

50 Cent "Many Men Feat. Berma"

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[50 Cent & Berma]

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 niggas trying to take my life away
I put a hole in a 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 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 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

[Berma]

So many bitches don't like me cuz I don't
Gotta get on my knees to make a couple more G's
I left the hood so when you talk about me but

I ain't too far, to come back and lay your ass on the streets

See, I don't think they understand you can't interrupt god's plans

So stop fucking wit me cuz Im not that type of bitch.

So I'll fill your brain with every in this clip so stop fucking with me.

(Rap)

You betta watch what you say when you talk about me

I ain't fox, not kim, not eve. I'm fully capable of burn all three

I'm a threat to this game, like a deadly disease

I'm the reason why these broads is about to go bankrupt

They coppin minx and jewels I was stacking the cake up

I'm 19 now and I'm goin on 20 and I'll be damned if

Berma walks around wit her pockets empty

I from the dark part of the ghetto

I been through hunger Let's pretend

I'm death comin and I got your number.

I put you in your grave where the good ones slumber

Everybody in the hood knows I'm the new

World wonder I'm a young chic doing it,

Shittin on haft these hoes.

Everything I spit sounds so supernatural

And broads wanna hate and I laugh at those

Cuz Berma flip the script and turn

Around and clap a hoe

[50 cent & Bermam]

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Wish death upon me

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Have mercy on many men

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