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Dance beat

NC.

C#m
E

B F#m C#m E
B F#m


C#m E B F#m C#m E

Oh. yeah. I've had a little bit too
Wish I could shut my play-boy

B F#m C#m E B F#m

much. much. All of the people start to
How'd I turn my shirt inside
rush... (Start to rush by.)
out?... (Inside out, right.)

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A dizzy twist-er dance, can’t find my drink or man.
Control your poison, babe, roses have thorns they say.

Where are my keys? I lost my phone, phone.
And we’re all get-tin’ hosed to-night, What’s go-

in’ on the floor? I love this rec-ord, ba-by, but I can’t see straight an-y more.

Keep it cool. What’s the name of this club? I can’t re-mem-ber, but it’s
al-right, al-right. Just dance, gonn-a be o-kay. Da da do do. Just
dance, spin that rec-ord, babe. Da da do do. Just
dance, gonn-a be o-kay.

D-d-d-d dance. dance. dance. (1,3.) just (2.) just just just

1
dance.

When I come through on the dance
floor, checking out that catalog,
can't believe my eyes, so

many women without a flaw.
And I ain't gon' give it up,

stead-y try'n' to pick it up like a call.
I'm a hit it up, a beat it up,

latch on to it until tomorrow.
Shawty, I can see
that you got so much energy. the way you twirling

up them hips 'round and 'round. And there is no reason at

all why you can't leave here with me. In the meantime stay and let me

watch you break it down and dance. Gonna be okay. Da da do do. Just
dance... spin that record, babe. Da da do do... Just

CODA

dance. (Spoken:) Amazing music... Wooh!

Let's go! Half psychotic, sick hypnotic, got my blueprint, it's symphon-

ic. Half psychotic, sick hypnotic, got my blueprint electronic. Half psy-

chotic, sick hypnotic, got my blueprint...
Da da do do. Just dance, gonna be okay. D-d-d dance.

___

___

N.C.

dance, dance, just just just just dance.
MODERATE DANCE GROOVE

Bm

Let's have some fun, this beat is sick. I wanna take a ride on your disco stick. Let's

Em

have some fun, this beat is sick. I wanna take a ride on your disco stick.

Bm

Huh.

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Bm

I wanna

kiss you
mission

Bm

but if I do then I might
and it involves some heavy

Bm

miss you, babe.
touch in', yeah.

Bm

cat ed and stupid, got my ass squeezed by sexy Cupid. Guess he
cat ed your interest. I'm edu cated in sex, yes. And now I 
Bm             Em
wants to play,  wants to play  a  love game,  a  love game.
want it bad,  want it bad,  a  love game,  a  love game.

Hold me and love me. Just wanna touch you for a minute.

Bm             Em
Maybe three seconds is enough for my heart to quit.

Let's

N.C.

it, have some fun, this beat is sick. I wanna take a ride on your disco stick. Don't
think too much, just bust that stick. I wanna take a ride on your disco stick.

Let's play a love game, play a love game. Do you want love or you want fame? Are you in the game?

Let's play a love game, play a love game. Do you want love or you want fame? Are you in the game?
Dans le love game.

I'm on a

I can see you star-in' there from across the block with a
smile on your mouth and your hand on your huh. The story of us it always
starts the same with a boy and a girl and a huh and a game, and a game.

and a game, and a game, a love game.

Let’s play a love game, play a love game. Do you want love or you want fame? Are you in the

Let’s
game?

have some fun, this beat is sick. I wanna take a ride on your disco stick.

Dans le love game. Let’s play a love game. Do you want love or you want fame? Are you in the game? Don’t think too much just bust that stick. I wanna take a ride on your disco stick.

Dans le love game.
PAPARAZZI

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA
and ROB FUSARI

Moderate Techno groove

We are the crowd. We're comin' out. Got my
I'll be your girl back stage at your show. Velvet

Flash on it's true. Need that picture of you. It's so magical.
Ropes and guitars because you're my rock star. In between the sets.

We'd be so fantastical.
Eyeliner and cigarettes.
Leather and jeans, your watch glamorous.
Not sure what it means but this shadow is burnt, yellow dance and return.
My lashes are dry but for photo of us, it don't have a price.
Read y for those tear drops I cry. It don't have a price.
Lovin' you is flashing lights. 'Cause you know that, baby. I.
I'm your biggest fan. I'll follow you until you love me, papa, papa, paparazzi.
Ab

Baby, there’s no other superstar. You know that I’ll be your papa,

Db

paparazzi. Promise I’ll be kind but I won’t stop un-

Fm

til that boy is mine. Baby, you’ll be famous, chase

Db

you down until you love me, papa, paparazzi.
Cm

Real good, we dance in the studio.

