

Twin-Roddy Ricch Lyrics

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“Twin”

[Intro: Roddy Ricch]

Turn the beat down, the bass crazy
Twin (Twin), that's my twin (That's my twin)
Twin (Twin), that's my twin (That's my twin)
GLE (GLE), matchin' Benz (Matchin' Benz)
Ayy

[Chorus: Roddy Ricch]

Ayy, twin (That's my twin), that's my twin (That's my twin)
GLE (GLE), matchin' Benz (Matchin' Benz)
And my tint (And my tint), five percent (Five percent)
Fuck around (Fuck around), pay your rent (Pay your rent)

[Verse 1: Roddy Ricch]

Tamea, Tamera, we draped down in karats
I flew out to London to blow a bag at Harrods
I shut down the currency exchange (I shut down the currency exchange)
Across the street from my hotel (Across the street from my hotel)
Bought every fragrance you could see (Every fragrance you could see)
So when I walk by you can smell (So when I walk by, you can smell)
Call up Durkio, I need a evil twin in this bitch
Twenties, fifties, hundreds, I barely see some tens in this bitch, ayy
All it take (All it take), all I know (All I know)
Front row (Front row), fashion show (Fashion show)
Balenciaga (Balenciaga), the Paris way (Paris way)

Kim K (Kim K), better get back with Ye (Back with Ye)

[Chorus: Roddy Ricch & Lil Durk]

Ayy, twin (That's my twin), that's my twin (That's my twin)

GLE (GLE), matchin' Benz (Matchin' Benz)

And my tint (And my tint), five percent (Five percent)

Fuck around (Fuck around), pay your rent (Pay your rent)

Ayy, twin (That's my twin), that's my twin (That's my twin)

GLE (GLE), matchin' Benz (Matchin' Benz)

And my tint (And my tint, Smurk), five percent (Five percent, go)

Fuck around (Fuck around, go, go), pay your rent (Pay your rent, ayy, twin,
go)

[Verse 2: Lil Durk]

I caught a jet right to the trenches, fucked around and popped a ten (Yeah)

I couldn't really pop my shit, I had to get back for my twin (Grrah, grrah)

Say, "Free Shiesty," 'til he free, go ask his bitch, I sent him ten (Go)

Me and Deeski shared a room with double bed at Drury Inn (Man, what?)

Ask your favorite rapper why he go to him, his jewelry dim (Jewelry too
dim)

Ain't no proper cause, the state did Rose worser than the Knicks (Worser
than the Knicks)

When you tell an nigga no they'll treat you worser than a bitch (Worser than
a bitch)

Brought my twin to beat your ass, we'll do you worser with a stick (Man,
what?)

We not menace to society, killers got variety

I done seen some shit that super deep, I got anxiety

If you not my twin or my friend, can't get my addy (No)

Go and ask my opps (No), belt to ass, I'm they daddy (Go)

[Chorus: Roddy Ricch]

Ayy, twin (That's my twin), that's my twin (That's my twin)

GLE (GLE), matchin' Benz (Matchin' Benz)

And my tint (And my tint), five percent (Five percent)

Fuck around (Fuck around), pay your rent (Pay your rent)
Ayy, twin (That's my twin), that's my twin (That's my twin)
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