UMBRELLA

Words and Music by SHAWN CARTER,
THADDIS L. HARRELL, CHRISTOPHER STEWART
and TERIUS NASH

Moderate Hip-Hop
Gmaj7
D(add2)/A
Rap: (See rap lyrics)
Eh, eh, eh.

F#m7
Bm9
eh, eh, eh, eh.

Gmaj7
D(add2)/A

* Recorded a half step lower.
F#m7

Eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh. You

Gmaj7

had my heart and we'll never be worlds apart. May be in

F#m7

magazines, but you'll still be my star. Baby, 'cause

Gmaj7

in the dark you can see shiny cars and that's when you
F#m7
need me there.

With you I'll always share because

Bm9

when the sun shines, we'll shine together. Told you I'll be here forever.

G

Said I'll always be your friend. Took an oath, I'm a stick it out 'til the end.

D

A

Bm

Now that it's rainin' more than ever, know that we'll still have each other.

G

D
er. You can stand under my umbrella. You can stand under my umbrella, ella, ella, eh, eh, eh. Under my umbrella, ella, ella, eh, eh, eh. Under my umbrella, ella, ella, eh, eh, eh. Under my umbrella, ella, ella, eh, eh, eh. Under my umbrella, ella, ella, eh, eh, eh.

To Coda 0

These fancy things will never come
You can run into my arms. It's okay, don't be alarmed. Come into me, there's no distance between our love. Gonna let the rain fall. I'll be all you need and more. Because, when the sun shines, we'll shine together. Told you I'll be here forever. Said I'll always be your friend.
 Took an oath, I'm a stick it out 'til the end. Now that it's rain-in' more than ev-
er, know that we'll still have each other. You can stand under my um-br-el-
la. You can stand under my um-br-el-la, el-la, el-la, eh.

 eh, eh. Under my um-br-el-la, el-la, el-la, eh, eh, eh. Under my um-br-el-
G
la, el-la, el-la, eh, eh, eh. Under my um-br-el-la, el-la, el-la, eh,

D

A


B
eh, eh, eh, eh, eh. It's rain-in', rain-in'. Ooh, ba-by, it's rain-in', rain-in'. Ba-by, come

Gmaj7

D


Repeat and Fade
Optional Ending

Gmaj7

Rap Lyrics

No clouds in my storms. Let it rain. I hydroplane into fame.
Comin' down with the Dow Jones. When the clouds come, we gone.
We Rockafella, she fly higher than weather and she rocks it better.
You know me. An anticipation for precipitation. Stack chips for the rainy day.
Jay, rain man is back wit' little Miss Sunshine. Rihanna, where you at?
PUSH UP ON ME

Words and Music by MAKEBA RIDDICK, JONATHAN ROTEM, CYNTHIA WEIL and LIONEL RICHIE

Moderate Dance groove

We break, break.

We break, break.

We break 'em down.

We break, break.

We break 'em down.

* Recorded a half step lower.

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- contains a sample of "Running with the Night" by Cynthia Weil and Lionel Richie.
It's gettin' later, baby, and I'm getting curious. Nobody's lookin' at us,

I feel delirious. 'Cause the beat penetrates my body, shakin' inside my bones.

So you're pushin' all my buttons, takin' me outta my zone. The way that you stare—

starts a fire in me. Come up to my room, you sexy little thing—
and let's play a game. I won't be a tease. I'll show you the boom_

my sexy little thing. I wish you would push up on me.

I wish you would push up on me. I wish you would light me up and

say you want me, push up on me. I wish you would push up on me.
I wish you would push up on me. I wish you would light me up and

say you want me, push up on me. I know many guys just like ya,

extremely confident. Got so much flavor wit' ya.

like you're the perfect man. You wanna make me chase ya, like it's a complement.
But let's get right down to it, I can be the girl that I'll break you down.

CODA

We break, break. We break, break. We break, break.

We break, break. We break 'em down. We break, break.

