

# 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  
Never worry, no, no, oh, noCheck, let there be light  
No gang banging in New York tonight  
Just murals of Biggie Smalls, bigger than life  
Turn up the kid mic 'cuz ya'll ain't listening rightWhat'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 WillAs I walk through the valley, 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 meAnd 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 lightThis ain't the glorified, just painting the street picture  
There's no God in sir Bibles, just blunt and switches  
Gillette's cut pain in kitchen, now every rapper wanna claim  
He hang with Kenneth "Supreme" GriffithIt's like the same difference 'cept when \*\*\*\* get arraigned  
They don't want the same sentence, \*\*\*\* get to snitchin'  
If I could reverse the monsters and turn forward the razas  
And bring back the \*\*\*\* who was livestOld 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 thru the mazeNew 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, a lotta rat-a-tat-tattingAs I walk through the valley, shadow of death  
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Oh, let there be lightThe 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 legsSince Arnold and Willis in they bunk beds, I wanted bread like Wonder  
Not manned-a-wanno like the parents of Lionel  
Nas is the Ghetto American Idol

No matter what you do you're never getting my titleI can't sound smart' cuz 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 differWhen you're four years into the game, we can have a conversation

Eight years in the game, I invite you on vacation

Ten years in the game, after I've enjoyed my fame

Only then I let ya pick my brainAnd 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, focus on good things man, good times, alrightAs I walk through the valley shadow of death

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And I forgive 'em all, they did they best to hate

Oh, let there be lightOh, let it be, let it be, yeah, yeah

Let it be, let it be

#### Songwriters

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