

CALIFORNIA GURLS

Words and Music by
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Moderately ♩ = 126

F/A B^b C Dm F/A B^b

(Spoken:) Greetings, loved ones.

mp

Verse 1:

4 C Dm F/A B^b C Dm

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

mf

7 F/A B^b C Dm F/A B^b

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

10 C Dm F/A B^b C Dm

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

Verses 2 & 3:

13 F/A B^b C Dm F/A B^b

2. Sip - ping_ gin and juice,_
3. Sex on the beach,_
We don't mind sand in our sti - let - tos.

16 C Dm F/A B^b C Dm

(Un - done.) The boys_ break their necks_
We freak_ in my jeep,_
try'n' to Snoop Dog - gy

19 F/A B^b C Dm C

creep a lit - tle sneak peak. (At us._) }
Dogg on the ste - re (Uh oh._) }
You could trav - el the world,_
(Sing harmony vocal 2nd time only)

22 Dm B \flat

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

25 C Dm

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

♩ Chorus:

28 F/A B \flat C Dm

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

31 F/A B \flat C Dm F/A B \flat

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

34 C Dm F/A B^b C Dm

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

37 F/A B^b C Dm F/A B^b

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

40 C Dm F/A B^b C Dm

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

To Coda

43 F/A B^b C Dm C Dm

Oh, oh, oh, oh.

46 F B \flat C Dm F B \flat

Rap - See additional lyrics

49 F B \flat C Dm

52 F B \flat C Dm C Dm

1.2.3. | 4 *D.S. al Coda*

Coda

55 C Dm F/A B \flat C Dm

oh, Cal - i - for - nia, Cal - i -

58 F/A B \flat C Dm F/A B \flat

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

61 C Dm F/A B \flat C Dm N.C.

Cal - i - for - nia _____ girls. _____ (Synth.)

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:)*