

Wu-Syndicate

"Can It Be All So Simple"

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Intro: Raekwon the Chef

[Can it be that it was all so simple then]
Knowhat!msayin, take you on this lyrical high real quick
Nineteen ninety three exoticness
Knowhat!msayin, let's get technical
Where's your bone at, get up on that shit aight
Yo!!

Verse One:

Started off on the island, AK Shaolin
Niggaz whylin, gun shots thrown the phone dialin
Back in the days of eight now, makin a tape now
Rae gotta get a plate now
Ignorant and mad young, wanted to be the one
Till I got (BAM! BAM!) thrown one
Yeah, my pops was a fiend since sixteen
Shootin' that (that's that shit!) in his blood stream
That's the life of a crimey, real live crimey
If niggas know the half is behind me
Day one, yo, growin all up in the ghetto
Now I'm a weed fiend, jettin the Palmetto
In Medina, yo no doubt the God got crazy clout
Pushin the big joint from down South
So if you're filthy stacked up
Betta watch ya back and duck
Cause these fiends they got it cracked up
Now my man from up north, now he got the law
It's solid as a rock and crazy salt
No jokes, I'm not playin, get his folks
Desert Eagle his dick and put 'em in a yolk (AAH!)
And to know for sure, I got reck and rip shop
I pointed a gat at his mother's knot
(Yo, Rae, don't do that shit, man! Don't do that shit!)
Fuck that

Dedicated to the winners and the losers
(Can it be that it was all so simple then?)
Dedicated to all jeeps and land cruisers

(Can it be that it was all so simple then?)
Dedicated to the Y's, 850-I's
(Can it be that it was all so simple then?)
Dedicated to niggas who do drive-bys
(Can it be that it was all so simple then?)
Dedicated to the Lexus and the Ax
(Can it be that it was all so simple then?)
Dedicated to MPV's phat!
(Can it be that it was all so simple then?)
Nigguh, yeah, yeah!

Verse Two: Ghostface Killer

Yo!
Kickin the fly cliches
Doin duets with Rae and A, happens to make my day
Though I'm tired of bustin off shots havin to rock knots
Runnin up in spots and makin shit hot
I'd rather flip shows instead of those
Hangin on my living room wall
My first joint, and it went gold
I want to lamp, I want to be in the shade
Plus the spot light
Gettin my dick rubbed all night
I wanna have me a phat yacht
And enough land to go and plant my own sess crops
But for now, it just a big dream
Cause I find myself in the place where I'm last seen
My thoughts must be relaxed
Be able to maintain
Cause times is changed and life is strange
The glorious days is gone, and everybody's doin' bad
Yo, mad lives is up for grabs
Brothers, passin away, I gotta make wakes
Receivin all types of calls from upstate
Yo, I can't cope with the pressure
Settlin for lesser
The god left lessons on my dresser
So I can bloom and blossom, find a new way
Continue to make hits with Rae and A
Sunshine plays a major part in the daytime
[Peace to mankind Ghostface carry a black nine, nigga
Word up
It's on like that]

[Can it be that it was all so simple then]

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