

## Rick Ross "Yacht Club"

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Rick Ross (Verse One):

He not bigger than biggy,  
Bitch IÃ¢??m bigger than you.  
ItÃ¢??s just a boat if it cost you like a milli or two.  
Gotta kick off your shoes,  
Okay letÃ¢??s take a cruise,  
HereÃ¢??s my captain now relax,  
Let him do what he do.  
Okay who rolling spinach?  
Ã¢??Cause IÃ¢??m reeling the anchor.  
Smoke up an acre of grass,  
Wake up in Jamaica.  
Couple nautical knots, 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 you gotta get your stocks up.  
She walking back and forth,  
She just itching to fuck,  
And then I heard her whisper: (Ã¢??Girl, you know he  
rich as fuck.Ã¢??  
Travel the seven seas,  
There is no better breeze.  
If he indulge in jealousy his ass better breathe.  
Man overboard Ã¢??cause he going overboard,  
Damn itÃ¢??s over for him- Put that on my vocal chord.

Magazeen:

(CHORUS)

ThereÃ¢??s a party, going on.  
All the gals dem welcome,  
To the Yacht Club.  
Magazeen (Magazeen) Let them in.  
{2x.}

Rick Ross (Verse Two)

Kill all the middle men, IÃ¢??m the Millitant Gilligan,  
Speaking Creole with gentlemen as I cruise the  
Caribbean.

Oh Lord, I'm a star down in St. Barth's,  
The fat Tommy Lee, I made out with like eight broads.  
But up in Costa Rica,  
I get the most of features.  
She no speakey no Ingles,  
Maybe Fat Joe could teach her.  
Smoking barrels of reefer,  
Only the Yacht Club.  
Before you join us, bitch you gotta get your stocks up.  
Travel the seven seas,  
There is no better breeze,  
When we started selling keys this just how we thought it  
would be.  
No one agrees with me,  
But that's just how it goes.  
I'm the greedy genius, no reference to the ugly  
clothes.  
I still hustle for dough but no more me scuffing my  
soles.  
Make the presentation and trust me the customer's  
sold.

I'm cruising in the Gulf,  
I think you're So Def.  
Janet was in control,  
Because that hoe left.

Magazeen:  
(CHORUS)  
There's a party, going on.  
All the gals dem welcome,  
To the Yacht Club.  
Magazeen (Magazeen) Let them in. (Let Them In.)  
{2x.}

Rick Ross (Verse Three)

My dick a big stretch and quick to tell a bitch fetch.  
Tell you to kiss her ass after you bought that bitch  
breast.  
Her head above average,  
My head above water,  
By now you can 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,  
Wodie trust me? Your lady will.

Still spilling champagne,  
Or is it Merlot?  
Fuck it, it's fine wine.  
My bitch a virgo.  
I don't do the signs,  
Unless it's dollar's on them.  
I'm the boss of the boat,  
Cashmere collar on them.  
Thinking of last year, and all the money's made,  
Now it's corporate investing,  
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.

Magazeen:

(CHORUS)

There's a party, going on.

All the gals dem welcome,

To the Yacht Club.

Magazeen (Magazeen) Let them in. (Let them in.)

{4x.}

Magazeen:

-You gotta let the ladies know what is the Yacht Club.

(Jamaican Patois in background)

BUMBACLOT!!

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