

Anfield Rap

Liverpool FC

Liverpool F.C. is hard as hell
United, Tottenham, Arsenal
Watch my lips, and I will spell
'cause they don't just play, but they can rap aswell

Liverpool F.C.
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(My idea was to build Liverpool into a bastion of invincibility...)aah...aah...ahh...aah...(had Napoleon had that idea he'd have conquered the bloody world)

Walk on... walk on... with hope... in your heart... and you'll ne...ver walk... alone

Alright Aldo
Sound as a pound
I'm cushty la but there's nothing down
The rest of the lads ain't got it sussed
We'll have to learn 'em to talk like us

Well I'm rapping now, I'm rapping for fun
I'm your goalie, the number one
You can take the mick, don't call me a clown
Any more lip and you're going down

Alright Ace, we're great me and you
But the other lads don't talk like we do
No they don't talk like we do, do they do la
We'll have to learn 'em to talk propah

Walk on... walk on... with hope... in your heart... and you'll ne...ver walk... alone

You two scousers are always yapping
I'm gonna show you some serious rapping
I come from Jamaica, my name is John Barn-es
When I do my thing the crowd go bananas

How's he doing the Jamaica rap?
He's from just south of the Watford Gap
He gives us stick about the north/south divide
'cause they got the jobs

Yeah, but we got the side

Well I came to England looking for fame
So come on Kenny man, give us a game
'cause I'm sat on the bench paying my dues with the blues
I'm very down under, but my wife disagrees

They've won the league, bigger stars than Dallas
They got more silver than Buckingham Palace
No-one knows quite what to expect
When the red machine's in full effect

Well Steve McMahon sure can rap
It's about time he had an England cap
So come on Bobby Robson, he's the man
'cause if anyone can, Macca can
Macca-can... Macca-can... Macca-can... Macca-can...

Liverpool F.C. is hard as hell

(My idea was to build Liverpool up and up and up until eventually they would be untouchable. Everybody would have to submit. Give in, give in, give in)

We're Ireland lads
Och-ai the noo
And there's four of us
And only two of you
So if you want nai trouble
And you don't want a slap
You'd better teach us the Anfield rap

Don't forget us paddies
And me the Great Dane
And I'm from London mate so watch your game
Well you two scousers, you're always squaking
But we'll just let our feet do the talking

Our lads have come from all over the place
They talk dead funny, but they play dead great
Well now we've gotta learn 'em to talk real cool
The song you've gotta learn if you're Liverpool

Walk on... walk on... with hope... in your heart... and you'll ne... ver walk... alone

You'll never walk alone

Ho-ho my word
That's unbelievable, it really is
I think they should stick to playing football. Terrible
What do you think Kenny?

Lyrics submitted by Nicole.

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