Bruce Lee vs Clint Eastwood

Epic Rap Battles of History

I've got the baddest fists of fury that the world ever saw
Defeat whole karate schools and motherfuckers with claws
How can you talk more shit, with my fist in yo jaw?
Don't need words to serve ya, imma just say waaataaaw!
Your movies, they bore us, they're slow as a tortoise
I'm the king of nunchucks, i fucked up chuck norris!
I invented jeet kune do, so taste my slipper shoe
Here's my two-finger push up, kung f-u!
You scream like a girl and got moves like jagger
But i'll rip through your ass faster than a pupu platter
You're in the gym too much ringo, perfecting kicks
You should spend more time matching your voice up to your lips
You don't belong in a fight, you belong in a sweatshopSo go ahead, make my ipod
Those little dances you do don't threaten me, bruce
Fuck you dude, i event squint better than you
I beat the good and the bad, you must be the ugly
I would mess up yo face, but your mama did it for me
Go tug your pistol for a fistful of yo million dollar babies
You were cool in the 80's, maybe, but now you're just crazy
A man who argues with people who aren't even there
Is more fit to rap against this fucking chair!
Do ya feel lucky, punk? that's what i'm askin'
You can't be too tough, you got killed by an aspirin
And your one inch punch? same size as your pecker
Leave the rappin' to me, stick to chinese checkers
I'd beat you in round two but that'd be unbelievable
No one in your family ever lives to see a sequel
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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