

# The Ambassador, Get You Open

[Hook]

We goin' get you op... we goin' get you open

[Verse 1]

Ready or not I gotta tell you from the top it's on  
Christ is God, for Him I've got to rock this joint  
I was born around the same time Hip-Hop was formed  
Vacant lots were swarmed, kids from the block performed  
Soon cocky's norm  
Rappers and cocky form  
Went together like college and sloppy dorms  
But the flows were butter like poppin' corn  
And the shows would get you hyped like Rocky horns  
Some couldn't understand why Poppy warned  
"Stay away" till the day when rappers like Biggie and Pac were gone  
But prior Christ came and got me on  
Taught me not to trust in the biological clock we're on  
We're in the age where the caps are peeled  
Even in school young guns'll have you runnin' like track and field  
And life after the casket's real  
And since that's the deal  
His word gets spilled when I grasp the steel  
Forget mass appeal my heavenly Dad can deal  
With making His word something that all cats can feel  
I'll let grace talk 'cause grace stalks the stray hearts  
She's got something in store that's super like K-Marts

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Do you see what I see?  
Hip-Hop is a drug and it's got the city plugged like an IV  
Gotta give it up it's the voice of the streets  
It doesn't take much just a voice and a beat  
You can keep a crowd hyper  
Control the souls of a whole generation kind of like a modern Pied Piper  
Face it; today ya favorite rapper's the icon  
That's gotta hold on you like the wrap of a python  
Lights on Christ is the hype jaw  
For Him I've gotta get my write on  
So whether in the streets or in the booth  
I'm a get at you, and I'm a prove you don't need the gin and juice  
Mommie you don't gotta DROP IT LIKE IT'S HOT  
And if you do it 'cause you wanna STOP IT LIKE IT'S NOT  
Son if you like the gangsta mind... think of where them gangstas wind

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Nix your smarts  
I know one who tricks the smart  
Slick's his art; his canvas is your wicked heart  
You're in a spiritual fog and it's thick and dark  
And like a spiritual frog you get picked apart  
But I know One who'll fix the heart  
Trust me he'll set you free like the girl from 106 and Park  
So shine your light like when a wick gets sparked  
And if you don't give him props then the bricks'll talk  
We switched up, we switched the pitch up  
The lyrical mixture is fully loaded with Scripture  
But some are fancy and cute  
When people can't understand  
They say, "ahh you just can't handle the truth."  
Nah the bad news is; while the gospel's an offense

lack of clarity and substance just adds to it  
So leave out the trivial tricks  
Moms and kids can both love it kind of like the cereal Kix

[Hook]