

Ambassador, Song For You

(Hook)

People I want you to
stop toting guns don't shoot. Stop smoking blunts oooooohhh. I've got a song for you.

Syke!! Didn't think it was a slow jam, did ya? Didn't think it was an old man, did ya? I hit ya with Scr
I envision this hittin' you in the barbershop. Lyrics rushing like wind like when the Spirit of God was
dropped. I can see them sisters in the salon.

Puttin' The Thesis on with some grease in her palm.

Dope tunes boom and they stick in your brain. So when I make a dope tune boom I slip you the na
Jesus Christ, He wants to get in your frame. He owns it but you're like
homeless, you need Him to slip you some change. And when he does, guess what, life can't stay th
And when it does, guess what, Christ can't be to blame.

(Repeat Hook)

People I want you to
stop trading God for loot.
Don't leave this life a fool, I've got a song for you.

Lord, I don't sing but nothing brings more pleasure.
Than to offer you to awful dudes who worship that thing called cheddar. They've never read of your
Makin' us all prisoners, like when you get sent to the can. And that's trouble like when Blacks bump

(Bridge)

1, 2 and we you don't stop.
And we won't quit. If not for you, Lord, we won't spit. We do this for all the hip-hop heads, spit Chris

(Repeat Hook)

Yeah, you see we want to talk to the culture. I mean, why all the killin' and the fightin', and the fussi

(Verse Three)

Syke! Aaahhh, the rawness is back. Tell your boys the Lord uses the rawest of raps. The hardcore

(Bridge)

1, 2 and we don't stop, and we won't quit. If not for you, Lord, we won't spit. We do this for all the hi

(Hook)

People, I want you to
hunger and want the truth.
If there's no want in you,
I've got a song for you.

People I want you to
hunger and want the truth.
Don't leave this life a fool. I've got a song for you.