

# 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

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 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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