They say that people are livin' in the street.

2. See additional lyric

No food in their belly, no shoes on their feet.

Six black children livin' in a burned-up room.

One bare light bulb swingin'.
Little black kid come home from school, put his key in the door.

Rat's on the stair-way, Mister Junkie's ly-in in his own vom-it on the floor. Ya got-ta

roll with the pun-ches, lit-tle black boy. That's what ya got to do... You got to roll with the

pun-ches. Tap it, ba-by.
There's all these boring people, you see 'em on T.V.,

making up all these boring stories 'bout 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 got to do nothin' for nobody 'cause, you know, they won't work a lick. 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.

Don't matter whether you're white, black or brown - you won't get nowhere puttin' down the Red, White and

Blue.

Tap it, baby. Alright.
Look at those little shorts he's got on, ladies and gentlemen. You can see all the way to Argentina.

Get it. So pretty.

I don't care what you say,

You're livin' in the greatest country in the world, when you live in the U.S.A.
Let '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

Additional Lyric:
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