

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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>