

## Alicia Keys "Empire State Of Mind"

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[Jay-Z:]

Yeah,  
Yeah, I'm ma 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 Dominicans  
Right there up on Broadway,  
Brought me back to that McDonald's,

Took it to my stash spot,  
5-60 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 Study,  
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  
Sitting court side Knicks and Nets give me high fives,  
N-gga I be Spiked out, I can trip a referee,  
Tell by my attitude that I most definitely from

[Alicia Keys:]

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,  
The lights will inspire you,  
Let's hear it for New York, New York, New York

[Jay-Z:]

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 tho,  
But I got a gang of niggas walking with my clique  
though,  
Welcome to the melting pot,  
Corners where we selling rocks,  
Afrika bambaataa shit,  
Home of the hip hop,  
Yellow cap, gypsy cap, dollar cab, holla back,  
For foreigners it aint fitted they forgot how to act,

8 million stories out there and their naked,

Cities is a pity half of y'all won't make it,  
Me I gotta plug Special Ed and I got it made,  
If Jeezy's paying LeBron, I'm paying Dwayne Wade,  
3 dice cee-lo  
3 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

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Jay-Z:]  
Lights is blinding,  
Girls need blinders  
So they can step out of bounds quick,  
The side lines 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 your 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 cities filled with them,  
Mami took a bus trip and now she got her bust out,  
Everybody ride her, just like a bus route,  
Hail Mary to the city your 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 a Ambient

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Alicia Keys:]

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  
Come on, come,  
Yeah,

[Repeat Chorus:]

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