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

Fill in the gaps