

Lard, War Pimp Renaissance

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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