

# 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