

# 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