

Empire State Of Mind

This one you just need to know in order to play.

Capo 2

E

Yeah, Yeah, I'ma up at Brooklyn, now I'm down in Tribeca

Right next to DeNiro, But I'll be hood forever

A

I'm the new Sinatra, and since I made it here

I can make it anywhere, yeah they love me everywhere

E

I used to cop in Harlem, all of my Dominicanos

Right there up on Broadway, brought me back to that McDonald's

A

Took it to my stash spot, Five Sixty Stage street

Catch me in the kitchen like a Simmons whipping pastry

E

Cruising down 8th street, off white Lexus

Driving so slow but BK is from Texas

A

Me I'm up at Bedsty, home of that boy Biggie

Now I live on billboard, and I brought my boys with me

E

Say what up to Ty Ty, still sipping Mai-Tai's

Sitting court-side Knicks and Nets give me high fives

Ab

Nigga I be spiked out, I can trip a referee

Tell by my attitude that I most definitely from

Chorus:

A

New York

E

Concrete jungle where dreams are made of

There's nothing you can't do

A

Now you're in New York

E

These streets will make you feel brand new

The lights will inspire you

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

(I made you hot n-gga)

Verse:

E
Catch me at the X with OG at a Yankee game
Shit I made the Yankee hat more famous than a Yankee can

A
You should know I bleed Blue, but I ain't a crip though

But I got a gang of niggas walking with my click though
E
welcome to the melting pot, corners where we selling rocks

Africa Bambata shit, home of the hip hop

A
Yellow cap, gypsy cap, dollar cab, holla back

For foreigners it ain't fitted they forgot how to act

E
Eight million stories out there and they're naked

City it's a pity half of y'all won't make it

A
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,

Ab
Statue of Liberty, long live the World Trade

Long live the king yo, I'm from the Empire State that's

A
New York

E
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of

There's nothing you can't do

A
Now you're in New York

E
These streets will make you feel brand new

The lights will inspire you

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

E

Lights is blinding, girls need blinders

So they can step out of bounds quick, the side lines is

A

Blind with casualties, who's sipping life casually

Then gradually become worse, don't bite the apple Eve

E

Caught up in the in crowd, now your in-style

And in the winter gets cold en vogue with your skin out

A

The city of sin is a pity on a whim

Good girls gone bad, the cities filled with them

E

Mommy took a bus trip and now she got her bust out

Everybody ride her, just like a bus route

A

Hail Mary to the city you're a Virgin

And Jesus can't save your life starts when the church ends

E

Came here for school, graduated to the high life

Ball players, rap stars, addicted to the limelight

Ab

MDMA got you feeling like a champion

The city never sleeps better slip you an Ambien

A

New York

E

Concrete jungle where dreams are made of

There's nothing you can't do

A

Now you're in New York

E

These streets will make you feel brand new

Big lights will inspire you

A

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

Bridge:

A

One hand in the air for the big city

Street lights, big dreams all looking pretty

B

No place in the World that can compare

C#m

Ab

Put your lighters in the air, everybody say yeah

Come on, come, yeah

A

New York

E

Concrete jungle where dreams are made of

There's nothing you can't do

A

Now you're in New York

E

These streets will make you feel brand new

The lights will inspire you

A

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