

From: "California Gurls"

California Gurls

by

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CALIFORNIA GURLS

Words and Music by
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BENNY BLANCO and CALVIN BROADUS

Moderately ♩ = 126

F/A B♭ C Dm F/A B♭

(Spoken:) Greetings, loved ones.

Verse:

C Dm F/A B♭ C Dm

Let's take a journey. 1. I know a place ___ where the

F/A B♭ C Dm F/A B♭

grass is real - ly green - er. Warm, wet, and wild, _

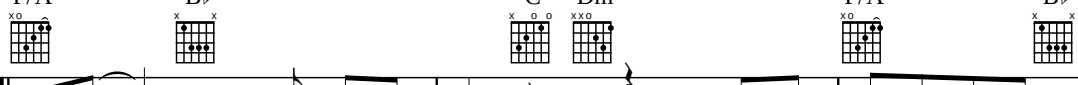
C Dm F/A B♭ C Dm



— there must be some-thing in the wa - ter.

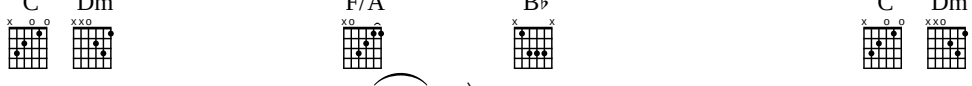
Verse:

F/A B♭ C Dm F/A B♭



2. Sip - ping — gin and juice, — lay - ing un - der-neath the palm trees.
3. Sex on the beach. — We don't mind sand in our sti - let - tos.

C Dm F/A B♭ C Dm



(Un - done.) — The boys — break their necks — try'n' to
We freak — in my jeep, — Snoop Dog - gy

F/A B♭ C Dm C



creep a lit - tle sneak peak. (At us.) — ü
Dogg on the ster-e - o. (Uh oh.) — ý You could trav - el the world, —

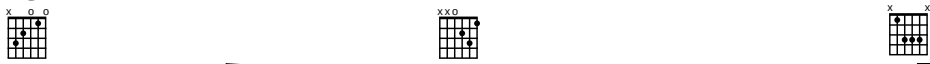
* Sing harmony vocal 2nd time only.

Dm **Bb**



_____ but noth - ing comes close to the gold - en coast. _____
 (You could trav - el the world.) _____

C **Dm** **Bb**



Once you par - ty with us, _____ you'll be fall - ing in love, oh,
 (Once you par - ty with us.) _____

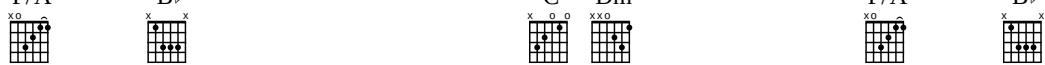
§ Chorus:

F/A **Bb** **C** **Dm**



oh. _____ Cal - i - for - nia girls, _____ we're un - for - get - ta - ble.

F/A **Bb** **C** **Dm** **F/A** **Bb**



Dai - sy Dukes, bi - ki - nis on top. Sun - kissed skin so hot, _____








we'll melt your pop - si - cle. Oh, oh, oh.








Cal - i - for - nia girls, we're un - de - ni - a - ble. Fine, fresh, fierce, we got








it on lock. West Coast re - pre - sent, now put your hands up.



To Coda 1. 

 2. 


Oh, oh, oh. oh.








Rap - See additional lyrics








1.2.3.   4.   *D.%. al Coda*

Coda








oh. _____ Cal - i - for - nia, _____ Cal - i -








for - nia _____ girls. _____ Cal - i - for - nia, _____








Cal - i - for - nia _____ girls. _____

(Synth.) N.C.

Additional Lyrics

Rap: Toned, tan,
 Fit and ready.
 Turn it up 'cause it's gettin' heavy.
 Wild, wild west coast,
 These are the girls I love the most.
 I mean the ones,
 I mean, like she's the one.
 Kiss her, touch her, squeeze her buns.

The girl's a freak,
 She drive a jeep,
 And live on the beach.
 I'm okay, I won't play.
 I love the bait,
 Just like I love LA.
 Venice Beach and Palm Springs,
 Summertime is everything.

Homeboys banging out.
 All that a** hanging out.
 Bikinis, zucchinis, martinis,
 No weenies.
 Just a king and a queenie.
 Katy, my lady. (Yeah.)
 Ah, lookie here, baby. (Uh huh.)
 I'm all up on you,
 'Cause you're representin' California.

(To Chorus:)