

## Jay Z et Alicia Keys chantent New York



C'est le hit du moment, "Empire State of Mind". Rap syncopé de Jay Z transpercé par la voix de Alicia Keys.

Mais avez vous pris conscience des paroles ? Cette chanson est tout simplement une ode à New York ! "New York, la jungle de béton où les rêves se réalisent, il n'y a rien que tu ne puisse réussir, maintenant tu es à New York ! Ses rues te feront sentir tout neuf, ses lumières vont t'inspirer. Ecoute New York, New York !" chante bien haut Alicia Keys.

Pour les amoureux de la grosse pomme, on ne peut que recommander le clip vidéo qui accompagne la chanson, 4:41 minutes d'images noir et blanc de la ville survolée la nuit, et des vues de tous les quartiers, on croirait un passage de Manhattan de Woody Allen.

Le clip se termine sur un escalier rouge que tous les touristes connaissent bien : c'est l'escalier de Duffy Square, la placette au centre de Time Square. Cet escalier est destiné aux visiteurs et se présente comme une sorte de gradin qui abrite les billetteries de TKTS, soldeur de billets de spectacles, situé en dessous (voir aussi notre article : [l'escalier rouge de Times Square](#)).

////////// DERNIERE MINUTE 30/01/10 :

Décidément passionnée par la ville qui ne dort jamais, Alicia Keys vient d'acheter un appartement à New York, dans le quartier de Soho pour la somme de 14,5 millions de dollars. Cet appartement n'est pas n'importe lequel, puisqu'il a déjà vu défiler des stars comme Lenny Kravitz, Denzel Washington et Nicole Kidman. Elle y emménage avec son producteur de mari.

Le clip :

*Les paroles de la chanson :*

**"Empire State Of Mind"**

(feat. Alicia Keys)

Yeah

*[Verse 1: Jay-Z]*

Yea I'm out that 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, yea, they love me everywhere  
I used to cop in Harlem, all of my Dominicano's  
right there up on Broadway, pull me back to that McDonald's  
Took it to my stashbox, 560 State St.  
catch me in the kitchen like a Simmons with them Pastry's  
Cruisin' down 8th St., off white Lexus  
drivin' so slow, but BK is from Texas  
Me, I'm out that Bed-Stuy, home of that boy Biggie  
now I live on Billboard and I brought my boys with me  
Say what's up to Ty-Ty, still sippin' mai tai's  
sittin' courtside, Knicks & Nets give me high five  
Nigga I be Spike'd out, I could trip a referee  
Tell by my attitude that I'm most definitely from....

*[Chorus: Alicia Keys]*

New York, concrete jungle where dreams are made of  
There's nothin' you can't do  
Now you're in New York  
These streets will make you feel brand new  
Big lights will inspire you  
Let's hear it for New York, New York,  
New York

*[Verse 2: Jay-Z]*

Catch me at the X with OG at a Yankee game

Shit, I made the Yankee hat more famous then a Yankee can  
You should know I bleed blue, but I ain't a Crip though  
but I got a gang of niggas walkin' with my clique though  
Welcome to the melting pot, corners where we sellin' rock  
Afrika Bambataa shit, home of the hip-hop  
Yellow cab, gypsy cab, dollar cab, holla back  
for foreigners it ain't for, they act like they forgot how to act  
8 million stories, out there in it naked  
City, it's a pity, half of y'all won't make it  
Me, I got a plug, Special Ed "I Got It Made"  
If Jeezy's payin' LeBron, I'm payin' Dwyane Wade  
Three dice cee-lo, three Card Monty  
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

*[Chorus:]*

*[Verse 3: Jay-Z]*

Lights is blinding, girls need blinders  
so they can step out of bounds quick, the sidelines is  
lined with casualties, who sip to life casually  
then gradually become worse, don't bite the apple eve  
Caught up in the in-crowd, now you're in style  
Anna Wintour gets cold, in Vogue with your skin out  
City of sin, it's a pity on the wind  
Good girls gone bad, the city's filled with them  
Mami took a bus trip, now she got her bust out  
Everybody ride her, just like a bus route  
Hail Mary to the city, you're a virgin  
And Jesus can't save you, life starts when the church end  
Came here for school, graduated to the high life  
Ball players, rap stars, addicted to the limelight  
MDMA got you feelin' like a champion  
The city never sleeps, better slip you an Ambien

*[Chorus:]*

*[Bridge: Alicia Keys]*

One hand in the air for the big city  
Street lights, big dreams, all lookin' pretty  
No place in the world that could compare

Put your lighters in the air  
Everybody say "yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"

...

L'adresse :

JayZ signale une adresse dans la chanson, où il aurait vécu : 560 State Street Brooklyn.

Vous pouvez voir la façade de la maison sur Google Maps :

[Agrandir le plan](#)