

# Empire State of Mind (Featuring Alicia Keys)

Jay-Z

Yea, yea 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, yea, they love me everywhere I used to cop in Harlem,  
All of my Dominicano's right there up on Broadway,  
Pull me back to that McDonald's, took it to my stashbox, 560 State St.  
Catch me in the kitchen like a Simmons wippin' pastry's  
Cruisin' down 8th St., off white Lexus  
Drivin' 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 whattup to Ty-Ty, still sippin' Mai Tai's  
Sittin' courtside, Knicks and Nets give me high five  
Nigga I be Spike'd out, I could trip a referee  
Tell by my attitude that I'm most definitely from In New York,  
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of  
There's nothin' 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 Catch me at the X with OG at a Yankee game  
Shit, I made the Yankee hat more famous then a Yankee can  
You should know I bleed blue, but I ain't a Crip though  
But I got a gang of niggas walkin' with my clique though  
Welcome to the melting pot, corners where we sellin' rock  
Afrika Bambataa shit, home of the hip-hop  
Yellow cab, gypsy cab, dollar cab, holla back  
For foreigners it ain't for, they act like they forgot how to act  
Eight million stories, out there in it naked  
City is a pity, half of y'all won't make it  
Me, I got a plug, Special Ed "I Got It Made"  
If Jesus payin' LeBron, I'm payin' Dwayne 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 St. that's In New York,  
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of  
There's nothin' 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  
Lined with casualties, who sip to 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  
City of sin, it's a pity on the whim  
Good girls gone bad, the city's 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 end  
Came here for school, graduated to the high life  
Ball players, rap stars, addicted to the limelight  
MDMA got you feelin' like a champion  
The city never sleeps, better slip you an Ambien  
In New York,  
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of  
There's nothin' 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 lookin' pretty  
No place in the world that could compare  
Put your lighters in the air everybody say yeah, yeah,  
Yea, yea  
In New York,  
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of  
There's nothin' 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

Songwriters

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