

## Yacht Club

Rick Ross

He not bigga den biggy bitch I'm bigger than you just a boat a  
mi casa like you a milli or 2 gotta kick off your shoes  
Okay lets take a cruise heres my captain now relax, let him do  
waht he do, okay  
Who rollin spinach cuz I'm reallin the anchor smoke up up an ac  
re a grass wake up in jamaica, couple nautical nas,  
I call my cubanos ta cop, puerto rico for women, hit barbedos t  
a shop, livin larger than life  
Call this the yacht club, before ya join us bitch ya gotta get  
your stocks up. shes walkin back and forth,  
Shes just itchen ta fuck, then I heard her wisper, travel the s  
even seas, there is no better breaze  
If he indulgen jelousy his ass better breathe man overboard cuz  
hes goin overboard, damn its over for him put that on my vocal  
cord.  
JAMAICANS..... Kill all the middle men I'm the millatin gill  
igans  
Speakin creo and gentle men as I cruise the caribbean, o lord I'  
m a star down in saint barths the fat tommy lee  
I made out with like 8 broads but up in costa rica, I get the m  
ost of features, she no speakay  
No englay, maybe fat joe could teach her, smokin barrels of ree  
fer, only the yacht club,  
Before ya join us bitch ya gotta get your stocks up, travel the  
seven seas, there is no better breeze when we started  
Sellin keys thats just how we thought it would be, no one agree  
s with me,  
But thats just how it goes I'm the greeta genious no reference  
to the ugly clothes, I still hustle for dope, but no more me sc  
uffin my  
Soles, make the presentation and trust me the customer sold, I'  
m crusin in the gulf,  
I think your so deaf, janet was in control, because the hoe lef  
t,  
JAMAICANS..... my dick a big stretch and quick ta tell a bi  
tch fetch,  
Tell you ta kiss her ass, after you bought the bitch breast, he  
r head above average, my head above water,  
But now you could see my balace, right off the coast of florida  
, I'm in ta fine fish with a slight lime twist,  
Veggies on the side of course, kush appetizez , let your merced  
es chill, roll wit a navy seal, this the yacht club,  
Wanna trust me your lady will, still spillen champaign, or is i  
t merlow, fuck it its fine wine, my bitch a vergo,  
I dont do the signs unless a dollars on em, I'm da boss a da bo  
at, cashmeire collar on em,  
Thinkin a last year and all the moneys made, now its corporate  
investin amongst the other things,

No one agrees with me, but that's just how it goes, I'm the great  
genius no reference to the ugly clothes