

# So What (feat. Ciara)

## Field Mob

Ladies and gentlemen

Jazze Pha, Field Mob

Ciara, Superstar DJ's

Here we go

They say he do a little this, he do a little that

He always in trouble and I heard

He's nuttin' but a pimp, he's done a lot of chicks

He's always in the club and they say

He think he slick, he's got a lot of chips

He's sellin' them drugs and I heard

He's been locked up, find somebody else

He ain't nuttin' but a thug

So what, so what

So what, so what

Hey hey and they say I'm a slut, I'm a ho, I'm a freak

I got a different girl every day of the week

You're too smart, you'd be a dummy to believe

That stuff that you heard that they say about me

They say that I'm this, they say that I'm that

But all of it's fiction, none of it's fact

But you don't be hearin' it about your lover

You let it go in one ear and out the other

Now he say, she say, they say, I heard

If they fake we can't let it get on our nerves

She miserable, she just want you to be

Like her, misery needs company

So don't listen to that vine of grapes

They're nuttin' but liars hatin'

I bet they wouldn't mind tradin' places

With you by my side in my Mercedes

They say he do a little this, he do a little that

He always in trouble and I heard

He's nuttin' but a pimp, he's done a lot of chicks

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He think he slick, he's got a lot of chips

He's sellin' them drugs and I heard

He's been locked up, find somebody else

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So what, so what

So what, so what

Mo' money, mo' problems, life of a legend

Haters throw salt like rice at a weddin'

So what, that's your cousin, that don't mean nuthin'  
Her like missin' the type of affection  
You get, you just blind to the facts  
See the lies is just obvious cries for attention  
Yield to the blindness to apply your suspicion  
But listen, say you love me, gotta trust me  
Why you stress this high school mess?  
Break up never, they just jealous!  
Drama from your mother, mean mug from your brothers  
I'm that author of the book, they can judge by the cover  
Yes, I been to jail  
And yes, I'm grindin' for real  
I'm a positive talkin' negative pimp  
They hate to see you doin' better than them, so!  
They say he do a little this, he do a little that  
He always in trouble and I heard  
He's nuttin' but a pimp, he's done a lot of chicks  
He's always in the club and they say  
He think he slick, he's got a lot of chips  
He's sellin' them drugs and I heard  
He's been locked up, find somebody else  
He ain't nuttin' but a thug  
So what, so what  
So what, so what  
Ladies and Gentlemen, Ciara!  
Some people don't like it  
'Cause you hang out in the streets  
But you my boyfriend  
You've always been here for me  
This love is serious  
No matter what people think  
I'm gon' be here for ya  
And I don't care what they say  
Some people don't like it  
'Cause you hang out in the streets  
But you my boyfriend  
You've always been here for me  
I love the thug in ya  
No matter what people think  
I'm gon' be here for ya  
And I don't care what they say  
He do a little this, he do a little that  
He always in trouble and I heard  
He's nuttin' but a pimp, he's done a lot of chicks  
He's always in the club and they say  
He think he slick, he's got a lot of chips  
He's sellin' them drugs and I heard  
He's been locked up, find somebody else  
He ain't nuttin' but a thug

So what, so what  
So what, so what

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