

# 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: ~O! 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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