

# One Two

The Ambassador

[Chorus]

(One-two)  
No gats, no blunts, no brew  
(One-Two)  
To my adults and my youth  
(One-two)  
The ax is at the root  
(One-two)  
It's time to bear fruit one two

Lyrically puttin' you down with truth it's the  
Divine mixture-rhymes plus divine Scripture  
No hold back Jesus is in the rhyme so that  
Your heart can be confronted by the God who wants your soul back  
And no matter what you have to do we'll take control back  
And turn the show back over to Jesus (yea you know that)  
Rhymes are pro-Christ instead of pro this and pro that  
Cause many Christian songs lyrically are spiritually low fat  
Religion sells, but we dwell in anti-Christian realms  
So if you love Him then you've got to represent Him well  
Pants might be saggin' slightly, but just imagine  
Me displaying the beauty of Christ like a pageant  
In your area I'm tellin' ya Christ will marry ya  
But you've got to switch, let Him be your long distance carrier  
No switching fee and you'll get more than just some minutes free  
Cause when it's Jesus your minutes merge into infinity

Chorus 2x

This rap is just another effort to attract this  
World that's into internets and faxes  
The fact is, it's gonna burn to ashes like matches  
But at last kids you've got the Good News, now pass it  
Be graphic, cause the masses cut classes so they ain't heard it  
But watch the way you word it, you don't want to change the verdict  
Death, we borrow the breath plus the chest  
Man used legs to step, man knew God then left Him  
Steady theivin', leaving God for no reason  
We've been booted out of Eden, what a fall like the autumn season  
Instead of God we look to stars and science  
Separated from the Power like an unplugged appliance  
Dig this, another Savior? Check the Script  
It's a myth, it's like a pig's fist, it don't exist  
If you find a witness do forget this The devil's the blinding business  
The counterfeit shining business

Chorus 2x

Understand sin sick man, you need a doctor  
My "knocka," better call on Christ, only He gotcha  
We all need a substitutionary Bleeder  
Cause sin draws the blood from men like mosquito  
Bow your knee to the Great Hope, Jesus the scapegoat  
Not hard to find like bad school kids with fake notes  
Some reject Christ cause it's popular, unaware his death is stoppin' the  
Wrath of holy God from droppin' ya

Hope the Good News starts rockin' ya  
Before the last tick tock from the biological clock in ya  
Ahh, it's finite man acting autonomous  
You say you want to trust? Then believe cause it's synonymous  
Admit it, he died for sins that you committed  
You did it, but if you trust Christ then He'll forget it  
He's with it, considered the price and still He fitted  
His deity inside humanity just for the visit  
When the issue of paying for sins comes up even Giants jet  
In the Garden they say, "Knicks that", in Shea they say, "We ain't met"  
A blood sport with such a display of skillz  
Cause even in Buffalo they know they can't pay the bills

Chorus