Snap, snap to that shit on the radio. Don’t stop

for anyone. We’ll blast it but we’ll still have fun.
Ab  
I'm your big-est fan, I'll fol-low you un-til you love me, pa-pa._

Db  
pa-pa-ras-zi. Ba-by, there's no oth-er su-per-star. You know that I'll _

Ab  
be your pa-pa._ pa-pa-ras-zi.

Db  
D.S. al Coda

Coda
Cm
Repeat and Fade

Optional Ending
I wanna hold 'em like they do in Texas plays:
I wanna roll with him, a hard pair we will be.
fold 'em, let 'em hit me, raise it. Baby, stay with me.
A little gambling is fun when you're with me.

Luck and intuition play the cards with spades to start. And
Russian Roulette is not the same without a gun. And.

after he's been hooked, I'll play the one that's on his heart.
Baby, when it's love, if it's not rough it isn't fun.

Oh, whoa, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. I'll get him hot, show

him what I got._
Oh. whoa._ oh._ oh._ oh._ oh._

oh. I’ll get him hot.
show him what I got._
Can’t read my._ can’t read my._

no. he can’t read my
poker face._
(She’s got to love no-bod-y.)

Can’t read my._ can’t read my._
no. he can’t read my	poker face._
(She's got to love nobody.) P-p-poker face, p-p-poker face.

1

P-p-poker face, p-p-poker face.

2

p-poker face.

I won't tell you that I love you, kiss or
F/A       
G
Am

hug you 'cause I'm bluff-in' with my muffin. I'm not ly-in'. I'm just

F/A       
G
Am

stun-nin' with my love glue-gun-nin'. Just like a chick in the ca-

F/A       
G
Am

si-no, take your bank before I pay you out. I promise this, prom-

F/A       
G
Am

ise this. Check this hand, 'cause I'm marvelous. Can't read my, can't read my,
no, he can't read my poker face.

Can't read my, can't read my, no, he can't read my poker face.

(She's got to love no-body.)
P-p-poker face, p-p-poker face.

P-p-poker face, p-p-poker face.
EH, EH  
(Nothing Else I Can Say)

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA  
and MARTIN KIERSZENBAUM

Moderately, with a beat

Cher-ry, cher-ry boom, boom,  
Ga - ga...

Boy, we’ve had a real good time and  
Not that I don’t care a-bout you,
I wish you the best on your way, eh.__ I didn’t mean to hurt you, I
just that things got so com-pli-que, eh.__ I met some-bod-y cute and fun-ny,
never thought we’d fall out of place, eh.__

have some-thing that I love long, long but my friends keep a-tell-in’ me that some-thin’s wrong. Then I

met some-one and eh. there’s noth-in’ else I can say, eh.__ eh.__
There's nothin' else I can say. eh. eh. I wish you never looked at me that way.

Eh. eh. eh. eh. eh.

Eh. eh. eh. eh. eh.

Eh. eh. eh. eh. hey.
have something that I love long, long but my friends keep tellin' me that somethin's wrong. Then I met someone and eh, there's nothin' else I can say, eh, eh.

Eh, eh, eh, there's nothin' else I can say, eh, eh. Wish you never looked at me that way, eh, eh.
There’s nothin’ else I can say, eh.
Wish you never looked at me that way, eh.
There’s nothin’ else I can say, eh.
Cherry, cherry, boom, boom, eh.

eh. hey. oh yeah. All I can say is eh. eh.
BEAUTIFUL, DIRTY, RICH

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA
and ROB FUSARI

Moderate groove

B5

Dirt-y, dirt-y, rich, dirt-y.

dirt-y, rich, beau- ti-ful.

Beau- ti-ful, dirt-y, dirt-y, rich, rich, dirt. We got a red-light, porn-o-graphic
cute life, sound-fo-mat-ic.

dance fight, sys-te-mat-ic. Hon-ey, but we got no mon-ey. Our hair is
Pants tight-er than plas-tic. Hon-ey, but we got no mon-ey. We do the
perfect but we’re all getting shit wrecked, it’s automatic.

Dance right. We have got it made like ice cream topped with honey, but we got no money.

Dad-dy, I’m so sor-ry, I’m so, so, so, sor-ry, yeah.

