

Products

The Ambassador

[Chorus]

We be the products of the city life
but yet we live for Christ
City kids that rip the mic
but we're a different type
We love God so we hate wrong, and love what's right
We love man so it's strong and it's tight

[Verse 1]

We be the products of the city life, but yet we live for Christ
City kids that rip the mic, but we're a different type
We shine like a head light watch things get bright
We get hype and advertise Christ just like a web sight
Rock the baggy gear but shed light, that's how it's meant to be
Man peeps the outside, but God looks into me
He invented me, and looks within to see my inners
Used to see a sinner who sinned, but since Christ He sees a winner
Enter into the mind of a Christ urbanite
True urban type, yet will still spill the words of life
What a blend, young ordinary men, but yet believers
In Jesus Who placed us into the ecclesia
Let's just see ya pluck us out His hand-no chance
We're in a romance, more romantic than a slow dance
We hold hands and walk rough streets, we feel the heat from
Crews peepin' the flavor of we who be speakin'
On behalf of the God that's got wrath He can pour out
Put you in a hell blacker then the heads at Moorehouse
"Life" choose it-eternal life, you'll never lose it
God so loved the world He sent Jesus to die and prove it
Who's it that claims to match His matchless demo
Of love when love is the Savior's "M.O."
Cultural relevance, biblical intelligence
God can save souls without my wisdom or my eloquence

[Chorus repeat]

[Verse 2]

Call the Surgeon cause I'm hurtin'
The pain has got me staggerin' and swervin'
I see the trife life that's in the urban
All my brothers' rockin' kufeess or a turban
Claiming that they're god, or Allah's the god they're servin'
But when I say I represent the Person Who made the earth and
Present my case without cursin', they say I'm churchin'
And on the streets that ain't working, they laugh at me
They call themselves god, but they love sinning what audacity
There has to be someone who understands, perhaps it be
My sisters, but many of them are anti-chastity
Sisters vainly hope that all will end well
Then tell me how you reject Christ, but love yourself some Denzel
For men and women sin's become a trend and a way of livin'
Truly the anti Christ, humanist age has risen
It's called "self-ism"---the fastest growing religion
It's trapping people up like prison
I'm on a mission---boots laced, truth, grace, are my topics
Biblical optics that can spot even the microscopic
God's vision is x-ray, He sees every day plus the next day

He sees through your Mary K
Let's say He sees all things---for real son
Rophe, He heals all pain---we're dealin'
With the one God, Savior and the Hope
The only One to address the issue of sin like an envelope

[Chorus repeat]

[Verse 3]

I know it's bugged, you feel the tug, God's love is lovin' you
But it's the city life, it's too attractive plus it's huggin' you
But Satan muggin' you 'cause although you're a hard rock
You still don't know where you go when your heart stops
All those jokes you make about you'll be in hell partying
Sorry and you know those jokes are played out like Atari and
No one's laughing 'cause what happens is as soon as you'll
Start to laugh you're all at another brother's funeral
I'm not the bad guy, nah, I bare the pain with you
But God can fix you, you've been torn, let Him re-stitch you
I'm just a no name with no fame
But I'd hate to see you mistake the real Christ for the man in the 8 x 10 fr
ame
It's no game, many people seem to think they've got the truth
But truth is a Person-Jesus Christ the absolute
I might be fan-less, and friendless and fameless
But because my sin debt is paid my name is blameless
Who can explain this, only the Lord could arrange this
Divine rendezvous reminding you of Perfect Strangers
Dig the blend like Tropicana Twister
Godly and manly, just another hypostatic mixture

[Chorus repeat]