

# Empire State Of Mind

## Halestorm

Yeah, yeah, I'm 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, pull me back to that McDonald's  
Took it to my stash box, 560 State Street  
Catch me in the Kitchen like a Simmons with them pastries  
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 tai's  
Sitting courtside, Knicks and Nets give me high five  
Jigga, I be spiked out, I could trip a referee  
Tell by my attitude that I'm most definitely from  
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  
Catch me at the X with OG at a Yankee game  
Dude, 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 brothers walking with my clique though  
Welcome to the melting pot, corners where we selling rock  
Afrika Bambaataa, 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  
8 million stories, out there in the naked  
City is a pity, half of y'all won't make it  
Me, I gotta plug Special Ed, "I Got it Made"  
If Jesus paying LeBron, I'm paying 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 kingdom I'm from the Empire State that's  
New York, hey, 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  
Lined with casualties who slip through 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, wit'cha skin out  
City of sin, it's a pity on the whim  
Good girls gone bad, the city's filled with them  
Mami 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 feeling like a champion  
The city never sleeps, better slip you an Ambien  
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  
One hand in the air for the big city  
Street lights, big dreams, all looking pretty  
No place in the world that could compare  
Put your lighters in the air, everybody say  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
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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