

So What

Field Mob

[Chorus: Ciara]

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 nothing but a pimp
He got a lot of chicks
He's always in the club
And they say he think he's slick
He 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

[Verse 1: Field Mob]

And they say I'm a slut, I'm a hoe, I'm a freak
I got a different girl every day of the week
You too smart to
You'd be a dummy to believe
That stuff that you heard
That they say about me
They say I done this
They said I done that
But all of it's fiction none of it's facts
But you don't be hearing 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 hating I bet
They wouldn't mind trading places
With you by my side in my Mercedes

[Chorus: Ciara]

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 nothing but a pimp
He got a lot of chicks
He's always in the club
And they say he think he's slick
He 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

[Verse 2: Field Mob]

Mo' money mo' problems

Life of a legend
Haters throw salt like rice at a wedding
So what, that's your cousin
That don't mean nothing
Her like missing in a tight of affection
You get, you just blind to the facts
See the lies, just obvious drives for attention
You to the fine just supply your suspicious
But listen, say you love me
Gotta trust me
Why you stress this high school mess
Break up never, they just jealous
Drama for your mama, mean mug for your brother
I'm the author of the book nigga judge by the cover, yes
I-I been to jail, yes
I-I'm grinding for real and
I'm positive, they talking negative pimp
They hate to see you doing better then them, so

[Chorus: Ciara]

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 nothing but a pimp
He got a lot of chicks
He's always in the club
And they say he think he's slick
He 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!)

[Hook: 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

[Chorus: Ciara]

He do a little of this
He do a little of that
He's always in trouble, and I heard
He ain't nothing but a pimp
He got a lot of chicks
He's always in the club

And they say he think he's slick
He 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