By Any Means (ft. Meek Mill, Pill & Rick Ross)

Wale

Pork on the fork, widen the pot
By any means if you like it or not
Malcom X, by any means
Many fourteen stuffed in my denim jeans
As-Salamu Alaykum Wa alaikum as salaam
Whatever your religion, kiss the ring on the Don
Real nigga, street certified, hit the streets whip cost three thirty fiveNo pork on the fork, but it's white in the pot
We chargin' you niggas up if you like it or not
Drop the work off the scale, throw some ice in the pot
Then let that Arm and Hammer, hammer it right to a lot
Tryna whip a Rollie or Cartier
Shout out to this Pyrex, that bought this Audemeer
Oops I meant Audemar, my whole team got them
You loving the same bitch, my whole team poppin'
My hundred dough, I'm wherever that money go
Glock nine in my underclothes, you cop two of them, we frontin' four
Fuck niggas we don't fuck with dough
Bad bitches never lets them know
Keep them round but never trust them, no
This sixty two so comfortable
I'm a field nigga, you's a house nigga
I'm a real nigga and you's a mouse nigga
Code red, which means you go red
But I don't knock you I just blame it on your own headPork on the fork, widen the pot
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Whatever your religion, kiss the ring on the Don
Real nigga, street certified, hit the streets whip cost three thirty fiveMalcolm X get your hand out my pocket
Some niggas walking with death guess they ran out of options
Tell them niggas we moving, tell them niggas to do it
I swear we going ham, throw some, my niggas sew me
They burn on every block,
Snitches ain't got no heart
Shit ain't been the same since Ronald Reagan helped Plymouth rock
And we don't land on it Mr. Reagan,
But this gonna make us rich Mr. Reagan
Now As-Salamu Alaykum Wa alaikum as salaam

She near that every Friday and then go to Jumaa
Let her play with the box, she give the greatest top
She said these niggas out here prayin' she makes a lot, word
How they say that we not fly, how they say that we not working
They just need convincing like Malcom Little 'fore he converted
I'm on my deen ish allah I'ma get it right
On the Bible you Quran but you can't hidePork on the fork, widen the pot
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Real nigga, street certified, hit the streets whip cost three thirty fiveMarching for cars, they put a hole in it
Start the applause, a rebel soul lifted
Preaching for the paper paparazzi, federales severe rallies, massacre lives
Teaching to Shabazz that's Malik on behind the grass
Corruption over cash, leave them leaking in the cask'
Ain't better, you better rebel, smell cheddar and shells
Malcolm ? platinum in Africa when he sat in a cell
My religion the kitchens, papa formulas
Benjamins to make sure my pockets abnormal
My philosophy is rocks and weed, a partna lean, the glock will squeeze
Niggas clocking dollars don't know how to read with mouths to feed
It's hard when starving Marcus Garvey messed with Malcolm Little
Knowledge Was obtained, fuck your chains and your master nigga
We in the field building muscle while you watch the house
And dusting off the porcelain and open when their cock is outPork on the fork, widen the pot
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