

# Epic Rap Battles

*By Rhace Tarrin, #13358*

Assembled was the crowd: House Galeres in the courtyard of the Citadel on Selen, light beats playing in the background being spun by a drunk Ryn. MC Kordath was enjoying a whisky as he spun the discs, the crowd bouncing to the beat as they enjoyed a hella show organised by Erno and Brae. Today was the day they finally settled their long-standing rivalry; who was the better rapper? Braecen was a master of words, able to spin anything he could dream of into a beautiful tale. Ernodeth had the magic mic skills that could sink ships and sink panties.

"Hey yo, hey yo, shut your stupid faces," Erno said over the crowd and they all settled down for a sec. There was a definite 'woo!' from Uji - this was a competition for his Quaestor's pride and he'd brought the popcorn. "We're gonna settle this the right way. Verse on verse until the other one gives up. Freestyle until someone drops. You ready there, B-Rae?"

The tension in the air at that moment in time was so thick you could cut it with a knife. Brae wasn't going to quiver in the face of an enemy he could crush with puns and rhymes - they were just words. Words that he'd mastered long ago, an Elder of the Brotherhood so wizened in wise ways that he could drop a foe before they even picked up a mic. Erno had no chance. What was he, a little Battlelord? There was no way he'd stand up to the mighty B-Rae.

"Hit it, Kord!" The music stopped a second later as Kord put his drink down and started to spit sick beats. They were a little slurred, but that was okay for everyone, because half of Galeres was too wasted to care and the other half were too uneducated to know any better. They put the drunk guy on beatbox duty. Not the best idea.

The music flowed. The crowd moved, setting the stage for the battle. Erno and Brae readied their mic. Erno folded his arms, watching Brae as he set up his opening verse, already penning his response.

Galeres Quaestor, got a thousand haters  
Gonna grab your girl and fuck her later  
My name is Braecen Kaeth, all up in the place  
And I'm gonna drop the mic like Darth Vader

Yo Ernodeth, why you gotta diss my style?  
Handy like sign language, always goin' the extra mile  
My House runs like your fridge, ya better go catch it  
You lost before this started, better jump in the loser's pile

Can't put me down like the book on anti-gravity  
You can never battle me - so follow me, if you can  
You'll never have that mad game'n'style like me  
Freestyle like me, don't try, all the others ran

Know what I said to your lady last night?  
I'm like sex in an elevator, wanna get on my level?  
If you want anything done, call me, I'll do it right  
And like all the bitches say I'll make you go all night

Sure we can rap, let's go 'till we see the sun  
You damn right that I've already won:  
Won so hard Forrest changed his password  
Get this one up ya: 1forrest1!

Brae, that wasn't even a rhyme on bar  
A burn like yours won't even leave a scar  
Right now you gotta get home, jump in ya car  
Your rap's got skills like sodium: nah

And then the crowd *lost* it. A sick diss on beat that clinched it and Erno literally dropped the mic and walked his victory lap of the assembled House Galeres - when the crowd went wild for Ernos' finishing blow, Braecen put his head in his hands and walked off the impromptu stage. He was right, sadly - Brae didn't have rap firepower of that magnitude to keep up with Ernodeth, Magistrate to the Grand Rap Battle Master once upon a time. Muz Ashen's drunken rap skills were legendary and Erno had secretly been his Magistrate to learn those hidden techniques. As his complete disciple it was only natural that Erno had acquired the magical mastery to drop sick rap beats.

When Erno steps in the room, you better protect your neck.

Rhace ate something, I guess, because this is *supposed* to be about him even though he is literally irrelevant to the rap battle going on around him. He's probably drunk in the crowd, chatting up the ladies after it was over.