

50 Cent, Many Men (Clean)

(Lloyd Banks)

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

[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 in the world?!?!?!?

[50 Cent]

Ahh! son, pull up! pull up!

[50 Cent]

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 guys trying to take my life away

I put a hole in friend of mine for messing around 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 wussy guys putting money on my head

Go on and get your refund mother, 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 butt what my gun do

Got a temper dude, go'head, lose your head

Turn your back on me, get caught and lose your legs

I walk around belt on my waist, chip on my shoulder

Till I do another song in your face, dude, 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

Sunnny 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 dudes on the block, twisting trees in cigars

For the n dudes 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 butt 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 my friends and guys ride on me

I thought we was cool, why you want me to die homie?

(Allen Iverson aka Jewelz)

Look, Aaron Mckie's gay

He just won't get out my way
Al's the best player in the NBA
and Mckie plays like a faggot every day
Aiyyo, Eric Snow can't score
He piles up enough bricks to build me a store
In west philadelphia where I was born and raised
On the playground is where I made fun of most of the gays
So whose whiter, Todd Macculloch or Keith Van Horn
They both been hicks since the day they was born
They're both white so it makes a great debate
and keith van horn definatley ain't straight
So if he's not straight, what does that make
It makes him gay
and There best not be any gays on team usa
Or I'll pull out my nine and shoot all day
and I dont' mean shoot the rock
I'm talking about shooting my glock
This ain't no joke, I ain't Chris Rock
Don't make fun of my armband cuz it looks like a sock
(50: Yeah, shady aftermath)
Nicknames are plenty, jewels the answer and bubba chuck
my styles trendy, it rules but the rest of philly sucks
I hate playin with derrick coleman
Stop shooting jumpers and take it to the hole man
Even John salmons is better than greg buckner
One more thing, I hate rucker
I hate my coach too motherfudger
Ain't nobody whiter than Larry Brown
Grew up in this gay hick lil town
Yeah, I threw my wife out the house naked
and pulled a knife on some gay kid
The police are chasin me
The FBI is tracin me
They'll never get the answer
It's like finding a cure to cancer
I got quick feet like a ballet dancer
Always park vallet, gangsta
So if there's a point to my rhymes
it ain't agaisnt the law to commit crimes
It's the only way to escape these tough times
Life on the street ain't over even though I'm a star
Just yesterday I had to steal Baron Davis' car
Had no way to get home
So I had to rob Jerry Sloan
You think I feel bad for stock and malone?
Everybody says they're importance to the game was so vital
But maybe if they weren't so white they would have won a title
(50: Tell 'em Al)
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 friend
In my nightmares, friends keep pulling techs on me
Psyc says some dumb girl, 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 man? 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's having trouble breathing
(Iverson: Pac's alive, he's keith van horn!)
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