

# Amba-ss-ador

## The Ambassador

Here we go

While cops bust glocks and call cars; God calls the Amba-ss-adors  
2 Corinthians 5:20; we get up (it's a lot of us out here)

[Verse 1]

It's been a while; I've been chillin'out, in and out of basements  
You've been patient-waitin' for what's been marinatin'  
God's a slow cooker  
I know look how I'm stationed  
Knee bones are bowed to the throne and now I'm facin'  
Raised up stakes and a lot of anticipation  
Allow me to shift the weight to the God who can get with Satan  
If was a Colt you'd allow me to look to Payton  
Well I'm William; now will you allow Will to look to grace and  
Trust Christ to be the reason I feed them a true dish  
Skills are only equal to probably barley and 2 fish  
But Christ is known to whittle your stash  
Till it's little and then he multiplies the little you have  
Whether you laugh or not I'm a trust in His word  
I dare trust the God who cares more for us than the birds  
After I drop some'll ask, "What just occurred?"  
Ambassador was more than rappin' he was rushin' to serve

[Hook]

Amba-ss-ador

[Verse 2]

Hip hop is more than a music—more than a fad  
Like the church is more the pews and more than pastor  
It's what the streets asked for when they fell through the cracks  
They felt trapped—hip hop gave them a back door  
We were sheep—the streets were like pasture  
We could feast on a beat—we liked rap more  
At the core it's about art like a crafts store  
The glory of God is what all of our crafts for  
But like any culture without Christ—glass jaw  
Easily robbed of its wealth—like cash draws  
Now hip hop's in a peculiar position  
Sides get divided by it like a tool of division  
It can teach but not free you like a school up in prison  
It can feed but it's usually junk food in the kitchen  
And it's now in a ruler's position  
Could go far; but the way things are the fuel's not efficient

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

I seem to love the culture but I hate most of its ways  
I'm supposed to if I say I hope souls can be saved  
It can make you gravitate to the foul spots  
And make it look great to break all of God's "shall nots"  
All of your pals flock to the place where the shells drop  
They sell rock and make it look like you're on hell's block  
Gals shop just make mouths drop  
Hard not to watch when you see what these gals rock  
And kids are so star struck, forget Harvard  
They wanna be on a show that hooks their car up

And you can hang God up  
You'll blow the whole mood, they're gonna go "boo"  
When His name is brought up  
But this is the mission Ambassador's on  
This Christian is hip and he's rippin though its hazardous for him  
I'm rappin' as long as I can till the chasm is gone  
I know a God who'll put a Lazarus on them

[Hook]