



LADY | GAGA



JUST DANCE
FEAT. COLBY O'DONIS

LOVEGAME

PAPARAZZI

POKER FACE

EH, EH (NOTHING ELSE I CAN SAY)

BEAUTIFUL, DIRTY, RICH

THE FAME

MONEY HONEY

STARSTRUCK
FEAT. SPACE COWBOY AND FLO RIDA

BOYS BOYS BOYS

PAPER GANGSTA

BROWN EYES

I LIKE IT ROUGH

SUMMERBOY

L A D Y G A G A

www.ladygaga.com
www.myspace.com/ladygaga
www.interscope.com
www.cherrytreerecords.com

STREAMLINE
RECORDS



KONLIVE



Interscope Records, 2220 Colorado Ave., Santa Monica, CA 90404.
Manufactured and distributed in USA by Universal Music Distribution.
©2008 Interscope Records. All rights reserved.

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: VINCENT HERBERT
MANAGEMENT: TROY CARTER
AND LEAH LANDON FOR **THE CO-OP**



JUST DANCE Feat. Colby O'Donis

I've had a little bit too much
All of the people start to rush (start to rush by)
A dizzy twister dance
Can't find my drink or man
Where are my keys?
I lost my phone

What's goin' on, on the floor?
I love this record baby but I can't see straight anymore keep it cool
What's the name of this club?
I can't remember but it's alright, a-alright

Chorus:

JUST DANCE!
Gonna be okay
Da da doo doo-n
JUST DANCE!
Spin that record babe
Da da doo doo-n
JUST DANCE!
Gonna be okay
D-d-d dance, dance, dance, just
J-JUST DANCE!

Wish I could shut my playboy mouth
How'd I turn my shirt inside out (inside out right)
Control your poison babe
Roses have thorns they say
And were all gettin' hosed tonight!

What's goin' on, on the floor?
I love this record baby but I can't see straight anymore keep it cool
What's the name of this club?
I can't remember but it's alright, a-alright

Chorus

When I come through on the dance floor checkin' out that catalogue
Can't believe my eyes so many women without a flaw
And I ain't gonna give it up, steady trying to pick it up like a call
I'm a hit it up beat it up latch on to it until tomorrow yeah

Shorty I can see that you got so much energy
The way you twirlin' up them hips round and round
And there is no reason at all why you can't leave here with me
In the mean time stay let me watch you break it down and

Chorus

Half psychotic sick hypnotic got my blueprint it's symphonic
Half psychotic sick hypnotic got my blueprint electronic
Half psychotic sick hypnotic got my blueprint it's symphonic
Half psychotic sick hypnotic got my blueprint electronic

Go use your muscle carve it out work it, hustle!
Don't Slow! Drive it, clean it lysol, bleed it
Spend the last dough in your pocket!

Chorus

LOVEGAME

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

Huh, Huh

I wanna kiss you
But if I do then I might miss you babe
It's complicated and stupid
Got my ass squeezed by sexy Cupid
Guess he wants to play
Wants to play
A LOVEGAME
A LOVEGAME

Hold me and love me
Just wanna touch you for a minute
Maybe three seconds is enough for my heart to quit it

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

Let's play a LOVEGAME
Play a LOVEGAME
Do you want love?
Or you want fame?
Are you in the game?
Dans, the LOVEGAME

Repeat

I'm on a mission
And it involves some heavy touching, yeah
You've indicated your interest
I'm educated in sex, yes
And now I want it bad
Want it bad
A LOVEGAME
A LOVEGAME

Hold me and love me
Just wanna touch you for a minute
Maybe three seconds is enough for my heart to quit it

Huh, Huh

I can see you staring 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 LOVEGAME

PAPARAZZI

We are the crowd
We're c-comin' out

Got my flash on, its true
Need that picture of you
It so magical
We'd be so fantastic

