

# 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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