The Ambassador, My Clothes, My Hair

(Chorus)
So many people are hurt inside
Don't even know him even though they might have heard of God
Can He love me? Will He hear my prayer?
Or, think I'm ugly when He see's my clothes or sees my hair

I heard of a Savior heard He bled and died
We could give Him our sins and we could get his life
Yet I wonder for me if He will He even care
When He sees my clothes or when he sees my hair

(Verse One)
Let me get up in this verse right now
I'm thinking back to when we first got down
I only groped but when you searched I found
Snatched quick though you knew how I acted
That's what's sick, I was a pick that you drafted?
A backflip with a split couldn't be more backwards
In fact that's classic
I love to see your tactics
But I think back to when I'd shrink back on the real B
It's real deep; I really thought you could never feel me
Cause my shirts were double X when really I was a small
Double shirts for the effect when really it wasn't called for
Pants baggie- they sagged and dragged on the floor
But I was never that boy to show the back of his draws
But I did hang, kicked slang, me and my boys did
Rocked doo-rags till it put a crease in our foreheads
And on the surface others said we were worthless
But I'm glad you purposed to love us and you made us your purchase

(Chorus)

(Verse Two)
I was convinced of your power so I was down to comply with Your standard
Your God the Father- Creator- I was your product
But I noticed my focus it wasn't on You; my hope was you would
Meet me heaven but as for earth I'd roll with the hood
I really didn't want your heaven- just didn't want hell more
I really didn't want your presence- just didn't want hell more
I didn't know you were beautiful
You made advances but in fact I'd push you back like a cuticle
I was a bad date
But, now I know what it was you got lumped in with some people like a crab cake
They elevate their own; they celebrate
They make their own what's right
They say it's what you like
Everything else- they make it wrong
I'm glad you don't hate our music or fashion
Unless these things and how you intend us to use 'em are clashin'
Cause for us, this is just a part of the culture
But it's the reason why some think they shouldn't try to approach ya

(Bridge)
Man sees the outside
But God sees the inside
No matter your outside
Through faith He'll come inside (2x)

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)
I could weep
So many people never heard of the name

Yeah they heard the word "Jesus" but never heard of His fame
They feel cut off from Him
Not just cause of their sin
But because of their clothes, hair, or their color of skin
And they've been afloat- drowning in sin, we're in a boat
Yet they've never been approached
Cause we see them as different folks
God's offer's universal- yeah
He wants you in His circle- yeah
He wants you in the doo-rag
And He wants you in the purple hair
You can just take a cursory
Glance at the word and see
God made the plans of diversity
Is there one godly ethnic group
In the church should we all wear one polyester suit
Or maybe rock sandals and robes, no ham I suppose
When we meet maybe we should only eat salmon and loaves
Should we only like the organ or the violin
I'm inquirin', I admire men up in the choir and women
But one minute, why do some people assume that God's iPod
Got no tunes that got the "boom-bap"
He's with White, with Black, with Lat
With Asian with Rock, Country, Jazz, with Rap

(Chorus)