

# War Pimp Renaissance

Lard

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Yippee Tai-Yai-Yai Yo  
Evil Commie empire's gone  
Yippee Tai-Yai-Yai Yay  
Now we're the only one

Let there be peace on earth  
What ever gave you that idea  
Economy depends on guns  
We'll have an arms race with ourselves

March, March  
Forward to the caves

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General who's never been to war  
Is like a rapist who's never been laid  
Like shootin' fish in a barrel  
Inner child must be fed

Deep fry a quarter million ragheads  
Into crispy eagle snacks  
Pure chewing satisfaction  
Pure chewing satisfaction

March, March  
Ah Ha Ha Ha

Question ain't, who killed JFK  
But, where are they now

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Who's a-gonna buy our missiles  
Who's a-gonna buy our guns  
Everyone on the whole damned planet  
We'll throw in free land mines

Starve the Russians 'til a nut takes over  
Put the Arms Race back on boil  
As the world's population's exploding  
Wars for water, not oil

Too damn many people already  
Clutter land we could use for golf  
Egg 'em on to bloodbaths like Rwanda

Help 'em eat each other alive

Praise God

We broputht the rapture on

Hey, wait for me