Leather and jeans
Garage Glamorous
Not sure what it means
But this photo of us it don't have a price
Ready for those flashing lights
Cause you know that baby I

I'm your biggest fan
I'll follow you until you love me
Papa,
PAPARAZZI
Baby there's no other superstar-
You know that I'll be
Your Papa-PAPARAZZI

Promise I'll be kind
But I won't stop until that boy is mine
Baby you'll be famous, chase you down
until you love me Papa, PAPARAZZI

I'll be your girl
Backstage at your show
Velvet ropes and guitars
yeah, cause you're my rockstar
In between the sets,
Eyeliner and cigarettes

Shadow is burnt-
Yellow, dance and we turn
My lashes are dry
Purple teardrops I cry
It don't have a price
Loving you is cherry pie
Cause you know that baby I

Real good, we dance in the studio
Snap snap, to that shit on the radio
Don't stop for anyone
We're plastic, but we still have fun

POKER FACE

Mum mum mum mah
Mum mum mum mah

I wanna hold em' like they do in Texas please
Fold em' let em' hit me raise it baby stay with me
(I love it)
LoveGame intuition play the cards with spades to start
And after he's been hooked I'll play the one that's on his heart

Oh, oh, oh, oh, ohhhh, ohh-oh-e-ohh-oh-oh
I'll get him hot, show him what I've got
Oh, oh, oh, oh, ohhhh, ohh-oh-e-ohh-oh-oh,
I'll get him hot, show him what I've got

Can't read my
Can't read my
No he can't read my POKER FACE
(She's got me like nobody)
Can't read my
Can't read my
No he can't read my POKER FACE
(She's got me like nobody)

P-P-P-POKER FACE, P-P-POKER FACE
(Mum mum mum mah)
P-P-P-POKER FACE, P-P-POKER FACE
(Mum mum mum mah)

I wanna roll with him a hard pair we will be
A little gambling is fun when you're with me
(I love it)
Russian Roulette is not the same without a gun
And baby when it's love if it's not rough it isn't fun, fun

Oh, oh, oh, oh, ohhhh, ohh-oh-e-ohh-oh-oh
I'll get him hot, show him what I've got
Oh, oh, oh, oh, ohhhh, ohh-oh-e-ohh-oh-oh,
I'll get him hot, show him what I've got

I won't tell you that I love you
Kiss or hug you
Cause I'm bluffin' with my muffin
I'm not lying I'm just stunnin' with my love-glue-gunning
Just like a chick in the casino
Take your bank before I pay you out
I promise this, promise this
Check this hand cause I'm marvelous

EH, EH (NOTHING ELSE I CAN SAY)

Cherry cherry, boom boom
GaGa

Boy we've had a real good time
And I wish you the best
On your way
EH, EH

I didn't mean to hurt you
I never thought we'd fall
Out of place
EH, EH

I had something that I love long long
But my friends keepa' tellin' me that something's wrong

Then I met someone
And eh! there's nothing else I can say

EH, EH, EH, EH
There's nothing else I can say
EH, EH, EH, EH
I wish he never looked at me that way
EH, EH, EH, EH
There's nothing else I can say
EH, EH, EH, EH

Not that I don't care about you
Just that things got so compliquées
EH, EH

I met somebody cute and funny
Got each other and that's money eh
EH, EH

I had something that I love long long
But my friends keepa telling me that something's wrong
Then I met someone
And eh!
Cherry cherry, boom boom

All I can say is EH, EH

BEAUTIFUL, DIRTY, RICH

BEAUTIFUL, DIRTY DIRTY, RICH RICH, DIRTY DIRTY
BEAUTIFUL DIRTY RICH

DIRTY DIRTY, RICH, DIRTY DIRTY, RICH, BEAUTIFUL
BEAUTIFUL AND DIRTY, DIRTY RICH, RICH DIRTY...

