

# J. R. R. Tolkien vs George R. R. Martin

## Epic Rap Battles Of History

Brace yourself!  
Gather up your trolls and your soldier Elves!  
And your Ents and your Orcs and your Wargs and your Stings  
Your Dwarves and Glamdrings  
Cause there's a new literary lord in the ring!  
My readers fall in love with every character I've written  
Then I kill 'em (Aaaahhhh!) They're like 'No! He didn't!'  
All your bad guys die, and your good guys survive!  
We can tell what's gonna happen by page and age five!  
Tell your all-seeing eye to find some sex in your movies (Yeah)  
Ditch the Goonie, and cast a couple boobies!  
There's edgier plots in that David the Gnome  
Your Hobbit-hole heroes can't handle my throne

Kings, queens, dragons, dwarves  
Horses, fortresses, magic and swords  
You Hob-bit my whole shit, you uninspired hack  
You want a war, George? Welcome to Shire-raq!  
In book sales you've got nothing to say  
I'm number one and two, you're under Fifty Shades of Grey  
I've got the prose of a pro, your shit's subpar  
You're a pirate, you even stole my "R. R."  
Oh, we all know the world is full of chance and anarchy  
So yes, it's true-to-life for characters to die randomly  
But news flash, the genre's called fantasy  
It's meant to be unrealistic, you myopic manatee

I conscientiously object to what you're doing on these beats  
I'll cut you like my teeth on Beauty and the Beast  
You went too deep, Professor Tweed Pants  
We don't need the backstory on every fucking tree branch

I cut my teeth in the trenches of the Somme  
You LARPed your Santa Claus ass through Vietnam  
Man, it's hard for me to take criticism on clothes  
From a dude who sends a raven to say "Hi" to his toes

Man, your fat jokes are worse than your pipe smoke  
My show's the hottest thing on H-B-O!  
I'm rock and roll, you're a nerdy little nebbish  
And I may be dirty but you got a hairy foot fetish, dawg  
Even the names of your characters suck  
You got Bafurs and Bofurs and Brandybucks  
I got a second breakfast for all them goofy fucks  
Lift up my gut and tea-Baggins my nuts

C. S. Lewis and I were just discussing  
How you and Jon Snow... both know nothing!  
Because the backstory of my box office is billions  
Got my children making millions off my Silmarillions  
And I'm more rock and roll than you've ever been  
Don't believe me? Ask Led Zeppelin  
You can't reach this Fellow, shit, I'm Two Towering  
(Ooh) Every time I battle, it's Return of the King