

Empire State Of Mind

Jay-z

Yeah, yeah, I'ma up at Brooklyn, now I'm down in Tribeca
Right next to De Niro, 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, all of my Dominicanos
Right there up on Broadway, brought me back to that McDonald's
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 up at 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 tai
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 am most definitely from
In New York, concrete jungle where dreams are made, oh
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
New York, New York
(I made you hot, nigga)
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 rock
Afrika Bambaataa shit, home of the hip hop
Yellow Cab, Gypsy Cab, Dollar Cab, holla back
For foreigners that ain't fifty, they act like they forgot how to act
Eight million stories out there, and they're naked
Cities is a pity, half of y'all won't make it
Me, I gotta plug, Special Ed "I Got It Made"
If Jesus payin' LeBron, I'm paying Dwyane Wade
Three dice, Cee-lo, three-card Monte
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
In New York, concrete jungle where dreams are made, oh

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
New York, New York
Lights is blinding, girls need blinders
So they can step out of bounds quick
The sidelines is blind with casualties
Who sipping life casually, then gradually become worse
Don't bite the apple, Eve, caught up in the in crowd
Now you're in style, end of 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 cities filled with them
Mommy took a bus trip, 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 an Ambien
In 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
New York, 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, yeah, yeah, yeah
(Come on, come on)
In New York, concrete jungle where dreams are made, oh
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
New York, New York

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