

Can It Be All So Simple

Raekwon

So I sold it for the kid, know what I'm sayin'?
Right here, white top, yo, yo, hold on
I'ma go talk to this cat
Yo, kid, what' up, Starks? What up? (Hold on, hold on)
Ayo, yo (What's up, kid?), what up? (What's up, baby?)
Ayo, yo, I just seen this kid over there—over there, right over there by you
r-by-by your—building and shit
I know he ain't down with your team
Who?
I dunno, some skinny-lookin', big-head nigga, you know what I'm sayin'?
He ain't makin' no fuckin' sales, though (It's funny—)
Yo, son, I just seen five fiends around a nigga, son
Fuck, we—we gotta—c'mon, fuck it, let's go over there
Lemme show you niggas, right, hold up—wait up, wait up
Three deep niggas, think niggas don't know what the fuck time it is
Come on, come on, right over there
There he go, right there
There he go, right there, kid
That cat? Word up
Ayo, kid (I'm right behind you)
What the fuck is you doin', man, huh? Huh?
The fuck you talking to?
I'm talking to you (Talkin' to you, what?)
You ain't talking to me
The fuck you talking about?
Open your hand, man, what the fuck is that in your hand, man? What?
Huh? What? The fuck—(Ayo, come here)
The fuck I say? (Oh, shit)
Come here! (Motherfuck—), oh, shit
This my shit, my shit (Get up!) Why? Why? Why?
Get up! Grab that nigga, grab him (Come here, come here)

Fuck! Move, son! Move! Move, move! Damn, damn
Oh shit, oh shit, oh, shit, yo, yo
Yo, man, yo, son, I'm hit
Man, son, I'm hit (Yo, son)
Come here, son, check—(Damn, son), yo, oh, yo, yo
You bleedin' son, bad, son
Ayo, grab this, grab this, take this, take this
Take this, take this, go on
I'm going over to the God's house, go ahead before the cops come (I'ma throw
this shit away, man)
Go ahead, go ahead, son, just go ahead, man, fuck that, man, seventeen
Man, get the fuck outta here, man
Go ahead, man, I'm dying, go ahead, son, go ahead, go ahead
Hold that shit, son
Go ahead, man, go ahead
Niggas tried to assassinate me, man (Damn)
Yo (We gon' get that cat, man)

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

Yo, check what happened out of state
I'm knocking off a half-a-cake, cash rule, flying at a fast rate
I smoked the black dust, kept my hands clutched, I'm falling in lust

Spoiled plus I played my hand like a royal flush
Baggy jeans, Wallabee Clarks, pretty women
I put it in 'em, shot up in 'em, deadly venom
I hung around the big time bosses
Illegal force to 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 doze off, catch a flashback on how I got trapped
And got licked like Papsy in a mob flick, I got hit
Stumbling, holding 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, and now I'm a outlaw
Ray Catena, carry a four-four, nigga

Can it be that it was all so simple then? (Dedicated to the Gods and Earths)
Dedicated to babies who came feet first
Can it be that it was all so simple then? (Dedicated to up north and down st
ate)
Dedicated to rich niggas who sell weight
Can it be that it was all so simple then? (Dedicated to projects with black
kids)
Dedicated to man who build pyramids

Word up, what the f-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 (Hit 'em, Chef), yo, yo

It started off on the Island, AKA Shaolin
Niggas wilding, old folks scream, "Stop the violence!" (The violence)
True, laying up, yo, watching these crack niggas
Play enough crap games for what? See
Back in days, crime pays in mad ways
Sporting Tommy Hil' with caves, three-sixty waves
And no searching for loose ends, now I flex 300 Benz
Mad Timbs with mad diamonds
Now that's the life of the good life, sometimes niggas 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 got my act together, 'Lo sweaters and better
And phat leathers, so whatever, bring it on

Can it be that it was all so simple then? (For real, murderous material stac
ked up)
Can it be that it was all so simple then? (Peace to mazes, for real)
Can it be that it was all so simple then? (Meditatin' off life)
Can it be that it was all so simple then? (Go)
Can it be that it was all-(Word up, y'all, crazy fly dedications to my peopl
e)
(Word up, peace to all my brothers)
-all so simple then? (That I ain't gon' see no more)
Can it be that it was all so simple then? (Peace to all the brothers on the
Island, up north, word up)
Can it be that it was all so simple then? (Straight up, love you, boy)

Can it be that it was all so simple then? (It's on like that, word up)

Peace to man, woman and child
Word up (We got you covered, baby)
Projects (We're here for you)
Projects peoples, one love
Keep your head clear, we outta here
Move in silence
Bad boys creatin' the murderous stacks for your headpiece
Bald heads, braids (For real, though)
Blowouts (The Island)
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