

# Babe Ruth vs Lance Armstrong

## Epic Rap Battles of History

EPIC RAP BATTLES OF HISTORY!

BABE RUTH!  
VS  
LANCE ARMSTRONG!  
BEGIN!

[Lance Armstrong]

Before I let loose with this ruthless aggression  
I'll let you be the second fat woman hearing my confession  
I admit it, I did what I had to do to win!  
I'm an athlete, you're a specimen of sin!  
With your drinking and smoking and choking down food  
I know French dudes with better manners than you!  
So swing, batter batter, show me what a fatter rapper can do,  
I beat cancer, I can sure as hell crack you!

[Babe Ruth]

You lived strong, beat cancer, congratulations!  
Now I'll drop your ass faster than your own foundation  
Third base with an Olsen twin, that's the sin, face it!  
She's just a little girl, what'd you give her, a bracelet?  
Whole nation knows you ride too tight in the crotch!  
You're as boring as your Tour de France is to watch  
So come on, little buddy, don't look so pissed!  
With all that blood and attitude, you're like a menstrual cyclist!

[Lance Armstrong]

You set records before black men could compete, are you kidding me?  
That's like having a pasta contest without Italy!  
You're an orphan who found his way to fortune and fame  
Just think what you could've done if you would've actually trained!  
I'm the pinnacle of physical condition while you dip your stick in prostitutes and called it foul  
tippin'  
Are you trippin'?  
You'll be nothing but a skeleton

Messing with the fellow in yellow who will be pedaling like hell up in the Peloton!

[Babe Ruth]

It's the bottom of the ninth against the Texan in a bathing suit  
Filled with more artificial ingredients than a Baby Ruth  
It may be way too soon but I'm calling my shot  
And I'm not talking about those Italian syringes you brought!  
The Sultan of Swat will knock you right outta the park  
And round the bases to the sound of up-roaring applause  
While you hang your head in shame and disgrace because  
You got lost and forgot what real sportsmanship was!  
You look tired, kid, you've got Sheryl crow's feet eyes  
Pedal home to France, and maybe bring me back some fries!  
Cause if you step to Ruth on the mic, I'll fan your fancy bike and all  
Yerr out, with three strikes, and just one ball!

WHO WON?  
WHO'S NEXT?  
YOU DECIDE!

EPIC RAP BATTLES \*CLAP\* \*CLAP\* \*CLAP\* \*CLAP\* \*CLAP\* OF HISTORY!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>