We break, break. We break, break. We break 'em down.
Cmaj7                          Bm7                               Am7
I wan-na see how you move it. Show me, show me how you do it. You really got me on it.

Bm7                             Cmaj7                          Bm7
I must confess. (I must confess.) Baby, there ain't nothin' to it. Baby, who you think you're foolin'?

Am7                             Bm7                               N.C.                         Bm7
in'? You wan-na come and get me outta my dress. Oh, the way that you stare starts a fire in me.

N.C.                             N.C.                                          N.C.
and let's play a game.__ I won't be a tease.__ I'll show you the boom__

my sexy little thing.__ I wish you would push up on me.

I wish you would push up on me. I wish you would light me up and

say you want me, push up on me. I wish you would push up on me.
I wish you would push up on me. I wish you would light me up and
say you want me, push up on me. We break, break. We break, break.
We break, break. We break 'em down. We break, break. We break 'em down.
DON'T STOP THE MUSIC

Words and Music by TOR ERIK HERMANSEN
FRANKIE STORM, MIKKEL ERIKSEN
and MICHAEL JACKSON

Moderately fast Dance groove

Please don't stop the music, music, music, music.
(Vocal gradually fades out)

Please don't stop the music, music.
(Vocal gradually fades out)

music, music.

Please don't stop the

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contains a sample of “Wanna Be Startin’ Something” by Michael Jackson
It's gettin' late,
I'm makin' my way over to my fa'rite place.
I gotta get my body movin', shake the stress away.
I wasn't lookin' for nobody when you looked my way.
Possible candidate, yeah.

Who knew that you'd be up in here lookin' like you do?
You're
mak-in' stay-in' o-ver here im-pos-si-ble. Ba-By, I must say your au-ra is in-

cred-i-ble. If you don't have to go, don't. Do you know what you start-ed?

I just came here to par-ty, but now we're rock-in' on the dance floor act-in' naugh-ty.

F#m

Your hands a-round my waist. Just let the mu-sic play. We're hand in hand, chest to
chest, and now we’re face to face. I wanna take you away. Let’s escape into the music, DJ, let it play. I just can’t refuse it, like the way you do this. Keep on rockin’ to it. Please don’t stop the, please don’t stop the music.

I wanna take you away. Let’s escape into the music, DJ, let it
play.
I just can’t re-fuse it, like the way you do this. Keep on rock-in’

To Coda

to it. Please don’t stop the, please don’t stop the, please don’t stop the mu-sic.

Ba-by, are you read-y ’cause it’s get-tin’ close? Don’t you feel the pas-sion read-y
to ex-plode? What goes on be-tween us no one has to know. This is a
D.S. al Coda

private show, oh.

CODA

please don’t stop the, please don’t stop the

(Ma ma

D

music.

se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma

se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma

Please don’t stop the

F#m

se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma

music.
Please don't stop the music, music, music, music. (Ma ma se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa.) Ma ma se, ma ma sa, ma ma.) Please don't stop the music. (Ma ma se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa.) Ma ma se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa.) Ma ma se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa.)
I wanna take you away. Let's escape into the music, DJ, let it play.

I just can't refuse it, like the way you do this. Keep on rockin' to it. Please don't stop the, please don't stop the music.

I wanna take you away. Let's escape into the music, DJ, let it
I just can't refuse it, like the way you do this. Keep on rock-in' to it. Please don't stop the, please don't stop the, please don't stop the, (Ma ma music. Ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma sa, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Please don't stop the
se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma
mu - sic. se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma
Please don't stop the

N.C.
se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma
mu - sic. se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa. Ma ma se, ma ma sa, ma ma coo sa,)
Please don't stop the mu - sic, mu - sic.
BREAKIN' DISHES

Words and Music by CHRISTOPHER STEWART
and TERIUS NASH

Moderate Techno Rock

N.C.

Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow.

mf

do, do, I don't know who you think I am. I don't know who you think I am.

G5

E5

C#dim

I don't know who you think I am. I don't know who you think I am, am, am, am,
am, am, am, am. Ow, you been gone since three-thirty.

