

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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