

# Kanye West

## "New God Flow"

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[Hook]

Shake that body, party that bod  
Shake that body, party that bod  
Shake that body, party that body  
Come and have a good time with G.O.D

[Verse 1: Pusha T]

I believe there's a god above me  
I'm just the god of everything else  
I put holes in everything else  
"New God Flow," fuck everything else  
Supreme dope dealer, write it in bold letters  
They love a nigga's spirit like Pac at the Coachella  
They said Pusha ain't fit with the umbrella  
But I was good with the Yay as a wholesaler  
I think it's good that 'Ye got a blow dealer  
A hot temper, matched with a cold killer  
I came aboard for more than just to rhyme with him  
Think it's 99, when Puff woulda had Shyne with him  
(Matching Daytonas, rose gold on us)  
Goin' H&M in Ibiza done took a toll on us  
(But since you over do it, I'm gonna pour more)  
Well if you goin' coupe, I'm goin' four door  
[Hook x2]

[Verse 2: Pusha T]

Step on their necks 'til they can't breathe  
Claim they five stars but sell you dreams  
They say death multiplies by threes  
Line them all up and let's just see  
Fuck em 'Ye. Fuck em 'Ye!  
I wouldn't piss on that nigga with Grand Marnier  
(Woo!) They shitty shoppin' at Tar-G&T  
(Woo!) My shit is luxury Balmain (Ay!)  
Im ballin', Amar'e  
A nick sold in the park then I want in  
What's a king without a crown, nigga?  
What's a circus without you clown niggas?  
What's a brick from an outta-town nigga  
When you flood and you can drown niggas?  
Here's the G.O.O.D. Music golden child  
M.A. dollar sign, can't nobody hold me down  
[Hook]

[Verse 3: Kanye West]

Hold up, I ain't trying to stunt, man  
But these Yeezys jumped over the Jumpman  
Went from most hated to the champion 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 man, you sold your soul  
Naww man, mad people was frontin'  
Aww man, made something from nothing  
Picture working so hard, 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 there the god go in his Murcielago  
From working McDonalds, barely paying the car note  
He even got enough to get his mama a condo  
Then they ran up and shot him right front of his mom  
40 killings in a weekend, 40 killings in a week  
Man the summer too high you can feel it in the street  
Welcome to Sunday service if you hope to someday  
serve us  
We got green in our eyes, just follow my Erick Sermon  
Did Moses not part the water with the cane?  
Did strippers not make an arc when I made it rain?  
Did Yeezy not get signed by Hov and Dame?  
And ran to Jacob and made the new Jesus chains?  
In Jesus name, let the choir say  
"I'm on fire, ay," that's what Richard Pryor say  
And we annihilate anybody that violate  
Ask any dope boy you know, they admire 'Ye  
[Hook]  
[Outro: Kanye West]  
G.O.O.D. Music! G.O.O.D. Music!  
G.O.O.D. Music! G.O.O.D. Music!  
And all my niggas say "G.O.O.D. Music!"  
And all my ladies say "G.O.O.D. Music!"  
I don't know but I've been told  
(I don't know but I've been told)  
If you get fresh get all the hoes  
(If you get fresh get all the hoes)  
I'm way fresher than all my foes  
(I'm way fresher than all my foes)  
Somebody please pick out they clothes  
(Somebody please pick out they clothes)  
And all my niggas say "G.O.O.D. Music!"

And all my ladies say "G.O.O.D. Music!"  
Who runnin' shit today? G.O.O.D. Music!  
Who runnin' shit today? G.O.O.D. Music!

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