

EMPIRE STATE OF MINE

Jay-Z (ft Alicia Keys)
Arr. : T. Capelle

Intro

Voix

Violons

Violoncelles

Piano

Basse

Batterie

5 Couplet

Voix

V.

Vc.

Pno

Basse

Bat.

In New

11 Refrain

Voix

V.

Vc.

Pno

Basse

Bat.

York Con-crete jun-gle where dreams are made of There's no-thing you can't do Now you're in New York

16

Voix

These streets will make you feel brand new The lights will in - spire you Let's here it for New York, New York, New York

V.

Vc.

Pno

Basse

Bat.

21

Pont

Voix

One hand in the air for the big ci - ty Street lights, big dreams all loo-king pret - ty No place in the World that can com - pare

V.

Vc.

Pno

Basse

Bat.

24

Au Refrain Fin

Voix

Put your ligh-ters in the air, e - v'ry-bo-dy say yeah_____ yeah_____ yeah_____ yeah_____ In New

V.

Vc.

Pno

Basse

Bat.

COUPLET 1

Yeah, Yeah, Im'ma up at Brooklyn, now I'm 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 McDonald's
 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 what up to Ty Ty, still sipping Malta
 Sitting court-side 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

COUPLET 2

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 ain't 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 ain't 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

COUPLET 3

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