Blunt Ashes

Nas

Yo, I want the Langston Hughes and Alex Haley
Got blazed before they told stories
I'ma get blazed before I tell y'all stories
I saw on TV today, this man lost his son, his son died
So he had him cremated, took his ashes
And then made it to a Diamond ring
Now he watches his son shine everyday
I just thought about that, while I sit here ashing in this ash tray, yeah
The makin' of a mad band, intricate stories of DeVante Swing
Ava Gardner, the crashin' of James Dean
Bobby Brown influenced by Rick James and it goes
Prince wanted Alexander O'Neal to be Morris Day or Jerome
But Alex was puttin' coke in his nose, **** whylin'
Could be a myth but I swear that the source was close, Phyllis Hyman
Killed herself, it was crazy, mommy was bad they say
Donny Hathaway freefall from a balcony, he swings
As the blunt ash falls into the ash tray
I could see my whole life fly past me
Did I, did I keep it gangsta or keep it classy?
And will the money and fame out last me?
The blunt's ash falls down in the ash tray
Will I see my whole life fly past me?
I'm askin' did I keep it gangsta or keep it classy?
Did I? Anything else you wanna know, just ask me
Sam trusted Womack with his main lady
He tossin' in the grave, like, 'This is how you repay me?'
A change gon' come, wish you didn't trust me so much
Marvin said, 'No mountain's high enough, fly stuff'
David Ruffin was punchin' Tammy Terrell, gave her concussions
While the Funk Brothers was layin' down the percussions
When Flo from the Surpremes died, Diana Ross cried
Many people said that she was laughin' inside

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Did I? Anything else you wanna know, just ask me?
John F. Kennedy's, enemies dealt with treachery
It interests me, Judy Campbell in Gucci sandals
She's what a temptress be, the death of Ennis Cosby, what a mystery
Or the Chicagoan Harold Washington, someone is sabotaging them
Watch out for the traps
Larry Troutman killed his brother Roger Troutman
Then he killed himself, that's the end of Zapp
And I wouldn't change a thing, mistakes of the greats
This is what came from their pain from their hurt we gain
An unfair exchange
As the blunt ash falls into the ash tray
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Did I keep it gangsta or keep it classy?
And will the money and fame out last me?
The blunt's ash falls down in the ash tray
Will I see my whole life fly past me?
I'm askin' did I keep it gangsta or keep it classy?
Anything else you wanna know, just ask me?
Wasn't even allowed to go to the premier
Could'ya'believe that?, couldn't go to premier to her joint
Man, you know they were strong back then man
Blunt from my ash tray, nothin' gon' to live past me, yeah, yeah, yeah

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