

Messi vs Ronaldo (FIFA 16 Rap Battle)

Quadeca

Messi with the ninety-nine
You know God is created under my design
You might be blind if you think it's your time to shine
Your time is mine, it's clear that my rhymes' divine
Compare all of the ratings, and I'm what's high
You will always be standing right by the side
Beside the guy, Ballon d'Or five times
Accept it! You be finishing behind my line
Who scored more in La Liga? Me
Best fuckin' player in history
I've been dribblin', finishin', winnin' in the competitions
On a mission, I be killing the whole industry
Ronaldo, you are just a selfish asshole
I've been raising the stakes, you lookin' like cattle
Just know I will never ever get beat
Bow down to the crown, Lionel Messi

I conquered Barcelona with my skills and my rabonas
You're worse than the guy before you whose name was Maradona
The only way you reach me is if you're high on marijuana
You wanna talk? I don't wanna, 'cause I don't gotta do nothing for midgets
Every girl wants my digits
Your kids even want my jersey for Christmas
I make more money in this business
You have a better team, but individually, I win this

I'm coughin' and that's where you're gonna end up at
I'm killing this track and I'm killing this rap
Last year, you lost the trophy you wanted to have
Dab... and you're the reverse
Your health is so messy, go visit the nurse
I thought you'd be better, but you're getting worse
You're behind me in goals, aha, you're not the first

Yeah
I may be a midget, but who's the one winning?
You're double my height, but below's where you finish?
I really don't get it; it doesn't make sense to me
I'm the footballer, you're more a 'celebrity'
Spendin' more time in Calvin Klein
Hope your pool's deep, I know how you love to dive
I wine and dine, but you just whine and cry
Every single time you're shoved to the side
Say I'm a child? But you're the one actin' it
Bale scores for the team and you get mad at him!
Truly pathetic, a wannabe, honestly
Gotta be one of the worst that I've rapped against
I am the king; beat you in everything
Even this battle, you ain't winnin' anything!
Truly a shame, I'm sorry, I pity you
Cocky, an asshole and so fuckin' shitty, too
Yeah

I'm coming at you, so you better not sneeze
I'm breaking your ankles and breaking your knees
Are you a midget or is it just a disease?
Past three years, I've won more trophies

Ninety-nine card? Been there, done that
Inform game? Well, I win- what's that?
Five-star skills- where you at?
Five stars too, at the hotels I stay at
Seven on my back for the wonders of the world
Skills, dollar bills, looks, and my girls
Three others are N, S, and Messi
Sike! It's these nuts in my big tree
Yeah, one stat better in the overall?
You think you're better 'cause you pass the ball?
Girls dig me, like a volleyball
Admit you're jealous of my abdominals
I'm the best in Europe and Portugal
You're mad 'cause I'm better at scorin' goals
I'm phenomenal, do the impossible
You know you suck, like a popsicle
I'm unstoppable, ask your keeper
Take one tip from Justin Bieber
You can go and love yourself
I'll be in the books in your bookshelf