

So What

Blac Youngsta

Ear Drummers

Mike Will Made-It

If I run in, I knew it was in a safe
Hundred grand what my secretary make
I'm a boss, I ain't never playin' a slave
They ain't street if they ain't never ran away
Leave everything, let's hit the bar, sucker, you a dead man
If your child took it
Could expect them, but I let the guys whoop 'em
I'm in a trap house when the pie's cookin'
When I arrive, I don't need to try
Sucker sharp, I'll leave you lickin' like a cow drippin'
Million dollars a year, how my style lookin'?
It don't even concern you how my house lookin'
Talkin' on the phone, get my pal taken
Let him back in and show up, how the mouth lookin'
I've been savin' money for Kilo since he was locked up
Imagine how the power lookin'

I got an attitude problem, so what?
I pour it down, throw heads up, so what?
I'm goin' to the top floor, so what?
You gotta die one day, so what?
So what? (So what?) So what? (So what?)
I got ice on me, so what?
So what? (So what?) So what? (So what?)
I keep a knife on me, cold cut
I got an attitude problem, so what?
I pour it down, throw heads up, so what?
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You from the hood, you got to pack a pistol
They love the bad shit but hate the good stuff
Want to be like me, you got to check my footsteps
Momma, I'll preach, say all the little stuff you did for me, keep it great,
you know I'm here for you
I carry my hate, I carry my prayer for you
You my nigga, you got to resent my opinion
Had arms, I stirred for you
They talk bad about my brother behind his back
Ain't no matter 'cause I stood for ya'
You know they don't fuck with me and my hood
Man, they mad 'cause I ain't do it for ya'
Seen 'em throw at the meet that I ain't good for ya'
If you want my beef, I'm in the sewer for ya'
I go up on the hills, I don't tour for ya'
Make a livin' hit the bricks, word I ain't good for ya'

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