Been com-in' home lately, three-thirty. I'm super cool.

I been a fool, but now I'm hot and baby, you gon' get it.

Now, I ain't trip-pin', ha. I ain't twisted, ha. I ain't de-ment-ed, ha.
Well, just a little bit, ha. I'm kick-in'...
I'm tak-in' names.

I'm on flame, don't come home, babe. I'm break-in' dishes up in here all

night, uh-huh. I ain't gon' stop until I see police lights, uh. I'm a fight a

man tonight. I'm a fight a man tonight. I'm a fight a man, a man, a
E5  C#5  F#5
man,  a man,  a man,  a man,  oh.

B5
I'm still wait - in':  Come through the door.  I'm kill - in' time, you

know, bleach - in' your clothes.  I'm roast - in' marsh - mal - lows on the fi - re.

G5  E5  B5
And what I'm burn - in', uh, is your at - ti - re.  I'm get - tin' rest - less.
I'm gettin' tested, and I can't believe he's always out every night and never checks in.

Is he cheatin'? Man, I don't know. I'm lookin' round for somethin' else to throw. I'm breakin'
I don't know who you think I am. (I don't know who you think I am.)

But I really don't give a damn right now.

If you don't come, I'm a huff and puff and blow this, blow this, oh. Blow this, blow this. I'm a

blow this, blow this, oh. Blow this, blow this. I'm a blow this, blow this, oh.
Blow this house, house down.

Dishes, breakin' dishes, breakin' dishes.
I'm breakin' dishes up in here all night, uh-huh. I ain't gon' stop until I see police lights, uh. I'm a fight a man tonight. I'm a fight a man tonight. I'm a fight a man, a man, a
SHUT UP AND DRIVE

Words and Music by EVAN ROGERS, CARL STURKEN, GILLIAN GILBERT, PETER HOOK, STEPHEN MORRIS and BERNARD SUMNER

Driving Rock

I've been looking for a driver who is class like a fifty-seven

qualified, so if you think that you're the one, step into my ride. I'm a

Cadillac. Got all the drive, but a whole lot of boom in back. You

fine-tuned super-sonic speed machine with a sunroof top and a

look like you can handle what's under my hood. You keep saying that you will, boy, I

*Recorded a half step lower.*
gangsta lean __)

So if ya feel me, let me know, _ know, _ know.

Come on now, what-cha wait-ing for, _ for, _ for? My en-gine's read-y to ex-

plode, ex-plode, ex-plode. So start me up and watch me go, go, go! I'll get-cha

where you wan-na go, if ya know what I mean. Got a ride that's smooth-er than a
limousine. Can you handle the curves, can you run all the lights? If you


can, baby boy, then we can go all night. 'Cause I'm zero to sixty in


three point five. Baby, you got the keys, now shut up and drive.


shut up and drive.
I've got 'Cause today they ain't got what I got. Get it, get it, don't stop, It's a sure shot. Ain't no Fer-

ra-ri, huh, boy? I'm sorry. I ain't even worried, so step inside and ride.

D.S. al Coda
Shut up and drive,

shut up and drive.
HATE THAT I LOVE YOU

Words by SHAFFER SMITH
Music by SHAFFER SMITH, TOR ERIK HERMANSEN
and MIKKEL ERIKSEN

Moderate groove

Dbsus2       Eb7          Eb       Ebsus          Ab/C       Bbm7

Male: Ahh, yeah,

Dbsus2       Eb7          Eb       Ebsus          Ab/C       Bbm7

Female: hey, hey. That's how much I love you.

Dbsus2       Eb7          Eb       Ebsus          Ab/C       Bbm7

That's how much I need you.

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you.

Must every thing you do make me wanna smile?

Can I not like you for a while? Male: No, but you won't let me, and you upset me, girl, and then you kiss my lips.
-ly how to touch so that I don't want to fuss and fight no more.

Said, I despise that I adore you.

