

# Can It Be All So Simple

Wu-Tang Clan

(Can it be that it was all so simple then)  
KnowwhatI'msayin, take you on this lyrical high real quick  
Nineteen ninety three exoticness  
KnowwhatI'msayin, let's get technical  
Where's your bone at, get up on that shit aight  
Yo!!

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! )  
Fuck that

Dedicated to the winners and the losers  
(Can it be that it was all so simple then?)  
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  
(Can it be that it was all so simple then?)  
Dedicated to niggas who do drive-bys  
(Can it be that it was all so simple then?)  
Dedicated to the Lexus and the Ax  
(Can it be that it was all so simple then?)  
Dedicated to MPV's phat!  
(Can it be that it was all so simple then?)  
Nigguh, yeah, yeah!

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)