

# 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  
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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, 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)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>