

# Many Men (Wish Death)

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 niggaz 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 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 niggaz 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 ahead, 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 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 is for my niggaz on the block, twisting trees and cigars  
For the niggaz 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 good fellas, you can call me the Don  
Like Malcolm by any means, with my gun in my palm

Slim switched sides on me, let niggaz 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, niggaz keep pulling techs on me  
Psych says some bitch done 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"  
Hommo 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 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

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