

# 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