

Nas

"Let There Be Light"

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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, no

Check, 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 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

As 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 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

This 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" Griffith

It'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 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 thru 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, a lotta rat-a-
tat-tatting

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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 parents of Lionel
Nas is the Ghetto American Idol
No matter what you do you're never getting my title

I 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 differ

When 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 brain

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, focus on good things man, good times,
alright

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Oh, let it be, let it be, yeah, yeah
Let it be, let it be

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