

Let There Be Light (Ft. Tre' Williams)

Nas

Yeah, check check, testing
It's clear out there? Yeah
It's like I'm hang gliding over the hood, ha
Never worry (ohhh, no, no, no)[Verse 1]
Check, let there be light
No gang banging in New York tonight
Just murals of Biggie Smalls, bigger then life
Turn up the kid mic 'cause ya'll ain't listening right
What's all this talk that Nas got bought?
I'd rather outline my body in white chalk
Ain't nobody been where I been, they at a stand still
This is all overseen by my man Will[Chorus: Tre Williams]
As I walk through the shadow of death
I know that I ain't got much time left
And they don't really wanna see the good in me
Ain't satisfied until they see the fool in me
[And I] I know my business, so my sins great
[And I] I thank the hood for all the love they gave
[And I] Forgive 'em all, they did they best to hate
Oh, let there be light[Verse 2]
This ain't the glorified, just painting the street picture
There's no God in sir Bibles, just blunt and switches
Gillettes cut pain in kitchen
Now every rapper wanna claim he hang with Kenneth "Supreme" Griffith
It's like the same difference cept when niggaz get arraigned
They don't want the same sentence, niggaz get to snitchin
If I could reverse the monsters and turn forward the razas
And bring back the niggaz who was livest
Old hustlers, reminiscing on better days
They home, doing nothing, might as well be in a cage
Hating on young brothers, one foot in the grave
They used to love us till we found our own way through the maze
New York, set trippin and flaggin
Got the West Coast laughing, now Esco's asking
What happened? My homegirl from upper Manhattan
She remembers the quarters that's Latin, alotta rat-a-tat-tatting[Chorus][Verse 3]
The son of the audio cassette era, tech wearer
Bullets and begets, Binzbo's speaker terror
Till man I get mine till I'm dead, so I can drive sumpthin red

Like that horse standing on it's hind legs
Since Arnold and Willis in they bunk beds
I wanted bread like Wonder, not manned-a-wanno like the parent of Lionel
Nas is the Ghetto American Idol
No matter what you do you're never getting my title
I can't sound smart 'cause ya'll'll run away
They say I ain't hungry no more and I don't talk about 'ye
Like there's no other way for a ex-hustler
Cake ya, the x-ray splitter to touch ya, I beg to differ
When you're four years into the game, we can have a conversation
Eight years in the game, I invite ya on vacation
Ten years in the game, after I've enjoyed my fame
Only then I let ya pick my brain, niggaz[Bridge: Nas] + (Tre Williams)
[And I] Right about now [And I] (They don't really know)
[And I] (They don't really see) I don't even deal with all that garbage
(No, no, no) We getting real right, ya know?
[And I] (Though I walk through the valley) That is Tre Williams ladies and gentlemen
[And I] (They should fear no) [And I] (no, no-oh)
Focus on good things man, good times, Heh-heh, alright[Chorus: x 2]Oh let it be, let it be, yeah
Let it be, let it be

Songwriters

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