

## **Raekwon** **"Ason Jones"**

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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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