

# So What

## Brianna Lane

Ladies and gentlemen  
Jazze Pha, Field Mob, Ciara, Superstar DJs  
Here we go  
They say, he do a little of this, he do a little of that  
He's always in trouble and I heard  
He ain't nothin' but a pimp, he's got a lot of chicks  
He's always in the club  
And they say, he think he's slick  
He's got a lot of chips, he's so messed up, I heard  
He's been locked up, find somebody else  
He ain't nothing but a thug  
So what, so what  
So what, so what  
And they say I'm a, I'm a, I'm a freak  
I got a different girl every day of the week  
You too smart, you'd be a dummy to believe  
That stuff that you heard, that they say about me  
They said I done this, they said I done that  
But all of it's fiction none of it's facts  
But you don't be hearin' that about your love  
You let it go in one ear and out the other  
The he say, she say, they say, I heard  
The beef ain't, 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 there  
Nothing 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 of this, he do a little of that  
He's always in trouble and I heard  
He ain't nothin' but a pimp, he's got a lot of chicks  
He's always in the club  
And they say he think he's slick  
He's got a lot of chips, he's so messed up, I heard  
He's been locked up, find somebody else  
He ain't nothing 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' 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, 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 momma, mean mug from your brothers  
I'm that author of the book, they can judge from the cover  
I, I been to jail  
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 of this, he do a little of that  
He's always in trouble and I heard  
He ain't nothin' but a pimp, he's got a lot of chicks  
He's always in the club  
And they say he think he's slick  
He's got a lot of chips, he's so messed up, I heard  
He's been locked up, find somebody else  
He ain't nothing 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're my boyfriend, you've always been here for me  
This love is serious, no matter what people think  
I'm gon' be here for you and I don't care what they say  
Some people don't like it 'cause you hang out in the streets  
But you're my boyfriend, you've always been here for me  
I like the thug in you, no matter what people think  
I'm gon' be here for you and I don't care what they say  
He do a little of this, he do a little of that  
He's always in trouble and I heard  
He ain't nothin' but a pimp, he's got a lot of chicks  
He's always in the club  
And they say he think he's slick  
He's got a lot of chips, he's so messed up, I heard  
He's been locked up, find somebody else  
He ain't nothing but a thug  
So what, so what  
So what, so what

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>