

## L.A. Story

Sammy Adams

I'm waking up on Sunset Boulevard  
Maxing out all my credit cards  
Living my own LA story  
Living it up 'til the morning

Sammy  
I'm not trying to show you love and affection  
I'm trying to live the life a kid always expected  
Over on Sunset, finished a couple sessions  
One foot in the door, one in the hills, questions  
Angels in leather, I ain't talking 'bout the motor club  
But I tend to go hella hard when I go to clubs  
Minibar murder, I'm on Denzel's flight  
With a stewardess that wants to f\*ck the whole damn night  
Who cares what they all say  
Try'na find some girls like Hov did with Beyonce  
Had you for a week but I heard you say fiance  
Na na, none of that girl

I fell in love, the streets got a glow  
The city of angels is calling me home

And she said, and she said uh

I'm waking up on Sunset Boulevard  
Maxing out all my credit cards  
Living my own LA story  
Living it up 'til the morning  
We'll be taking shots under the stars  
Living off of hotel minibars  
Living our own LA story  
Living it up, living it up  
We living it up

Everybody's a model or a wannabe  
If you're that bad it's in Paris where you ought'a be  
She's an actress, working on the late shift  
Only longs for a big break as a waitress  
Walk the strip, see the fashion getting wacky now  
Out the door, passing out  
Hit the floor, Pacquiao  
Credit card at the bar never closing out  
But the weather's so nice, nobody slowing down  
Well except for the 101  
Gotta SUV stuck in traffic with a ton of buds  
I can promise you tonight's gon' be a ton of fun  
Know that c-c-c-c

'Cause I fell in love, the streets got a glow  
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Upper Edge Cafe like Vinny Chase  
She got a big booty, itty bitty skinny waist  
Henny straight, everyday summer  
Never on the sheets like you're on top of the cover  
Every day when I'm away look at the toe so  
Look at the cops, don't even care, you can just blow smoke  
I'm Robin Hood on the beat  
I get paid in LA and give it back to the D

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