

The Way Of The Fist

Five Finger Death Punch

Break that shit down
Zoltan, open the sky
You want it, you got it
Everything you needed and more
You said it, I heard it
Careful what you wish for
Deleted, defeated
Everything you've ever been
No mercy
It's the way of the fist
Strapped with rage
Got no patience for victims
Sick and tired
Of the whole fuckin' world
I don't remember asking you
About your imperfections
You might win one battle
But know this, I'll win the fuckin' war
End of the goddamn road, right
Step to me, step to me, motherfucker
Zip your lip, you've run out of time
Step to me, step to me, motherfucker
Talk the talk now, walk the damn line
Deserve it, you earned it
Got yourself a fuckin' war
Believe it, you need it
Face down on the fuckin' floor
I hate it, can't take it
Wanna break your fuckin' bones
No mercy, you faggot
Should have left it all alone
Strapped with rage
Got no patience for victims
Sick and tired
Of the whole fuckin' world
I don't remember asking you
About your imperfections
You might win one battle
But know this, I'll win the fuckin' war

As you crash and burn
One, two, fuck you, right
Step to me, step to me, motherfucker
Zip your lip, you've run out of time
Step to me, step to me, motherfucker
Talked the talk now, walk the damn line
Step to me, step to me, motherfucker
Shut your face, it's your turn to die
Step to me, step to me, anybody
Talk the shit, your ass is mine
I don't remember asking you
About your imperfections
You might win one battle
But know this, I'll win the fucking war

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