

This form of jealousy is growing childish.  
It's annoying and I'm getting tired of it.  
You forgot the way to be yourself  
and now your telling me I'm trying to be someone else.

So what if we lost our style.  
We're trying to make it worth our while.  
We're not doing this to prove anything  
but the ice on my neck is bling.

We're in it for the money, all the groupie honeys.  
We want your life so we sold out.  
We wanted to be famous with what god gave us.  
We sold our souls to the devil last night  
and wrote this song (wrote this song).  
We sold out (we sold out).

You know we wont make it anyway.  
She said, 'Your better were sorry.'  
So what? You say what you wanna say.  
(?Hey you guys suck' 'sell outs')

So what if we lost our style.  
We're trying to make it worth our while.  
We're not doing this to prove anything.  
All alone on the bus we sing.

We're in it for the money, all the groupie honeys.  
We want your life so we sold out.  
We wanted to be famous with what god gave us.  
We sold our souls to the devil last night  
and wrote this song (wrote this song).  
We sold out (we sold out).

We wont be around too long. We're just a fad.  
We don't care attentions what we never had.  
I sit here and watch the bills come rollin in.  
One more time for all the kids

We're in it for the money, all the groupie honeys.  
We want your life so we sold out.  
We wanted to be famous with what god gave us,  
but we sold our souls to the devil last night.

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