

# New God Flow (Edited Version)

## Pusha T & Kanye West

Shake that body, party that bod

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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 holes in everything else

"New God Flow," fuck everything else

Supreme dope dealer (Woo!) 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 '99, when Puff woulda had Shyne with him (Yughck)

(Matching Daytonas, rose gold on us)

Goin' HÂ·AÂ·M in Ibiza done took a toll on us (ooh!)

(But since you over do it, I'mma pour more)

Well if you goin' coupe, I'm goin' four door

Shake that body, party that bod (That's rare nigga!)

Shake that body, party that bod (Rick Flare 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 bod (Whoa!)

Shake that body, party that bod (Whoa!)

Shake that body, party that body (It's a new God flow niggas!)

Come and have a good time with G.O.DStep on they 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!)

(Woo!) They shitty shoppin' at TargÃ©t (Woo!)

(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?)

What's a circus without you clown niggas? (Ha!)

What's a brick from an outta-town nigga

When you flood and you can drown niggas? (Yughck!)

Here's the G.O.O.D. Music golden child  
M.A. dollar sign, can't nobody hold me down  
    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.  
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, Rodney King's  
        'Cause we can't get along, no resolution

'Til we drown all these haters, rest in peace to Whitney Houston  
    Cars, money, girls and the clothes  
        Aw man, you sold your soul  
        Naw man, mad people was frontin'  
        Aw 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 3 1 2  
    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 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, 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'll annihilate anybody that violate

Ask any dope boy you know, they admire 'Ye  
    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.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!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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