

## **Method Man F/ RZA, Inspector Deck, Street Thug, Ca "Idiot Gear"**

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"And then 4 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?  
You know, 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

[Verse 1]

Ding Ding  
That's the sound of curiosity peaking like cops that pat you down  
Boyfriends probably seeking the dirt on the skirt as if he's deep in the earth  
Like who had reached in the shirt and who was sleeping with her, but hey --  
She's only human and probably only doing the dude who she loves most  
So you know who she's screwing  
But while you're lying there spooning assuming life is just all good  
You inadvertently missed the size of the falsehood  
Living 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're asking 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  
Making the fast tips you would stuff her pants with

And fast as mass transit she thought you were  
romantic

[Chorus]

I'm so glad we met (hey shorty)  
Come on girl try to be patient, I know I'm a pain in the  
ass  
But your ex-boyfriend has me stressed (back off dude)  
And all of the sex stuff should just remain in the past  
But we can't get married yet, (no we can't get married  
yet)  
It isn't just that its greener, its also the length of the  
grass  
But somehow you keep on running to me -- and we  
keep living in fear of the idiot gear

[Verse 2]

Right about this time, most of y'all are just wishin that  
this was fiction  
And itchin to ask your chick if your dick isn't a depiction  
Of fitting inside a stitching when you're sewing it up  
And to think that most of this stuff is just over a fuck  
I know what you're thinking, we've all grown up with  
women  
And living without em seems like its harder than living  
with em  
But if you hit em, you'll probably end up living in prison  
fellas  
Then you'll be someone's bitch -- I hope your girlfriend  
isn't jealous  
This cinderella shit is totally irrelevant  
You'll never get a girl older than 7 thats been celibate  
Cause every chick has been around the block with a  
guy or ten  
And guys are sensitive, its better that you lie to them  
Even the violent men who's dressed up in street clothes  
With stilettos and heat knows they got delicate egos  
If she chose to tell you all persons with whom  
She put in work in the room, it would burst your balloon

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Looking at your sweetest snapshot, that's when you  
start to wonder  
About the backdrop of her other lovers  
When you discover another flick of her hidden up  
under there  
Dressed in summer wear, with her ex giving her bunny  
ears  
And no one wants to share their chick with last guy

To get rid of the bad vibes you figured you ask why  
Her past life is still chilling 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  
Then one evening, 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 yelling at you  
And I'm convinced of this: being your queen's only king  
Yo man see Louis right -- ignorance is bliss

[Chorus]

Oh what's a guy to do

Now listen to me papi  
You're all fucking idiots  
How do you like them apples?

"You know what I don't think we need to do the thing  
where we tell each other everything ..."

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