

Kany García

"New God Flow"

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[Kanye West]

Now hold up, I ain't trying to stunt, man
But these new Yeezys jumped over the Jumpman
Went from most hated to the god flow
I guess that's a feeling only me and Lebron know
I'm living three dreams:
Biggie Smalls', Dr. King's, Rodney King's
Cuz we can't get along, no resolution
Till we drown all these haters, rest in peace to Whitney
Houston
Cars, money, girls and the clothes
Aww money, you sold your soul
Naww man, mad people was frontin'
God damn, we made it here from nothing
Picture work your whole life, and you can't cut through
That can mess up your whole life, like an uncle that
touched you
What has the world come to, I'm from the 312
Where cops don't come through and dreams don't
come true
Like "Where did God go?" In his Murcielago
Went from working McDonalds, barely paying the car
note
Even got enough to get his mama a condo
People came shot him down in front of his mom
40 killings in a weekend, 40 killings in a week
Man the summer too hot you can feel it in the street
Welcome to Sunday service if you feel your Sunday
service
I got green in my eyes, follow this Erick Sermon
Did Moses not part the water with the cane?
Did heavens not make an ark when I made it rain?
Did Yeezy not get signed by Hov and Dame?
And went to Jacob and made the new Jesus chains?
In Jesus name, let the choir say
"I'm on fire ay," that's what Richard Prior say
And I annihilate anybody that violate
Ask any dope boy you know, they admire Ye'

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