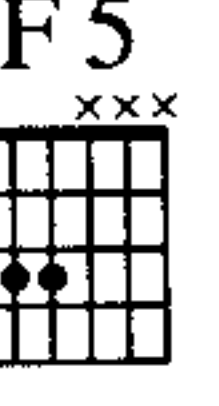
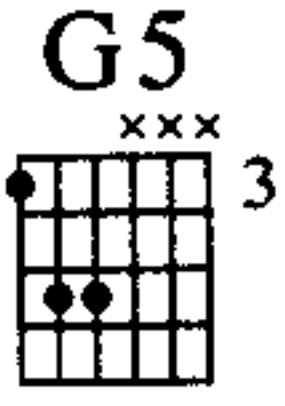


California Love

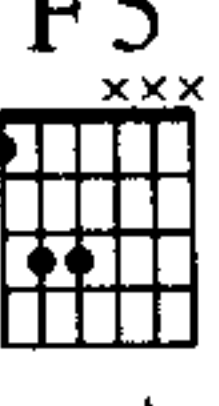
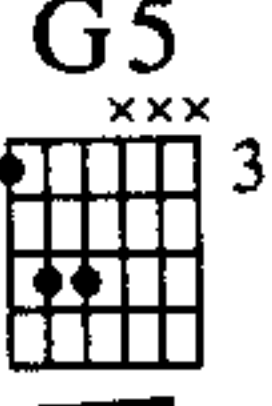
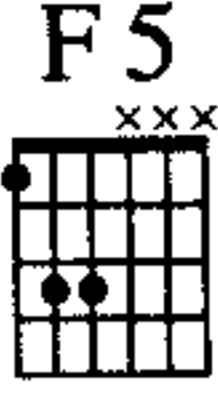
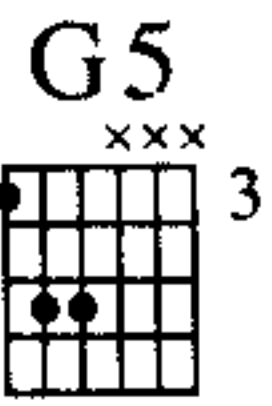
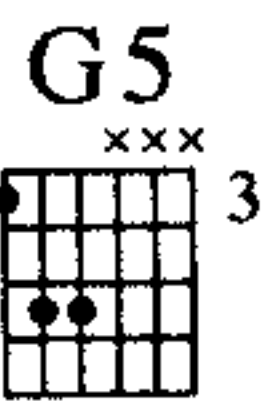
Written by TUPAC SHAKUR, ANDRE YOUNG,
ROGER TROUTMAN, LARRY TROUTMAN, MIKEL HOOKS,
RONNIE HUDSON, NORMAN DURHAM and WOODY CUNNINGHAM

Moderately ♩ = 92
N.C.



Cal - i - for - nia love. —

mf

Chorus:



Cal - i - for - nia knows how to par -

ty. Cal - i - for - nia knows how to par -

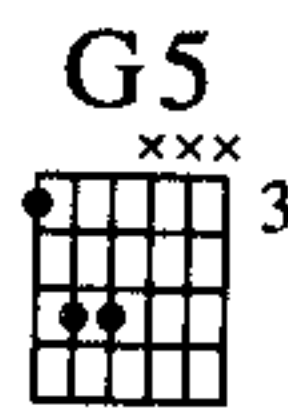
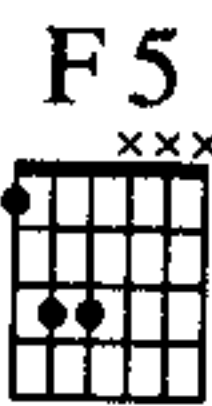
ty. In the cit - y of L.

A., in the cit - y of good ol'

Watts, in the cit - y, the cit - y of

Comp - ton, we keep it rock - in' We keep it

Verse:



rock - in' Rap: 1. Now let me welcome everybody to the wild, wild west, 2. See additional lyrics a

G5 F5 G5 F5

state that's untouchable, like Elliot Ness. The track hits your ear drum like a slug to the chest. Pack a

G5 F5 G5 F5

vest for your Jimmy in the city of sex. We in that sunshine state with a bomb ass hemp beat. The

