Wu-Tang Clan, Can It Be All So Simple (Remix)

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: Raekwon

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!) È**k that

Dedicated to the winners and the losers Dedicated to all jeeps and land cruisers Dedicated to the Y's, 850-I's Dedicated to niggas who do drive-bys Dedicated to the Lexus and the Ax Dedicated to MPV's phat! Nigga, yeah, yeah!

Verse Two: Ghostface Killah

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)