

Can It Be All So Simple (Radio Edit)

Wu-Tang Clan

Started off on the island, AKA Shaolin
Niggas wilin', gun shots thrown, the phone dialin'
Back in the days of 8 now, making a tape now
Rae gotta get a plate now
Ignorant and mad young, wanted to be the one
Till I got (Blaow! Blaow! Blaow!) felt one
Yeah, my pops was a fiend since 16
Shooting that "that's that shit!" in his blood stream
That's the life of a grimey, real-life crimey
And niggas know that habit's behind me
Day one, yo, growing all up in the ghetto
Now I'm a weed fiend, jetting the Palmetto
In Medina, yo, no doubt the God got crazy clout
Pushing the big joint from down South
So if you're filthy stacked up
Better watch your 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 playing, get his folks
Desert Eagle his dick and put em in a yoke
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
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
Dedicated to niggas who do drive-bys
(Can it be that it was all so simple then?)
Dedicated to the Lexus and the Ac's
Dedicated to MPV's: phat! Kicking the fly cliches
Doing duets with Rae and A, happens to make my day
Though I'm tired of busting off shots, having to rock knots
Running up in spots and making shit hot
I'd rather flip shows instead of those
Hanging 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 spotlight, getting my dick rode all night
I want to have me a phat yacht
And enough land to go and plant my own sess crops
But for now it's 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 doing bad
Yo, mad lives is up for grabs
Brothers passing away, I gotta make wakes
Receiving all types of calls from upstate
Yo, I can't cope with the pressure
Settling for lesser
The God left lessons on my dresser
So I can bloom and blossom, find a new way to
Continue to make more hits with Rae and A
Sunshine plays a major part in the daytime
Peace to mankind, Ghostface carry a black 9

Songwriters

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