

The Fall

The Ambassador

Sometimes I pause rappin' and wonder what all happened
Read Genesis 1—stunner, you'll start clappin'
Read Genesis 3—you'll see a fall that's been
Keeping us all flattened
Like what we would call backspins
Back then—the fall was immediate
Sin enter in but as a foreign ingredient
It's getting worse
Man's livin' in a curse
First—different hurts
Then worse, he's endin' in a hearse
It wouldn't be so bad if
I ain't read those passages
And see so graphically that we were majesty
We were designed for rulin'
Could've caught us snackin' with a pack of lions just coolin'
I try to picture how it might be
Seeing life rightly, nightly getting' it in w/ wifee
No strife B
Just different paths that we'd site see
Chillin' like raspberry ice tea

[Hook]

I'm the living God and I made you
Though you've fallen hard I can raise you
Though your name's in lights
I see your pain and strife
And I'm the only God that can save you

I'm the living God and I made you
Even though you broke my heart I can change you
I can give you life
'Cause I paid the price
And I'm the only God that can save you
It was boomin'—love between humans
They both loved God and they'd rush to communion
Seemed too legit to quit just like Hammer
Next scene—wooop—they tripped and slipped like bananas
Now fast forward
The cast—you're it
Can't ignore it
You're in it—you didn't have to ask for it
We're like the crack baby who got jacked way before birth
It sure hurts and that's crazy
Yet it's evident—we're in Adam—we get a portion
Sin's inherited and we've inherited a fortune
Now the block ain't safe; dudes chop their weight
To make moves they've got to glock their waist
No love, they're so thug they would pop their race
The whole club scene is bugged and it's not so chaste
No love, they're so thug they would pop their race
The whole club scene is bugged and it's not so chaste

[Hook]

You might think this is pointless
The point is I point kids to God and His anointed

I too used to need a blunt to crack a smile
Others' needs exceeded the weed they needed to crack a vile
Though we party a lot the party'll stop
That's when we'll see what the party is not
It's not an answer for life's cancer
It's not a chance to fix the broke
It only can coat like Mylanta
The truth—we're just people we're feeble and frail
You can see we're not free like people in jail
Tried money, sex, weed
Yes—you seek and you fail
Can't sleep, your situation is bleak and it pale
Don't forget in the text Genesis 4 to 6
Proves the Lord is the Creator and He's more than vex
And yet, He's got grace and agape
I pray for your lives sake
You'll wake and hear God say as His heart breaks...