

The Elements

The Ambassador

[Chorus]

MC's: God gave us a gift
Made our lips so you can say that He made us to spit
B-boys, B-girls: Yeah we flip and spin
But for the One who made a trip to put a flip on sin
Graf artist: We use our markers and spray
To display the glory of the God that can save
Go DJ's: Every touch of the plates is like a touch of His grace

[Verse One]

I've got a riddle- what went from little to larger than you thought
Adults and youth both support it- it started in New York
Mostly Black and Hispanic, but now in Iraq and Iran it's
In Japan in fact it inhabits the planet
Man this thing has expanded- went from wild entertainment
To a global culture that molds ya, with a style and a language
Now this thing is no stranger it's mainstream, it's the disc jock
The rapper, graffiti artist, the breaker- it's Hip-Hop!
Yes- the leading cause of why popular music flip flopped
Odd but it's true it's now toppin' the charts along with rock
It's properly known as a street phenomenon
Local to global those who peep the economics find
If you're looking for a treasure hip hop is the right soil
It was underground but now it's found like when you strike oil
But can't boast in it, like it's the ultimate
Ultimately nothin' is the ultimate till God gets hold of it

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[Verse Two]

Note the power of the culture- it seems to get obeyed
It's ghetto-made and it's able to push its ghetto ways
It used to be on the low just like get-a-way
Now instead it's on the cutting edge like a set of blades
Every place has been set ablaze; every race has embraced
I no longer get amazed when their getting braids
Better get a hold of this golden goose
It'll get hold of you
And expose you to some things that will oppose the truth
It'll have you thinking you fly, cause of the things that you buy
But when you die, you'll obtain them new eyes
And see for all the hoopla you got you traded the truth
Like Esau who had a birthright he traded for soup
I'm no hater it's true, I know from you God can get a thanks
So you think that you're connected like Harvard and brains
But God's on to the game, he wants more than a song with His name
A long studded chain- a picture of His Son in a frame

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[Verse Three]

You know I'm theocratic- that's an advocate of His rule
Emphatic- 'cause I'm a addict by habit I'm in His school
To learn so I can discern what to burn and what's approved
To be fit and equipped in case God picks up this tool
'Cause my whole thesis is: Hip-Hop with no Jesus is
Like a Roscoe's with no chicken or waffles neither
But now a Hip-Hop that knows Jesus
Has a shot to save a lot from the place that's blazin' hot with no breezes
When hip-hop bows since Hip-Hop vows
To use every hip-hop style for the hip-hop crowd
We can see world missions 'cause to Hip-Hop the world listens
Listen, I'm not insistin' we're makin' the world Christians
I'm just settin' the aim
Wantin' to see everything with breath reppin' and spreading His fame
Catch us blessin' His name cause for our debt He was hanged
His blood's a token of love; let's start catchin' His train

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