

Miley Cyrus vs Joan of Arc

Epic Rap Battles of History

Let me guess, you're here to hate
Well, you can stand in the autograph line and wait
cause I'm all twerk, I got all day
to spit harsh words in this French maid's face
You died a virgin girl, who you think you messin' with?
It's Miley Cyrus, I'm the hottest thing since Britney, bitch
I'm getting lifted on that molly, get that party turned up
You're getting lifted on a stake, get that body burned up
Had enough? It's my habit, when I grab the mic, I milk it
You could say this rap is like my alter ego cause I killed it
Lord, forgive me for the words I speak
I know the voices of the angels tell me turn the other cheek
But I'm about to rip Hannah Montana's tongue out through her teeth
Je suis la fille en feu, call me Katniss Everdeen
When it comes to bad bitches, I'm the patron saint
But I only get down on me knees when it's time to pray
I came to Frenchmen's aid in their time of need
Cause I'm the maid of Orleans, You're the Mardi Gras beads, honey
My father taught me things your daddy couldn't teach ya
Your highest calling was a text from Wiz Khalifa
You gotta die for something, Miley, just picture your epitaph
"Had the world watching, chose to show them all her flat ass" Sweet burn (ooh) no pun intended
You're a cross-dressing peasant betrayed by those you defended
But when I come under fire I can hashtag handle it
If God's in your corner, girl you need better management
Do not take the Lord's name in vain, you ratchet skank,
Your manager's riding you to the achy breaky bank
Be thankful for your talent, don't just rub it on your crotch
Keep your party in the USA, Vive La France!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>