

Chris Ward f/ Lil' Pop, Todd, M.O.E.**"By Any Means"**

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[Lil' Pop]

Copped the six, took it straight to Ike
Next week I'm wet blue, sipping drank on ice
Keep a device for them cats, who get too hype
And some flight for my bitch, so she can get two nights
Turning men to mice, folding twenties like dice
The mail hide in flights, took the girls out of spice
Entice by the night, 'fore I fall off pull a heist
Give me candle a microwave, I'll fry a brick with no
lights
I might just land a chopper, in your yard perfect guard
Hop out Fendi'd down, with a few Hollywood stars
Fuck the law tucked in her bra, a half a cake
Down the Interstate, sipping a skee taste
We chase with grace, in this million dollar race
So when Duke and Mack touch ground, they ain't gotta
push weight
I look great off in my Gucci robe by my dot
Me spot bigger bricks, with a fifty foot yacht
Rocks that blind sights, enough carats for ten rabbits
Jag on stealth side, on 20's with Clarion's glaring
Stay wearing, 'fits to make a bitch sick
Triple beams and schemes, and screens playing flicks
Beach home and cream, we living our dream
Mashing with triple beam, my million dollar team
Overloading the scene, flicks on car screens
Get money my niggaz, by any means
Money my niggaz, by any means
Beach homes and cream, we living our dream
Mashing with triple beam, my million dollar team

[Todd]

My daddy always told me, son mash for your cream
Keep a loaded strap, and some killers on your team
Bidness first, and keep the 4-5 low
And never let a bitch know, where you stash your do'
Cause the game is shady, and the streets are watching
You see a nigga on a mission, and it ain't no stopping
I'm steady copping stacking my paper, by all means
Pulling up on the scene, brand new 19's
I know you fiend, niggaz get hit with the beams

Six lit up screens, living my dream
Plots and schemes, got me living my dream
Pulled out 2000 Jag, blue on cream
Wrecked the scene, on pro 19's
Down in H-Town, we take slab to extreme
Iced out bezeltyne, with the Rolex that bling
Get your money my nigga, by all means
Never bullshit and keep on, hustling
Until you find someone, to put your trust in

[M.O.E.]

Since my early teens, from horrified nightmares
To having screens, to on team getting supreme
Off of triple beams by any means, overload the scene
Blowing on green, while sipping Hennessey steady
po'ing on lean
Know what I mean, or should I give you an example
Louisiana born hustler, with Texas game that's hard to
handle
Amplify my paper, keep my head on straight
Ballistic again, out Texas with these placks on every
song that I make
Wreck see is real, with lyrics and skills

[M.O.E.]

Planned to make a mill ticket, we gon get it
Top figga nigga, with cash money non digits
Bigger to get the load, I had to be unfold
Sickness when I flow, with rings around the globe
Want mine in all faces, get mine in all places
Make sure to live my dreams, best believe in all cases
No sheem stay crispy clean, a triple beam
Keep your green, when niggaz hit your spot be on your
team

[Chris Ward]

Through thick and thin, I'm down with the Southside
Pentagon
Where we pack plenty guns, and stack plenty funds
And we attack anyone, who fuck with our cream
Chris Ward and M.O.E., we a million dollar team
We ride for Houston, like Francis and Hakeem
So shit I guess you can say, we living a dream
I'm still a hustler, to the supreme extreme
Cause every verse that I spit, weighs up on a triple
beam
I got a scheme, and it's hotter than steam
Whatever you do for cheddar, take it mainstream
Keep your mind on your green, and remember the
theme
By any means, as Money Over Everything nigga

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