

Where we at with it?

We tuna melt all of the smelts and fillet the salmons (What else?)

Ocean prime with the Caesar salad but the dressin' Italian  
Had to break out the real scales, took a day to count it (Uh-huh)

Plug out in St. Thomas, from the Virgin to the Cayman Islands  
This yacht life is a blessin', flip-flops and my Nautica sweats  
Got your bitch on her knees swabbin' the deck  
Oyster Perpets, flood the yacht with baguettes  
Submariner, what a sea-dweller, this is not a Patek  
Pack got sent from overseas with a postcard  
Drownin' in sin, life's a beach, need a coast guard  
Great Lakes to the coast, activate the alarm  
Now we dockin' the boat, big rope with the anchor charms  
Simply straight return, three-thousand miles away from home  
Middle of the ocean, had to cut the navigation on  
Nautica Competition accomplished on my windbreakers  
Settin' sail, takin' Dramamine, I get seasick  
Papa was a ladies' man, Popeye was a sailor man  
Jewelry clearly Canadian, diamonds water, aquarium  
Fish scale professional, we got that oil sheen, yeah  
On the river tryna water wing me up a stingray  
We got the same guns the Navy got, why panic?  
Why these loose lips sinkin' ships like the Titanic?  
On a deserted island, plug tried to leave me stranded  
I can't understand his Inglés, he can't understand my Spanish  
Big fish in a small pond full of guppies  
Like The Bermuda Triangle I can make you vanish  
Burnin' exotic coral reefer with all my blooders  
The chain a treasure chest, but my piece hit like watercolors..  
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(They don't wanna see you die...)