

# Miley Cyrus vs Joan of Arc

## Epic Rap Battles of History

Let me guess, you're here to hate  
Well, you can stand in the autograph line and wait  
cause I'm all twerk, I got all day  
to spit harsh words in this French maid's face  
You died a virgin girl, who you think you messin' with?  
It's Miley Cyrus, I'm the hottest thing since Britney, bitch  
I'm getting lifted on that molly, get that party turned up  
You're getting lifted on a stake, get that body burned up  
Had enough? It's my habit, when I grab the mic, I milk it  
You could say this rap is like my alter ego cause I killed it  
Lord, forgive me for the words I speak  
I know the voices of the angels tell me turn the other cheek  
But I'm about to rip Hannah Montana's tongue out through her teeth  
Je suis la fille en feu, call me Katniss Everdeen  
When it comes to bad bitches, I'm the patron saint  
But I only get down on me knees when it's time to pray  
I came to Frenchmen's aid in their time of need  
Cause I'm the maid of Orleans, You're the Mardi Gras beads, honey  
My father taught me things your daddy couldn't teach ya  
Your highest calling was a text from Wiz Khalifa  
You gotta die for something, Miley, just picture your epitaph  
"Had the world watching, chose to show them all her flat ass" Sweet burn (ooh) no pun intended  
You're a cross-dressing peasant betrayed by those you defended  
But when I come under fire I can hashtag handle it  
If God's in your corner, girl you need better management  
Do not take the Lord's name in vain, you ratchet skank,  
Your manager's riding you to the achy breaky bank  
Be thankful for your talent, don't just rub it on your crotch  
Keep your party in the USA, Vive La France!

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

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