

One Two

The Ambassador

[Chorus]

(One-two)

No gats, no blunts, no brew

(One-Two)

To my adults and my youth

(One-two)

The ax is at the root

(One-two)

It's time to bear fruit one two

Lyricaly puttin' you down with truth it's the
Divine mixture-rhymes plus divine Scripture
No hold back Jesus is in the rhyme so that
Your heart can be confronted by the God who wants your soul back
And no matter what you have to do we'll take control back
And turn the show back over to Jesus (yea you know that)
Rhymes are pro-Christ instead of pro this and pro that
Cause many Christian songs lyricaly are spiritualy low fat
Religion sells, but we dwell in anti-Christian realms
So if you love Him then you've got to represent Him well
Pants might be saggin' slightly, but just imagine
Me displaying the beauty of Christ like a pageant
In your area I'm tellin' ya Christ will marry ya
But you've got to switch, let Him be your long distance carrier
No switching fee and you'll get more than just some minutes free
Cause when it's Jesus your minutes merge into infinity

Chorus 2x

This rap is just another effort to attract this
World that's into internets and faxes
The fact is, it's gonna burn to ashes like matches
But at last kids you've got the Good News, now pass it
Be graphic, cause the masses cut classes so they ain't heard it
But watch the way you word it, you don't want to change the verdict
Death, we borrow the breath plus the chest
Man used legs to step, man knew God then left Him
Steady theivin', leaving God for no reason
We've been booted out of Eden, what a fall like the autumn season
Instead of God we look to stars and science
Separated from the Power like an unplugged appliance
Dig this, another Savior? Check the Script
It's a myth, it's like a pig's fist, it don't exist
If you find a witness do forget this The devil's the blinding business
The counterfeit shining business

Chorus 2x

Understand sin sick man, you need a doctor
My "knocka," better call on Christ, only He gotcha
We all need a substitutionary Bleeder
Cause sin draws the blood from men like mosquito
Bow your knee to the Great Hope, Jesus the scapegoat
Not hard to find like bad school kids with fake notes
Some reject Christ cause it's popular, unaware his death is stoppin' the
Wrath of holy God from droppin' ya

Hope the Good News starts rockin' ya
Before the last tick tock from the biological clock in ya
Ahh, it's finite man acting autonomous
You say you want to trust? Then believe cause it's synonymous
Admit it, he died for sins that you committed
You did it, but if you trust Christ then He'll forget it
He's with it, considered the price and still He fitted
His deity inside humanity just for the visit
When the issue of paying for sins comes up even Giants jet
In the Garden they say, "Knicks that", in Shea they say, "We ain't met"
A blood sport with such a display of skillz
Cause even in Buffalo they know they can't pay the bills

Chorus