We've got a redlight pornographic dance fight
Systematic honey
But we got no money

Our hair is perfect while we're all getting shit-wrecked
Its automatic, honey
But we got no money

Daddy I'm so sorry I'm so s-s-sorry yah
We just like to party like to p-p-party-yah

Bang Bang
Were BEAUTIFUL N' DIRTY RICH
Bang Bang
Were BEAUTIFUL N' DIRTY RICH

We live a cute-life
Soundfanatic
Pants tighter than plastic, honey
But we got no money

We do the dance right
We have got it made like
Ice cream topped with honey
But we got no money

Daddy I'm so sorry I'm so so sorry yah
We just like to party like to p-p-party-yah

Bang bang bang
Bang bang bang

BEAUTIFUL, DIRTY, RICH

Uh Bang Bang Bang
Bang Bang Bang

BEAUTIFUL, DIRTY, RICH

THE FAME

I can't help myself I'm addicted to a life of material
It's some kind of joke, I'm obsessively opposed to the typical
All we care about is, runway models, cadillacs and liquor bottles
Give me something I wanna be, retro glamour, Hollywood yes we live for the

FAME
Doin' it for the
FAME
Cuz we wanna live the life of the rich and famous

FAME
Doin' it for the
FAME
Cuz we gotta 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
A shame shame
In it for THE FAME FAME baby
THE FAME FAME

I can see myself in the movies with my picture in city lights
Photograph my mind and whatever else you'd like to shoot
You decide
All we care about is, pornographic girls on film and body plastic
Give me something, I wanna see television and hot blondes in odd positions
FAME

Don't ask me how or why
But I'm gonna make it happen this time
My 'teenage dream tonight
Yeah I'm gonna make it happen this time

MONEY HONEY

That's M-O-N-E-Y, so sexy, I

Damn I love the Jag, the jet and the mansion
Oh yeah
And I enjoy the gifts and trips to the islands
Oh yeah

It's good to live expensive you know it but
My knees get weak, intensive

FOR A MOMENT

*Yesterday, I took a walk in the rain
The cool refreshing droplets splashed on my cheeks.
I walked,
And walked, And walked,
Not knowing where I was going,
The trees swayed as a chilly spring
Gently caressed their branches.
A cute white rabbit scampered
Across a wide open field.
He stopped in front of me in a
Patch of emerald.
He had a quizzical look on his furry little face.
He wiggled his ears,
Crinkled his nose,
And scratched his whiskers like
An old man.
I started to laugh.
He ran off into the distance
Looking like a pearl in a patch of seaweed.
The cool refreshing droplets splashed
On my cheeks.
I walked,
And walked, And walked,
Not knowing where I was going.
I saw a family of ducks on a lake,
I stopped to look,
Mama Duck first,
And all the little ducklings gliding
Behind her in a single file.
They were dancing to the music
of the rain tapping on water.
And then I was my reflection on
the mirror-like surface of the lake
And for a moment...
I was the only living creature around.
The cool refreshing droplets splashed
On my cheeks. I turned,
And walked, And walked,
Knowing where I was going.*

Joanne Stefani Germanotta



When you give me k-kisses
That's MONEY HONEY
When I'm your lover and your mistress
That's MONEY HONEY
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 M-O-N-E-Y, so sexy, I
That's MONEY HONEY

Damn I'd love a boat by the beach on the west coast
Oh yeah
And I'd enjoy some fine champagne while my girls toast
Oh yeah

It's good to live expensive you know it but
My knees get weak, intensive

You know I appreciate the finer things
But it's not what makes me happiest baby
(I can do without it babe)
Your tender loving's more than I can handle
Never burn out this candle baby, baby

STARSTRUCK Feat. Space Cowboy and Flo Rida

Groove. Slam. Work it back. Filter that. Baby bump that track.
Groove. Slam. Work it back. Filter that. Baby bump that track.
Groove. Slam. Work it back. Space Cowboy just play that track.
Gaga in the Room. So STARSTRUCK Cherry Cherry Cherry Boom Boom.

