

# 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 Billboards, 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 Jeezy 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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