

Ambassador, Oh Wretched Man

Oh wretched man- the problem ain't that we rock Timbs
That I am- the problem is we've got sin
Who shall deliver me?- even with a new start
From this body of death?- we need to be freed, we need a new heart

Oh wretched man- the problem is not just behavior
That I am- the problem is there's rot in your nature
Who will deliver me- even with a new start
Our Lord- we need to be freed, we need a new heart

We're in a hip-hop era full of hip-hop errors
Not just the block but the heart's what hip-hop mirrors
Somebody told me that we're not naughty
I objected and directed their attention to the Top 40
We stopped at the top ten; looked how we propped sin
The case was closed when the videos were dropped in
From naked females to dirty sex in emails
It affects from retail down to the street sales- every detail
You can leave the heart unsupervised
Watch the heart ask for sin and ask the cashier to please super-size
Read Romans and peep your corners for bonus
Were gonna be wrong as long as were breathing- we need a Jonah

I serve word cause it's what the suburbs and the hood needs
Wreckin' the thought that heaven's earned by your goods deeds
I'm mad precise when it's the after-life
You bank on good deeds but you can't think this "dis-counts" like half the price
Sin is genetic it's
The reason your appetite for it is husky like that school up in Connecticut
Check the Bible for a honest diagnosis

Or just smell cause you can tell like chronic halitosis
We all sin- you know we each are prone
If only humans were affected then to each his own
But God sees it and it's reached his throne
In him there's no sin
Like there's no such thing as pizza bones
The spiritual truth- we have no spiritual loot
We're bankrupt and we have bad spiritual root
Every day we grow bad spiritual fruit
We need God to hold back that spiritual boot

Whenever God is ready he can break down a sinner
Take down a sinner, like I take a steak down for dinner
The job of God the Spirit is to pull
A person to Christ
It's like it's irresistible
He makes Christ known
Your eyes light up like when the break light's on
There's a change- "I've grown";
I know it happened to me; I met the Surgeon
He changed my heart, there went the blunts and the cursin'
Kept on workin', for certain He keeps purgin'
Now instead bourbon, I'm fervently reading Spurgeon
That blow God handed me
Put me on hand and knee
Brought a kid that's caramel low like Anthony
Now can it be? Got me in His family
Reppin' the kingdom of God, droppin' Him on the industry
This is the truth, I pray you can catch it fam'

Jesus Christ can give life to a wretched man