

Louis Logic f/ D-Minor

"Idiot Gear"

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[Intro - From Chasing Amy] [Silent Bob: ...right, just big time in love And then four months down the road the idiot gear kicks in And I ask about the ex-boyfriend, which, as we all know is a really dumb move, but you know how it is You don't want to know, but you just have to know, right? Stupid guy bullshit] [Louis Logic] Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls In this corner quivering in the white trunks We have the unsuspecting boyfriend Facing up to the champion His well-seasoned girlfriend The three knockdown rule is in full effect [*ding ding*] That's the sound of curiosity peakin' Like cops that pat you down boyfriend's probably seekin' The dirt on the skirt as if he's deep in the earth Like who had reached in your shirt and who was sleepin' with her? [But hey] She's only human and probably only doin' The dude who she loves most, so you know who she's screwin' But while you lyin' there spoonin' assumin' life is just all good You inadvertently mystified to the falsehood Livin' life in a small hood you probably collide With lots of the guys who used to climb on top of your wife So it's not a surprise, you askin' the stupidest questions "Who was the best in the sack?" and "How many dudes have you slept with?" But the chance is you didn't want them answers And can't live with it, she used to be just a dancer Makin' the fast tips she would stuff her pants with And fast as mass transit she taught you what romance is [Chorus] [I'm so glad we met] [Hey shorty] Come on girl, try to be patient you know I'm a pain in the ass [But your ex-boyfriend has me stressed] [Back off, dude] And all of this ex stuff should just remain in the past [No, we can't get married yet] It isn't just that it's greener, it's also the length of the grass [Somehow you keep on runnin' to me] We keep livin' in fear of the idiot gear [right about this time] Most of y'all are just wishin' that this was fiction An' itchin' to ask your chick if your dick is in her depiction Of fittin' inside her stitchin' when you're sewin' it up And to think that most of this stuff is just over a fuck I know what you're thinkin', we've all grown up with women And livin' without 'em seems like it's harder than livin' with 'em But if ya hit 'em you'll probably end up livin' in prison,

fellas Then you'll be someone's bitch, i hope your girlfriend isn't jealous This Cinderella shit's totally irrelevant You'll never get a girl older than seven that's been celibate Cause every chick has been around the block with a guy or ten And guys are sensitive, it's better that you lie to them Even the violent men who dress up in street clothes With stilettos and heat, know they got delicate egos If she chose to tell ya' all the persons with whom She put in work in the room, it would burst your balloon [Chorus] [Lookin' at your sweetest snapshots] That's when you start to wonder About the backdrop of her other lovers When you discover another flick of 'er hidden up under there Dressed in summerwear with her ex givin' her bunny ears And no one wants to share their chick with the last guy To get rid of the bad vibe you figure you'd ask why Her past life's still chillin' in the picture frame She'd probably forget his name if the dick's the same Which is lame, but for some dumb reason The last bum seeps into your dreams and you become unseasoned Till one evenin' you build up the heart to ask her [disaster!] With your lungs breathin' hard as asthma And after she breaks down and tells you the truth It leads to a fight and she's yellin' at you And I'm convinced of this, bein' your queen's only king, you miss See? Louis right, ignorance is bliss [Chorus] Now listen to me papi, you're all fucking idiots How'd you like them apples? [Jerry Maguire: You know, I don't think we need to do the thing where we tell each other everything]

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