

New God Flow

Kanye West

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

I believe there's a God above me
I'm just the God of everything else
I put hoes in everything else
New God Flow, fuck everything else
Supreme dope dealer, write it in BOLD LETTERS
They love a nigga spirit like Pac at the Coachella
They said Pusha ain't fit with the umbrella
But I was good with the yay as a wholeseller
I think it's good that Ye got a blow dealer
A hot temper, matched with a cold killer
I came up more, for more than just to rhyme with him
Think '99, when Puff would've had Shyne with him
(matching Daytona's Rose Gold on us)
Going Ham in Ibiza done took a toll on us
Well since you over do it, imma pour more
Well if you going coupe, I'm going four door(wooo)

Shake that body, party that body(that's rare nigga)
Shake that body, party that body(Ric Flair nigga)
Shake that body, party that body(yeah nigga)
Come and have a good time with G-O-D(yeah)

Shake that body, party that body(woaa)
Shake that body, party that body(woaa)
Shake that body, party that body(it's a New God Flow)
Come and have a good time with G-O-D

Step on they necks till they can't breathe
Claim they five stars but sell you dreams
They say death multiplies by three's
Lined them all up and let's just see
Fuck 'em Ye, fuck 'em Ye
I wouldn't piss on that nigga with Grand Marnier'
They shit is shopping at Target'
My shit is luxury Balmain
I'm Balling, I'm all red
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
It's the GOOD Music golden child
M-A dollar sign can't nobody hold me down

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Hold up, I ain't trying to stunt, man
But these new Yeezys jumped over the jump man
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
Cause 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 "Where did God go?" In his Murcielago
From working McDonald's, barely paying the car note
He even got enough to get his mama a condo
Then they ran up and shot him right 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 hope to someday serve us
We got green in our eyes, follow my Erick Sermon
Did Moses not part the water with the cane?
Did strippers 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 Pryor say
And we annihilate anybody that violate
Ask any dope boy you know, they admire Ye

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GOOD Music, GOOD Music, GOOD Music, GOOD Music
And all my niggas say, GOOD Music
And all my ladies say, GOOD Music
I don't know what I've been told
(I don't know what I've been told)
If you get fresh, you get all the hoes
(If you get fresh, you 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, GOOD Music
And all my ladies say, GOOD Music
Who running shit today, GOOD Music
Who running shit today, GOOD Music