

Empire State Of Mind
Glee

F#

Yeah, Yeah, Im ma up at Brooklyn, now Im down in Tribeca
Right next to DeNiro, But i ll be hood forever

Bmaj7

I m the new Sinatra, and since I made it here
I can make it anywhere, yeah they love me everywhere

F#

I used to cop in Harlem , all of my dominicanos
Right there up on broadway, brought me back to that McDonalds

B7M

Took it to my stash spot, Five Sixty Stage street
Catch me in the kitchen like a simmons whipping pastry

F#

Cruising down 8th street, off white lexus
Driving so slow but BK is from Texas

B7M

Me I m up at Bedsty, home of that boy Biggie
Now i live on billboard, and i brought my boys with me

F#

Say wat up to Ty Ty, still sipping Malta
Sitting courtside Knicks and Nets give me high fives

A#

N-gga I be spiked out, I can trip a referee
Tell by my attitude that I most definitely from

Refrão:

B7M

In New York

F#

Concrete jungle where dreams are made of
Theres nothing you can t do,

B7M

Now you re in New York,

F#

These streets will make you feel brand new,
The lights will inspire you,

B7M

Let s here it for New York, New York, New York
I made you hot n-gga

F#

Catch me at the X with OG at a Yankee game
Sh-t I made the yankee hat more famous than a yankee can

B7M

You should know I bleed Blue, but I aint a crip tho
But i got a gang of n-ggas walking with my click though

F#

welcome to the melting pot, corners where we selling rocks

Afrika Bambaataa sh-t, home of the hip hop

B7M

Yellow cap, gypsy cap, dollar cab, holla back
For foreigners it aint fitted they forgot how to act

F#

Eight million stories out there and their naked
Cities is a pity half of y all won t make it

B7M

Me i gotta plug a special and i got it made
If Jesus payin LeBron, I m paying Dwayne Wade
Three dice Cee-Lo, three card marley
Labor day parade, rest in peace Bob Marley,

A#

Statue of Liberty, long live the World trade
Long live the king yo, I m from the empire state that s

Refrão:

F#

Lights is blinding, girls need blinders
So they can step out of bounds quick, the side lines is

B7M

Blind with casualties,who sipping life casually
Then gradually become worse, don t bite the apple Eve

F#

Caught up in the in crowd, now your in-style
And in the winter gets cold en vogue with your skin out

B7M

The city of sin is a pity on a whim
Good girls gone bad, the cities filled with them

F#

Mommy took a bus trip and now she got her bust out
Everybody ride her, just like a bus route

B7M

Hail Mary to the city your a Virgin
And Jesus can t save you life starts when the church ends

F#

Came here for school, graduated to the high life
Ball players, rap stars, addicted to the limelight

A#

MDMA got you feeling like a champion
The city never sleeps better slip you a Ambien

Refrão:

B

One hand in the air for the big city
Street lights, big dreams all looking pretty

C#

No place in the World that can compare

D#m

A#

Put your lighters in the air, everybody say yeah
Come on, come, yeah