

Yacht Club (Feat. Magazeen)

Rick Ross

Run wit me or run from me

Pussy's don't get pussy

It's the yacht club baby

I got this

(Maybach Music!) (J.U.S.T.I.C.E. League) He's not bigga than biggie, bitch I'm bigger than you

Just a boat to mi casa like you a milli or 2

Gotta kick off your shoes, okay lets take a cruise

Here's my captain now relax, let him do what he do

Okay, who rolling spinach? cause I'm reeling the anchor

Smoke up up an acre a grass wake up in Jamaica

Couple nautical miles, I call my cubanos to cop

Puerto Rico for women, hit Barbados to shop

Living larger than life call this the yacht club

Before ya join us bitch ya gotta get your stax up

Shes walking back and forth, shes just itchen to fuck

And then I heard her whisper: "Girl you know he 's rich as fuck"

Travel the seven seas, there is no better breeze

If he indulgen jealousy his ass better breathe

Man overboard cause hes goin overboard

Damn its over for him put that on my vocal chord. There's a party (party)

Going On

All the girls them welcome

To the Yacht Club

Magazeen (Magazeen)

Let them in (Let Them In) Kill all the middle men im the millatin gilligans

Speaking creole and gentle men as I cruise the Caribbean

Oh Lord I'm a star down in saint barths

The fat Tommy Lee I made out with like 8 broads

Put up in Costa Rica, I get the most of features

She no speakay no engray, maybe Fat Joe could teach her

Smoking barrels of reefer, only the yacht club

Before ya join us bitch ya gotta get your stax up

Travel the seven seas, there is no better breeze

When we started selling keys that's just how we thought it would be

No one agrees with me, but that's just how it goes

I'm the greater genius no reference to the ugly clothes

I still hustle for dope, but no more me scuffing my

Soles

Make the presentation and trust me the customer sold

I'm cruising in the gulf, I think your so deaf
Janet was in control, because the hoe left
There's a party (party)

Going On

All the girls them wellcome

To the Yacht Cluuuuuub

Magazeen (Magazeen)

Let them in (Let Them In) My dick a big stretch and quick ta tell a bitch fetch

Tell you to kiss her ass, after you bought the bitch breast

Her head above average, my head above water

But now you could see my balace right off the coast of Florida

Im in ta fine fish with a slight lime twist

Veggies on the side of course, kush appetizez

Let your Mercedes chill, roll wit a navy seal

This the yacht club, wanna trust me your lady will,

Still spillen champagne, or is it merlow

Fuck it its fine wine, my bitch a vergo

I don't do the signs, unless there dollars on em

I'm the boss a theboat, cashmere collar on em,

Thinking a last year and all the moneys made

Now its corporate invest in, and amongst the other things

No one agrees with me, but that's just how it goes

I'm the greater genius no reference to the ugly clothes
There's a party (party)

Going On

All the girls them welcome

To the Yacht Club

Magazeen (Magazeen)

Let them in (Let Them In)

Songwriters

ROBERTS, WILLIAM / ORTIZ, E. / CROWE, K. / PATE, JOHNNY Published by

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