New God Flow

Pusha T

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.DI 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 doorShake 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 downShake 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.DHold 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 'YeShake 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.DG.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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