Many Men (Wish Death)

50 Cent

Man we gotta go get something to eat man
I'm hungry as a motherfuckerHey yo man, damn what's taking homie so long son?50, calm down, here he comeWhat the fuck!?Son, pull up! pull up!Many men, wish death upon me
Blood in my eye dog 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 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 awayMany 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 meNow 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 waist, chip on my shoulder
Till I bust a clip in your face, pussy, this beef ain't over[Chorus]
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 upon meSunny 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?[Chorus]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 fucking breathing[Chorus]

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