

Empire State of Mind

Jay-Z

F#maj7

1. Yea I'm out that Brooklyn, now I'm 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, yea, they love me everywhere

F#maj7

I used to cop in Harlem, all of my Dominicano's

right there up on Broadway, pull me back to that McDonald's

Bmaj7

Took it to my stashbox, 560 State St.

catch me in the kitchen like a Simmons with them Pastry's

F#maj7

Cruisin' down 8th St., off white Lexus

drivin' so slow, but BK is from Texas

Bmaj7

Me, I'm out that Bed-Stuy, home of that boy Biggie

now I live on Billboard and I brought my boys with me

F#maj7

Say what's up to Ty-Ty, still sippin' mai tai's

sittin' courtside, Knicks & Nets give me high five

B

Nigga I be Spike'd out, I could trip a referee

Tell by my attitude that I'm most definitely from....

B

F#maj7

R: New York, concrete jungle where dreams are made of

C#

There's nothin' you can't do

B

Now you're in New York

F#maj7

These streets will make you feel brand new

C#

Big lights will inspire you

B

Let's hear it for New York, New York, New York

2. 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, it's a pity, half of y'all won't make it

Me, I got a plug, Special Ed "I Got It Made"

If Jeezy's payin' LeBron, I'm payin' Dwyane Wade
Three dice cee-lo, three Card Monty
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

R: New York...

3. 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 eve
Caught up in the in-crowd, now you're in style
Anna Wintour gets cold, in 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

R: New York...

Bmaj7

*: One hand in the air for the big city

Street lights, big dreams, all lookin' pretty

F#maj7

No place in the world that could compare

Ebmin

Put your lighters in the air

B

Everybody say "yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

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Now you're in New York
These streets will make you feel brand new
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B

F#maj7

Let's hear it for New York, New York, New York