SUB inglés

Fill in the gaps

Drunk In Love by Beyonce Feat Jay Z

| I've been drinking, I've been drinking | | We woke up in the kitchen saying | |
|--|--------------------|--|---------------|
| I get filthy (1) that liquor get into me | | "How the hell did this (8) happen?" | |
| I've been thinking, I've been thinking | | Oh baby, drunk in love we be all night | |
| Why can't I keep my fingers off you | , baby? | Last thing I remember is our beautiful bodies grinding off in | |
| I want you, na na | | that club | |
| Why can't I keep my (2) | off you, baby? | Drunk in love | |
| I want you, na na | | We be all night, love, love | |
| Cigars on ice, cigars on ice | | We be all night, love, love | |
| (3) like an animal with these cameras all in | | Hold up | |
| my grill | | That D'USSÉ is the shit if I do say so myself | |
| Flashing lights, flashing lights | | If I do say so myself, if I do say so myself | |
| You got me faded, faded | | Hold up, stumble all in the house (9) back up all | |
| Baby, I want you, na na | | that mouth | |
| Can't keep your eyes off my fatty | | That you had all in the car, talking 'bout you the baddest bitch | |
| Daddy, I want you, na na | | thus far | |
| (4) in love, I want you | | Talking 'bout you be (10) | that third, I |
| We woke up in the kitchen saying | | wanna see all the shit that I heard | |
| "How the hell did this shit happen?" | | Know I sling Clint Eastwood, hope you can handle this curve | |
| Oh baby, drunk in love we be all night | | Foreplay in the foyer, fucked up my Warhol | |
| (5) thing I remember is our beautiful bodies | | Slid the panties right to the side | |
| grinding off in that club | | Ain't got the time to take draws off, on site | |
| Drunk in love | | Catch a charge I might, beat the box up like Mike | |
| We be all night, love, love | | In '97 I bite, I'm Ike, Turner, turn up | |
| We be all night, love, love | | Baby no I don't play, now eat the cake, Anna Mae | |
| We be all night, and everything alright | | Said, "Eat the cake, Anna Mae!" | |
| No complaints for my body, so fluorescent under these lights | | I'm nice, for y'all to reach these heights we gon' need G3 | |
| Boy, I'm drinking, (6) in my l'assemblage | | 4, 5, 6 flights, sleep tight | |
| I'm rubbing on it, rub-rubbing on it, if you scared, call that | | We sex again in the morning, your breasts is my breakfast | |
| reverend | | We going in, we be all night | |
| Boy, I'm drinking, get my brain right | | We be all night, love, love | |
| Armand de brignac, gangster wife | | We be all night, love, love | |
| New sheets, he sweat it out like washed rags he wet up | | Never tired, never tired | |
| Boy, I'm drinking, I'm singing on the mic 'til my voice hoarse | | I been sipping, that's the only thing that's keeping me on fire, | |
| Then I fill the tub up halfway then ride it with my surfboard | | me on fire | |
| Surfboard, surfboard | | Didn't mean to spill that liquor all on my attire | |
| Graining on that wood, graining, (| (7) on | I've been drinking watermelon | |
| that wood | | I want your body right here, daddy I want you, right now | |
| I'm swerving on that, swerving, swerving on that big body | | Can't keep your eyes off my fatty | |
| Benz | | Daddy I want you | |
| Serving all this, swerve, surfing all of | of this good, good | | |



- 1. when
- 2. fingers
- 3. Feeling
- 4. Drunk
- 5. Last
- 6. walking
- 7. graining
- 8. shit
- 9. tryna
- 10. repping

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