Drag Them to the Deep

[Intro]

You want grit?

You want pain?

We don’t blink.

We bite.

We drag them to the deep...

[Verse 1]

From the Motor City jungle, where the cold don’t sleep

We don’t rebuild—we reload and we drag ‘em to the deep

Bite kneecaps, stand up, and smile through the hits

With blood on our lips, and fire in our grit

See that light at the end? That’s not hope—it’s war

We’re outside your door, blue flame in the core

Ain’t no secret where we at—you don’t need to look

We’re the wolves with the playbook, the pages we shook

From 0 to sixty like a Ford off the line

Every snap is a battle, every yard we define

With the soul of Barry, and grit like steel

This team don’t dance—we fight to feel

[Hook – Chanted, aggressive & hyped]

Drag ‘em to the deep! Let the lions feast!

We don’t back down—we rise and breach!

Claws in the dirt, yeah we earned these scars

We ain’t the hunted—we the ones who start wars!

[Verse 2]

This ain't Disney, it's Detroit—steel hearts and smoke

Where Motown raised kings and the underdogs spoke

We don’t dream of easy—nah, we train for pain

In the 4th quarter storm, we dance in the rain

Coach said it best—"Don’t flinch, just hit"

We built this grit in the grit, now we bleed for it

We ain't just comin’—we been on the climb

Now the hunted got teeth, and they runnin’ outta time

They said we’d fold. They laughed at the roar.

But now the jungle’s awake and we kick down the door

It’s not who’s next—it’s who’s left when we done

‘Cause in Detroit, the hunt don’t end—it just begun

[Hook – Bigger, with echo layers]

Drag ‘em to the deep! Let the lions feast!

We don’t back down—we rise and breach!

Claws in the dirt, yeah we earned these scars

We ain’t the hunted—we the ones who start wars!

[Verse 3 – Hard-hitting, relentless spirit]

Knock me down, I get up—knock me down again

I get up, wipe blood, set fire to the wind

We keep rising, fists clenched, knees scraped

Bite kneecaps if we got to—fate won’t wait

We fight on fields, on turf, on frozen cement

With one leg, one cheek, still breakin’ your tent

It ain’t pretty—it’s Detroit. This is blue-collar rage

Our playbook’s written in smoke and steel cage

This ain’t just football—it’s war, it’s belief

It’s a brotherhood oath, and we drag them to the deep

[Bridge – Spoken over rising drums, then shouted]

You don’t have to find us.

We’ll be right outside your door.

Waiting.

Ready.

To drag you...

[Hook – Final blast]

Drag ‘em to the deep! Let the lions feast!

We don’t back down—we rise and breach!

Claws in the dirt, yeah we earned these scars

We ain’t the hunted—we the ones who start wars!

[Outro – Slow, victorious chant]

This... is the Super Bowl year.

This is the rise. The roar. The reckoning.

We the ones. We the truth. We the deep.

Lions... forever eat.