Roll With The Punches

Carry On

They say that people are livin' in the street
No food in their belly, no shoes on their feet
Six black children livin' in a burned-up room
One bare light bulb swinging
Little black kid come home from school
Put his key in the door
Mr. Rat's on the stairway,
Mr. Junkie's lyin' in his own vomit on the floor
You gotta roll with the punches, little black boy
That's what you got to do
You got to roll with the punches
Tap it babyThere's all these boring people, you see 'em on the TV
And they're making up all these boring stories
About how bad things have come to be
They say "You got to, got to, got to feed the hungry"
"You got to, got to, got to heal the sick"
I say we ain't gotta do nothin' for nobody
'Cause they won't work a lick, you know
They just gonna have to roll with the punches, yes they will
Gonna have to roll with them
They gonna have to roll with the punches, yes they will
It don't matter whether you're white, black or brown
You won't get nowhere putting down
The old Red, White and Blue
Tap it baby. Alright. All right!
Look at those little shorts he's got on, ladies and gentlemen
You can see all the way to Argentina
Get it
So prettyLet 'em go to Belgium, let 'em go to France
Let 'em go to Russia
Well at least they ought to have the chance to go there
We have talked about the red, we have talked about the blue
Now we gonna talk about the white
That's what we're gonna do
Now we had to roll with the punches, yes we did
We had to roll with 'em
We had to roll with the punches
Yes we did
We had to roll with 'em

I don't care what you say
You're livin' in the greatest country in the world
When you're livin' in the USA
Tap it baby, alright
All right

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/