SUB inglés

Fill in the gaps

ighters by Bad Meets Evil & Bruno Mars

| Lighters by Bad Meets Evil & Bruno i |
|--|
| 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 world 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 dream 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 (1) 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 (2) excuses |
| Excuse me if my head 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 flipped ya life around, crock-o-shit |
| Who you dicks try to kid, flipped dick, you did the opposite |
| You stayed the same |
| 'Cause cock backwards 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 |
| |



| JUB |
|---|
| 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 (3) 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 (4) 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 arms out wide |
| I (5) 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 (6) 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 hour now |
| Life is wacky now |
| Used to have to eat the cat to get the pussy |
| Now I'm just the cats meow (ow) |
| Classic cow, always down for the catch weight like Pacquiao |
| Ya'll are doomed |
| I remember when T-Pain ain't wanna (7) 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

| inglés | |
|--|----|
| 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 (8) can show his ass, without the MTV Awards ga | ag |
| You and I know what it's like | |
| To be kicked down, forced to fight | |
| But tonight | |
| We're alright | |
| So hold up (9) 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. ever 2. more
- 3. place
- 4. what
- 5. open
- 6. jersey
- 7. work
- 8. Bruno
- 9. your

Fill in the gaps

https://www.subingles.com