

# What A Relief

The Ambassador

[Chorus]

You know we live among tough guys who say they ruff ride  
But, ahh, what a relief it is to be in Jesus  
You know we live among tough guys who say they ruff ride  
But I've seen them meet Elohim and no more tough side

[Verse 1]

There's an attack on Christ in hip hop  
That's like a man in Timberlands getting' dissed by a man in flip-flops  
Will it stop, yes but not until we get dropped  
Then Jesus universally will get props  
It's not wise in my eyes for small guys  
To dis Jesus Christ and be some so called "gods"  
Your all off sides, your blind to the fact that God the Son takes lives  
And one day will make them all rise  
Just to judge them, find out what you thought of Him  
Did you love Him, or was He just a dime a dozen  
My mic's plugged in to confront the average rap star  
Or the rap listener chillin' in you phat car  
The facts are no matter what your stats are  
Most R&B and rap are tracks that make God pull out the hacksaw  
And disconnect them cause they won't respect Him  
Once you get Him flexing then I'm jettin' cause then no one can protect them

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 2]

As I drop I've got you stopped like the red octagon  
I never said I could rhyme, I only said, "God's the bomb!"  
When the mic is mine Jesus will be in it every time  
It's hard to keep fans when the Man's up in every line  
But that's ok my pay day came when Yahweh visited Calvary  
Crushed His son to pay my salary  
Bet it, let it be know we're all indebted  
One sin overcharged our credit  
To the grave we were headed, the spiritual paralytics  
Then Christ came to save like the paramedics  
Check it---almost naked, with His arms spreader  
Still said, "Come on with it, the Law, the prophets and the Psalms said it"  
And now I get it, a chance to make a record what me set it  
Off for Jesus who gets rejected  
On the regular I bet you the secular mind makes  
You think mankind is on the rise like the crime rate  
The wickeder the jam, the more money that it makes  
But the more that it takes to break the patty cake  
Child like mental state, my pencil breaks  
Trying to write lyrics to infiltrate you must be unregenerate

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm no holier than thou pal, I'm not bashin' you  
I just want to be frank like a Hebrew National  
Get it straight the human race's a death row inmate  
One liberates, but He's the one that most men hate  
When sin takes or should I say took the world captive  
Death came after, then universal disaster

Just before they wrote the final chapter  
Out of the blue the best made a move like a true chess master  
And absolutely brought sin and death to its knees  
By dying on a tree with no leaves---true indeed  
Jesus is who He be, the only One that saves men  
From the heavenlies but down to earth like the pavement  
Cheer this champion, no more dissin' Him  
On the count of three start kissin' him  
1,2,3-ahhh feel the romance of the Father  
Abba, The lover man with more rank than Shabba  
Some think death ends the drama, but I'm a  
Remind you death is not a period it's just a comma

[Repeat Chorus to fade]