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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