

## **Ambassador "Song For You"**

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(Hook)

People I want you to

stop toting guns don't shoot. Stop smoking blunts  
ooooohhh. I've got a song for you.

Syke!! Didn't think it was a slow jam, did ya? Didn't  
think it was an old man, did ya? I hit ya with Scripture,  
listen to every word I say. The rapper Ambassador's  
back like a vertebrae. Focused vertically, hoping for the  
day. When Biblical sense is more common than  
courtesy.

I envision this hittin' you in the barbershop. Lyrics  
rushing like wind like when the Spirit of God was  
dropped. I can see them sisters in the salon.

Puttin' The Thesis on with some grease in her palm.

Dope tunes boom and they stick in your brain. So when I  
make a dope tune boom I slip you the name.

Jesus Christ, He wants to get in your frame. He owns it  
but you're like

homeless, you need Him to slip you some change. And  
when he does, guess what, life can't stay the same.  
And when it does, guess what, Christ can't be to blame.

[Repeat Hook]

People I want you to

stop trading God for loot.

Don't leave this life a fool, I've got a song for you.

Lord, I don't sing but nothing brings more pleasure.

Than to offer you to awful dudes who worship that  
thing called cheddar. They've never read of your  
prophets, gospels, or letters. So, they don't know  
you're hotter than rockin' four sweaters. But that's the  
job of the Ambassador. Hit mics 'cause it's life after the  
casket door. You know the hood ain't used to them  
theological truths. Philosophers snooze; they think  
belief in God is for fools. And I'll admit the existence of  
God is harder to prove. But please believe that Jesus is  
God and you're cool. We can work on unpackin' the  
intricate plan. God understands, like women say about  
a sensitive man. Much sin's in a man, through Adam it  
got into the fam.

Makin' us all prisoners, like when you get sent to the can. And that's trouble like when Blacks bump into the Klan. But then a infinite hand went and sent us a Lamb.

[Bridge]

1, 2 and we you don't stop.  
And we won't quit. If not for you, Lord, we won't spit.  
We do this for all the hip-hop heads, spit Christ cause  
He's life for all the hip-hop dead.

(Repeat Hook)

Yeah, you see we want to talk to the culture. I mean,  
why all the killin' and the fightin', and the fussin' and  
the drugs, when I've got a song for you.

[Verse Three]

Syke! Aaahhh, the rawness is back. Tell your boys the  
Lord uses the rawest of raps. The hardcorest of tracks  
cause hardcoreness attracts. Some hymns are not a  
good hook like a chorus that's wack. But He's sovereign  
he can take from the boringest camp, save a thug with  
the accordion and a Gregorian chant. That's why even  
though hip-hop is full of ungodliness, God can twist  
hip-hop around, really it's obvious. Got to be gospel,  
can't say, "Really it's positive." The rugged cross is the  
object that we've got to lob to kids, whether they catch  
it or not. The method is not the main thing long as the  
right message is dropped. Why not? You're actin' like  
this surprises y'all. The gospel's flex fit, yes it's one  
size fits all. From the murderer to the old lady who  
prays, to the man that's fit as a fiddle or the baby with  
AIDS.

[Bridge]

1, 2 and we don't stop, and we won't quit. If not for you,  
Lord, we won't spit. We do this for all the hip-hop  
heads. Spit Christ cause He's life for all the hip-hop  
dead.

(Hook)

People, I want you to  
hunger and want the truth.  
If there's no want in you,  
I've got a song for you.

People I want you to  
hunger and want the truth.  
Don't leave this life a fool. I've got a song for you.

