

Psalm 23

The Ambassador

[Chorus]

The Lord is my shepherd and I shall not want
He gave me life so I'ma stay on point
I've got the Spirit so I don't get drunk
We're pumpin' Jesus in your trunk

[Verse 1]

There goes the bell well it's on word is bond now I'm rippin' it
Fillin' cups up with living water, got you sippin' it
I be the one that serves you dinner from the Scriptures
You may or may not be a sucker, but I'm gonna get ya
Hit ya with the word of God that's how we rock the nation
You hear it and catch the Spirit of intoxication
Drunk in the Spirit's how my whole crew puts it
Look at us walk the straight and narrow and avoid the crooked
Ruff and tough, with out the afro puff
It's the supernatural "stuff", all about His blood like we're Dracula
With spectacular spiritual vernacular
Like the concept of the hypostatic union comin' smack-atcha
I know it's deep and when you peep you'll find it's dense
Jesus both God and man 200%
Toss it, nah, we take the good news and floss it
So the world thinks we drink or mentally we've lost it
It's not that in fact it's just the opposite we're droppin' it
Fully cognoscente He rules ain't no stoppin' it
So like a vulture we swarm on your head
The holy culture who be droppin' bombs on your head
We're glad when pagans label us as madmen
Cause we're the "will be's" for the Christ, not "has beens"
Life's no joke so even if you fight hard
You'll drown in your sin if you don't meet Christ the life guard
You kick a different stroke like Willis and Arnold
In warfare you'll be steppin' but your weapons won't be carnal
But of course it's divine to pull down a fortress
Repaint the picture of Christ and make Him gorgeous
The Lord just rocks me-huh-what can I say
Sin, that's a price a rapper can't pay

[Chorus repeat]

[Verse 2]

Man is used to seeing Jesus in His lamb ness
But they don't understand this Lamb is running every single planet
More than just a Lamb this is more than just a man dyin'
From Zion, behold the resurrected King, the Lion
Check the majesty, bad as He is we happily
Go down to the ground without being forced to by gravity
We're glad to be prostrate, bowed down is my state
Without "pape's" I'm still richer than milk chocolate
You can ask the Jews about the power of Yahweh
And if He gets busy like a rush hour highway
So much so they'll have a feast in a moment
From the unleavened bread to the feast of atonement
Amazing, check out the flag that we're raisin'
Man enough to be caught standin' up praisin'
Jesus the I Am, cause my man's creation
Should all be giving up a standing ovation

[Chorus repeat]