Female: And I

hate how much I love you, boy. I can't

stand how much I need you. And I
Db\sus2  Eb  Ab/C  Bbm7  Db\sus2  Eb
hate how much I love you, boy,
but I just can't let you go.

Bbm7  Db\sus2  Eb  Db\sus2  Eb\sus2  Eb  Eb\sus
and I hate that I love you so.

Male:
And you complete-

Db\sus2  Eb\sus2  Eb  Eb\sus
ly know the power that you have,
that only one that makes me laugh.

Ab/C  Bbm7  Db\sus2  Eb\sus2  Eb  Eb\sus
Female:
Said, and it's not fair
how you take.
advantage of the fact that I love you beyond the reason why.

And it just ain't right. Male: And I

hate how much I love you, girl. I can't stand how much I need you.

And I hate how much I
Ab/C Ebm7 Dbsus2 Eb Eb sus Bbm7
love you, girl, but I just can't let you go. But I

Dbsus2 Eb sus2 Eb Ebsus Gb maj7
hate that I love you so. Female:
One of these days may be your

Fm7 Dbmaj7
magic won't affect me and your kiss won't make me weak.

Cm7 Gbmaj7
Male: But no one in this world knows
me the way you know me,
so you'll prob-ly al-ways

have a spell on me,
yeah,

ooh,
yeah,

yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. That's how much I love you.
That's how much I need

Female:
That's how much I love you. That's how much I need you.

And I hate that I love you. Both: so...

D.S. al Coda

Both: hate that I love you so...
You should tell me what's bugging you
and I'm-a tell you 'bout me, 'bout me. Like I

wish you'd tell me your deepest thoughts
and I'm-a make it easy, easy. Like I

wish you'd tell me what's bugging you
and I'm-a tell you 'bout me, 'bout me. Like I

*Recorded a half step lower.
wish you'd tell me your deepest thoughts
and I'm a make it easy, easy.

mo-tions run-nin' wild, I could feel when I'm next to you some-thin's on your mind.

You

wan-na stay but won't tell me. It's a-bout your se-cre-cy. So, what are you try'in' to hide?

I know what the look means. You hold my hand so tight-ly when-ev-er we say good-bye.
Standin' by the door, I can tell you can't take no more. Blow your secret open wide. So, baby, if you say it, (say it,) tell me what it is you like, (like.) Baby, baby, don't be shy, (shy.) And maybe you can spend the night if you say it. But, if you play-in', now hit it,) 'cause you know what I wanna hear, (hear.) Say it, that'll make it more
Dmaj7

(clear) I need to know how you feel, so baby, won't you say it, say it?

Dmaj7

Won't, won't you tell me what, what's goin' on? Why, why you waitin' on it? What you waitin' for?

Dmaj7

Soon you should tell me or I might be gone. But, I'm here for you, baby, you should put me on. I

Dmaj7

won't shoot you down, make you feel some kind-a way, if you'll be honest with me.
Put away your pride, I can see it in your face, you want me permanently. Uh, like how I'm

wild when we dancin', I know how it happened and I'm right there with you. But,

I won't be the first to put myself out there. The feelin' is mutual. So, baby, if you

say it, (say it,) tell me what it is you like, (like,) Baby, baby, don't be
Dmaj7

shy, (shy.) And maybe you could spend the night, if you say it. But if you

Dmaj7

play-in', (now hit it,) 'cause you know what I wanna hear, (hear.) Say it, that'll make it more

Dmaj7

clear, (clear.) I need to know how you feel, so baby, won't you say it, say it? Your

Dmaj7

eyes steady talk-in' and you're tryin' to fight it but some things, baby, are not worth hid-ing. And
we can find heav-en if we go look to-geth-er, so won’t, won’t you tell me and get it off your chest? Your

eyes stead-y talk-in’ and you’re tryin’ to fight it but some things, ba-by, are not worth hid-ing. And

we can find heav-en if we go look to-geth-er, so won’t, won’t you tell me and get it off your chest?

won’t, won’t you tell me and get it off your chest? So, ba-by, if you say it, (say it,) tell me what it is you
like... (like.) Baby, baby, don't be shy... (shy.) And maybe you could spend the

night... if you say it. But if you play-in', (now hit it,) 'cause you know what I wanna

hear... (hear.) Say it, that I'll make it more clear... (clear.) I need to know how you feel... so baby, won't you say it, say it?

