

Lupe Fiasco, Lilies (ft. Sirah)

Come, and bring the pieces to the master
He who organize by size then completes them with the plaster
Now, what should we call it?
After 12, cocktails prevails the inner alcoholic
Who knelt you by the toilets?
Remember, remember? Just like the Knights of Malta
Niggas like their liquor malted, manifested like a land without the Indian
Just all kith and foul kin
Whether Maltese or Millennium
Saucer, Chaucer of the airwaves
To assist once a nigga leaves, but her hair beige
The other's hair shaved
Both standin' at the bottom of the staircase poised
But boys too coy to look in their face
Oi, bring the dowry, you can have 'em
On annual sabbatical, lookin' lousy in the cabin
Groomin's only prudent to continue working with humans
But ain't no livin' signals inside my circle of students

Lilies in the valley of my heart
Lay you on your back and fall apart
Lately I been looking at the sparks
It got my mind going back to Cali after dark
I got a problem with commitment, I'd say
Laying here waiting on waves
To wash away the palisades
Barriers and barricades
In the lilies in the valley of my heart

Leave, and take these pictures to the pawn shop
Tell 'em you want the same amount of money that the one got
Pull up on the side of his Ghost and let the Dijon drop
If they muster up the courage to murk us at the Quran swaps
For the ones that tell you how to orchestrate the bomb plots
Taught you well on how to tell the impostors
Made an inner city Mosque in Mississippi, Madrassas
Much like differences in instances, itty-bitty is topless
That was food for the fingers
Dim the lights to set the mood for the singers
Who can turn the stage into a school for the redeemers?
Like an agent teaching Afghans to use the tool with the stingers
Useful as a back tire to a flat tire
A bazooka's your best friend until it backfires
Your strata needs a bunk bed ladder to climb up
And high hopes will put this whole matter behind us

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Still, debunking the myth of a sleepover
As the enola sneaks over
The seat thinking ricolos fixes Ebola
Hol' up, heathens and thieves, in case police show up
Out the belly of the beast, making the streets blow up
Blowing in her hands, making the heat hold her us in streaks
All my skills on the hilltop, you can hear a quill drop
Spoon full of sugar help the pill pop

Let us Tetris, little blocks until the bill clots
And then fill spots and make the field drop
Levels, wearing the baron's medals
Otherwise bare expect for a pair of petals
Somethin' like a bear except he's wearing a pareo
Fair safe haven to take your share of De Niro
In his care, might square to a pair of you share hold
Heavily invested to bury every there and now

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