

Chopping lines in international sand  
Feeding blood junkie habits of the elephant man  
Quench his thirst with Black Water rising  
Executive outcomes on a burning horizon

Yeah motherfucker, let's take a ride  
We're rolling route Irish, someone has got to die  
Trick or treat, it's IEDs  
So roll the dice as we leave  
cause it's near 8 miles of pure luck  
with more bang for Sam's buck  
Guaran-fucking-teed, someone will bleed

Privatize to conceal all the lies  
big business is booming like its the 4th of July  
No need for all the formalities  
Jump the kangaroo courts  
and plant the lynching trees

Yeah motherfucker, let's take a ride  
Running red lights in a green zone,  
someone has got to die  
Hidden Aegis, nothing here to see  
So load the dice for me please  
and Let's snort the bottom line  
Crude cashed into refined  
Guaran-fucking-teed, Just sign the deed  
Someone will bleed

Someone has got to die

Ours is not to reason why  
Ours is but to do if the pay rate's right  
Black liquid assets fuck the mujaheddin  
Paint their picket fences red with the American dream  
Lay the hammer hammer down, get the job done right  
Jacked up and clocked in into a fire fight  
Covert reactions and you never saw me  
A glass parking lot in the American dream  
they all die