

New York Medley

Finlay:

Start spreading the news, I'm leaving today
I want to be a part of it: New York, New York
These vagabond shoes are longing to stray
Right through the very heart of it: New York, New York

Finlay + Thomas:

I wanna wake up in a city that doesn't sleep
And find I'm king of the hill, top of the heap
These little town blues are melting away
I'll make a brand new start of it in old New York

Everyone:

If I can make it there, I'll make it anywhere
It's up to you, New York, New York

Willow: Yeah, I'm out that Brooklyn, now I'm down in Tribeca
Right next to De Niro, 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

Fred: I used to cop in Harlem, hola, my Dominicanos
Right there up on Broadway, brought me back to that McDonald's
Took it to my stashbox, 560 State Street
Catch me in the kitchen like a Simmons whippin' pastry

Arnoud: 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

Chloe S: Say what up to Ty-Ty, still sippin' Mai Tais
Sittin' courtside, Knicks and Nets give me high fives
Tell ya, I be spike'd out, I could trip a referee
Tell by my attitude that I'm most definitely from

Everyone:

In 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

Feix: Catch me at the X with OG at a Yankee game
You know I made the Yankee hat more famous than a Yankee can
You should know I bleed blue, but I ain't a Crip though
But I got a gang of friends walkin' with my clique though
Three dice Cee-lo, three-card Monte
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

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Chloe HW:

N.Y.C., just got here this morning
Three bucks, two bags, one me
N.Y.C., I give you fair warning
Up there in lights I'll be
Go ask the Gershwins or Kaufman and Hart
The place they love the best
Though California pays big for their art
Their fan mail comes addressed to N.Y.C
You're standing room only
You crowd, you cramp, you're still the champ
Amen for N.Y.C

Everyone:

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