

## **Alicia Keys f/ Capone-N-Noreaga, Raekwon, Styles P**

### **"Empire State of Mind Pt. 2"**

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[Intro: Raekwon] Shallah! Yo Green! Young God with a blue hat on [Raekwon] I'm not like Sinatra, more Samy, the jammy in my right arm The streets that I rose from, goes on Living in poverty, it gotta be a way to get on I sit back watch the just kids follow me You can't touch it yet, the best ones know And the rest kept seeking, I survived the check, yo From living on the wrong side of the town, where every problem occur Everybody heard it went down It's just our city, our hometown, our squad, the yard From out the east coast, with plans like Shallah The dreams, they can happen, but it's near, so protect ya dome Whenever nine home, we standing right here Yo, from playing Green Lantern to the Hamptons Or camping in the next nigga hood, I'm just good, I'm lamping The Empire, the flyer we get, the higher we sit But everybody wanna ride on our dick, but [Chorus: Alicia Keys] I'mma make it by any means, I got a pocket full of dreams Baby, I'm from New York, concrete jungle where dreams are made of, there's nothing you can do Now you're in New York, these streets will make you feel brand new, these lights will inspire you Hear it for New York, New York, New York [N.O.R.E.] (Capone) New York State of Mind (always) pissy elevators and (hallways) Cheese line grease (crudded in the doorways) 42nd Street lights (gamble harder, three dice) Niggas get murked at the same place they was raised at (We shoot niggas, run for cover) they don't even graze back (Army suits and Timb boots, New York made that) CNN The Embassy, Mafioso Militainment Peeing cases in the city, Roset Jose (They saying New York fell off? That shit never bother me) No place like home, go and ask Dorothy (Money stacks still in the bank) Taller than Barkley (Queens blood in my vein, New York make my heart beat) Big Pun, ODB, Biggie Smalls Jam Master Jay, keep it (yes yes ya'll) (The birth place of rap, the number one city on the map New York we put it down like that, like that) [Chorus] [Styles P] The New York walk, the New York talk The New York streets, with New York thoughts 24 dollars, used to be New York cost We all got what it take to be a New York boss Rich or poor, we all have a

ball here So every New Year they drop the Ball here  
[Chorus]

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