

# Back Home

The Ambassador

[Chorus]

You, in the Maybach  
Laid back with the wave cap  
Make your way back home  
You, in the Von Dutch  
Louis Vuittoned up  
Girl, your times up- come back home  
You, with the corn rows and the long fros  
Lookin' all swole, come back home  
You, pretty princess  
In the pink dress with the pink vest come back home

[Verse One]

I represent a people that fell through the cracks  
Their creative- you can tell it from the wealth of their raps  
They gotta story  
Which some are known to tell on their backs  
Or through graffiti  
Others use music and tell it through wax  
Take it back  
I would cause those are relevant facts  
But that was back when we were midgets on a elephant's back  
But today we're the elephants that  
Other people wanna stand on  
We're no longer still in the back  
But problems have emerged like the sellin' of crack  
Kids'll put a shell in a gat  
Then put a shell in your back  
And there's a gap between Hip-Hop and the church  
Leavin' them stranded like a rescue team stop to a search  
But now it's on  
That era's gone a new era's born  
They never met Christ  
They only met Farrakhan  
Well it's changing cause now we're pickin' up the pieces  
Expect to see the ecclesia givin' ya to Jesus

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

We're all apart of the original fall away  
In Adam we all fall and y'all it was all the way  
Yeah we're lost  
But the message of the cross has been bearin' fruit  
But only seems to be for lost souls wearin' suits  
Back in the day when my Pop's was growing up  
Saved or not on Sunday your hind parts was showin' up  
Forget it you headed directly to the steeple  
Church was on and poppin' especially for the Negro  
But today, Hip-Hop's got new affinities  
Money, power, and sex, and a lot of new trinities  
Church or the club?  
They'll chose club life quickly  
Look, you can find them in the club like 50  
As for ushers I've seen theirs  
He dances without a shirt and the guy screams, "Yeah"  
Plus they get to see Lil' Jon

It's ludacris if you think you're gonna see them read a little John

[Verse Three]

Peep God's people- called out of evil  
We do more than hang under a steeple  
Meet the lethal adversary call it the flesh  
A new status but a body with old habits- all of it meshed  
All with no rest we fight  
Can't just do what we please  
We're like kids and sin's like the new Chuck E. Cheese  
So, we strive to give him all not just 10 %  
Cause we're called to live life different not influenced  
Instead we influence things  
Been convinced sin ruins things  
No longer them sensual beings  
So it's gonna be tight  
And it's on every night  
But if loving sin is wrong, we wanna be right  
So each morning we fight and tell the body relax  
Don't feed the flesh and you watch how the body reacts  
We've gotta read Acts cause it's an all out war  
Kind of thing that you've got to be called out for

[Chorus]