Rollin' up to the club on the weekend
Stylin' out to the beat that you're freakin'
Fantasize I'm the track that you're tweakin'
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 T2 on your table I'm so STARSTRUCK...

Chorus:

I'm so STARSTRUCK
Baby cause you blow my heart up
I'm so STARSTRUCK
Baby cause you blow my heart up

I'm so STARSTRUCK
Baby cause you blow my heart up
I'm so STARSTRUCK
Baby cause you blow my heart up

Baby now that were alone gotta request
Would you make me number one on your playlist?

Got your Dre headphones with the leftside on
Wanna scratch me back and fourth back and fourth? Uh huh

Put your hands on my waist pull the fader
Run it back with original flavor

Get the breakdown first
Up until the chorus
To the verse
Re-ke-re-ke-Reverse

Chorus

Hey lil mamma 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 shawty say hand over your signature right here
Like adjust the dotted line and I suppose to sign
How she at it, a fanatic and I think it's goin' down
She so star struck, 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 on me, just spotted a baby actor
Complete swagga, they go the dagger
Got what she wants, shawty happily ever after

Chorus

Groove. Slam. Work it back. Filter that. Baby bump that track.
Groove. Slam. Work it back. Filter that. Baby bump that track.

Groove. Slam. Work it back. Space Cowboy just play that track.
Baby now that were alone gotta request
Would you make me number one on your playlist?

Got your Dre headphones with the leftside on
Wanna scratch me back and fourth back and fourth? Uh huh

Put your hands on my waist pull the fader
Run it back with original flavor
Get the breakdown first
Up until the chorus
To the verse
Re-ke-re-ke-Reverse

Chorus

BOYS BOYS BOYS

Hey there sugar baby saw you twice at the pop show
You taste just like glitter mixed with rock and roll
I like you a lot, lot

Think you're really hot, hot
Know you think you're special when we dance real crazy
Glamaphonic

Electronic,
Disco baby
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 hairspray and denim
BOYS, BOYS, BOYS
We love them!

Ohh, ah oh oh: uh-ohhhhh-oooo-wuh-ohh
Ohh, ah oh oh: uh-ohhhhh-oooo-wuh-ohh

Baby is a bad boy with some retro sneakers
Let's go see The Killers and make out in the bleachers
I like you a lot, lot
Think you're really hot, hot
Let's go to the party heard our buddy's the DJ
Don't forget my lipstick I left it in your ashtray
I like you a lot, lot
All we want is hot, hot

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
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 for ever

Ohh, ah oh oh: uh-ohhhhh-oooo-wuh-ohh
Ohh, ah oh oh: uh-ohhhhh-oooo-wuh-ohh
Ohh, ah oh oh: uh-ohhhhh-oooo-wuh-ohh
Ohh, ah oh oh: uh-ohhhhh-oooo-wuh-ohh

PAPER GANGSTA

Midnight rush, with a pen in my hand
Inkin Lincoln, sand-script with a fan
Remembering me, before it began
Sometimes I tell so Def in the Jam

Cuz the ones who loved me, told me to stop
Like homegirl can't catch sh-t if it drops
A superwoman chick, you know that I am
Some sh-t don't fly by me in a man

Cuz I do not accept any less
Than someone just as real, as fabulous

Don't want no PAPER GANGSTA
Won't sign away my life to
Someone whose got the flavor
But don't have no follow through
Don't want no PAPER GANGSTA
Want sign no monkey papers
I don't do funny business
Not interested in fakers
Don't want no PAPER GANGSTA
Uh oh
Don't want no PAPER GANGSTA
Uh oh

Got something really shiny to start
Want me to sign there on your Range Rover heart?
I've heard it before
Yeah, the dinners were nice
Till your diamond words melted into some ice

You should been rapping to the beat of my song Mr. Califor-
nia,
PAPER GANGSTA and I'm lookin' for love, not an
empty page full of stuff that means nothing but "you've
been played"

Cuz I do not accept any less
Than someone just as real, as fabulous

BROWN EYES

In your BROWN EYES
I walked away
In your BROWN EYES
I couldn't stay
In your BROWN EYES
You'll watch her go
Then turn the record on
And wonder what when wrong
What went wrong?

