

# Glee - Empire State Of Mind

Tom: **Gb**

**Gb**  
Yeah, Yeah, Im'ma up at Brooklyn, now Im down in Tribeca  
Right next to DeNiro, But i'll be hood forever  
**B7M**  
I'm the new Sinatra, and since I made it here  
I can make it anywhere, yeah they love me everywhere  
**Gb**  
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  
**Gb**  
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  
**Gb**  
Say wat up to Ty Ty, still sipping Malta  
Sitting courtside Knicks and Nets give me high fives  
**Bb**  
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  
**Gb**  
Concrete jungle where dreams are made of  
Theres nothing you can't do,  
**B7M**  
Now you're in New York,

**Gb**  
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

**Gb**  
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  
**Gb**

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

**Gb**  
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,

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

Refrão:

**Gb**  
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  
**Gb**

**B7M**  
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  
**Gb**

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  
**Gb**

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

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  
**Db**

No place in the World that can compare  
**Ebm**

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

## Acordes

