

Empire State of Mind

[Kim Waters](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah 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, yeah 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 Strett
Catch me in the kitchen like a Simmons with them pastries
Cruisin' down 8th Street, 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 whatup to Ty-Ty, still sippin' mai tai's
Sittin' courtside, Knicks & 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
New York
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of
There's nothin' you can't do
Now you're in New York (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
Do 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 walkin' with my clique though
Welcome to the melting pot, corners where we sellin' rock
Africa Bambata 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 molly
Labour Day Parade, rest in peace Bob Marley
Statue of Liberty, long live the World TradeNew 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 leaf
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 wind
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
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
Streetlights, big dreams, all lookin' 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 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

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