If everything
Was everything
But everything is over
Everything
Could be everything
If only we were older
I guess it's just a silly song about you
And how I lost you
And your
BROWN EYES

In your BROWN EYES
I was feeling low
Cause they're BROWN EYES
And you never know
Got some BROWN EYES
But I saw her face
I knew that it was wrong
So baby,
Turn the record on
Play that song

Where...

Your BROWN EYES

Everything was everything
But baby it's the last show
Everything could be everything
But it's time to say goodbye, so
Get your last fix and your last hit
Grab your old girl with her new tricks
Honey yah it's no surprise
That I got lost
In your BROWN EYES

BROW-EH-OW-EH-OWN, BROW-EH-OW-EH-OWN
EYES

Your BROWN EYES
BROW-EH-OW-EH-OWN, BROW-EH-OW-EH-OWN
EYES
Got some BROWN EYES

BROW-EH-OW-EH-OWN, BROW-EH-OW-EH-OWN
EYES

Your BROWN EYES

I LIKE IT ROUGH

Your love is nothing I can't fight
Can't sleep with the man who dims my shine

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 chewing on pearls

Chorus:

You've got me wondering why, I
I LIKE IT ROUGH, I
I LIKE IT ROUGH, I
I LIKE IT ROUGH

Won't go without my fix tonight
It's a little too rough
Prom girl wipes her tears with silver lines
And she can't get enough

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 straightening curls

Chorus

I'm shiny and I know it
Don't know why you wanna blow it
Need a man who likes it rough
Likes it rough, likes rough
Baby likes it rough

Is it 'cause you don't mean it
Or because I don't feel it
Unless it rough

Chorus

SUMMERBOY

Nowhere yah were gain' nowhere fast
Maybe this time I'll be yours you'll be mine
C-c-crazy get your ass in my bed
Maybe you'll be just my summer boyfriend
SUMMERBOY

Let's get lost, you can take me home,
somewhere nice we can be alone
Bikini top's comin' 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
Well still have the summer after all

Sometimes you might start a fight
But I'm happy, pretending were alright
Sunglasses, cover up my green eyes
My martini glistens yeah
While checking out other guys
SUMMERBOYS

Hey there SUMMERBOY
Let's go for a drive
Take me for a ride
Never gonna close our eyes
Hey there SUMMERBOY
I'm a busy girl
Don't have too much time
Hurry up before I change my mind
Hey there SUMMERBOY
I'm taking off my heels
Let's go for a run
Have a little summer fun
Have a little summer fun
SUMMERBOY

I have got my, summer, SUMMERBOY
I have got my, summer, SUMMERBOY



JUST DANCE Feat. Colby O'Donis

Written by: Lady Gaga, RedOne, Allmarie Thiam
Stefani Germanotta p/k/a Lady Gaga (BMI) Sony/ATV Songs LLC / House Of Gaga Publishing Inc. / GloJae Music Inc. (BMI), Sony/ATV Songs LLC / RedOne Productions, LLC (BMI), Byfall Music/Pamous Music Publishing/ASCAP). Produced by RedOne for RedOne/Konvict. All instruments played and programmed by RedOne. Recorded by RedOne. Engineered by: Dave Russell. Recorded at: Record Plant, Hollywood, CA. Background Vocals: Lady Gaga, Akon, RedOne and Colby O'Donis. Mixed by Robert Orton. Colby O'Donis appears courtesy of KonLive/Gelfin Records

