

# Many Men

50 Cent

Man we gotta go get something to eat man  
I'm hungry as a motherfucker

Ay yo man, damn what's taking homie so long son?

50, calm down, here he come

Ahh, ohh, what the fuck!?

Ahh! son, pull up! pull up!

Many men, wish death upon me  
Blood in my eye dawg and I can't see  
I'm trying to be what I'm destined to be  
And niggas trying to take my life away  
I put a hole in a nigga for fucking with me  
My back on the wall, now you gon' see  
Better watch how you talk, when you talk about me  
'Cause I'll come and take your life away

Many men, many, many, many, many men  
Wish death upon me  
Lord I don't cry no more  
Don't look to the sky no more  
Have mercy on me

Now these pussy niggas putting money on my head  
Go on and get your refund motherfucker, I ain't dead  
I'm the diamond in the dirt, that ain't been found  
I'm the underground king and I ain't been crowned  
When I rhyme, something special happen every time  
I'm the greatest, something like Ali in his prime  
I walk the block with the bundles  
I've been knocked on the humble  
Swing the ox when I rumble  
Show your ass what my gun do  
Got a temper nigga, go'head, lose your head  
Turn your back on me, get clapped and lose your legs  
I walk around gun on my waist, chip on my shoulder  
Till I bust a clip in your face, pussy, this beef ain't over

Many men, many, many, many, many men  
Wish death upon me  
Lord I don't cry no more  
Don't look to the sky no more  
Have mercy on me  
Have mercy on my soul  
Somewhere my heart turned cold  
Have mercy on many men  
Many, many, many, many men  
Wish death upon me

Some days wouldn't be special, if it wasn't for rain  
Joy wouldn't feel so good, if it wasn't for pain  
Death gotta be easy, 'cause life is hard  
It'll leave you physically, mentally, and emotionally scarred  
This if for my niggas on the block, twisting trees and cigars

For the niggas on lock, doing life behind bars  
I don't see only god can judge me, 'cause I see things clear  
Quick these crackers will give my black ass a hundred years  
I'm like Paulie in Goodfellas, you can call me the Don  
Like Malcolm by any means, with my gun in my palm  
Slim switched sides on me, let niggas ride on me  
I thought we was cool, why you want me to die homie?

Many men, many, many, many, many men  
Wish death upon me  
Lord I don't cry no more  
Don't look to the sky no more  
Have mercy on me  
Have mercy on my soul  
Somewhere my heart turned cold  
Have mercy on many men  
Many, many, many, many men  
Wish death upon me

Every night I talk to god, but he don't say nothing back  
I know he protecting me, but I still stay with my gat  
In my nightmares, niggas keep pulling techs on me  
Psych says some bitch dumb, put a hex on me  
The feds didn't know much, when Pac got shot  
I got a kite from the pens that told me, Tuck got knocked  
I ain't gonna spell it out for you motherfuckers all the time  
Are you illiterate nigga? You can't read between the lines  
In the bible it says, what goes around, comes around  
Almost shot me, three weeks later he got shot down  
Now it's clear that I'm here, for a real reason  
'Cause he got hit like I got hit, but he ain't fukcing breathing

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