

La Story

Sammy Adams

L.A. Story by Sammy Adams featuring Mike Posner

Capo 3

[Intro: Mike Posner]

Iâ€™m waking up on Sunset Boulevard
Maxing out all my credit cards
Living my own LA story
Living it up â€™til the morning

[Verse 1: Sammy Adams]

(G C Am D)

Sammy
Iâ€™m not trying to show you love and affection
Iâ€™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 ainâ€™t talking â€™bout the motor club
But I tend to go hella hard when I go to clubs
Minibar murder, Iâ€™m on Denzelâ€™s flight
With a stewardess that wants to f*ck the whole damn night
Who cares what they all say
Tryâ€™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

[Pre-Chorus]

I fell in love, the streets got a glow
The city of angels is calling me home
And she said, and she said uh

[Chorus: Mike Posner]

Iâ€™m waking up on Sunset Boulevard
Maxing out all my credit cards
Living my own LA story
Living it up â€™til the morning
Weâ€™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

[Verse 2: Sammy Adams]

Everybodyâ€™s a model or a wannabe
If youâ€™re that bad itâ€™s in Paris where you oughtâ€™a be
Sheâ€™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 weatherâ€™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 tonightâ€™s gonâ€™ be a ton of fun
Know that **C-C-C-C**

[Pre-Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

And she said, and she said uh
Iâ€™m waking up on Sunset Boulevard
Maxing out all my credit cards
Living my own LA story
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[Bridge: Mike Posner]

No Chords
Upper Edge Cafe like Vinny Chase
She got a big booty, itty bitty skinny waist
Henny straight, everyday summer
Never on the sheets like youâ€™re on top of the cover
Every day when Iâ€™m away look at the toe so
Look at the cops, donâ€™t even care, you can just blow smoke
Iâ€™m Robin Hood on the beat
I get paid in LA and give it back to the D

[Pre-Chorus]

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

And she said, and she said uh

[Chorus]

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