

Royce Da 59, Many Men (Remix)

(Background starts)Hey, yo, Im the king of this muthaf**ka, I'm the king of Detroit You do what I say
F**k that you shoot that nigga, right there, get that nigga!
King Of Detroit, what up now fool, what up now nigga! (Background ends)

Many men, wish death upon P,
Its hard to survive in the 313.
I'm trying to be what Im destined to be,
and niggas tryin to take my life away.
I put a hole in a nigga for f**kin wit me,
He aint come dollo face in 1E.
Watch what you say when you talk about me,
'cause I come and take your life away.
Many men, many many many many men,
Wish death upon me.
Dog I don't cry no more,
Don't look to the sky no more.
Have mercy on me.

Man these pussy niggas put money on head,
gonna get your refund, 'cause motha f**ka I aint dead.
I'm the dozen in the dirt, that aint been found.
The real king of the 'D' (shit) that ain't been crowned.
When Im on, something special happens every time.
Im the dopest, something like Roy Jones in his prime.
I walk the planks of the jungle, got a problem then f**k you.
Show you what my gun do, if u whack and unhumble.
Be for real, punk niggas, your new to the beat.
Ask any playa in the 'D', your new to the streets.
Ya'll aint from 7 mile, and y'all aint wound.
F**k a bone, when you hear that *click* its a gun!

(chorus)
Many men, many many many many men wish death upon me.
Dog I don't cry no more,
Don't look to the sky no more.
Have mercy on me.
Have mercy on my soal.
Somewhere my heart turned cold.
Have mercy on many men, many many many many men,
wish death upon me.

Now there wouldnt be real, if it wasnt for no heart.
If there wasnt 8 mile, there wouldnt be O Port.
Death gotta be easy, 'cause life is hard.
Murk you in afterlife, and see twice the god.
This is for my niggas on the yo, doin there time.
The real murkers in Detroit, that shine on the ground.
I heard about that little hit, that u put in the hood.
But your shootifyougetshot aint gonna do no good.
Im like MG for shady, you can call me 'the Don'.
If you Micheal mothaf**ka, you gonna die in the storm.
Can't switch sides hommie, let cash ride hommie.
Thought we was cool, why you want me to die hommie?

(Chorus)

You know how many mothaf**kas wanna hear your bone break?
PA 7 Mile, FA's on May.
School craft LA mack and Bwick(note: I am sure this is not what he said!)
CCs Runyan AV. That's who 'P' wit.
The cops don't know much, where I tuck my glock.
I got the word from E-dog when Stuck got locked.
Aint gunna spell it out for you muthaf**kas on the grind.
Are you blind nigga, can't read between the lines.

From Cameon, Rico Shocka and G-low(note:once again I am sure its wrong)
Rock man, First born, boxy and Dlow.
Now lets clear, Im here for a real reason.
He do a a hit, I do a hit, lets see whos still breathin.
gasp

(Chorus Changes)

Many Friends,
I lost to this game, and this cocksucka come namin names.
So many hommies that passed away.
Run up on him, point-blank and blast away.
Many friends, many many many many friends,
That died on me.
I should have preserved my dog, poured out on the curb for ya'll.
Your R.I.P.

Many friends,
I lost to this game, and this cocksucka coome namin names.
So many hommies that passed away.
Run up on him point-blank and blast away.
For Lewon, Click-click, Bugs and Snook, Don't care bout all them drugs he took.
Watch what you say when you talk about me, 'cause Im always gonna walk the 'D'
Many friends,
That died on me.
I should have preserved my dogs, poured out on the curb for y'all
Your R.I.P.