

Rita Ora, Praising You (feat. Fatboy Slim)

I've been gone for a minute
Been low key with my business
Askin', "Rita, who is it? Is it true?" (Is it true?)
I've been takin' off every weekend
You and I in our feelings
'Cause the high's so much better with you (With you)

Oh, my God, been a hell of a ride
But you feel like a religion, ah ooh
And who knew love would leave me feelin' this good?
I have to praise you like I should

I have to praise you (Oh-oh-oh, hey)
I have to praise you (Oh-oh-oh, hey)
I have to praise you (Oh-oh-oh, hey)
I have to praise you like I should

Now it's four in the morning
And it never gets boring
Friends, they shut up about it, I can't stop
It's written all over my face
You got me realigning my faith
That's the kinda thing that needs praise
Ohhh, I

Oh, my God, been a hell of a ride
But you feel like a religion, ah ooh
And who knew love would leave me feelin' this good?
I have to praise you like I should

I have to praise you, have to praise you (Oh-oh-oh, hey)
I have to praise you (Oh-oh-oh, hey)
I have to praise you (Oh-oh-oh, hey)
I have to praise you like I should

Don't know, don't know what you do
But I'm a-a-always praising you
Don't know, don't know what you do
But I'm a-a-always praising you
Don't know, don't know what you do
But I'm a-a-always praising you
Don't know, don't know what you do
But I'm a-a-always praising you

I have to
I have to praise you (Oh-oh-oh, hey)
I have to praise you (Oh-oh-oh, hey)
I have to praise you (Oh-oh-oh, hey)
I have to praise you like I should

I have to praise you (Oh-oh-oh, hey)
(But I'm a-a-always praising you)
I have to praise you (Oh-oh-oh, hey)
(But I'm a-a-always praising you)
I have to praise you (Oh-oh-oh, hey)
(But I'm a-a-always praising you)
I have to praise you like I should