Repeat and Fade

Optional Ending
SELL ME CANDY

Words and Music by MAKEBA RIDDICK
TIMOTHY MOSLEY and TERIUS NASH

Moderate groove

Cm7

Sell me candy like the summer when it's meltin' in my hands. I

know when you're around like the ice cream man.

I can hear you callin', whisper somethin' in my ear. It's
sweet like sugar, tell me what I wanna hear. I'm weak for your touch-in' when it's melt-in' on my lips, a

rush through my body tinglin' my finger-tips. You're sell-in' me a fantasy that I wanna explore. It

sounds so good, spoil me rotten to the core, you know. (Ah,) talk to me, (ah,) take in my dreams.

(Ah,) all I need, (ah,) is you beside me. (Ah,) it's destiny, (ah,) just let it be.
(Ah,) with the words you speak, (ah,) ba-by, sell it to me. (Ah,) sell me can-dy. (Ah,) sell me love.

(Ah,) sell me heav-en. (Ah,) sell me doves. (Ahh,) what's the charge? (Ahh,) what's the cost?

(Ah,) I'm the dad-dy. (Ah,) you the boss. Must be a pro-fes-sion-al, boy, you make a sale. I

try to re sist but ev'ry time I fail. My one tem p ta tion that I got ta en joy, like
run’ nin’ through my gar-den and you’re knock’in’ at my door. For-bid-den lit-tle kiss and they call it bit-ter-sweet.
short-y that you’re rock-in’ wit’ ain’t noth-in’ like me. You’re sell-in’ me a fan-ta-sy that I want to ex-plore. It
sounds so good, spoil me rot-ten to the core, you know. (Ah,) talk to me, (ah,) take in my dreams.
(Ah,) all I need, (ah,) is you be-side me. (Ah,) it’s des-ti-ny, (ah,) just let it be.
(Ah,) with the words you speak, (ah,) ba- by, sell it to me. (Ah,) sell me can-dy. (Ahh,) sell me love.

(Ah,) sell me heav-en. (Ah,) sell me doves. (Ahh,) what's the charge? (Ahh,) what's the cost?

(Ah,) I'm the dad-dy, (Ah,) you're the boss. I want it, babe, more than you know, so don’t you
leave and don’t you go. I want it all un-til time falls. These
arms won't hold you wrong.
I want your love, give you my trust.
I wanna

live for both of us.
I wanna breathe, you, lay on your shoulder.
I wanna

warm you when nights get colder.
I want love, (love), love, (love),

love.
I want love, (love), love, (love),
D.S. al Coda

love, (love) oh.

(Ah,) I'm the dad-dy, (Ah,) you the boss.

Cm7
Moderate groove

Words and Music by TIM MOSLEY
and TERIUS NASH

Bm

(Ooh, ah. Ooh,)

(N.C.)

ah.)

Got a house but I need new fur-ni-ture.

Why spend mine when I could spend yours. The truth is I will love you the same but

* Recorded a half step lower.
why com-plain... you buy-in’ Gucci, babe... You might see me in the spot. Your boy think I’m hot so

I came up in here to get what you got. I’m hot like the block. Uh-huh, you like that.

Know you wan-na bie that. Uh-huh, yeah, right there. They love the young girl. They wan-na give it to me.

Wish I was in a flick and I ain’t talk-in’ mov-ies. If you’re young, if you’re hot, girl.
shake what you got, girl. I keep 'em sing in. Lem-me get that. What you got up in them jeans?

Put it on me or get lonely. Lem-me get that. You know, five-car garages.

name on your bank account, all-day massage. Lem-me get that. I wanna put it on blast. Lem-me get that. Slow down 'fore I make you crash, boy. Got what you want, ba- by, got what you need.
We can't proceed 'less you get that for me. Got a house but I need new furniture.

