

# 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  
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  
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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