

Mr. T vs Mr. Rogers (feat. Nice Peter & Destorm)

Epic Rap Battles of History

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Mr T Vs Mr Rogers, begin I pity the fool who tries to step to Clubber Lang
Call me BA biceps cause I'll crush your whole gang
Bring Tuesday, Friday and little trolly the train and watch me dip their @ss in gold
And wear em like my neck chain - SUCKA!
I'll choke you with your own sweater sleeves
You couldn't even beat me in the land of make believe. PUNK!
I will Mr. T bag you, in the closest cemetery
Nobody's gonna miss you cause all your friends imaginary
Hi there neighbor
I hope you don't mind if I change my shoes
I'll be rocking sneakers till this battle's over
so I don't get blood from your ugly face on my penny loafers.
I like you just the way you are, one in a million,
but it looks like the barber gave your head a brazillian.
I pity your neck, Mr. Gold chains. You've got too many,
the only gold I keep is on the shelf in my Emmys.
I teach the whole world full of children.
I can tell you call yourself T cause you're too dumb to spell. Who you calling dumb fool?
Mr T. only needs one letter
Hello? It's for you
Bill Cosby wants his sweater
You're a 40 year old virgin in a dumpy @ss house
I'll get Hannibal, Murdoch and Face to stomp you out
The only pussy cat you ever seen is on Henrietta, sucka!
And your Mr. McFeely, delivers a lot more than letters
So before you come to battle with your PBS crap
How bout I call up CPS about them kids on your lap, fool! Watch what you say. Kids love me
more than lunch.
I'm not the one with my face on some whack @ss Captain Crunch
When my plan comes together you won't even see it coming.
I'll chop you into four black dudes and I'll remake Cool Runnings.
I'll say this once, Laurence. I hope it's understood,
get right back in your van and get the f&ck outta my neighborhood. Who won?
Who's next?
You decide!
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>

