

Rick Ross

"By Any Means"

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[Rick Ross - Chorus]

Pork on the fork, white in 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]

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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
Malcolm 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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