

50 Cent, Many Men (Unedited)

"50 Cent feat. Lloyd Banks

Many Men (Wish Death)

[Lloyd Banks]

Man we gotta go get something to eat man

I'm hungry as a motherfucker!

[50 Cent]

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

[Lloyd Banks]

50, calm down, here he come...

[9 Shots]

[Banks and 50]

Ahh, ohh, what the fuck?!

[50 Cent]

Ahh! son, pull up! pull up!

[50 Cent]

Many men, wish death upon me

Blood in my eye dog and I can't see

I'm try'n to be what I'm destined to be

And niggas try'n to take my life away

I put a hole in a nigga for fuckin' wit' 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 'pon 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, somethin' special happen every time

I'm the greatest, somethin' 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, plus, hey, this beef ain't over

Many men, many, many, many, many men

Wish death 'pon 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 'pon me

Sunny 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?(homie echoes once)

Many men, many, many, many, many men
Wish death 'pon 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 u'on 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 fuckin' breathing
Many men, many, many, many, many men
Wish death 'pon 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 'pon me
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