

Contractor

Lamb Of God

Chopping lines in international sand
Feeding blood junky habits of the elephant man
Quenching 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's got to die
Trick or treat, it's IED's so roll the dice for me, please
'Cause it's near 8 miles of pure luck with more bang for Sam's buck Guaran-fucking-teed, someone will bleed
Guaran-fucking-teed, someone will bleed Privatize to conceal all the lies
Big business is boomin' like it's 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 into a green zone, someone's 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
Guaran-fucking-teed, 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, yeah They all die
Oh, fucking murder Guaran-fucking-teed, someone will bleed
Guaran-fucking-teed Oh, 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

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