

By Any Means

Wale, Meek Mill, Pill & Rick Ross

Pork on the fork, widen the pot
By any means if you like it or not
Malcolm X, by any means
Many 14's stuffed in my denim jeans Al salaam alaykum, wa alaykum al salaam
Whatever your religion kiss the ring on the Don
Real nigga, street certified
Hit the streets, whip cost 335 No pork on the fork but it's white in the pot
We charging 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 & Hammer, hammer it right to a lot Trying to whip a Rollie or a 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 popping
My honey don't
I'm wherever that money go
Glock 9 in my underclothes
You cop two of them we fronting for Fuck niggas, we don't fuck with dough
Bad bitches never lets them know
Keep them 'round but never trust them, no
This '62 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 head Pork 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 335 Malcolm 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, though some my niggas sue 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 didn't land on it, Mr. Reagan
But this gonna make us rich, Mr. Reagan Al salaam alaykum, wa alaykum al salaam
She near that every Friday and then go to Jamal
Let her play with her box, she give the greatest of top
She said these niggas is her bread, she makes a lot, word How they say that we not fly, how they
say that we not working
They just need convincing like Malcolm Little 'fore he converted

I'm on my dean, Insha Allah, I'ma get her right
On the Bible you Koran but you can't hide
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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 teaches through Shabazz
That's Malik, I'm behind the
brass
Corruption overcasts, leave 'em leakin' in the cask
Hear the bell and you better rebel, smell all that cheddar and shells
Malcolm invades platinum and Africa went setting assail
My religion the kitchen, pop a
formalist
Bet you made sure my pockets have an abnormal bulge
My philosophy is rocks and weed, a pot to lean, a glock to squeeze
Niggas clocking dollars, don't know how to read with mouths to feed
It's hard starvin' walking
scarvy, mess 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 they cock is out
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