SUB inglés

Fill in the gaps

Lighters by Bad Meets Evil & Bruno Mars

| This one's for you and me |
|--|
| Livin' out our dreams |
| We're all right where we should be |
| Lift my arms out wide |
| I open my eyes |
| And now all I wanna see |
| Is a sky full of lighters |
| A sky full of lighters |
| By the time you hear this I will have already spiraled up |
| I would never do nothing to let you cowards fuck my (1) up |
| If I was you, I would duck, or get struck like lightning |
| Fighters keep fighting |
| Put you lighters up, point em' skyward, uh |
| Had a (2) I was king, I woke up, still king |
| This rap game's nipple is mine for the milking |
| Till nobody else even fucking feels me, till it kills me |
| I swear to God I'll be the fucking illest in this music |
| There is or there ever will be, disagree |
| Feel free, but from now on I'm refusing to ever give up |
| The only thing I ever gave up's using, no more excuses |
| Excuse me if my (3) is too big for this building |
| And pardon me if I'm a cocky prick, but you cocks are slick |
| Poppin' shit on how you (4) ya life around, crock-o-shit |
| Who you dicks try to kid, flipped dick, you did the opposite |
| You stayed the same |
| 'Cause cock (5) is still cock, you pricks |
| I love it when I tell 'em shove it 'cause it wasn't that |
| Long ago when Marshall sat, luster lacked, flustered |
| 'Cuz he couldn't cut mustard, muster up nothing |



Brain fuzzy, 'cause he's buzzin'

Woke up from that buzz, and now you wonder

Why he does it, how he does it

Wasn't 'cause he has buzzards circle around his head

Waiting for him to drop dead, was it

Or was it 'cause them bitches wrote him off

Little hussy ass, 'cause fuck

Guess it doesn't matter now, does it

What difference it make

What's it take, to get it through your thick skulls

If this ain't

Some bullshit people don't usually come back this way

From a place that was dark

As I was in just to get to this place

Now let these words be like a switch blade

To a hater's ribcage

And let be known from this day forward

I wanna just say thanks

'Cause your hate is what gave me the strength

So let 'em Bics raise 'cause I came with 5'9"

But I feel like I'm 6'8"

This one's for you and me, livin' out our dreams

We're all right where we should be

Lift my (6)_____ out wide

I open my eyes

And now all I wanna see

Is a sky full of lighters

A sky full of lighters

By the time you hear this I'll probably already be outtie

I advance like going from toting iron to going

Fill in the gaps

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|---|
| And buying 4 or 5 of the homies the iron man Audi |
| My daddy told me "Slow down, boy, you going to blow it." |
| And I ain't gotta stop the beat a minute |
| To tell Shady I love him the same way |
| That he did Dr. Dre on The Chronic |
| Tell him how real he is or how high I am |
| Or how I would kill for him to know it |
| I cried plenty tears, my daddy got a bad back |
| So it's only right that I right 'till he can march right |
| Into that post office and tell 'em to hang it up |
| Now his career's Lebron's jersey in 20 years |
| I'll stop when I'm at the very top |
| You shitted on me on your way up |
| It's 'bout to be a scary drop |
| 'Cause what goes up must come down |
| You going down on something |
| You don't wanna see, like a hairy box |
| Every hour, happy (7) now |
| Life is wacky now |
| Used to have to eat the cat to get the pussy |
| Now I'm just the (8) meow (ow) |
| Classic cow, always down for the catch weight like Pacquiao |
| Ya'll are doomed |
| I (9) T-Pain ain't wanna work with me |
| My car starts itself, parks itself, and autotunes |
| 'Cause now I'm in the Aston |
| I went from having my city locked up |
| To getting treated like Kwame Kilpatrick |
| And now I'm fantastic |
| Compared to a weed high |



Fill in the gaps

And y'all niggas just gossipin' like bitches on a radio and TV

See me, we fly

Y'all buggin' out like Wendy Williams staring at a beehive

And how real is that

I remember signing my first deal

And now I'm the second best, I can deal with that

Now Bruno can show his ass, without the MTV Awards gag

You and I know what it's like

To be kicked down, forced to fight

But tonight

We're alright

So hold up your light

Let it shine

'Cause this one's for you and me

Livin' out our dreams

We're all right where we should be

Lift my arms out wide

I open my eyes

And now all I wanna see

Is a sky full of lightets

A sky full of lighters



- 1. world
- 2. dream
- 3. head
- 4. flipped
- 5. backwards
- 6. arms
- 7. hour
- 8. cats
- 9. remember
- 10. when

Fill in the gaps