

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>