

Beyoncé - Drunk In Love (feat. Jay Z)

Tom: G

I've been drinking, I've been drinking
 I get filthy when that liquor get into me
 I've been thinking, I've been thinking
 Why can't I keep my fingers off it, baby?
 I want you, na na
 Why can't I keep my fingers off it, baby?
 I want you, na na

Cigars on ice, cigars on ice
 Feelin' like an animal with these cameras all in my grill
 Flashing lights, flashing lights
 You got me faded, faded, faded
 Baby, I want you, na-nah
 Can't keep your eyes off of my fatty
 Daddy, I want you, na-nah
 Drunk in love

I want you
 We woke up in the kitchen saying
 "How the hell did this shit happen?" Oh, baby
 Drunk in love
 We be all night
 Last thing I remember is our beautiful bodies grinding up in the club
 Drunk in love
 We be all night, love, love (2x)
 We be all night
 And everythin' all right
 No complaints from my body so florescent under these lights
 Boy, I'm drinkin' Park it in my lot 7-11
 I'm rubbing on it, ru-rubbin' it
 If you scared call that revren
 Boy, I'm drinkin' Get my brain right
 Armand de Brignac, gangster wife
 Louie sheets he sweat it out, like wash rags he wear it out
 Boy, I'm drinkin' I'm singin' on the mic to my boy toys
 Then I fill the tub up half way then ride it with my

surfboard; Surfboard, surfboard
 Graining on that wood, graining, graining on that wood
 I'm swerving on that, swerving, swerving on that big body Benz
 Serving all this, swerve, surfing all of this good, good

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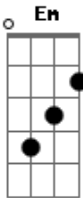
Em Am D G G (VARIAÇÃO)
 Jay-Z:
 Hold up
 That D'ussé is the shit
 If I do say so myself
 If I do say so myself
 If I do say so myself
 Hold up
 Stumbled all in the house time to back up all of that mouth
 That you had all in the car talking 'bout you the baddest
 bitch thus far
 Talking 'bout you be repping that Third
 I wanna see all the shit that I heard
 You know I sling Clint Eastwood
 I hope that you can handle this curve
 Foreplay in the foyer
 Fucked up my Warhlol
 Slip the panties right to the side, ain't got the time to take
 draws off
 On site
 Catch a charge I might
 Beat the box up like Mike in '97, I'll bite
 I'm Ike, Turner, turn up
 Baby, no, I don't play
 Now eat the cake Anna Mae, I said eat the cake Anna Mae
 I'm nice
 For ya'll to reach these heights
 You gonna need G3
 4, 5, 6 flights sleep tight
 We sex again in tha mornin' yo breastases is my breakfast
 We going in

We be all night, love, love (2x)
 I'm never tired, we never tired
 I've been sippin'
 It's the only thing that's been keeping me on fire, we on fire
 Didn't mean to spill that liquor all on my attire
 I've been drinkin' watermelon
 (I want your body right here, daddy, I want you right now)
 Can't keep your eyes off my fatty
 Daddy, I want you
 We be all night, love, love (2x)

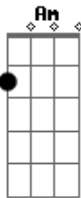
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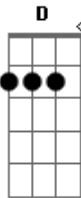
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