

## **Get Rich Or Die Tryin' "Many Men"**

Visit "[Many Men](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

We gotta go get something to eat man  
I'm hungry as a motherfucker  
Ay yo man, damn what's taking homie so long, son?  
50, calm down, here he come  
Ah, oh, what the fuck? Ah, son, pull up, pull up

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 niggaz trying to take my life away

I put a hole in 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 'pon me  
Lord, I don't cry no more  
Don't look to the sky no more  
Have mercy on me

Now these pussy niggaz 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, somethin' 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 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 'pon 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

Some days wouldn't be special, if it wouldn't for rain  
Jo wouldn't feel so good, if it wouldn't for pain  
Death gotta be easy, 'cause life is hard  
It'll leave you physically, mentally, and emotionally  
scarred

This if for my niggaz on the block, twisting trees, cigars  
For the niggaz 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 ass 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 niggaz ride on me  
I thought we was cool, why you want me to die, homie?

Many men, many, many, many, many men  
Wish death 'pon 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 gat  
In my nightmares, niggaz keep pulling techs on me  
Psych says some bitch dumb, 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 nigga? You can't read between the  
lines

In the Bible it says, what goes around, comes around  
Homo, 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 ain't fucking  
breathing

Many men, many, many, many, many men  
Wish death 'pon 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

Visit [Get Rich Or Die Tryin'](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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