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



- 1. keep
- 2. Flashing
- 3. want
- 4. eyes
- 5. kitchen
- 6. everything
- 7. walking
- 8. shit
- 9. tryna
- 10. eyes

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