LOVEGAME

Written by: Lady Gaga, RedOne
Stefani Germanotta p/k/a Lady Gaga (BMI) Sony/ATV Songs LLC / House Of Gaga Publishing Inc. / GloJae Music Inc. (BMI), Sony/ATV Songs LLC / RedOne Productions, LLC (BMI)
Produced by RedOne for RedOne/Konvict. All instruments played and programmed by RedOne
Recorded and engineered by RedOne. Recorded at: Record Plant, Hollywood and Chalice, Los Angeles, CA. Background Vocals: Lady Gaga and RedOne. Mixed by Robert Orton

PAPARAZZI

Written by: Lady Gaga, Rob Fusari
Stefani Germanotta p/k/a Lady Gaga (BMI) Sony/ATV Songs LLC / House Of Gaga Publishing Inc. / GloJae Music Inc. (BMI), Junebugalilly (ASCAP)
Produced by Rob Fusari. Additional Co-Production by Lady Gaga. Mixed by Robert Orton
Recorded at: 150 Studios, Parsippany, NJ. Piano and Synth: Lady Gaga. Additional Production: Lady Gaga. Additional Programming: Calvin "Sci-Fidelity" Gaines

POKER FACE

Written by: Lady Gaga, RedOne
Stefani Germanotta p/k/a Lady Gaga (BMI) Sony/ATV Songs LLC / House Of Gaga Publishing Inc. / GloJae Music Inc. (BMI), Sony/ATV Songs LLC / RedOne Productions, LLC (BMI)
Produced by RedOne for RedOne/Konvict. All instruments played and programmed by RedOne
Recorded by RedOne. Engineered by Dave Russell. Recorded at Record Plant, Hollywood, CA
Background Vocals: Lady Gaga and RedOne. Mixed by Robert Orton

EH, EH (NOTHING ELSE I CAN SAY)

Written by: Lady Gaga, Martin Kierszenbaum
Stefani Germanotta p/k/a Lady Gaga (BMI) Sony/ATV Songs LLC / House Of Gaga Publishing Inc. / GloJae Music Inc. (BMI), Martin Cherrytree Music (BMI). Produced by Martin Kierszenbaum. Engineered by Tony Ugal. Recorded at Cherrytree Recording Studios, www.cherrytreerecordingstudios.com. Mixed by Robert Orton

BEAUTIFUL, DIRTY RICH

Written by: Lady Gaga, Rob Fusari
Stefani Germanotta p/k/a Lady Gaga (BMI) Sony/ATV Songs LLC / House Of Gaga Publishing Inc. / GloJae Music Inc. (BMI), Junebugalilly (ASCAP). Produced by Rob Fusari. Recorded at: 150 Studios, Parsippany, NJ. Mixed by Robert Orton. Guitar: Tom Kafafian. Piano and Synth: Lady Gaga. Bass: Calvin "Sci-Fidelity" Gaines. Drums: Dave Murga. Additional Programming: Calvin "Sci-Fidelity" Gaines

THE FAME

Written by: Lady Gaga, Martin Kierszenbaum
Stefani Germanotta p/k/a Lady Gaga (BMI) Sony/ATV Songs LLC / House Of Gaga Publishing Inc. / GloJae Music Inc. (BMI), Martin Cherrytree Music (BMI). Produced by Martin Kierszenbaum. Engineered by Tony Ugal. Recorded at Cherrytree Recording Studios, www.cherrytreerecordingstudios.com. Mixed by Robert Orton

MONEY HONEY

Written by: Lady Gaga, Redone, Bilal Hajji
Stefani Germanotta p/k/a Lady Gaga (BMI) Sony/ATV Songs LLC / House Of Gaga Publishing Inc. / GloJae Music Inc. (BMI), Sony/ATV Songs LLC / RedOne Productions, LLC (BMI), AIO Entertainment, LTD. Produced by RedOne for RedOne/Konvict. All instruments played and programmed by RedOne. Recorded and engineered by RedOne. Recorded at 333 Studios, New York, NY. Background Vocals: Lady Gaga and RedOne. Mixed by Robert Orton

