

Gut-Shot

"Fedor"

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Riding in
On the back of a cold wind
Brace yourself
He's gonna punch your face in
Can't survive
Walk away with your life
Fedor
Emelianenko
A swift death
Or you can take it slow
From Mother Russia
He takes his name
Gonna turn you into
A Siberian blood stain
High in the mountains
Where there's no atmosphere
He screams to the world
The message is clear
Fedor
Emelianenko
A swift death
Or you can take it slow
Make him choke on his own blood
Take a pound of his flesh
You'll still end up the same
Face down and lifeless

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