Ason Jones

Raekwon

intro:word i miss you,i miss the god
word....a powerful brother,man, he was live
Raekwon:he was a powerfull general,the smell from his breathe was ballantine this it was the year 89'
He stayed the freshest, polo boots, wallies with them colorful low goose
coming from Medina, we boost
we up in A&S, slipping and dipping to bedstuy
Native, he used to beatbox, thousands'll listen
yo, thats before, the wu got on, him and allah just'
and RZA, came to the island one morn'
A nigga could dance to slow music, outdrink any nigga
on the benches, while we hitting reefer, he sold loosies
five foot seven a legend was born, Russel "ason" Jones
I know for his braids and lessons
a wiseman with knowledge 120, kept a flag on his chest
a right hand, you quick, serving you remy
Yo, lets toadt to the fallen, lost forgotten
aiyo, if niggas could hear me, then roll up some broccoli
ason, the heart of a lion, a purified mind
the way he did it, with a mic and some wine
i would never forget the days we used to sit back
days i be all up in the crib, listening, holding, align him and yo i just miss this nigga
and now i understand the meaning of love when i kissed the nigga
Interlude:ol dirty bastard (sample)
My name is ol dirty bastard, youknowhatimsayin?
i dont hide nothing back, i barely, i mean, i come from a family,man of poor welfare, youknowhatimsaying?
When i came out my mother womb i was on welfare,youknowhatimsaying
so so so its like you got to keep it real nahwhatimean?[Raekwon:]
He had a heart of gold, intelligent soul from day one
Loud as the ferry, best friend was momma Cherry
Sweet lady, BK baby, she taught Dirty
How to cook, clean, singing the songs, say the
Old school dances and O.E., Ballantine, the wine
We sip, while we sat with the O.G.'s
Knowledge of self, good health
The fortunes that came with the game, had my brother insane
It's like wealth ain't enough to live for
But if you got love in your heart, just believe in yourself
That was the black man rap, baby Jesus in the black Land'
Few jewelry pieces with his gold fangs, his fam

(Brooklyn Zu) you know my brother was ill
The first dude to say, "Yo, keep it real"
Yeah, the lover, the father, the hustler, the rap professor
Now he with Allah, that's a blessing[Interlude: ~Ol' Dirty Bastard Sample~]
See, it's like, ok, where I come from
In my neighborhood, my people know me
Youknowhatimsaying? See, if I try to come any different
They ain't gon' respect me no more
Youknowhatimsaying? Because they -- you know people
Got their thing about themselves, you know
If you come from the neighborhood, youknowhatimsaying
You couldn't, you couldn't get out the neighborhood
But you could never take the neighborhood out of the people
Youknowhatimsaying, but if you try to like jump and crossover
To the other side, people understand that, and they don't like that
That's why they don't be buying people music
See, we keeps it real, and we always gon' keep it real
You can't knock what's real, youknowhatimsaying? We telling the truth, man

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