

# 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— (Ric Flair, nigga)  
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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)

[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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