

White Lilies / White Lies

Angel Haze

If you're cool with it, right, I need you to go back to remembering that you
're a poet

Who's daughter, who's daughter's on that stage?
I know her, I know her by her name
Who's daughter, who's daughter's on that stage?
She's a queen, now watch her
She's drowning ace of spades
She dances, and she dances, and she drops it
The crowd is yelling pop it, there's a reason she can't stop it
She dances, and she dances, and she pops it
The crowd is yelling drop it, there's a reason she can't stop it

This a
Funeral, death of your innocence
Little Lily grown up, barely legitimate
All these niggas in here got you scared to be in amidst
So you just stand there, dance til you temperate
Dance til you in a wick
Dance til you in a wick
You don't feel the flame now, dance to rekindle it
Ran backstage did the bump in the bathroom
Kiss a few strangers and dance til you feeling it

And yours keep dropping to the floor
Whatever you moved on to, you can let it go
And just keep dancing on the stage
Instead of throwing ones it's white lilies to her face
Then she got me backstage like
"Let me see your conscience
I'll be over dancing at the table of contents"
You can turn my pages
All these pages are like wages
And I would have quit so long
But all the money I'll be making got me
Dropping to the floor
Whatever you moved on to, you can let it go
She just keep dancing in my face
Instead of throwing ones it's white lilies to the stage

She lets go, says she has it under control
I count slow, hoping that she'll divulge some more
Cause she knows, everything a woman should know
And I want, nothing but to see it up close
And she keep saying "just grab it if you see what you like"
And I keep asking if this is what you want with your life

I find the flowers harden out in haunted houses
They somehow escape the gardens and walked out into the concrete and now

Everytime I see her she be walking to the pole
Panties, bra, bra inside, dropping to the floor
She climb up, up, up, up, hiding on the pole
She walk out with all her precious petals gone and now
We can find, roses with no petals in here
We can find, lilies spray painted metal in here
We can find, them dancing with the devil in here

Those white lines and, those white lies

Step off the stage and I'm back in a trance
With you we're interstellar, I'm gassing your nebula
All other flowers, they pale in comparison
That's why my florist's hand's slowly caressing you
One petals, two petals, back on the floor
Touch me, then tease me, then back on your cloak
Everything's seemingly Puerto Rico
This worthless from verses was stirring your soul
Swear I'm not putting you down, though
I just hate seeing you drown, slow
You say your mind frame is twisted and shit
That your faith in humanity's ground floor
I'm always one that say think on your own
Free is the flower who rose from my home
But I'd rather watch you be seated in power than steadily seeing you being d
ethroned

I found the flowers being drowned in dirty water
They somehow escape the farmers and are headed out to slaughter and now