G5 F5 G5 F5

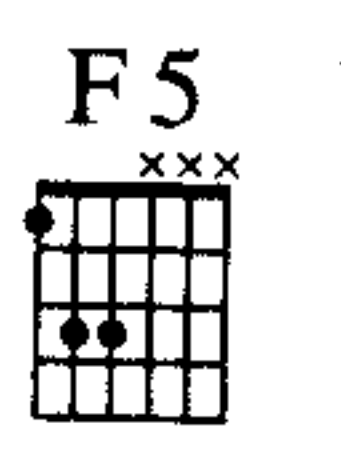
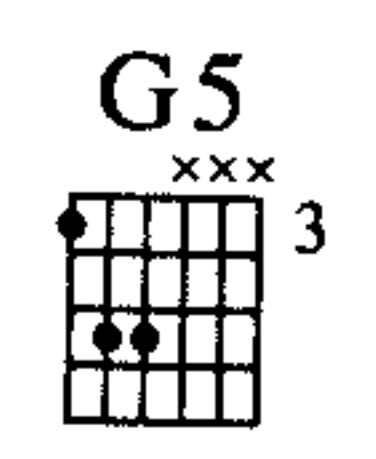
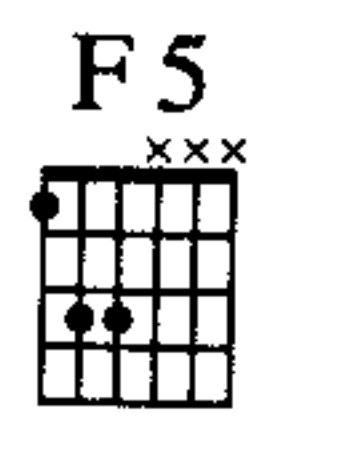
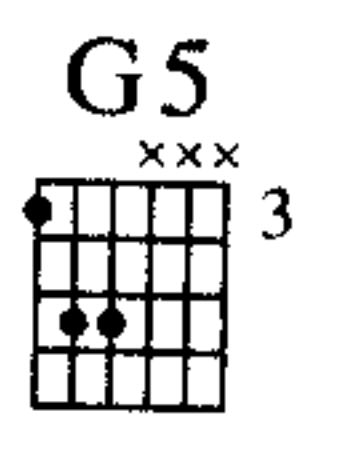
state where ya never find a dance floor empty. And pimps be on a mission for them greens. Lean,

G5 F5 G5 F5

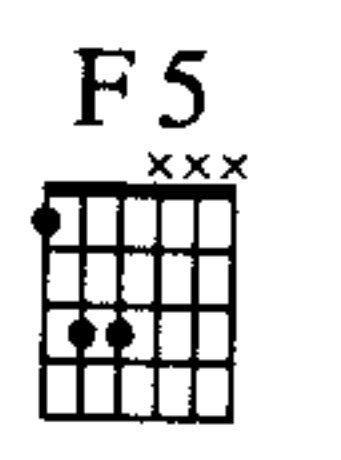
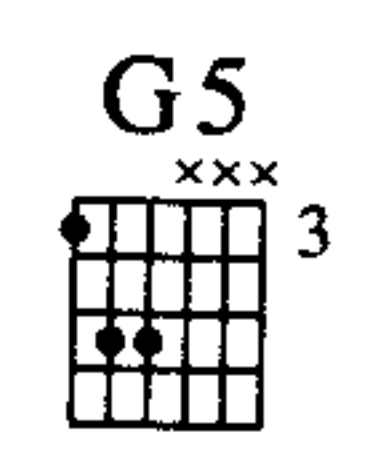
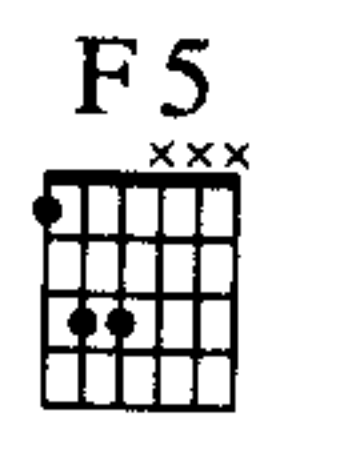
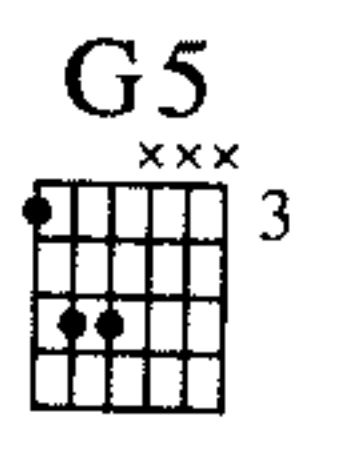
mean money-makin' machines, servin' fiends. I been in the game for ten years makin' rap tunes,

