

Empire State of Mind (feat. Alicia Keys)

JAY-Z & Alicia Keys

Yeah
Yeah, I'm up at 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 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 the Simmons whippin' pastry
Cruising down 8th Street
Off-white Lexus
Driving so slow but B.K. is from Texas
Me I'm up at 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 sippin' Mai Tais
Sittin' courtside Knicks and Nets give me high fives
Nigga I be spiked out; I can trip a referee
Tell by my attitude that I most definitely from...
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
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 walkin' 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 it ain't fair they act like they forgot how to add
Eight million stories out there in the naked
City it's a pity half of y'all won't make it
Me I gotta plug Special Ed "I got it made"
If Jeezy's 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 State that's...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
Welcome to the bright light...Lights is blinding
Girls need blinders
Or they can step out of bounds quick
The sidelines is lined 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
And in 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 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 ends
Came here for school, graduated to the high life
Ballplayers, rap stars, addicted to the limelight
MDMA got you feeling like a champion
The city never sleeps better slip you a 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 yeaahh yeah. Yeaahh yeah!
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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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