SUB inglés

Fill in the gaps

Drunk In Love by Beyonce Feat Jay Z

| 've been drinking, I've been drinking | We woke up in the kitchen saying |
|--|--|
| I get filthy when that liquor get into me | "How the hell did this shit happen?" |
| I've been thinking, I've been thinking | Oh baby, (6) 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 ir |
| I want you, na na | that club |
| Why can't I keep my fingers 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 |
| Feeling like an animal with these cameras all in my grill | Hold up |
| Flashing lights, flashing lights | That D'USSÉ is the shit if I do say so myself |
| You got me faded, faded | If I do say so myself, if I do say so myself |
| Baby, I want you, na na | Hold up, stumble all in the house tryna back up all 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 |
| Drunk in love, I want you | Talking bout you be repping that third, I (7) see |
| We (1) up in the kitchen saying | 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 |
| Last (2) I remember is our beautiful bodies | Slid the (8) 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, walking 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 |
| everend | 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, (9) tired |
| Boy, I'm drinking, I'm (3) on the mic 'til my | I been sipping, that's the only thing that's keeping me on fire |
| voice hoarse | me on fire |
| Then I (4) the tub up halfway then ride it with my | Didn't mean to spill that liquor all on my attire |
| surfboard | I've been drinking watermelon |
| Surfboard, surfboard | I want your body right here, daddy I want you, right now |
| Graining on that wood, graining, graining on that wood | Can't keep your eyes off my fatty |
| I'm swerving on that, swerving, swerving on that big body | Daddy I (10) you |
| Benz | |
| (5) all this, swerve, surfing all of this good, | |
| good | |



- 1. woke
- 2. thing
- 3. singing
- 4. fill
- 5. Serving
- 6. drunk
- 7. wanna
- 8. panties
- 9. never
- 10. want

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