

Timezones

Rich Brian

Memories of the kitchen in the back of mama's cafe
Sweaty fingers long hair I'm droppin' off the entree
Fifteen
All my friends abroad are prolly sleeping
Cannot wait to clock out
And log into my Skype now

It's 10 PM in Indo
'Bout to talk to homies and I met em through the signals
I been on the internet since ten
I don't mean the time, I mean my age, and that is how my little friendships
would begin

Met one at twelve and his name was Pete
When my English was kinda off, he'd make fun of me
But then he'd teach me how to say it right after
Day after day I start to mirror all his manners
He was thirteen had a Call of Duty channel
Liked to smoke grass and would talk about his favorite rappers
Asked me who was mine and at the time, man, I ain't had one yet
He said listen to Childish Gambino he dropped a project
And so I did
Sat there as the 808s hit me
Never loved music but this one just really fit me

Then I met a girl that go by the name of Whitney
Yeah, we met on Vine I was fifteen at the time
She was seventeen and, boy, it was hard not to cross the line
Homeschooled kid nothin' but titties on his mind
She was cool though turns out she was into me too so
We start to date
I cannot wait to meet you
The first person I could say "I love you" to then said it back
The opposite of my internet speed, we movin' fast
Skype every single day
My brother in the room sick of hearin' two children call each other lover na
mes

My brother
Five years older
Rebellious cat, yeah, he's a cigarette smoker
Little brother Brian would complain about the odor
In reality I didn't wanna see him smoking
He's always the first one in my family to try things
He got tattoos, smokin'
Now he's going clubbin'
Daddy was upset
And my mama's unimpressed
Fights in the family would break and I was stressed
I was always honest with him
A.K.A. gave him shit
Mama's heart is lookin' fragile
So why you breakin' it?

Man, you trippin'
Man, I'm just livin'

Parents had a higher standard 'cause they was religious
He's getting tired of the lectures I was giving
One Friday night he told me I should come with him (Just come to the club, p
ussy)

No, thanks

I don't wanna drink or smoke a cig or do no cocaine or whatever y'all do, ma
n

Truthfully my heart was beating fast
In my mind the club was scary and the whores are shakin' ass
But I was tempted
My brother wanted me to go, so he was not the only one that was rebelling
Then he stopped trying and he skrt off with his friendses
Then Whitney graduated, then she got accepted

Red cups, red cups

Kissin' on the lens while she schedulin' her classes
We were just some kids, man, we didn't have the answers
Lovin' in the summer but what are we doin' after?
After?

Couple weeks out before the summer ends
Then she go to her dorm and get to moving in
Skip to the day that changed everything
She texted me and said that she's been cryin'
And I asked her why but all I saw was Whitney's still typing
Long paragraph I read that shit in silence

She broke it off, broke it off
Our anniversary erased it from the calendars
Big deal
I was feeling fine surprisingly
I told her if you feel this way then it's just meant to be
Next day lookin' through her Snapchat
Nothin' weird about it just checkin' where my ex at

All I saw was

Red cups, red cups
How she go and party just a day after the break up
Start to feel the water slowly falling out my tear ducts
Zoomed in every single fucking face up in the pixels
I'm good

I'm at the cafe we just closed down
Lights off
Tables flipped
Then I heard my phone sound

It's Whitney

She texted, man, I wonder if she'll try to patch shit up or say she miss me

Hey Brian, how you doin'?

I just wanna talk about something that's kinda stupid
I know that we broke up but you're still my best friend
I just wanna tell you something that is why I'm texting so

She don't even know where to start
I'm just texting back dry it's feeling awkward as fuck
Then she told me

I was with my friends and we were drunk so, um
Last night, I went to a party and fucked someone

Stop, stop, stop, stop
Please, my stomach dropping fifty feet I feel like vomiting
Just a week ago you was my baby didn't you call me that
Boutta fly to Maryland and beat his ass and don't hold me back
I didn't say that

I tried my hardest not to give this bitch a text back
I text my brother told him need to call me ASAP
I can't believe this bullshit
She caught a body first week of college and I haven't even tasted no lips
I was fifteen
Always livin' life behind a screen but I got big dreams
Now I'm on a mission

My brother finally called me back like what is up?
I told him, bitch, I wanna go and hit the club
He said, cool, get ready I'm 'a pick you up
We in Jakarta give no fucks if I'm not old enough

Skrt-skrt
Pulled up to the club
My brother lighting up a cig first
Went up to the bouncer slid a hunnid thou' to enter
Walkin' in I feel the music thumpin' see these bitches dry humpin' now, I'm
feeling like a sinner

I'm takin' shots after shots after shots even though there ain't no red solo
cups
Uh, lookin' all around me hella, girls, it's time to plot
I just wanna kiss somebody, I don't wanna fcuk

Finally met this girl named Melanie
Pretty face and, boy, her chest is big, she got Yosemite
Lookin' like the one that really could fulfill my fantasy
She puffin' on a stoge but I don't mind I'm kinda into it

Then she grab my hand and start walking to the bar
I follow her, we put our drinks down and start
Kissing
I didn't see no fireworks but I saw everything that I've been missing
Her lipstick was like strawberry and whiskey
Belligerent but I remembered it so vivid

My brother proud he saw me from a distance
That night the stars aligned and all the crowd was cheering
Don't know what I woulda done if I stayed in the house
Our noses touching while her tongue is in my mouth

Now lookin' back and I'm just sitting here and laughing
Twenty-three feelin' like I skipped a couple chapters
Finally made it to the US and met my friends that I used to call when I was
too scared to leave my nest

Whitney
To this day I don't know why you texted me, what you did
If you listening I hope you know I'm not even pissed
'Cause if you didn't send that text I wouldn't've gone out the club and got
my very first kiss
So thank you
You let me out my shell and I ain't even met you
I hope one day we cross our paths in our adventures

And to my other friends up on the net

We don't talk as much but I'd be down to reconnect
'Cause when I was at home
Hoppin' on them Skype calls made me feel less alone
2 AM Call of Duty
Thoughts of Pete hittin' boobies
As I'm on the stage now holding my microphone
Y'all the reason I walked on that plane on my own
'Cause back then you helped a boy feel like he belonged
And now his country loves it when singin' these songs, telling these stories
Provin' all of his opponents they wrong

Man, I been killin' shit so far since I was sixteen
And Imma just keep doin' that extravagantly
Chasing all my dreams on my iPhone
Career is lookin' longer than some pythons
Now they waiting every time I fly home
Thanks to all my friends in different timezones