

L.A. Story

Sammy Adams

Im waking up on Sunset Boulevard
Maxing out all my credit cards
Living my own LA story
Living it up til the morningSammy
Im not trying to show you love and affection
Im 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 aint talking bout the motor club
But I tend to go hella hard when I go to clubs
Minibar murder, Im on Denzels flight
With a stewardess that wants to f*ck the whole damn night
Who cares what they all say
Tryna find some girls like Hov did with Beyonce
Had you for a week but I heard you say fiance
Na na, none of that girlI fell in love, the streets got a glow
The city of angels is calling me homeAnd she said, and she said uhIm waking up on Sunset Boulevard
Maxing out all my credit cards
Living my own LA story
Living it up til the morning
Well 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 upEverybodys a model or a wannabe
If youre that bad its in Paris where you oughta be
Shes 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 now
But the weathers so nice, nobody slowing down
Well except for the 101
Gotta SUV stuck in traffic with a ton of buds
I can promise you tonights gon be a ton of fun
Know that c-c-cCause I fell in love, the streets got a glow
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We living it upUp at Urth Caffé like Vinny Chase
She got a big booty, itty bitty skinny waist
Henny straight, everyday summer
Never on the sheets like youre on top of the cover
Every day when Im away look at the toe so
Look at the cops, dont even care, you can just blow smoke
Im Robin Hood on the beat
I get paid in LA and give it back to the DI fell in love, the streets got a glow
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