

Contractor

Lamb of God

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
They all die
Fucking murder Guaran-fucking-teed
Someone will bleed
Guaran-fucking-teed Lay the hammer hammer down, get the job done right
Jacked up and clocked in into a fire fight
Covert reactions and ya never saw me
A glass parking lot in the American dream

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