G5 F5 G5 F5

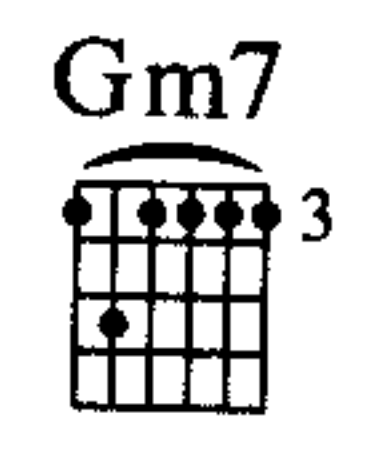
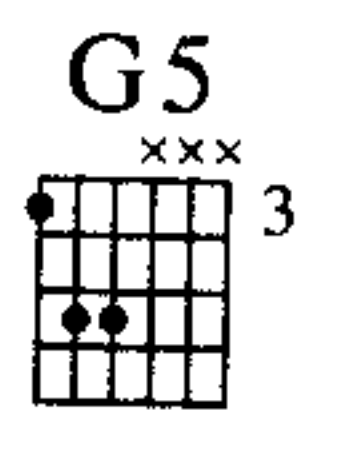
ever since honies was wearin' Sassoon. Now it's ninety-five and they clock me and watch me. Dia-



monds shinin', lookin' like I robbed Liberace. It's all good, from Diego to tha Bay. Your



city is tha bomb, if your city makin' pay. Throw up a finger if ya feel the same way.



Dre puttin' it down for Califor-ni-a. Cal - i - for - nia knows how to par -

ty. Cal - i - for - nia knows how to par -

ty. In the cit - y of L.

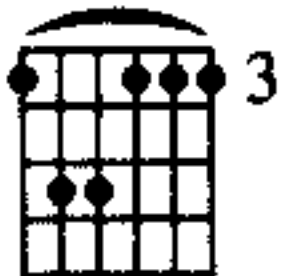
A., in the cit - y of good ol'

Watts, in the cit - y, the cit - y of

Comp - ton, we keep it rock - in'. We keep it

Bridge:

Gm



rock - in'. Yeah, now make it shake, come on. Shake it, shake it, ba - by.

Shake it, shake it, shake it, ba - by. Shake it, shake it, ma - ma.

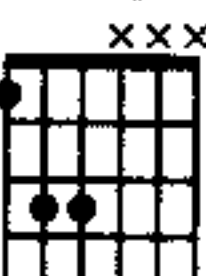
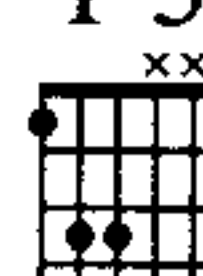
Shake it, Cal - i. Shake it, shake it, ba - by.

Shake it, shake it. Shake it, shake it, ma - ma.

1.

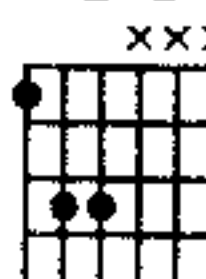
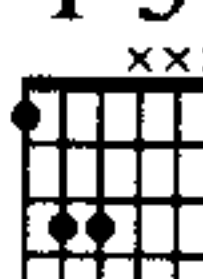
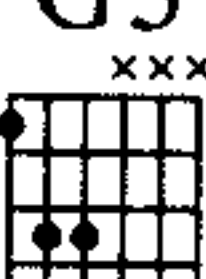

2.

Shake it, Cal - i. *Out on bail,* Shake it, Cal - i.

F5  F5 

Ending Rap Section:

See additional lyrics

G5  F5  G5  F5 

The musical score consists of a guitar part and a piano part. The guitar part is written in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It features four chord diagrams: G5, F5, G5, and F5. Each diagram shows a five-fingered power chord with the third finger on the fifth string. The piano part is written in a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef, and a key signature of one flat. It features a repeating melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand.

Verse 2:

Out on bail, fresh outta jail, California dreamin'.
Soon as I stepped on the scene, I'm hearin' hootchies screamin'.
Fiendin' for money and alcohol,
The life of a West Side playa where cowards die, and it's all a ball.
Only in Cali, where we riot, not rally to live and die in L.A.
We wearin' Chucks, not Ballies. (That's right.)
Dressed in Locs and Khaki suits and ride is what we do.
Flossin' but have caution, we collide with other crews.
Famous 'cause we program world-wide.
Let 'em recognize from Long Beach to Rosecrans.
Bumpin' and grindin' like a slow jam, it's West Side.
So you know the row won't bow down to no man.
Say what you say, but give me that bomb beat from Dre.
Let me serenade the streets of L.A.
From Oakland to Sacktown, the Bay Area and back down.
Cali is where they put they Mack down.
Give me love.
(To Chorus:)

Ending Rap Section:

Uh, yeah, uh, Long Beach in tha house, uh, yeah.
Oaktown, Oakland definitely in tha house, ha-ha-ha-ha.
Frisco, Frisco.
Hey, you know L.A. up in this.
Pasadena, where you at?
Yeah, Ingelwood, Ingelwood always up to no good.
Even Hollywood tryin' to get a piece, baby.
Sacramento, Sacramento, where ya at? Yeah.
Throw it up, y'all, throw it up, throw it up.
I can't see ya.
California love.