

New God Flow.1

Kanye West, Pusha T & Ghostface Killah

[Produced by Boogz N Tapez, Kanye West, and Anthony Kilhoffer]

[Intro]

Somebody been running a long time
Somebody—

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

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 & Kanye West]

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 Push 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 (Yuugh)
Matchin' Daytonas, rose gold on us
Goin' HAM in Ibiza done took a toll on us
But since you overdo it, I'ma pour more
Well if you goin' coupe, I'm goin' four door

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah & Kanye West]

Shake that body, party that bod— (That's rare, nigga)
Shake that body, party that bod— (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 bod— (Woah)
Shake that body, party that bod— (Woah)
Shake that body, party that body (It's the new God flow, niggas)
Come and have a good time with G-O-D (Yo)

[Verse 2: Pusha T]

Step 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) They shit is shoppin' at Target
(Woo) My shit is luxury Balmain
I'm balling, 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 out of town nigga
When you flood and you can drown niggas? (Yuugh)
Here's the G.O.O.D. Music golden child
M-A dollar sign, can't nobody hold me down

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]

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 3: Kanye West]

Hold up, I ain't trying to stunt, man
But the 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, uh
'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
Nah, man, mad people was frontin'
Aw, man, made somethin' from nothin'
Picture workin' 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 workin' McDonalds, barely payin' 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
Forty killings in a weekend, forty 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 ark 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, ayy," that's what Richard Pryor say
And we'll annihilate anybody that violate
Ask any dope boy you know, they admire 'Ye
[Chorus: Ghostface Killah]
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

[Interlude: Ghostface Killah]
Yeah, nigga
Yeah, I had my— I had my Jesus piece since '94
I don't know what I— I don't know what y'all talkin' 'bout
And my eagle
Still got it all in the bag, B (Yeah)
All I did was play possum (Yo, come on)

[Verse 4: Ghostface Killah]
Six hundred Cuban cigar in the big tub
Medallion on, Dove soap on the fresh cut
With soap suds on the MAC-11
My big lion haven't ate since twelve and it's after seven
We feed the nigga like forty chickens
His tail wag when I send him a bag with just one victim
Uh-huh, now let me show you what my closet on
Gems in the display case, call it a rock-a-thon
I— I got soccer moms payin' for cock
Asians get it from behind while they cleanin' they wok
Comin' with flows that is toxic (Come on)
Deadly fumes when I'm in the room
Repercussions occur when you dry snitch
Red light, green light, one, two, three
Look mean, got my machine, cried and hit you, please
Said and shake that body, scar up that body
Should I kill him now Tone? I said, "Probably"
Side bets are four and better
Bust hammers with pot holders
And yo, dead a cow for his fuckin' leather
I'm not bow-legged, but old school like Redd Foxx
My favorite color in my hustle days was red tops
My gold eagle arm shitted out a red rock
Threw it off my project roof and saw red dots
Kanye, shine a light on my Wallabees
You can have a good time with G-O-D

[Chorus: Ghostface Killah & Kanye West]
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Shake that body, party that bod— (Woah)
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Shake that body, party that body (It's the new God flow, niggas)
Come and have a good time with G-O-D (Yo)

[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"

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