Why spend mine when I could spend yours. The truth is I will love you the same but

why com-plain... you buy-in' Gucci, babe... I'm a put you on the spot, keep the sheet in knots.

I bought me a Benz, you buy me the yacht. A girl need a lot... The girl need some stocks...
Bonds is what I got, bonds is what I got...

CODA

why com-plain, you buy-in' Guc-ci, babe...

Bm

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh...

Bm

C+

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh...

C+

B

(Ah,)

boy, I

B7

G

A(add2)

B

B7

know you want my love, love. (Ah,)

noth-in' is
free in this world, world, (ah,) unless my

love is your love, love. I'm not a
gold digger. Lemme get that. What you got up in them jeans?

Put it on me or get lonely. Lemme get that. You know, five-car garages,
name on your bank ac-count, all-day mass-age. Lem-me get that. I wan-na put it on blast. Lem-me get that. Slow down 'fore I make you crash, boy. Got what you want, ba-by, got what you need.

We can't pro-ceed 'less you get that for me. Got a house but I need new fur-ni-ture.

Why spend mine when I could spend yours. The truth is I will love you the same-but
REHAB

Moderately slow groove

Words and Music by JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE,
TIMOTHY MOSLEY and HANNON LANE

Gm(add2)          Bb\textsuperscript{b}sus2          F                Eb(add2)

\begin{align*}
\frac{5}{4} & \frac{5}{4} & \frac{5}{4} \\
\frac{5}{4} & \frac{5}{4} & \frac{5}{4} \\
\end{align*}

Gm(add2)          Bb\textsuperscript{b}sus2          F                Eb(add2)

\begin{align*}
\frac{5}{4} & \frac{5}{4} & \frac{5}{4} \\
\frac{5}{4} & \frac{5}{4} & \frac{5}{4} \\
\end{align*}

Ba-by, ba-by, when we first met I nev-er felt some-thin’ so strong.

Gm(add2)          Bb\textsuperscript{b}sus2          F                N.C.

\begin{align*}
\frac{5}{4} & \frac{5}{4} & \frac{5}{4} \\
\frac{5}{4} & \frac{5}{4} & \frac{5}{4} \\
\end{align*}

You were like my lov-er and my best friend all wrapped in-to one with a rib-bon on it. And

* Recorded a half step higher.
all of a sudden you went and left, I didn't know how to follow. It's like a shock.

that spun me around and now my heart's dead. I feel so empty and hollow. And I'll

never give myself to another the way I gave it to you. Don't even recognize the ways you hurt me, do you?

It's gone take a miracle to bring me back and you're the one to blame. And now I feel like
oh, you're the reason why I'm thinkin'  I don't wanna smoke on these cigarettes no more.

I guess that's what I get for wishful thinkin'.  I shoulda never let you enter my door.

Next time you wanna go on and leave  I should just let you go on and do it.

'cause now I'm usin' like I please.  It's like I checked into re-
Gm(add2)      Bb(add2)      F      Eb(add2)
- hab,      And ba-by, you're my dis-ease.
           It's like I checked in-to re-

Gm(add2)      Bb(add2)      F      Eb(add2)
- hab and, ba-by, you're my dis-ease.          I got-ta check in-to re-

Gm(add2)      Bb(add2)      F      Eb(add2)
- hab 'cause, ba-by, you're my dis-ease.      I got-ta check in-to re-

Gm(add2)      Bb(add2)      F      Eb(add2)
- hab 'cause, ba-by, you're my dis-ease.

To Coda
Damn, ain't it crazy when you're love swept, you'd do anything for the one you love.

