

Clan Wu-Tang

"Can it be all so simple"

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Intro: Raekwon the Chef

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

Knowhatl'msayin, take you on this lyrical high real quick

Nineteen ninety three exoticness

Knowhatl'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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