

7715 Biography

Every house tells its own story.

Though the specific details may be a little foggy now, the story of 7715 Bluebell Avenue in Southern California comprises parties to rival *Project X* and *The Hangover*, magical impromptu late-night jam sessions, and the start of an eternal friendship and musical union for its denizens—Stu Da Boi, Tyler Wilson, JP Clark, Dan Geraghty and JRM. A year after moving out (*and getting tattoos of the address*), the five lifelong musicians penned a song together in order to help Stu get over a breakup during January 2018. The intersection of four voices—namely Stu, JP, Tyler and JRM—proved undeniable when backed by Dan’s production and instrumentation.

One song turned into a growing discography of appropriately dubbed “*Moon Rock*” as 7715 formally came to life in Encino, 13 miles away from the original site.

“At the old house, we weren’t doing any music together, but we all had this crazy energy,” exclaims JP. “We moved out and missed each other, so the band started by accident. We called it 7715 because it seemed like an opportunity to make the tattoo not super stupid,” he laughs.

“Everybody brings a different element,” Stu continues. “Tyler’s super smooth. He was the best at talking to the cops at the house too. JP’s writing hooks, managing, he’s like the circus director. Dan’s shred master 18,000. I’m not exactly sure what I’m doing but everyone seems to like it.”

Throughout 2018, the boys wrote and recorded perfected a signature sound along the way. That sound echoes the spirit of nineties alternative, the honesty of turn-of-the-century emo, and the right amount of hip-hop. Relaying stories of unforgettable ragers, cheating exes, and a shared friendship as lit as the parties, you could definitely liken their drunk text-style pop to Travis Scott resurrecting *Warped Tour* for the Soundcloud era.

Their debut single for RCA Records, “*Week*,” builds off an airy guitar riff played by Dan on a Gibson Explorer with no high-E string. Projecting ghosts of parties past in each movement, the verses count down, “*seven whole days since I hit the ground running.*”

Elsewhere, the clean guitars, finger-snaps, and woozy warbling melodies of “*Black Out*” underscore lyrical confessions of “*drinking to forget your problems,*” according to Stu. The follow-up single “*Promises*” pledges a late-night oath, “*I said no more making promises,*” as stoned and spacey production bristles against a ping-pong of emotional verses.

In the end, 7715 possess the power to resonate far beyond the four walls where they began.