

# Can It Be All So Simple (Remix)

Raekwon

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 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

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

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?

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