

Battlefield 1 vs. Call of Duty Infinite Warfare Rap Battle

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Battlefield 1 versus Infinite Warfare
It's time to prove yourselves
In lyrical combat
Proceed

Oh
You made another game with space marines
What next, lightsabres and laser beams?
We're keeping it classic
Bogart
You're too busy romancing a robot
These trenches are dark
Stark
We're setting a benchmark
That sets us apart
You're set in your ways
We're setting alarms
If you dice with death
Then expect to get harmed
Our mixtape drops like mustard gas
Yours doesn't even cut the mustard
Pass
Bruv, you're going to get rushed and bashed
Crushed and thwacked
With clubs and bats
Dragged back to the bunker and slumped in a lump
Your days are numbered
Past
World War One killing further plans
You might have like Franz Ferdinand

What you got?

Our game, it's called CoD
If you don't like it, you are odd
It is such a good game
That it comes with another game

You imitate
We intimidate
We're inundated with praise
Does it irritate?
You dream it
We been and did it, mate
We innovate
Move
You're in the way
We're infinitely bored
Of Infinity Ward
We saw your fans filing for a divorce
While infinite be poor
People instantly warm to this
It's indicative we're in for the awards
We predict that your income'll be falling
Like a wall
'Til it's infinitely small
See you impotently crawl

Like an infant, so be warned:
There's grown men crying at the incident report
We're indiscriminate
It is insignificant
If anyone is innocent
We're killing you
With implements and instruments
It's no coincidence
That we're considered infamous

Your game's old
No one likes
Old stuff
Such as old bikes
With big wheels
They aren't good
Your game must be made of wood

We're killing on sight
Better hold on tight when I drop by
Godlike
I'm turning CoD to a bombsite
Plus I leave a tough guy tongue tied
Fighting frostbite
Blind in the foglight
It's not the size of the dog in the fight
It's the size of the fight in the dog in the dogfight
You're getting hit in on the chin
I'm sitting and sipping a gin
Give it a minute, you'll be giving in
When I'm giving a kicking and killing Infinity Ward
So ghastly and gory
Pro Patria Mori
I'm a flowing Wilfred Owen
Oh, and you've just been killed with a poem
A Seven Nation Army couldn't hold me back

Your game sucks
Ours does not
Yours is cold
Ours is hot
Sigh, ok
I'll drop the act
Oh god, please stop
I don't wanna get sacked