

Gordon Ramsay vs Julia Child

Epic Rap Battles Of History

And that's how you make a perfect risotto
Right, Mrs. Child, welcome to the grown-ups' table
I've got exactly two minutes and you should be grateful
Cause I'm in the fucking weeds with all these shows to pitch
I keep my ovens preheated and my pilots green-lit
I'm a seasoned skillet, you're a PAM-sprayed pan
I've got Michelin stars, you're like the Michelin Man
I'm rolling in dough, like Beef Wellington from hollering
And I'm shitting on you like I'm wack flows intolerant

Oh, isn't that a wonderful thing?
A grumpy little chef who thinks he can bring
Enough stuff to justify getting rough
With the butter-loving queen of the bourguignon boeuf
I rock hard as concrete on top of these bomb beats
Been chopping the pommes frites since you sucked on your mom's teats
I served America dutifully, and I sliced lard beautifully
I reigned supreme from shark repellent to charcuterie
Go on and cross your arms in that b-boy stance
And when it comes to haute cuisine, there's one F-word: France
Here's a nice amuse-bouche, take a poor abused youth
Set a thirty-year timer, voila! Huge douche!
You're a namby-pamby candy-assed pansy, Gordon Ramsay
You couldn't rap your way out of a pastry bag, understand me?
I laugh and create, you berate and destroy
But fear, my dear boy, is less scrumptious than joy

I'm glad that you got that off your giant, flabby chest
I'd call you a Donkey but you look more like Shrek
When the Iron Man chef busts a rhyme
I'll open up on you like a fine red wine
I'm a culinary innovator, you're no creator
Regurgitating French plates like a glorified translator
I'm fresh, you're past your expiration date
Alright, fuck it, blue team, drop the bouillabaisse (yes, chef!)
I've seen your little show and it sure ain't pretty
One part Big Bird, two parts Miss Piggy
You can't test me with your fatty recipes
Call your book "Mastering the Art of Heart Disease"
I mean, it's rubbish, (yes, chef!) look at page 408
Tell me, who the fuck (yes, chef!) wants to learn to cook calf brains?
You call these rhymes raw? (no, chef!) They're stale and soft
Now, here, take this jacket...
Now give it back and fuck off!

Oh please, your defeat's guaranteed
Concede, I've got this in the bag, sous-vide (ha!)
Michelin indeed, you've done well for yourself
But as a person, you couldn't get a star on Yelp
I could freeze a steak with those frosted tips
What's with that bitter taste in every word from your lips?
You scream at women, while the fits that you're pitching
Make you the pissiest bitch in the kitchen
I'll pat you on the head, melt you, and stick it to ya
Anything's good with enough butter, boo-yah!
Oh, I'm so glad you spent this time with me
Now eat a dick, bon appétit