

LYRICS

Intro

Hey mi amico Damiano, it's ya boy Chad

Rip your vocal cords up babyyyyy

Chorus

I'm beggin, beggin you

To join my revolution, baby

I'm beggin, beggin you

To rip your lovin voice out darlin

We've been gone a while

Since 2005

Training in a mountain bunker where we hide

Learning how to growl

Get that painful sound

Gargle razors with some gravel to chase it down

RAP

This time we gonna be back for keeps

Waking up from a Rip van winkle sleep

Now a new generation gonna think its deep

When you sound like a grandma who choked on her teeth

Hypnotizin with the sound of our throats

Got overtones like a half dead goat

Beguilin' / got ya smilin

Didn't notice this song only got four notes

HOOK AGAIN

You Banished us

With sarcastic asides

Got rid of us like those cute baby jedi

You gatekept

And you autotuned

Everyone sounded smooth Like Charlie Puth

RAP 2

Why we scowlin

Why we growlin

We want vengeance

See ya howlin

You been jokin

Disrespectin

Now we back and

Now we flexin

You think you quick with ya half ass crack
Talking smack bout Nickelback
Now we bout to roll up like Hydra
Lemme introduce ya to the new Rough Ryders

Dr. Kroeger Voiceover: *And now, the throatiest, growliest, most grotesque singers from every age, are emerging from cryo-sleep to take over the world. I, Dr. Kroeger, will lead the Gravelution! Join us or die!*

Chorus

Council of Throat Singers

Look at this photograph
Every time i do it makes me laugh (no turning back)

I feel it in my bones
Enough to make my system blow

Can you take me higher
To a place where blind men see

Your sex is on fire
Got my shakin at the knees
Can i come again, please

With the lights out, it's less dangerous
Here we are now, entertain us

And i don't want the world to see me
Cause i don't think that they'd understand