

# Four Year Strong, Bada Bing! Wit' A Pipe!

Roll with the punches  
Because you know that it's inevitable  
Soon to be unforgettable, yet, totally unpredictable  
I'm either calling it quits or you're calling me out  
Its not who or what you know because you're better with nothing at all.

Sing it back to me; this is your life story  
You didn't even know it you're trying not to blow it  
Because you're kicking back a death wish and here I am just riding out the storm  
Believe me when I say that I want to give up  
I want to give up but its bad enough to keep me hooked  
just to watch you curse my name and toss and turn

Turn around and cross the line you so casually walk between function and fashion  
Are you dressed to kill or dressed to impress?  
Don't act like you can do better than this.

Let me see you put your hands upon the stereo  
Its spitting out a ridiculous frequency  
But turn it up turn it up  
Break a sweat  
Cause were just burning up and hitting up the scene that was ours to hit up  
Take take me out because I'm ready for your best shot  
Make make me out to be a bullet from the pulpit  
Or anything that would make you believe

All that we've seen would be just another scene  
That was our to hit up

Play it back for me, if you feel you've got to  
Do you want to call it intuition  
Cause after intermission we'll be flashing the house lights  
To let you know that we're back in action  
Simply for your satisfaction

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Roll with the punches  
Because you know that it's inevitable  
Soon to be unforgettable, we're either calling it quits or you're calling me out  
Its not who or what you know because you're better with nothing at all.

Roll with the punches  
(you're better with nothing at all.)  
Roll with the punches

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