

# Yacht Club (feat. Juice WRLD)

## Lil Yachty

Earl on the beat  
Runnin' up bands, got my guap up  
All the bad hoes wanna top us  
Too many wild parties on the yacht  
Me and Boat got kicked out the yacht club  
Ayy, ayy, air it out  
Pull up at your spot, and I air it out  
Gang on the gas and it's very loud  
Stop sayin' my name before you wear it out  
I been sippin' lean, tryna slow me down  
I need me a bitch that'll hold me down  
Gang comin' strong, yeah we rollin' out  
Throw a party like Rollin' Loud  
Ayy, don't come unless she stay in focus  
Soldiers at 10-4, sent your bitch the info  
Feelin' real blessed with Juice, that's my kinfolk  
Bless up, she tell me I'm a god, get on her knees for confession  
Sent a vid to her nigga, had to teach a lesson  
Me and Boat only want bad hoes in our section  
Juice, why these pussy ass niggas always pressin'?  
I don't know, let 'em talk, I'ma go get my Smith & Wesson  
Blessed boys under 21, steady flexin'  
I'm gettin' too rich, can't do flights with connections  
.40 on my hip, I won't fight, bitch I'm reckless  
Codeine what I sip, that shit come in straight from Texas  
Reach for my chain, you'll get beat just like Nexus  
Lamborghini dreams, but you still drive a Lexus  
I'm a young king, I might fuck Alexis Texas  
But I ain't on no Drake shit, I won't get her pregnant  
Damn, young Juice WRLD, boy, you reckless  
And I feel you, until I get her naked  
When I get up in it, I might have to stay in  
Well if she goin' like that, let's run a train then  
Fuck, I think I nuttin' in her, I might need a playpen  
And a stroller  
How I get this deep? We rode her like a Rover  
No games, but I XBOX control her  
She do the gang like a nerd doin' homework  
.40 in my pants, that bitch thought it was a boner  
If I go broke, I'ma juug off Motorolas  
But now I'm up in France, Lil Boat, that's my mans  
We get the green and then we fly around like Peter Pan  
That's cool, but I just thought 'bout somethin', wait  
(What?)  
This baby got your face  
So fuck that lil' baby, boy's back to the place

Back to the trap, back to the gang  
Runnin' up bands, got my guap up (Runnin' the guap up)  
All the bad hoes wanna top us (They wanna top us)  
Too many wild parties on the yacht (Ohh-oh)  
Me and Boat got kicked out the yacht club (Out the yacht club) Ohh-oh-oh  
Listen here, be alright  
Shit hard

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>