

# Can It All Be So Simple (remix)

Raekwon

Intro: Raekwon, Ghost

So that's it kid, youknowwhatI'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, youknowwhatI'msayin?

That nigga ain't fuckin with heads though

YO SON, I just seen five fiends around a nigga Son

Fuck, we gotta, we gotta go

C'mon fuckit, let's go over there, I'ma show this nigga right

Hold up wait up wait up, jiggy comin

Three deep niggaz

Fuck

Think niggaz don't know what the fuck'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

Aiyyo kid?

You're right behind him

What the fuck is you doin man huh? Huh?

[The fuck you talkin to?]

Talkin to you man!

Talkin to you what?

[You ain't talkin to me]

What the fuck you talkin about?

Yo, open your hand man, what the fuck is that in your hand man?

[What? Huh?]

\*fight ensues\*

\*smack\* What the fuck, the fuck I say?

Aiyyo 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 fuck that, man seventeen Son  
Yo Son  
Get the fuck 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 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

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

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