

Drunk in Love Remix (feat. JAY Z & Kanye West)

Beyonce

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 naCigars on ice, cigars on ice
Feeling 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 na
Can't keep your eyes off my fatty
Daddy, I want you, na naDrunk 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 nightLast thing I remember is our beautiful bodies grinding up
in the clubDrunk in love
We be all night, love, loveWe be all night, love, love
We be all night
And everything alright
No complaints from my body, so fluorescent under these lights
Boy, I'm drinking
Park it in my lot 7-11
I'm rubbing on it, rub-rubbing, if you scared, call that reverend
Boy, I'm drinking, 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 drinking, I'm singing on the mic to my boy toys
Boy, I'm drinking, I'm singing on the mic til my voice hoarse
Then I fill the tub up halfway then ride it with my surfboard, surfboard, surfboard
Graining on that wood, graining, graining on that woodI'm swerving on that, swerving,
swerving on that big body
Been serving all this, swerve, surfing all in this good, good
(I'm nice right now)
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
Know I sling Clint Eastwood, hope you can handle this curve
Foreplay in the foyer, fucked up my Warhol
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 bite, I'm Ike, Turner, turn up
Baby no I don't play, now eat the cake, Anna Mae
Said, "Eat the cake, Anna Mae!"
I'm nice, for y'all to reach these heights you gonna need G3
4, 5, 6 flights, sleep tight
We sex again in the morning, your breastases is my breakfast
We going in, we be all night
Never tired, never tired
I been sipping, that's the only thing that's keeping me on fire, me on fire
Didn't mean to spill that liquor all on my attire
I've been drinking 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>