We just like to par-ty, like to pa, pa, par-ty, yeah. Bang, bang.

We’re beautiful and dirty rich.

Dirty, dirty, rich, dirty, dirty, rich, beautiful. Bang.
N.C.  D.S. al Coda

CODA

G

F#  Bm

rich, rich, bang.  Bang.
bang.

G

F#  Bm

Dirt-y, dirt-y, rich, dirt-y, dirt-y, rich, beau-ti-ful.

Bm

G

F#  Bm

bang.

Bm

G

F#  Bm

Beau-ti-ful, dirt-y, dirt-y.

G

F#  Bm

rich, rich, bang, bang.

Optional Ending

Bm

Repeat and Fade
Moderate Dance groove

I can't help myself, I'm addicted to a life of material. It's some kind of picture in city lights.

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Joke, I'm obsessively opposed to the typical.
Mind and whatever else you'd like to shoot, you decide.
All we care about is runway models, clothing and liquor bottles.

Give me some thin' I wanna be, retro glamor, Hollywood.
Yes, we live for the fame, the fame, doin' it for the hot blondes in odd positions.
fame, fame, ’cause we wanna live the life of the rich and famous.

Fame, fame, doin’ it for the fame, fame, ’cause we got a taste for champagne and endless fortune. Fame, fame, baby, the fame, fame. We live for the

fame, fame, baby, the fame fame. Isn’t it a shame, shame, baby, the shame.
_shame? In it for the fame, fame, ba - by, the fame, _ fame.

fame, fame, ba - by, the fame, _ fame. Don’t ask me _ how _ or why_

but I’m gon - na make it hap - pen this time. _ My

teen - age _ dream _ to _ night._ yeah, I’m gon - na make it hap - pen this time._
fame.

Fame, doin' it for the

fame, 'cause we wanna live the life of the rich and famous.

Fame, fame, doin' it for the fame, fame, 'cause we wanna
live the life of the rich and famous. Fame, fame, do-in' it for the

fame, fame, 'cause we got a taste for champagne and endless fortune.

endless fortune, fame.

Repeat and Fade Optional Ending
Moderate Techno groove

That's Money.

so sexy. I.

Damn, I love the Jag, the jet and the man-

Damn, I love the boat by the beach on the west

sion.

oh yeah.

And I enjoy the gifts

cost.

oh yeah.

And I enjoy some fine

* Recorded a half step higher.
and the trips to the islands, oh yeah.
champagne while my girls toast, oh yeah.

It's good to live expensive, you know it. But my knees get weak intense when you give me kisses. That's money

honey. When I'm, I'm your lover and your mistress, that's money
When you touch me it’s so delicious, that’s money honey.

Baby, when you tear me to pieces, that’s money honey.

That’s MONEY, so sexy. I.

You know I pre-ciate the fin-er things but it’s not
what makes me happiest, baby. I can do without it,
babe. Your tender lovin's more than I can handle. Never burn out this candle, baby. baby.
K-k-k-kisses, that's money

honey. When I'm your lover and your mistress, that's money
When you touch me it's so delicious, honey.

Baby, when you tear me to pieces, that's money

honey. When you give me honey.

That's money, so sexy!
STARSTRUCK

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA, TRAMAR DILLARD, MARTIN KIERSZENBAUM and NICK DRESTI

Moderate groove

Groove, slam, work it back._ Fil - ter that._ ba - by, bump that track.

Groove, slam, work it back._ Space Cow - boy just _ play that track.

1

Groove, slam, work it back._ Fil - ter that._ ba - by, bump that track.

Ga - ga in the room._

2

So star-struck, cher - ry, cher - ry, cher - ry, cher - ry, boom boom. Roll - ing out to the club on the week - ends:

* Recorded a half step lower.
styl'in' out to the beat that you're freak'in'. Fantasize I'm the track that you're tweak'in';

blow my heart up. Put your hands on my waist, pull the fader.

Run it back with original flavor. Cue me up; I'm the 12 on your table.

I'm so star-struck! Star-struck, baby, 'cause you blow my heart up. I'm so
star-struck, baby, 'cause you blow my heart up. I'm so

star-struck, baby, 'cause you blow my heart up. I'm so

star-struck, baby, 'cause you blow my heart up. I'm so

Ba-by, now that we're a-lone, got a re-quest: Would you make me num-ber one on your play-list?
Kick it, Dre headphones with the left side on. Wanna scratch me back and forth, back and forth, uh -

huh. Put your hands on my waist, pull the fad - er. Run it back with o - rig - i - nal fla - vor.

