

Field Mob f/ Ciara

"So What"

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[Jazze Pha]

Ladies and GENTLEMEN!

Jazze Pha, Field Mob, Ciara, Superstar DJ's

Here we go

[Chorus - Ciara]

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 whaaaaaaaat, so whaaaaaat

So whaaaaaat, so whaaaaaat

[Shawn Jay]

And they say - I'm a slut, I'm a ho, I'm a freak

I got a different girl 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 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, and I bet

They wouldn't mind tradin pla-ces

with you by my side in my Mercedes

[Chorus]

[Smoke]

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 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, so!

[Chorus]

(Ladies and Gentlemen, Ciara)

[Ciara]
Some people don't like, it
'Cause you hang out in the street
But you my boy-friend
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 street
But you my boy-friend
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

[Field Mob ad-libs as song fades]

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