

Ferry Corsten feat. Guru, Junk

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
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
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