

## 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-attha  
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]