STARSTRUCK Featuring Space Cowboy and Flo Rida

Written by Lady Gaga, Martin Kierszenbaum, Nick Dreitz, Tramar Dillard
Stefani Germanotta p/k/a Lady Gaga (BMI) Sony/ATV Songs LLC / House Of Gaga Publishing Inc. / GloJae Music Inc. (BMI), Martin Cherrytree Music (BMI), Warner Chappell / Sony/ATV Tunes LLC / Mail On Sunday Music (ASCAP). Produced by Martin Kierszenbaum and Space Cowboy. Engineered by Tony Ugal and Aml. Recorded at Cherrytree Recording Studios, www.cherrytreerecordingstudios.com and Pae Boy Studios, Miami, FL. Mixed by Robert Orton. Flo Rida appears courtesy of Pae Boy Entertainment/Atlantic Recording Corporation. Space Cowboy appears courtesy of Tiger Trax/Interscope Records

BOYS BOYS BOYS

Written by: Lady Gaga, RedOne
Stefani Germanotta p/k/a Lady Gaga (BMI) Sony/ATV Songs LLC / House Of Gaga Publishing Inc. / GloJae Music Inc. (BMI), Sony/ATV Songs LLC / RedOne Productions, LLC (BMI)
Produced by RedOne for RedOne/Konvict. All instruments played and programmed by RedOne.
Recorded and engineered by RedOne. Mixed by Robert Orton. Recorded at 333 Studios, New York, NY. Background Vocals: Lady Gaga

PAPER GANGSTA

Written by: Lady Gaga, RedOne
Stefani Germanotta p/k/a Lady Gaga (BMI) Sony/ATV Songs LLC / House Of Gaga Publishing Inc. / GloJae Music Inc. (BMI), Sony/ATV Songs LLC / RedOne Productions, LLC (BMI). Produced by RedOne for RedOne/Konvict. All instruments played and programmed by RedOne. Recorded and engineered by RedOne. Recorded at Record Plant, Hollywood, CA. Background Vocals: Lady Gaga and RedOne. Mixed by Robert Orton

BROWN EYES

Written by: Lady Gaga, Rob Fusari
Stefani Germanotta p/k/a Lady Gaga (BMI) Sony/ATV Songs LLC / House Of Gaga Publishing Inc. / GloJae Music Inc. (BMI), Junebugalilly (ASCAP). Produced by Rob Fusari. Additional Co-Production by Lady Gaga
Recorded at: 150 Studios, Parsippany, NJ. Mixed by Robert Orton. Piano and Synth: Lady Gaga. Guitars: Tom Kafafian. Bass: Victor Bailey. Drums: Joe Tomina. Additional Programming: Calvin "Sci-Fidelity" Gaines

I LIKE IT ROUGH

Written by: Lady Gaga, Martin Kierszenbaum
Stefani Germanotta p/k/a Lady Gaga (BMI) Sony/ATV Songs LLC / House Of Gaga Publishing Inc. / GloJae Music Inc. (BMI), Martin Cherrytree Music (BMI). Produced by Martin Kierszenbaum. Engineered by Tony Ugal. Recorded at Cherrytree Recording Studios, www.cherrytreerecordingstudios.com. Mixed by Robert Orton

SUMMERBOY

Written by: Lady Gaga, Brian Kierulf, Josh Schwartz
Stefani Germanotta p/k/a Lady Gaga (BMI) Sony/ATV Songs LLC / House Of Gaga Publishing Inc. / GloJae Music Inc. (BMI), Zomba songs Inc. (BMI), Kierulf Songs (BMI), Mugsy Boy Publishing (BMI). Produced by Brian & Josh for KNS Productions. Mixed by Robert Orton. Recorded at Dojo Studios New York, NY. Arranged by Brian and Josh for KNS Productions

