

# Rich Brian, Sundance Freestyle

Uh Man what's the use of the numbers that's on your phone  
If you just let the shadow be your friend and you cry alone  
I just got a new crib  
Copped me a billiard but it's only one pool stick  
Got a picture to prove it now  
Kissin after dinner she call it the foreplay  
I call it doin taste test of my explore page  
Algorithm programming always done in poor taste  
I take the sim card out in search of gourmet  
Pool fights swimmin on a cool night  
Lookin at her over fantasizing what her room like  
I don't got a single fuckin problem saying good night  
Every single bad bitch they eatin like they shoenice  
Back in '07 me and mama in the crib watchin Top Gun  
Now I got these bitches askin if I wanna pop one  
No get the fuck away  
I'd rather be the one to take the fun away  
Than to be the kid that's always rollin every Saturday  
I don't trust myself enough  
Funds in the bank could make these pills look like Temple Run  
Runnin runnin runnin runnin runnin  
I ain't missed my bros and sis wedding's all for nothing  
Pharrell interviewed me I ain't even heard In Search Of  
I was 17 couldn't even sip the bourbon  
He said relationships way different in person  
3 years later I was on a date in Berlin  
I just took a flight to Utah man that's a first time  
Walkin off the plane steam breathing  
Snow darkened by the shades  
I'm just stayin warm sippin on my third wine  
Face is getting red now  
I don't need a suntan  
Press week get you used to hearing certain questions...  
Like how you feel to be at Sundance?  
Like how you feel to be just one man  
One man repping where you from and I'm like nah man  
5 years ago I'd be so happy to get 5 bands for a 30 minute set  
Runnin outta breath before the mothafuckin song ends  
And now I'm boutta watch my first movie that I shot up in the islands  
Surrounded by the audience and my friends  
That shit turn everything else into nonsense  
To think I'm only on my second project  
I ain't here for the contest I'm just here for the progress  
Tell Leo and Brad that I ain't takin their jobs yet  
I'm just playin man I ain't got me a nom yet...  
Not that imma need that shit to feel accomplished  
Long as I'm breathin air and my mama happy I'm smiling  
I don't need the VVs on my neck  
But I got space on my wall for the golds platinums and diamonds  
But I'm closing my eyes here come the guidance