

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

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

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

