

# Glee - Empire State Of Mind

Tom: Gb

Yeah, Yeah, Im'ma up at Brooklyn, now Im 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 McDonalds

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

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

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

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

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

Refrão:  
 In New York

Concrete jungle where dreams are made of  
 Theres nothing you can't do,

Now you're in New York,

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

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

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

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

welcome to the melting pot, corners where we selling rocks  
 Afrika Bambaataa sh-t, home of the hip hop

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

Eight million stories out there and their naked  
 Cities is a pity half of y'all won't make it

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,

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

Refrão:  
 Lights is blinding, girls need blinders  
 So they can step out of bounds quick, the side lines is  
 Blind with casualties,who sipping life casually  
 Then gradually become worse, don't bite the apple Eve  
 Caught up in the in crowd, now your 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 cities filled with them  
 Mommy took a bus trip and now she got her bust out  
 Everybody ride her, just like a bus route

Hail Mary to the city your a Virgin  
 And Jesus can't save you life starts when the church ends  
 Came here for school, graduated to the high life  
 Ball players, rap stars, addicted to the limelight  
 MDMA got you feeling like a champion  
 The city never sleeps better slip you a Ambien

Refrão:  
 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 yeah  
 Come on, come, yeah

## Acordes

