

# Romeo and Juliet vs Bonnie and Clyde

## Epic Rap Battles Of History

Bonnie and Clyde:

I'll handle this, darling, I'm known to fire off some BAR's  
Cause if these lovers cross me, they're gonna end up seeing stars  
I mean, I'll let you go first, but damn sure I'm getting licks in  
On this hissy-fitting rich kid and this prepubescent vixen  
I'm sick of them, let's beat 'em then, and we can rob 'em blind  
I'll stick this punk up from the front, I'll take this broad from behind  
And pop a cap in the ass of the last Capulet heiress  
Give Miss No Nights In Paris a reason to cry to her parents  
Oh! Romeo, O Romeo, wherefore you trying to flow, yo?  
Mofo, you soft as a froyo, are those the drapes or your clothes, bro?  
There's gonna be a tragedy  
Make you ache like your balls on the balcony  
Barrow gang put their money where their mouth is  
Spit sick like a plague on both your houses

Romeo and Juliet:

My love, your face is beauty to behold  
I will protect thine honor from these dust bowl dildos  
A moment's break from your gaze is an eternity past  
So together we shall both put these bitches on blast  
En garde, thou artless beetle-headed flax wench  
The only insult you have thrust upon me is thine stench  
Why don't you twist upon these nuts? I hear you're good with a wrench  
The dismal state of your raps should be a federal offense  
Haha, and you there, wench with the neck of a chicken  
You'll get an ass-ripping worse than your boyfriend's in prison  
You're not a true romance, you're just a conjugal visit  
Oh, but that's not even your real husband now, is it?

Bonnie and Clyde:

Hey partner, you best put a muzzle on your missus  
'Fore I teach her how we handle disrespect down in Texas

Romeo and Juliet:

Do you quarrel, sir? Ho, shall I draw my long sword?  
Or will you duck your chicken shit ass back into your Ford?

Bonnie and Clyde:

How could you beat my man in some mano a mano?  
You can't protect your best friend from some John Leguizamo

Romeo and Juliet:

No, no, my Romeo will beat your beau in contest blow for blow  
He will do upon thine dick what you hath done upon your toe  
Oh, I am killed, what irony is this?  
The lead role shot down by a failed actress...  
Then I shall kill myself, on my stomach I shall lie  
So you louts can lick my ass, thus with a diss I die...  
Oop, nevermind, my flesh was merely grazed  
Where's Romeo? Oh Nomeo! There's poison on your face  
Oh, happy dagger, pierce me true, persuade my breath to stop  
Sheath yourself inside my heart and like the beat I drop...

Bonnie and Clyde:

Well that was tragic, that did not go as expected  
Woulda done that boy some good to just wait a couple seconds

It's kinda sad though, really, so young to have just died  
Well, at least we got each other, just Bonnie and-