

Radney Foster

"Can It All Be So Simple"

Visit "[Can It All Be So Simple](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro: raekwon, ghost

So that's it kid, youknowhati'msayin? right here, lights
out
Yo yo hold up let me talk to this cat
Yo kid, whattup starks, whattup?
Ay ay, whassup? whassup baby?
Ay yo yo yo kid, ay yo yo
I just seen this kid over there over there, right over
there
While you're, while you're filmin that shit
I know he ain't down with your team
Who?
Don't know, some sk-skinny lookin, big-head nigga,
youknowhati'msayin?
That nigga ain't fuckin with heads though
Yo son, i just seen five fiends around a nigga son
Fuck, we gotta, we gotta go
C'mon fuckit, let's go over there, i'ma show this nigga
right
Hold up wait up wait up, jiggy comin
Three deep niggaz
Fuck
Think niggaz don't know what the fuck's goin on
Come on, come on, right over here
Right on
There they go, right there
That's them right there kid
That cat?
Word up
Aiyyo kid?
You're right behind him
What the fuck is you doin man huh? huh?
[the fuck you talkin to?]
Talkin to you man!
Talkin to you what?
[you ain't talkin to me]
What the fuck you talkin about?
Yo, open your hand man, what the fuck is that in your
hand man?
[what? huh?]

fight ensues
smack what the fuck, the fuck i say?
Aiiyo c'mere! c'mere!
Motherfu...
C'mere
Yeah it's my shit, my shit
Get up
Yo grab that nigga, grab him
gun fires
Yo shit! *gun fires* move son! move!*gun fires
repeatedly* move move!
Go ahead! get him! ohh shit!
Ohh shit, ohh shit, yo
Yo man, yo son i'm hit
Man son, i'm hit
Yo son?
Son i'm hit
Damn son, you bleedin son, bad son
Aiiyo grab this grab this take this take this
Take this take this, i'ma go over to god's house 'fore
the cops come
I'ma throw this shit away man
Go ahead son, go ahead son, just go ahead
Man fuck that, man seventeen son
Yo son
Get the fuck outta here man
Damn son
Go ahead man, i'm dying go ahead
Hold that shit son
Yo, go ahead go ahead, nigga try to assassinate me
man...

Intro: raekwon the chef

It's the remix son
Can it be, act like you know
Check it

Verse one: ghostface killer

Yo, check what happened out of state
I'm knocking off a half-a-cake cash rule, flying at a fast
rate
I smoke the black dust kept my hands clutched, i'm
fallin in lust
Spore plush i played my hand like a royal flush
Baggy jeans, wallabee clarks, pretty woman
I put it in him, shot up in him, deadly venom
I hung around the big time bosses
Illegal force exchange thoughts, showing love to all my
sources

Spades tried to bag me, like cagney, and lacey
Chef had that bitch stacey slippin in macy's
I dose off, catch a flashback on how i got trapped
And got licked like papsy in a mob flick i got hit
Stumblin holdin my neck to the god's rest
Opened flesh burgundy blood colored my guess
Emergency trauma, black teen headed for surgery
Can it be an out of state nigga tried to murder me?
I should've stayed in job corp, but now i'm a outlaw
Ray cartegna, carry a fo'-fo' nigga

Chorus:

{can it be that it was all so simple then?}
Dedicated to the gods and earths
Dedicated to babies who came feet first
Dedicated to up north and down state
Dedicated to rich niggaz who sell weights
Dedicated to projects with black kids
Dedicated to man who build pyramids

Word up! what the fuck yo?
We taking you on another chamber
Word up son, you know how we be on it
Yeah it's real
Show these crabs how to rhyme man
I think it's time to bless them, word up
Bulletproof
First chamber
Yo chef yo

Verse two: raekwon

It started off on the island, ak shaolin niggaz wildin
Old folks scream : stop the violence!
True layin up yo, watchin these crack niggaz
Playin nuff crap games for what see?
Back in days, crime pays in mad ways
Sportin tommy hil with caves 360 waves
And no searchin for loose ends, now flex 300 benz
Mad 10's with mad diamonds
Now that's the life of the good life, sometimes niggaz
act trife
I paid the price throughout my hood life
Remember i got blasted, now that's in the past kid
God forbid i lay in the casket
But now i'm all about g-notes, no time for weed, mixed
with coke
I wash my mouth out with soap
And i got my act together, 'lo sweaters and better
And fat leather, so whatever, bring it on

{can it be that it was all so simple then?}

Outro:

Yeah, for real
Murderous material stacked up
Peace to mazes, for real
Meditating on life
Gold, word up y'all
Crazy fly, dedication, to my people
Word up, peace to all my brothers that i ain't gonna see
no more
Peace to brothers on the island, up north
Word up
Straight up, i love you boy, it's on like that
Word up, word up
Peace to man woman and child
Word up
I got you covered baby, i'm here for you
Project, check it
Projects peoples one love
Keep your head clear, we out of here
We move in silence
Bad boys, creating, the muderous stacks for your
headpiece
Baldheads, braids, blowouts
Yo
Fly chicks
It's the remix y'all
For real, the real side
The rza, check it
Razor blade sharp
Peace to the clan
No other producer can compare boy
Word up
Bring it, battle, beats all types of shit
For real y'all

Visit [Radney Foster](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.