

Ferry Corsten

"Junk"

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Amazing felt like I was caged in
Wrote a rhyme and started blazing
Turn the page and you'll feel my ragin'
Thunder when my foot hits the pavement

Maxed out, grabbed the mic and blacked out.
Punks spot the yang and backed out,
took the back route, rap up on them with
the gat out they looked at me and passed out

Hungry so it's gonna get ugly
I'm feeling like nobody loves me
Funky and I'm a microphone junky
Tearing up from country to country

Major, I got the unique flavour
Bless you with my words like your saviour
Player, you better curb your behaviour
Or I'm gonna have to dig your *ss later

Funky and I'm a microphone junky
and I'm a microphone junky
and I'm a microphone junky
Funky and I'm a microphone junky
Glorious, got the fabric of warriors
Give all the chicks euphoria
Tapped it on the low I smashed it
Now she got her wig on backwards

So I asked her, who's a complete master
I make her heartbeat faster
Weirdos mad jealous but scared though
This time I'm well prepared yo

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