's able to push its ghetto ways  
It used to be on the low just like get-a-way  
Now instead it's on the cutting edge like a set of blades  
Every place has been set ablaze; every race has  
embraced

I no longer get amazed when their getting braids

Better get a hold of this golden goose

It'll get hold of you

And expose you to some things that will oppose the  
truth

It'll have you thinking you fly, cause of the things that  
you buy

But when you die, you'll obtain them new eyes

And see for all the hoopla you got you traded the truth

Like Esau who had a birthright he traded for soup

I'm no hater it's true, I know from you God can get a  
thanks

So you think that you're connected like Harvard and  
brains

But God's on to the game, he wants more than a song  
with His name

A long studded chain- a picture of His Son in a frame

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[Verse Three]

You know I'm theocratic- that's an advocate of His rule

Emphaticâ€” 'cause I'm a addict by habit I'm in His  
school

To learn so I can discern what to burn and what's  
approved

To be fit and equipped in case God picks up this tool

'Cause my whole thesis is: Hip-Hop with no Jesus is

Like a Roscoe's with no chicken or waffles neither

But now a Hip-Hop that knows Jesus

Has a shot to save a lot from the place that's blazin' hot  
with no breezes

When hip-hop bows since Hip-Hop vows

To use every hip-hop style for the hip-hop crowd

We can see world missions 'cause to Hip-Hop the world  
listens

Listen, I'm not insistin' we're makin' the world

Christians

I'm just settin' the aim  
Wantin' to see everything with breath reppin' and  
spreading His fame  
Catch us blessin' His name cause for our debt He was  
hanged  
His blood's a token of love; let's start catchin' His train  
[Chorus]  
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