

# The Light

Jill Scott

I was rollin' down the way, and I saw this girl  
About twelve years old, in a grown up world  
She liked fancy cars, fancy rings  
She wanted the life  
That only money could bring  
I could tell that she, by the look in her eyes  
Would do anything, to get that life  
Didn't talk down to her, didn't make her cry  
But I said a few words  
That could change her life

When it comes, the light, the light  
Don't front on it, the light, the light  
When it comes  
The light, the light, don't run from it  
The light, the light

I was sittin' here trippin', 'bout half of the night  
Cause the song that I was working on  
Was bringing me strife  
Don't wanna give up, cause it's just that nice

Let me stop tryna force the issue  
I been getting all the right lines  
But I ain't been paying attention  
Must be trippin' off of what them records  
Want me to be what they want me to be  
But that ain't really my vision  
I'm scorching hot like fire  
So let me stop all this trippin'  
Forgin to my own funky fantastic dimension  
Let me do what a sister like me do  
And put some funk in the kitchen  
Let me stop all this trippin', and listen

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