So What

The Sweaters

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
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So what, so what
So what, so what

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