

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

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