

Kanye West, New God Flow (feat. Pusha T)

Shake that body, party that body /3x
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's spirit like Pac at the Coachella
They said Pusha aint 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 up more, for more than just to rhyme with him
Think '99, when Puff woulda had Shyne with him
(Matching Daytonas, rose gold on us)
Going ham in the Ibiza done took a toll on us
(But since you over do it, I'mma pour more)
Well if you goin' coupe, I'm going 4 door, woah!

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[Pusha T:]
Step on they necks till they can't breathe
Claim they 5 stars but sell you dreams
They say death multiplies by three's
Lined them all up and lets just see
Fuck 'em 'Ye, fuck 'em 'Ye
I wouldn't piss on that nigga with Grand Marnier
They shoulda shopping in target
My shit is luxury Balmain
I'm ballin', I'm all red
A nick sold in the park then I want in
Whats a king without a crown niggam what?
Whats a circus without you clown niggas?
Whats 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 aint nobody hold me down

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[Kanye West:]
Hold up, I ain't tryna stunt man
But the Yeezy's 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 3 dreams, Biggie Smalls, Dr. King, Rodney Kings
Uh, 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
Nah man, mad people was frontin'
Aww man, made something from nothing
Picture working so hard and you cant cut through
That can mess up your whole life, like the 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 McDonalds, barely paying the car note

He even got enough to get his mama a condo
Than 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 surface
We got green our my eyes, just follow my Eric 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
Ran to Jacob's 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 annihilate anybody that violate
Ask any dopeboy you know, they admire Ye?

Good music /4x
And all my niggas say: Good music
And all my ladies say: Good 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: Good music
And all my ladies say: Good music
Who run this shit today? Good music
Who run this shit today? Good music