

# 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)