

# So What (feat. Ciara)

## Field Mob

Ladies and gentlemen  
Jazzy Pha  
Field Mob  
Ciara  
Superstar DJs  
Here we goThey say  
He do a little this  
He do a little that  
He always in trouble (and I heard)  
Hes nuthin' but a pimp  
Hes done a lot of chicks  
Hes always in the club (and they say)  
He think he slick  
He's got a lot of chips  
He's sellin' drugs (and I heard)  
He's been locked up  
Find somebody else  
He ain't nuthin' but a thug  
So what(Repeat x4)And they say  
I'm a slut  
I'm a ho  
I'm a freak  
I got a different gurl everyday of the week  
You 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 its fiction  
None of its 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 cant 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 nuthin' but liars hatin'

And I bet  
They wouldnt mind tradin places  
With you by my side in my MercedesThey say  
    He do a little this  
    He do a little that  
He always in trouble (and I heard)  
    Hes nuthin' but a pimp  
    Hes done a lot of chicks  
Hes always in the club (and they say)  
    He think he slick  
    He's got a lot of chips  
He's sellin' drugs (and I heard)  
    He's been locked up  
    Find somebody else  
    He ain't nuthin' but a thug

So what(Repeat x4)Tell em CiCiMo 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' is a type of affection you get  
    You just blind to the facts  
See the lies just as obvious as 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 brother  
    I'm that author of the book  
    They can judge from 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  
    SoThey say  
    He do a little this  
    He do a little that  
He always in trouble (and I heard)  
    Hes nuthin' but a pimp  
    Hes done a lot of chicks

Hes always in the club (and they say)  
    He think he slick  
    He's got a lot of chips  
    He's sellin' drugs (and I heard)  
        He's been locked up  
        Find somebody else  
        He ain't nuthin' but a thug  
    So what(Repeat x4)Ladies and gentlemen  
        CiaraSome people don't like it  
        Cuz you hang out in the street  
        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 (Repeat x2)They say  
    He do a little this  
    He do a little that  
    He always in trouble (and I heard)  
        Hes nuthin' but a pimp  
        Hes done a lot of chicks  
    Hes always in the club (and they say)  
        He think he slick  
        He's got a lot of chips  
        He's sellin' drugs (and I heard)  
        He's been locked up  
        Find somebody else  
        He ain't nuthin' but a thug  
    So what(Repeat x4)

#### Songwriters

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