

# 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 hidePork 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 335Marching 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 ShabazzThat'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 assailMy 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 feedIt'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 outPork on the fork, widen the pot  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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