

Jack the Ripper vs Hannibal Lecter

Epic Rap Battles Of History

Oi mate, pass the liquor, it's Jack the Ripper
Jack the Rapper, following you way before the dawn of Twitter
I'm a human trigger warning, through the night until the morning
When the light shines upon my crimes, you find it sick, appalling
An infamous, notorious delinquent
There's little more gorier thing than living in Victorian England
This is horrorcore, beware if you're a common whore
Or at late night you may find me knocking on your door
Not keen to leave until I'm knee deep in blood and gore
Your grieving family on their knees, weeping, scrubbing floors
The police need a lead to know what they're looking for
My raps are like the way I eat my meat, bloody raw

Jack, you're a classic megalomaniac
You haven't mentioned me once in your entire battle rap
Pity your verse wasn't worth a trip in the jacket
Quit jacking off in the crack and put the lotion in the basket
You can't catch what the iller serial killer can deliver
Rhymes finer than the chianti I would pair with your liver
'Cause the thought of your putrid flesh makes me want to shiver
Your British body's covered in more piss than kitty litter
You stabbed women when they wouldn't give you attention
Like a Penny Dreadful version of OJ Simpson
These days your nickname is all that's even known
And you didn't even come up with that shit on your own

I'm real! You'll find me making vacancies in brothels
boy you only existed inside the pages of a novel
You were kept for ages in a hovel,
Contained within a cage behind a locked door while I never got caught
So who's the superior serial killer, Dr Lecter?
I'm still wanted, you're forgotten. People these days are watching De
xter
So go protect ya from the hell I spit upon us?
I'm terrorising London, fuck the 7/7 bombers!

No, No Jack you were doing fine,
Before you ham-fist attempted a terrorist line.
How typical of Jack the Ripper to chase a headline,
Pick Ray Liotta's brain and ask him how I get mine.
Im the ????? from the violence and a licenced psychiatrist
Who dines in higher society to the sound of violins
Don't get me wrong I'd roast both your balls on my Hibachi,
But for a serial killer you're as tasteless as a bowl of kashi .
You prey on a prostitute and play with her body.
Remind that you're naughty Jack, I hate that you're sloppy.
Barney, take me back to solitary confinement,
'Cause this dirty little lamb has just been silenced.