

Four Year Strong "Bada Bing! Wit' A Pipe!"

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Roll with the punches 'cause you know that it's
inevitable
Soon to be unforgettable, totally unpredictable
I'm either calling it quits or you're calling me out
It's 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
'Cause you're kicking back a death wish
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 it's bad enough to keep me hooked
Just to watch you curse my name and toss and

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
It's spitting out a ridiculous frequency
But turn it up, turn it up, break a sweat
'Cause we're 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 ours 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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