Executive Producer: Vincent Harbert

A&R By: Vincent Harbert & Martin Kierszenbaum
Co-Executive Producers: Rob Fusari and RedOne for Konlive
Management: Troy Carter and Leah Landon for

Mastered at Oasis Mastering by Gene Grimaldi
Production Coordinator: Lisa Einhorn- Gilder
A&R Coordinator: Andrea Ruffalo and Vicki Boyd
A&R Admin: Jennifer Paola
Marketing Director: Dyanne Kass
Photography by: Pieter Henket
Additional photography by: Candice Lawler and Warwick Saint
Design by: Liam Ward

I am sitting in a hotel room in Vietnam. Preparing to perform on the first ever American/Vietnamese broadcast since the war. It really is the perfect time to write.

There are so many people, places, and things that I need to thank for the success of this project. But before I begin, I need to say that each and every chemical moment of my life, every person I have spoken with, every street I have traveled, every museum, country, city, space or home that I have visited has been a profound instance and is mirrored, whether obviously or in some refracted way, in the work you see today. So if your name is not here, it is purely because this is the distilled version of my "thankyous."

Thank You

Mom, Dad, Natali, Grandma Angelina, Grandma Ronnie, Granpa Paul, Grandpa Joe, Aunt Merle and Uncle Bobby, Aunt Sheri and Uncle Steve, Aunt Carol and Uncle Doug, Laura and Jenny – I love you.

Thank you for teaching me the importance of family, and showing me the value of always sitting down to dinner together—and never taking a bite till everyone was present. And thank you to all the women in this family, for teaching me how to be one.

Bo, Arianne, and Tania. For being my only true friends

To my mentor Don Lawrence. You are the greatest and most gifted teacher I have ever had.

Thank you for my voice, my work ethic, and my discipline.

Jimmy Iovine, Doug Morris, Vincent Herbert, Martin Kierszenbaum, Troy Carter, Leah "My Leg" Landon, Jolene Cherry, RedOne, Akon, Rob Fusari, KNS Productions, Laurie-Ann Gibson and Richie, Melina, Devyne Stephens, Shawn Holiday, Johan Lindgren, Dyanne Kass, Bobby Campbell, Brenda Romano, Troy Marshall, Steve Berman, David Cohen, Rand Hoffman, Max Hole, Jurgen Grebner, Tony Harlow, Matt LaMotte, Jennie Boddy, Jen Zeller, Jodi Gerson, Tomoko Itoki, Andrea Ruffalo, Erika Savage, Tom Land, Vicki Boyd, Nino Cuccinello, Juan Martinez, Garnett March, Greg Brooks, Guenaël Geay (AKA Lady GG), Thorsten Koenig, Mark Cheatham, Gretchen Anderson, Faith Dillman, Lane Bentley, Jeremy Summers, Irene Silva, Clark Pardee, George Robertson, Space Cowboy, Aaron Bay-Schuck, E-Class, Jen O'Neil, Aimee Nadeau, Josh Feldman, Tamar Braxton, Big Jah, One-Fene aka Efe

Thank you for believing in me, your support means the world to me.

To my previous bands: Mackin Pulsifer, SGBand, Lady Gaga & The Starlight Revue.

I would like to thank Andy Warhol, David Bowie, Prince, Madonna, and Chanel.

I would like to thank New York. I would like to thank Fashion.

And I would like to thank You: Haus of Gaga:
L.G., L.L., M. "Dada" W., M. "D". E. C. "C". D. R. "Ninja", Space Cowboy, S "Kamikazee" M, David "Dark" C., A. "The Ornament" C, L.A.G.

A POEM FOR JOANNE

For all the words you could not say
I promise they'll be mine,

The one you meant to marry J
I promise I will find

And when your brother calls for me
I promise I will come,

Cause when I feel that I may break
Your heart, it makes mine strong"

—Stefani Joanne Germanotta

