

# 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 sweatshop  
So 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.

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