

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

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We'll be taking shots under the stars
Living off of hotel minibars
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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

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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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