

## The Ambassador

### "Song for You"

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[Chorus]

People I want you to  
Stop toting guns don't shoot  
Stop smoking blunts oooh  
I've got a song for you

[Verse One]

Sike! 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 the  
blame

[Chorus]

People I want you to  
Stop trading God for loot  
Don't leave this life a fool  
I've got a song for you

[Verse Two]

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

[Chorus]

Yea, 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]

Sike- ahh, the rawness is back  
Tell your boys the Lord uses the rawest of raps  
The "hard-corest" of tracks cause "hard-coreness"  
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 old lady who prays

To the man that's fit as a fettle or the baby with aids

[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

[Chorus]

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

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