

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, youknowwhatimsayin?

i dont hide nothing back, i barely, i mean, i come from a family,man of poor welfare, youknowwhatimsaying?

When i came out my mother womb i was on welfare,youknowwhatimsaying

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
Youknowwhatimsaying? See, if I try to come any different
They ain't gon' respect me no more
Youknowwhatimsaying? Because they -- you know people
Got their thing about themselves, you know
If you come from the neighborhood, youknowwhatimsaying
You couldn't, you couldn't get out the neighborhood
But you could never take the neighborhood out of the people
Youknowwhatimsaying, 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, youknowwhatimsaying? We telling the truth, man

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>