With the break-down first, up un - til the chorus to the verse, re - ke - re - ke - re - verse. (I'm so. I'm so...)

Star - struck, baby, 'cause you blow my heart up. I'm so
Am                      Fmaj7
star-struck,  baby, 'cause you blow my heart up. I'm so

Am                      Fmaj7
star-struck,  baby, 'cause you blow my heart up. I'm so

To Coda

Am                      Fmaj7
star-struck,  baby, 'cause you blow my heart up, blow my

N.C.

heart up.
Vocal 2: Rap (See additional lyrics)
Fmaj7

baby, 'cause you blow my heart up. I'm so star-struck.

Fmaj7

baby, 'cause you blow my heart up. I'm so star-struck.

Fmaj7

baby, 'cause you blow my heart up. I'm so star-struck.

Fmaj7

baby, 'cause you blow my heart up. I'm so star-struck.
Additional Lyrics

Rap:  Hey, lil momma, like really, really, is that him?
       I done seen you before. What you got on them big rims?
       Enter that cash flow. I’m like, baby, you don’t trip.
       So shawy, say hand over your signature right here.

       Like on just the dotted line, and I’m supposed to sign.
       How’s she at it? A fanatic, and I think it’s goin’ down.
       She so starstruck, the gal all stuck.
       I should have had an overdose, too many Starbucks.

Ain’t never seen a balla, paper that stack taller.
Notice who let the top back on the Chevy Impala.
Hummers and all that fully loaded with two spoilers.
What did you call that when you showed up with two dollars?

But that’s another chapter, son of a bachelor.
All one me, just spotted baby actor.
Complete swagga, there go the dagger.
Got what she wants, shawty happily ever after.
Hey there, sugar baby, saw you twice at the pop show. Baby is a bad boy with some retro sneakers.

You taste just like glitter mixed with rock and roll. Let's go see the Killers and make out in the bleachers.

I like you a lot, lot; think you're really hot, hot. Know you think you're special when we let's go to the party; heard our
dance real crazy.

bud-dy's the D. J.

Glam-o-phon-ic, e-lec-tron-ic dis-co ba-by.

Don't for-get my lip-stick; I left it in your ash-tray.

I like you a lot, lot.

All we want is hot, hot.

Boys, boys.

boys; we like boys in cars.

Boys, boys, boys buy us drinks in bars.

Boys, boys, boys, with hair spray and den-im; boys, boys.
boys.  (We love them!  We love them!)
Oh, whoa oh,

wuh oh, wuh oh.  Oh, no oh, wuh oh, wuh oh.

We love them! Boys, boys.  We love them!
I'm not loose. I like to party.

Let's get lost in your Ferrari. Not psychotic or dramatic. I like boys and that is that. It's.
love it when you call me 'legs.'
In the morning, buy me eggs.

Watch your heart when we're together. Boys like you love me forever.

Oh, whoa oh, wuh oh, wuh oh.
Oh, no oh...

wuh oh, wuh oh.
Oh, whoa oh, wuh oh, wuh oh.
Oh, no oh. Boys, boys, boys: we like boys in cars.

Boys, boys, boys buy us drinks in bars.

Boys, with hair-spray and denim; boys, boys, boys. (We love them!)

Repeat and Fade
Dmaj9

Optional Ending
Dmaj9

We love them! Boys, boys.

We love them!}
PAPER GANGSTA

Moderately

Bm

G

G(add2)

A

F#m

F#m7

Bm

Midnight rush with a pen in my hand; ink
Got something really shiny to start; want

G

G(add2)
in' Lincoln, script with a fan. Re
me to sign there on your Range Rover heart? I've

A

F#m

F#m7

membering me before it began; sometimes I felt so Def in the Jam. But the
heard it before; yeah, the dinners were nice, till your diamond words melted into some ice. You

* Recorded a half step lower.
ones who loved me told me to stop, like.
should've been rap-pin' to the beat of my song, Mister

"Home-girl can't catch shit if it drops." A super-woman chick, you know that I am. Some
Cal-i-for-ni-a pa-per gang-sta (ah.) I'm look-ing for love, not an emp-ty page full of

shit don't fly by me in a man.
stuff that means noth-ing but "you've been played." 'Cause I do not ac-
cept an-y less than some-one just as real as
F#m  F#m7  Bm
fabulous. Don't want no paper gangsta. Won't sign away my

G  A
life to someone who's got the flava but don't have no fol-

F#m  Bm
low through. Don't want no paper gangsta. Won't sign no monkey

G  A
papers. I don't do funny business; not interested in
F#m  

Don't want no paper gangsta, oh, oh.

