

# Let There Be Light (Feat. 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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