

Ghosts
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We are Passengers
We are Drivers
We are Travelers
We are Survivors
We are Hunters
We are Judges
Administer Justice Swift
Without grudges

Don't you know you've seen a ghost
Cause were supposed to be nobody
No relief
Under cover canopies we go beneath
Okeley dokeley
Shipping coca leaf overseas
Isn't supposed to be so easy
So were blowing the boat into pieces
Jesus
A landslides just enough pebbles
To ruffle feathers
I stand by as the dust settles
A gunmetal nettle in a meadow full of buttercups
A shark fin cutting through a slew of rubber ducks
Pull up in a grubby truck
Covered in mud and muck
The stuff is shut up in a wooden hut
Motherfuck it up
A sudden rush of blood
A warm buzz, a blush
Rubbing a sore bloody raw with a scrubbing brush
Hush
Even if we must stand here for hours
A rush and a push
And the land that we stand on is ours
The Santa Blanca gangs a contraband extravaganza
We deliver packets to the planet like a phantom Santa
Stuffing our pockets with narcotics
You can't stop it
Far from it
The harder you try, the larger is our profit
Our wallets are swollen up from the hard product
Bars solid
This is real crack music
Harmonic

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Freezing or blazing all seems to be the same up in here
Were all-terrain warriors razing reigns in Bolivia
Heartfelt alarm bells ring heavier than bar bells
Money m-m-multiplying like a fertilized cell
Cartel giving a hard sell to clientele
No "voulez-vous de la cocaine
S'il vous plait, mademoiselle?"
This is life or death, we do not require a locked cell
No one else is qualified, we're dealing with it ourselves
Dark realms, doubts
You can't help the cards dealt
But if you've a large mouth
You're in the dog house
I've witnessed horrors upon the likes of which I shan't dwell
But hang around and you might well find out
The Wildlands is no climate for a mild man
But my old man said I should climb up as high as I can
You better be nice
Every time
When we're behind
Enemy lines
'Cause otherwise
It'll be like
The time when Kennedy died
Sniping time
Deadly as cyanide
Your head in the firing line
Violent, dynamite your mind
You're dead as a trilobite
And by the by
I'm flying by to foil your vile plans
So try your hand, I am the trial of the Wildlands

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