

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 youve ever been
No mercy
Its the way of the fist Strapped with rage
Got no patience for victims
Sick and tired
Of the whole fuckin world I dont remember asking you
About your imperfections
You might win one battle
But know this, Ill 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, cant 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 dont remember asking you
About your imperfections
You might win one battle
But know this, Ill win the fuckin war As you crash and burn
One, two, fuck you, right Step to me, step to me, motherfucker
Zip your lip, youve 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, its your turn to die
Step to me, step to me, anybody
Talk the shit, your ass is mine I dont remember asking you
About your imperfections
You might win one battle
But know this, Ill win the fucking war

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