

Jimmy Fallon

B.o.B

Bring me like halfway through the intro

Throwing, throwing 20s all night
Throwing 20s all night, ohhh

Throwing 20s all night
I believe in you girl
Yeah I'm feeling all right
So put the weed in the air
Throwing 20s all night
My nigga got the zip my other
Nigga got the pint, bitches to my right
They said they feeling all right
So put the weed in the air

Goose got me feeling like insulin
And it pay here with [?]
And I vouch for that I get stupid high
No bitches love attitude
But that's why though my nigga watch
She'll love them presidents she'll turn around
Then watch it drop, yeah man she make it drop
Doing ass cheeks like basketball
Palmin' that shit, she like a thug
She finna roll on my drawls
She never talk about love, it's understood
She pop the bottles in clubs
Stealin' get hit with the 20s I'm feeling so good
All of my niggas with me I run with in the hood
Roll up that good throwing

I get so fucking high I could eat a star
Walking on the ceiling like a side walk
Whole room in it like it's bow legged
Top floor looking like a [?] dorm room
This ain't Community what
But she about to communion my floor
And if you start running your mouth, bitch
You would do the community good, that's right

Wishing [?] buy shopping sprees in Milan ho
What you know about a nigga throwing 20s all on you
Till you buried knee deep in the money fire the weed up
Triple cup full of ice ho I'm leaned up
King of diamonds man, so shit so shake that
Ass and titties get nasty with it
The thing about it since the day I met you
Finna murder that pussy, get to scratching