

Hell of a Night

Travi\$ Scott

[Hook]

Get up out your seat, you can have my drink, let me see you dance

Get up off your feet, you can be my freak, let me see you jam

When the sun falls, then the moon lights, might be a hell of a night

Go, go, go, go...[Verse 1]

Shit's real and I just begun, so many ladies wanna share my tongue

Uh, man this life of mine, me in the lead being pressed for time

So the bottle gon' pop, then my record gon' spin

Then them hoes gon' jock, ain't no telling how my night might end

Night life in the bright lights, swagging hard in my Concorde

You at the bottom, we the Top Dawgs, we get high as them elevators

Take a sip with me, now move your hips with me, now make it dip for me

Now will you ride for me? Will you die for me?

Will you jump off a cliff and hit the sky with me?

Uh, m@n@ge t@ss, four titties, no bras and no flaws

You, me, and her ball with no drawers, get high with a God I am no star

Feeling good, all this money on my bank card

10 grand in my pocket, nigga, all ours

Porsche Panamera, uh, yeah, four doors

Pedal to the floor, ain't that what it's made for?[Bridge]

I ain't minding if the world stops

Said I ain't minding if the world stops, we been living up in Hell's shop

We been living up in Hell's shop

So I'ma live it to the top notch, so I'ma take it to the top notch

I ain't running if the world stops

Said I ain't minding if the world stops, we been living up in Hell's shop

We been living up in Hell's shop

So I'ma live it to the top notch, fuck with me[Hook][Verse 2]

Uh, got the whole world tryna figure out Q

You can never find a nigga do what I do, TDE, I'm the nigga from the crew

Hit it one time, now she wanting round two

Ghetto chick, but I love them bamboos

No lean, but I chopped and screwed

She want a groovy type, bucket hat dude

Champagne pop, I'm about that life, molly gon' pop, I'm about that life

Backwood toke, I'm about that life, living good, might not remember this night

World might end, so I'm living my life

Fuck hanging out, I ain't tryna fly kites

Tryna go to Paris? Nigga hit me on the Skype

Tryna do a show? Nigga twenty for the hype
Uh, don't touch me, bitch, I'm famous, tryna party and bang my fingers
Living large, I'm an entertainer, so cold but I come with flammers
First sex, she up in my closet, whips drawers while I top deposits
Girl let me see you stop and pause it, fuck around, might pay your mortgage[Bridge + Hook]

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