

Jack the Ripper vs Hannibal Lecter

Epic Rap Battles of History

Oi mate, pass the liquor, it's Jack the Ripper
I'm a human trigger warning, through the night until the morning
When the light shines upon my crimes, you find it sick, appalling
An infamous, notorious delinquent
There's little more gorier thing than living in Victorian England
This is horrorcore, beware if you're a common whore
Or at late night you may find me knocking on your door
Not keen to leave until I'm knee deep in blood and gore
Your grieving family on their knees, weeping, scrubbing floors
The police need a lead they dunno what they're looking for
My raps are like the way I eat my meat, bloody raw
Jack, you're a classic megalomaniac
You haven't mentioned me once in your entire battle rap
Pity your verse wasn't worth a trip in the jacket
Quit jacking off on the track and put the lotion in the basket
And catch what the iller serial killer can deliver
Rhymes finer than the Chianti I would pair with your liver
Cause the thought of your putrid flesh makes me want to shiver
Your British body's covered in more piss than kitty litter
You stabbed women when they wouldn't give you attention
Like a Penny Dreadful version of OJ Simpson
These days your nickname is all that's even known
And you didn't even come up with that shit on your own
I'm real! You'll find me making vacancies in brothels
While you only existed inside the pages of a novel
You were kept for ages in a hovel
Contained within a cage behind a locked door while I never got caught
So who's the superior serial killer, Dr Lecter?
I'm still wanted, you're forgotten, people these days are watching Dexter
So God protect ya from the hell I spit upon us
I'm terrorizing London, fuck the 7/7 bombers! No, no, Jack you were doing fine
Before your ham-fisted attempt at a terrorist line
How typical of Jack the Ripper to chase a headline
Pick Ray Liotta's brain and ask him how I get mine
I'm the bon vivant of violence and a licensed psychiatrist
Who dines on highest society to the sound of violins
Don't get me wrong, I'd roast both your balls on my Hibachi
But for a serial killer you're as tasteless as a bowl of Kashi
You prey on a prostitute and play with her body
I don't mind that you're naughty Jack, I hate that you're sloppy
Barney, take me back to solitary confinement
Cause this dirty little lamb has just been silenced

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>