

NO BYSTANDERS

Travis Scott

The party never ends
In a motel, laying with my sins, yeah
I'm tryna get revenge
You be all out of love in the end Spent ten hours on this flight, man
Tell the pilot ain't no flight plans
Can't believe whatever I'm saying
And they know whenever I land
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Fuck the club up, fuck the club up (bitch)
Fuck the club up, fuck the club up (bitch)
Fuck the club up, fuck the club up
Fuck the club up, fuck the club up (yeah) The party never ends
In a motel, laying with my sins, yeah
I'm tryna get revenge
You be all out of love in the end
Bicentennial men
Put the city on the slam
She get trippy off Xans
Lost 21 grams
And she did it on cam
Wasn't no video dance
Make my own rules
I really don't pick, I just choose
I don't set picks, I just shoot
Chopper gettin' screwed
I told her it's B.Y.O.B., that mean buy your own booze
Put it on God
He don't wanna put me on top
Can't be put in a box, gotta move on the opps
Never got the move on the drop
Niggas tryna move on the Scott and move that deep
Tryna run down, shit's deep
Gotta act a fool with the squad
Next city, no sleep
Back to the 713
Spent ten hours on this flight, man
Tell the pilot ain't no flight plans
Can't believe whatever I'm saying
And they know whenever I land
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Fuck the club up, fuck the club up (bitch)
Fuck the club up, fuck the club up (bitch)
Fuck the club up, fuck the club up
Fuck the club up, fuck the club up (yeah) Heartbreak hotel

Bet you can't take no L's
Plug like AOL
Who say that I ain't gon' sell?
Hand me the H, it sell
She said "I got it, nigga"
I said "I ain't gon' tell"
Buy it by the pound so it ain't no scale
I'm sick of the drank (the drankin')
The flippin' of paint (paint, yeah)
Drippin' of grain (grain, yeah)
Whipping Wu-Tang (Wu-Tang, yeah)
My niggas gon' flame (bang, yeah)
Bitch, I'm with gang (gang, yeah)
Got your bitch on the plane Spent ten hours on this flight, man
Tell the pilot ain't no flight plans
Can't believe whatever I'm saying
And they know whenever I land
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Fuck the club up, fuck the club up
Fuck the club up, fuck the club up (bitch)
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Fuck the club up, fuck the club up
Fuck the club up, fuck the club up (yeah)
The party never ends Family function, I ain't no friends
Had a line around my ends
Turned 'em into M's
Why you tryna make amends?
What's that smell? It's heaven-scent
Like I drop shit out the wind
Dodgin' hella sins
I can't go back there again
Now the dogs ain't civilized
Take the one, feel vilified
You can't see my suns
Like the light don't hit this eye
In the function and I'm fried
It's the drop is not a drop
When they open wide
It's a ride, right? Fuck the club up, fuck the club up
Fuck the club up, fuck the club up (bitch)
Nah, nigga, nah, nigga, for real, we walkin' in this bitch heavy
Fuck the club up, fuck the club up (bitch)
Fuck the club up, fuck the club up
They know me when they see me, nigga, ahhh!
Fuck the club up, fuck the club up (yeah)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>