SUB inglés

Fill in the gaps

Drunk In Love by Beyonce Feat Jay Z

| ve been drinking, I've been drinking | vve (4) up in the kitchen saying |
|--|--|
| I get filthy when that liquor get (1) me | "How the hell did this shit 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 (5) is our beautiful bodies |
| I want you, na na | grinding off in 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 |
| Daddy, I want you, na na | (6) bitch thus far |
| Drunk in love, I want you | Talking 'bout you be repping that third, I wanna see all the |
| We woke up in the kitchen saying | (7) that I heard |
| "How the hell did (2) 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 thing I remember is our beautiful bodies grinding off in | Slid the panties right to the side |
| hat club | Ain't got the time to take draws off, on site |
| Drunk in love | Catch a charge I might, (8) 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 | We sex again in the morning, your breasts is my breakfast |
| (3) 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 (9) thing that's keeping |
| Then I fill the tub up halfway then ride it with my surfboard | me on fire, me on fire |
| Surfboard, surfboard | Didn't mean to spill that liquor all on my attire |
| Graining on that wood, graining, graining on that wood | I've been drinking watermelon |
| I'm swerving on that, swerving, swerving on that big body | I want your body right here, daddy I want you, right now |
| Benz | Can't keep your eyes off my fatty |
| Serving all this, swerve, surfing all of this good, good | Daddy I want you |



- 1. into
- 2. this
- 3. that
- 4. woke
- 5. remember
- 6. baddest
- 7. shit
- 8. beat
- 9. only

Fill in the gaps

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