'Cause any-time that you need-ed me I'd be there. It's like you were my fa-vor-ite drug. The

only prob-lem is that you was us-in' me in a dif-fer-ent way than I was us-in' you. But

D.S. al Coda

now that I know it's not meant to be, you got-ta go. I got-ta wean my-self off of you. And I'll
Oh, oh, oh, oh, Oh, you're the reason why I'm thinking.
I don't wanna smoke on these cigarettes no more. I guess that's what I get for wishful thinking.
I shouldn't ever let you enter my door. Next time you wanna go on and leave.
I should just let you go on and do it, 'cause now I'm usin' like I please.
It's like I checked into rehab and, baby, you're my disease.

I gotta check into rehab 'cause, baby, you're my disease.
Moderate Techno

C#5

E5

F#5

mp

C#5

E5

Oh, whoa,

F#5

A5

G#5

C#5

Take off my shirt.

E5

F#5

C#5

Loosen the buttons and undo my skirt. Stare at myself in the
mirror, take me a part piece by piece. Sorrow decrease,

pressure release. I put in work, did more than called upon,

more than deserved. When it was over did I wind up hurt?

(Yes,) but it taught me before a decision ask this question first.
Who am I livin' for?

Is this my limit? Can I endure some more?

Chances are given, question existing. Take off my cool,

show them that under here I'm just like you. Do the mistakes I made
make me a fool or a human with flaws, and if that, I'm lost.

Round of applause. Take the abuse. Sometimes it feels like they want me to lose. It's entertainment, is that an excuse?

But the question that lingers whether win or lose is...
Who am I liv - in' for? Is this my lim - it?
Can I en - dure some more? Chanc-es are giv-en, ques-tion ex - ist-ing.
(Spoken:) Dear diary and to all them, entertain-ing is some-th-ing I do for a liv-ing.
It's not who I am. I'd like to think that I'm pretty normal.
I get mad. I hurt. I think guys suck sometimes.

But when you're in the spotlight everything seems good.

Sometimes I feel like I have it worst 'cause I have to always keep my guard up.

I don't know who to trust. I don't know who wants to date me for who I am
or who wants to be my friend for who I really am.
Who am I liv-in' for?

Is this my limit? Can I endure some more?

Chances are given, question existing.
GOOD GIRL GONE BAD

Words and Music by TOR ERIK HERMASEN, MIKKEL ERIKSEN, SHAFFER SMITH and LENE MARLIN PEDRSON

Moderately
F5/C

Dbmaj7

Eb6/9

Dbmaj7

F5

Dbmaj7

Eb6/9

Dbmaj7

Fm

Db

We stay mov-in' a-round solo. Ask us where you went, we don't know
and don't care, (don't care.) All we know is we was at home 'cause you left us there.

You got your boys and got gone and left us all alone. Now she

in the club wit' a freaky dress on. Cats don't want her to keep that dress on.

Tryin' to get enough drinks in her system. Take her to the tea and make her a victim.
Patrón in the brain, ball-player in the face. They shake the spot, she's just another case.

Easy for a good girl to go bad and once we

gone, (gone,) best believe we gone forever. Don't need a reason.

Don't need a reason. You better
learn how to treat us right, 'cause a
once a good girl goes bad, we done for ev-
er.

He's stay-ing wit' a flock of 'em, oh yeah. Got a girl at home but he don't care.
Won't care, (won't care,) all he do is keep me at home, won't let me go nowhere.

He thinks because I'm at home I won't be gettin' it on. And now I'm findin' numbers in the jacket pockets. Chicks callin' in the house, non-stop. It's gettin' outta control. Finally, I can't take no more. He finds a
letter on the stairs sayin' this is the end. I packed my bag and left wit' your best friend, oh.

CODA

Bbm

We stay movin' a-round solo. Ask us where you went, we don't know

Eb

and don't care, (don't care.) All we know is we was at home cause you left us there.

Bbm9

You got your boys and got gone and left us all alone, no.
Easy for a good girl to go bad
and once we

(gone, gone) best believe we gone forever.

Don't need a reason.

Don't need a reason.
You better

learn how to treat us right,
'cause a
once a good girl goes bad.
we gone for-ev-

er._

We gone for-ev
er._

We gone for-ev
er._