

Rick Ross f/ Magazeen

"Yacht Club"

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[Rick Ross & Magazeen] Yea, just something different
you know Ricky Ross, the big boss It's a secret society
baby Maga-to-the-zeen All we ask is trust Nothing's
changed Run with me or run from me, yeah Pussys
don't get pussy, yeah It's the yacht club baby I got this
(Maybach Music!) (J.U.S.T.I.C.E. League) [Rick Ross]
He's not bigger than Biggie, bitch I'm bigger than you
It's just a boat to mi casa like a milli or two Gotta kick
off your shoes, okay let's 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
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 you join us bitch ya gotta get your
stocks up She's walking back and forth, she's just
itching to fuck And then I heard her wisper: "Girl you
know he's rich as fuck" Travel the seven seas, there is
no better breeze If he indulging jealousy his ass better
breathe Man overboard cause he going overboard
Damn it's over for him put that on my vocal chord
[Chorus: Magazeen] There's a party (party), going on
All the girls they welcome To the Yacht Cluuuuuub
Magazeen (Magazeen) Let them in (let them in) [Rick
Ross] Kill all the middle men I'm the militant Gilligan
Speaking Creole and gentlemen as I cruise the
Caribbean Oh Lord I'm a star down in St. Barts The fat
Tommy Lee I made out with like eight broads Put up in
Costa Rica, I get the most of features She no *speakay
no englay*, maybe Fat Joe could teach her Smoking
barrels of reefer, only the yacht club Before you join us
bitch ya gotta get your stocks 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 greedy
genious no reference to the ugly clothes I still hustle
for dope, but no more me scuffin' my soles Make the
presentation and trust me the customer sold I'm
crusing in the gulf, I think your so deaf Janet was in
control, because the hoe left [Chorus: Magazeen] [Rick
Ross] My dick a big stretch and quick to tell a bitch

fetch Tell you to kiss her ass, after you bought the bitch
breasts Her head above average, my head above
water By now you could see my palace, right off the
coast of Florida I'm into fine fish with a slight lime twist
Veggies on the side of course, kush appetizers Let
your Mercedes chill, roll with a Navy Seal This the yacht
club, wanna trust me your lady will Still spilling
champaign, or is it merlot Fuck it it's fine wine, my bitch
a Virgo I don't do the signs, unless there dollars on 'em
I'm the boss of the boat, cashmere collar on 'em
Thinking of last year, and all the money's made Now
it's corporate invested, amongst the other things No
one agrees with me, but that's just how it goes I'm the
greedy genius no reference to the ugly clothes
[Chorus: Magazeen]

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