

Lookin' down the barrel of a muthafuckin' gun  
Better get his money or your little band is done  
Law suits, label rape are steppin' on my lungs  
Pray this album has a hit but know we ain't got one

Can't you see I'm on the other side  
If I could change one thing  
It wouldn't be your mind

Sell out, here's my big hit, hope you like it, you're all blind  
Sell out, it's the same shit, it's the same shit every time  
I hope you love me, love me when this single spins  
I know we don't fit in 'cause I'm not one for trends

Clingin' to a cliff by the tips of my fingernails  
You'll be livin' in a van if your new album fails  
Hey, Mr. Nickelback, can you write a smash for me  
He said, son you must learn to sing 'cause all you do is scream

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There ain't no money but there's girls and it rocks  
Hey you, oh, say you, oh  
Hey you, oh, say you, oh  
Hey you, say you, oh  
Now, you're fucked

Starin' down the barrel of my muthafuckin' gun  
You better get my money or your little ass is done  
No such thing as royalties so pay me in your blood  
I pull the trigger, burn in hell you motherfucker

Can't you see I'm on the other side  
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