

# Empire State Of Mind by Alicia Keys - Jay Z

| Yeah,   |
|---|
| Yeah, I'm out 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 (1) street,                                  |
| catch me in the kitchen like a simmons whipping pastry, |
| cruising down 8th street,                               |
| off white lexus,  |
| driving so (2) but BK is (3) 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         |
| [Alicia Keys]   |
| 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 (4) will inspire you,                                 |
| lets here it for New York, New York, New York             |
| [Jay-Z]   |
| I (5) 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 (6) 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 (7) we selling rocks,                             |
| afrika (8) 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 (9) stories out there and their naked,              |
| cities is a pity (10) of y'all won't make it,             |
| me I gotta plug a (11) 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 (12) the king yo,                                    |
| I'm from the empire state thats                           |
| [Chorus]  |
| In New York,  |



Concrete jungle where (13)\_\_\_\_\_ are made of,

| Theres nothing you can't do,                              |
|---|
| Now you're in New York,                                   |
| these streets will (14) you feel brand new,               |
| the lights will inspire you,                              |
| lets here it for New York, New York, New York             |
| Welcome to the bright light                               |
| [Jay-Z]   |
| Lights is blinding,                                       |
| girls (15) blinders                                       |
| so they can step out of bounds quick,                     |
| the (16) 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 (17) with your (18) out,   |
| the city of sin is a pity on a whim,                      |
| good girls (19) 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 (20) your a Virgin,                      |
| and (21) can't save you life starts (22) the church ends, |
| came here for school, (23) 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            |
| [Chorus]  |
| In New York,  |
| Concrete jungle where dreams are made of,                 |



Now you're in New York, these streets will make you feel (24)\_\_\_\_\_ new, the lights will inspire you, lets here it for New York, New York, New York [Alicia Keys] One hand in the air for the big city, Street lights, big dreams all looking pretty, no place in the (25)\_\_\_\_\_ can compare, Put your lighters in the air, everybody say yeaaahh come on, come, yeah, [Chorus] In New York, Concrete jungle where dreams are made of, Theres nothing you (27)\_\_\_\_ Now you're in New York,

these streets will make you feel brand new,

lets here it for New York, New York, New (28)\_\_\_\_\_

the lights will inspire you,

# SUB inglés

# 1. Stage

- 2. slow
- 3. from
- 4. lights
- 5. made
- 6. should
- 7. where
- 8. bambaataa
- 9. million
- 10. half
- 11. special
- 12. live
- 13. dreams
- 14. make
- 15. need
- 16. side
- 17. vogue
- 18. skin
- 19. gone
- 20. city
- 21. Jesus
- 22. when
- 23. graduated
- 24. brand
- 25. World
- 26. that
- 27. can't
- 28. York

### Fill in the gaps