

Field Mob & Ciara "So What"

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Ladies and gentlemen
Jazze Pha, Field Mob
Ciara, Superstar DJ's
Here we go

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 what, so what
So what, so what

Hey hey and they say I'm a slut, I'm a ho, I'm a freak
I got a different girl every day of the week
You're 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'
I bet they wouldn't mind tradin' places
With you by my side in my Mercedes

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So what, so what
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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' the type of affection

You get, you just blind to the facts
See the lies is just obvious 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
brothers
I'm that author of the book, they can judge by 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!

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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 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

Some people don't like it
'Cause you hang out in the streets
But you my boyfriend
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

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