

Raekwon The Chef, Can It All Be So Simple (Remix)

Intro: Raekwon, Ghost

So that's it kid, youknowwhat!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, youknowwhat!msayin?
That nigga ain't f**kin with heads though
YO SON, I just seen five fiends around a nigga Son
F**k, we gotta, we gotta go
C'mon f**kit, let's go over there, I'ma show this nigga right
Hold up wait up wait up, jiggy comin
Three deep niggaz
F**k
Think niggaz don't know what the f**k'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
Aiiyo kid?
You're right behind him
What the f**k is you doin man huh? Huh?
[The f**k you talkin to?]
Talkin to you man!
Talkin to you what?
[You ain't talkin to me]
What the f**k you talkin about?
Yo, open your hand man, what the f**k is that in your hand man?
[What? Huh?]
fight ensues
smack What the f**k, the f**k 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 f**k that, man seventeen Son
Yo Son
Get the f**k 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 f**k 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