

## 50 Cent

# "Many Men \*remix\* Feat. Brooklyn & Berma"

Visit "[Many Men \\*remix\\* Feat. Brooklyn & Berma](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Many Men (Remix) feat. Brooklyn & Berma Lyrics  
Artist(Band):50 Cent

50 Cent / chorus]

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  
(50 cent)  
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  
[50 cent / chorus]

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)

See many bitches don't like me cause  
I don't gotta get on my knees to make a couple more  
G's  
I left the hood so they talk about me  
But I aint too far I'll come back n lay yo ass on dees  
streets  
See I don't think they understand  
You can't interrupt God's plan  
So stop fuckin wit me  
Cuz im not that type of bitch  
Ill fill ya ring wit every bullet in this clip so stop fuckin  
wit me

(Brooklyn)

You betta watch what you say when you talk about me  
I ain't fox, not kim, not eve. I'm fully capable of burning  
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 & Berma]

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

{Fades out}

Visit [50 Cent](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.