

Feels Good

The Ambassador

[Hook]

It feels good-'cause I know that I'm gonna cry
But I know where I go when I die
It feels good-I don't have to know how to fly
Just walk on the road with my God
It feels good-when you don't have to run from the cops
And duck when they come to the block
It feels good-not to be duped by a lie
But know how to use the truth to survive

[Verse 1]

Used to be a time when I was bound in chains
Flesh rumblin'-kind of like the sound of trains
Faith dead-kind of like what's found in James
Heaven's hound turned me around and now I'm changed
And it sounds strange until you see the way they start to
Live clean and free-they're like AJ's partner
Even in regular stuff whether it's cheddar or not
He gets glory from the sacred and secular-yep!
The lesson is what
This-there's a life to get
More than clubs, more than ice and Cris
That life's a trick
Treated with a hyped to get
You to forget without Christ true life was missed

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

It feels good to be saved from the mindset
That I ain't have a story just because I wasn't raised in the projects
Still makin' the progress; embracin' the process
If you're an ex-thug please take it in context
'Cause I ain't comin' at your neck but I recall when I thought
That I couldn't reach a thug laden with crime
Plus I've been delivered from feeling so out of place
'Cause I ain't fit like figure eights in a prom dress
The state of my mind's just been transformed by the truth
And God's Spirit when I faced the divine text
And now I'm free from the idea that to reach a thug I had to be a thug
The grace is of God-yes!

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

It feels good-to be able to control tongue
And if you get chumped not to have to load a gun
It feels good-to have green to get gasoline
Though the car has no dubs and no plasma screens
It feels good-just go to New York with wifée, Duce and Meesh
To see Beauty and the Beast
It feels good-yea, to hit the studio and breeze
Back to the ranch and fulfill our duty as the priest
It feels good-in New York to go to Junior's for a cheesecake
Then come back to Philly 'cause you really wanna cheese-steak
It feels good-to take a Bible in a Starbucks
And read all about the God who hung the moon and the stars up

It feels good—just to sit and eat Dungeness crabs
and have talk about our wondrous Dad
It feels good—just to know that your temple is clean
You don't need much more just the simpler things