

## Empire State of Mind

Jay-Z ft. Alicia Keys

Yeah, I'm out that Brooklyn, now I'm down in Tribeca  
Right next to DeNiro, but I'll be hood forever  
I'm the new Sinatra and since I made it here  
I can make it anywhere, yeah, they love me everywhere  
I used to cop in Harlem, hola my Dominicanos  
Right there up on Broadway, brought me back to that McDonalds  
Took it to my stash spot, 560 State Street  
Catch me in the kitchen like a Simmons whipping pastry  
Cruising down 8th street, off-white Lexus  
Driving so slow but BK is from Texas  
Me I'm out that Bed-Stuy, home of that boy Biggie  
Now I live on Billboard and I brought my boys with me  
Say what up to Ty Ty, still sipping mai tais  
Sitting courtside Knicks and Nets give me high fives  
Nigga I be Spiked out, I can trip a referee  
Tell by my attitude that I most definitely from...

Verse 1

New York, concrete jungle where dreams are made of  
There's nothing you can't do  
Now you're in New York  
These streets will make you feel brand new  
Big lights will inspire you  
Let's hear it for New York

Chorus

Catch me at the X with OG at a Yankee game  
Shit, I made the Yankee hat more famous than a Yankee can  
You should know I bleed Blue, but I ain't a Crip, though  
But I got a gang of niggas walking with my clique though  
Welcome to the melting pot, corners where we selling rocks  
Afrika Bambaataa shit, home of the hip-hop  
Yellow cab, gypsy cab, dollar cab, holla back  
For foreigners it ain't fair, they act like they forgot how to add  
8 million stories out there in the naked City  
It's a pity half of y'all won't make it  
Me I gotta plug Special Ed "I Got It Made"  
If Jeezy's paying LeBron, I'm paying Dwyane Wade  
3 dice Cee-lo, 3 card Marley  
Labor Day Parade, rest in peace Bob Marley  
Statue of Liberty, long live the World trade  
Long live the king, yo; I'm from the Empire State, that's:

Verse 2

New York, concrete jungle where dreams are made of  
There's nothing you can't do  
Now you're in New York  
These streets will make you feel brand new  
Big lights will inspire you  
Let's hear it for New York

Lights is blinding, girls need blinders  
So they can step out of bounds quick  
The side lines is lined with casualties  
Who sip the life casually, then gradually become worse  
Don't bite the apple, Eve  
Caught up in the in-crowd, now you're in-style  
And in the winter gets cold en vogue with your skin out  
The city of sin is a pity on a whim  
Good girls gone bad, the city's filled with 'em  
Mommy took a bus trip and now she got her bust out  
Everybody ride her, just like a bus route  
"Hail Mary" to the city, you're a virgin  
And Jesus can't save you, life starts when the church ends  
Came here for school, graduated to the high life  
Ball players, rap stars, addicted to the limelight  
MDMA got you feeling like a champion  
The city never sleeps, better slip you a Ambien

Verse 3

New York, concrete jungle where dreams are made of  
There's nothing you can't do  
Now you're in New York  
These streets will make you feel brand new  
Big lights will inspire you  
Let's hear it for New York

One hand in the air for the big city  
Street lights, big dreams all looking pretty  
No place in the world that can compare  
Put your lighters in the air, everybody say: "yeah!"

New York, concrete jungle where dreams are made of  
There's nothing you can't do  
Now you're in New York  
These streets will make you feel brand new  
Big lights will inspire you  
Let's hear it for New York