

Alicia Keys, empire state

Yeah

[Verse 1: Jay-Z]

Yea 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, yea, 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 St.
catch me in the kitchen like a Simmons with them Pastry's
Cruisin' down 8th St., 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 whattup 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....

[Chorus: Alicia Keys]

Newww Yooorrrkkkk, I'm becomin' where dreams are made of
There's nothin' you can't do
out of Neww Yooorrrkkkk
These streets will make you feel brand new
Big lights will inspire you
Let's hear it for New York, New York,
Neeeww Yooorrrkkkk

[Verse 2: Jay-Z]

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 sellin' rock
Afrika Bambataa shit, 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
8 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
Labor Day Parade, rest in peace Bob Marley
Statue of Liberty, long live the World Trade
Long live the Kingdome, I'm from the Empire St. that's

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Jay-Z]

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
Mami 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

[Chorus]

[Bridge: Alicia Keys]

One hand in the air for the big city

Street lights, big dreams, all lookin' pretty
No place in the world that could compare
Put your lighters in the air
Everybody say "yeaaaa, yeaaa, yeaaa, yeaaaa"
[Chorus]