

Beyoncé, DAUGHTER

Your body laid out on these filthy floors
Your bloodstains on my custom coutures
Bathroom attendant let me right in
She was a big fan
I really tried to stay cool
But your arrogance disturbed my solitude
Now I ripped your dress and you're all black and blue
Look what you made me do

They keep sayin' that I ain't nothin' like my father
But I'm the furthest thing from choir boys and altars
If you cross me, I'm just like my father
I am colder than Titanic water

Help me, Lord, from these fantasies in my head
They ain't ever been safe ones
I don't fellowship with these fake ones
So let's travel to white chapels and sing hymns
Hold rosaries, and sing in stained glass symphonies
Cleanse me, Holy Trinity, from this marijuana smoke smell in my hair

I sashayed my dress
Did my best impression of a damsel in distress
This alcohol and smell of regret
Allured my catch
Outfit too small to hide my scars
Feelin' bottled up like bottle service broads
How long can he hold his breath
Before his death?

Caro mio ben
Credimi almen
Senza di te
Languisce il cor
Il tuo fedel
Sospira ognor
Cessa, crudel
Tanto rigor
Ooh, ooh

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Hold rosary, sing in stained glass symphonies
Cleanse me, Holy Trinity, from this marijuana smoke smell in my hair

Say I'm nothin' like my father
But I'm the furthest thing from choir boys and altars
Double cross me, I'm just like my father
I am colder than Titanic water