

Travis Scott, NO BYSTANDERS (feat. Sheek We

The party never ends
In a motel layin' with my sins, yeah
I'm tryna get revenge
You'll be all out of love in the end

Spent ten hours on this flight, man
Told the pilot ain't no flight plans
Can't believe whatever I'm seein'
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 layin' with my sins, yeah
I'm tryna get revenge
You'll be all out of love in the end

Bicentennial man, put the city on slam
She get trippy off Xans, lost twenty-one 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
Chopped and get screwed
I told her it's B.Y.O.B., that mean buy your own boobs
Put it on God, He the one that put me on top
Can't be put in a box, gotta move on the opps
Devil got the move on the drop
Niggas tryna move on the Scott
Can't move that deep, tryna run down, shit's steep
Gotta act a fool with the squad
Next city, no sleep, back to the 713

Spent ten hours on this flight, man (Flight, man)
Told the pilot ain't no flight plans (Flight plans)
(Oh, oh, oh, oh-oh-oh)
Can't believe whatever I'm seein' (I'm seein')
And they know whenever I land (I land)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
(Oh, oh, oh, oh-oh-oh)

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, I'll sell
She said, "I got a nigga"
I said, "I ain't gon' tell"
Buy it by the pound so it ain't no scale
I'm sick of the drink (The drink, yeah)
The flippin' of paint (The paint, yeah)
Grippin' the grain (Wood grain, yeah)
Whippin' the tank (The tank, yeah)
My niggas gon' flame (Bang, yeah)
Bitch, I'm with gang (Gang, yeah)
Got your bitch on a plane

Spent ten hours on this flight, man (Flight, man)
Told the pilot ain't no flight plans (Flight plans)
(Oh, oh, oh, oh-oh-oh)
Can't believe whatever I'm seein' (I'm seein')
And they know whenever I land (I land)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
(Oh, oh, oh, oh-oh-oh)

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

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

Family function, 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's scent
And, like I jump straight out the wind
Dodgin' hell and sins, I can't go back there again
Nah, the dawgs ain't civilized, take the one, feel vilified
You can't see my sons, like the light don't hit they side
In the function, and I'm fried, it's a strive, it's not a drive
When they open wide, it's a riot, riot

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)
Uh