G  

Don't want no paper gangsta, oh, oh.

Bm  

Don't want no paper gangsta.

G  

Don't want no paper

Bm  

Don't want no paper gangsta.

G(add2)  

Don't want no paper

A  

Don't want no paper
Don't want no paper

(Toh day da yeah, no
day, oh yeah.)

Don't want no paper

Wont't sign away my
life to someone who's got the fla va but don't have no fol-

low through. Don't want no paper gangsta won't sign no mon-

papers. I don't do funny bus'ness not in'trest ed in

fakers. Don't want no paper fakers. Don't want no paper
Don't want no paper
gangsta, oh, oh.
Don't want no paper
gangsta, oh, oh.

Don't want no paper
gangsta, oh, oh.
Don't want no paper
gangsta, oh, oh.

(Toh day da yeah, no day, oh yeah.)
BROWN EYES

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA
and ROB FUSARI

Slowly

Bb
Dm/A
Ab
Eb
Bb
Dm/A

With pedal

Ab
N.C.
Eb
Bb

In your brown eyes,
brown eyes,
I was

Dm/A

walked away,
feeling low,
'cause they're brown eyes,
and you

Ab

could'n't
never
stay
know

In your brown eyes,
Got some brown eyes,
you'll
but I

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watch her go; then turn the record on, and
saw her face. I knew that it was wrong. so baby,

wonder what went wrong. What went wrong?
turn the record on; play that song, if where

everything was everything, but everything is over.

everything could be everything if only we were older.
guess it's just a silly song about you.

and how I lost you and your brown eyes.

In your

Ev'rything was ev'rything, but
baby, it’s the last show.
Ev’rything could be ev’rything, but it’s
time to say good-bye, so get your last fix
and your last hit: grab your
old girl with her new tricks. Honey, yeah,
it’s no surprise that I got lost
in your brown eyes.
I LIKE IT ROUGH

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA and MARTIN KIERSZENBAUM

Moderately
N.C.

C5

Eb Maj7/Bb

F

Cm7/Eb

N.C.

Your love is
Won't go with-

nothing I can't fight,
out my fix tonight;
it's a little too rough.
Can’t sleep with the man who dims my shine.  
Prom girl wipes her tears with silver lines, and she

can’t get e-nough. I’m in the bedroom with tissues and when I know you’re

outside banging and I won’t let you in. ’Cause it’s a hard life with

love in the world. And I’m a hard girl; loving me is like
why you wanna blow it. Need a man who likes it rough. likes it rough. likes it rough.

1 (Baby likes it rough.) 2 (Baby likes it rough.)

rough, likes it rough. (I'm rough. likes it rough.)

shiny and I know it; don't know why you like to blow it. Need a

...
ki - ni _ top's _ com - ing o - o - off.

Don’t be sad when the sun goes down, you’ll wake up and I’m not around. I’ve

got to go, oh oh oh, oh, oh.

We’ll still have the summer after all.
Hey there, summer boy,
let's go for a drive.

Take me for a ride;
never gonna close our eyes.

Hey there, summer boy,
I'm a busy girl.
Don’t have too much time; hurry up before I change my mind.

Hey there, summer boy, I’m taking off my heels.

Let’s go for a run: have a little summer fun.

have a little summer fun. (Summer boy.)
CODA

A
F♯m
E/G♯
Amaj7

summer after... Let's get lost; you can take me home.

B
E
B/D♯

somewhere nice... we can be alone. I've got my summer.

C♯m
Amaj7

summer boy. Don't be sad when the sun goes down.

B
E
B/D♯

you'll wake up and I'm not around. I've got my summer.
C#m

summer - boy...

And we'll still have the

Am

summer after all...

Am/D

I've got my summer.

Repeat and Fade

Optional Ending

summer - boy...

summer - boy...
JUST DANCE
LOVEGAME
PAPARAZZI
POKER FACE
EH, EH (NOTHING ELSE I CAN SAY)
BEAUTIFUL, DIRTY, RICH
THE FAME
MONEY HONEY
STARSTRUCK
BOYS BOYS BOYS
PAPER GANGSTA
BROWN EYES
I LIKE IT ROUGH
SUMMERBOY