

# By Any Means

## Wale, Meek Mill, Pill & Rick Ross

[Rick Ross - Chorus]Pork on the fork, widen the pot  
By any means if you like it or not  
Malcom X, by any means  
Many 14 stuffed in my denim jeans  
As-Salamu Alaykum Wa alaikum as salaam  
Whatever your religion, kiss the ring on the Don  
Real n-gga, street certified, hit the streets whip cost 335  
[Meek Mill]No pork on the fork, but it's white in the pot  
We chargin' you niggas up you like it or not  
Drop the work off the scale, throw some ice in the pot  
Then let that Arm & 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 b-tch, my whole team poppin'  
My hundred dough, I'm wherever that money go  
Glock 9 in my underclothes, you cop two of them, we frontin' 4  
F-ck n-ggas we dont f-ck with dough  
Bad b-tches never lets them know  
Keep them round but never trust them, no  
This 62 so comfortable  
I'm a field n-gga, you a house n-gga  
I'm a real n-gga and you's a mouse n-gga  
Code rat, which means you go red  
But I don't knock you I just blame it on your head  
[Rick Ross - Chorus]Pork on the fork, widen the pot  
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[Wale]Malcom X get your hand out my pocket  
Some n-ggas walking with death guess they ran out of options  
Tell them n-ggas we moving, tell them n-ggas to do it  
I swear we going ham, throw some, my n-ggas sunni  
They burn on every block,  
Snitches aint 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 Jummah

Let her play with the box, she give the greatest top

She said these n-ggas 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 dean and inshallah I'ma get her right,

On the Bible you Quran (can run) but you can't hide

[Rick Ross - Chorus][Pill]Marching 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'

Aint 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

N-ggas clocking dollars don't know how to read with mouths to feed

It's hard when starving Marcus Garvey messed with Malcom Little

Knowledge Was obtained, F-ck your chains and your master n-gga

We in the field building muscle while you watch the house

And dusting off the porcelain and open when their cock is out

[Rick Ross - Chorus]

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