

Remember The Name (feat Styles of Beyond)

Fort Minor

You ready?! Let's go!

Yeah, for those of you that wanna know what we're all about

It's like this y'all (c'mon) This is ten percent luck

Twenty percent skill

Fifteen percent concentrated power of will

Five percent pleasure

Fifty percent pain

And a hundred percent reason to remember the name He doesn't need his name up in lights

He just wants to be heard whether it's the beat or the mic

He feels so unlike everybody else, alone

In spite of the fact that some people still think that they know him

But fuck 'em, he knows the code, it's not about the salary

It's about reality and making some noise

Making a story, making sure his clique stays up

That means when he puts it down, Tak's pickin' it up Who the hell is he anyway, he never really talks much

Never concerned with status but still leavin' them star struck

Humbled through opportunities given despite the fact

That many misjudge him because he makes a livin' from writing raps

Put it together himself, now the picture connects

Never asking for someone's help, or to get some respect

He's only focused on what he wrote; his will is beyond reach

And now it all unfolds, the skill of an artist This is twenty percent skill, eighty percent beer

Be a hundred percent clear 'cause Ryu is ill

Who would've thought that he'd be the one to set the west in flames

Then heard him wreckin' with The Crystal Method, Name Of The Game

Came back, dropped Megadef, took 'em to church

I like bleach, man, Ryu had the stupidest verse

This dude is the truth, now everybody be givin' him guest spots

His stock's through the roof; I heard he fuckin' with S-Dot This is ten percent luck

Twenty percent skill

Fifteen percent concentrated power of will

Five percent pleasure

Fifty percent pain

And a hundred percent reason to remember the name They call him Ryu he's sick, and he's spittin' fire and Mike

Got him out the dryer he's hot, found him in Fort Minor with Tak

What a fuckin' nihilist porcupine; he's a prick; he's a cock

The type women want to be with and rappers hope he get shot

Eight years in the makin' patiently waitin' to blow

Now the record with Shinoda's takin' over the globe

He's got a partner in crime; his shit is equally dope
You won't believe the kind of shit that comes out of this kid's throat
He's not your every day on the block
He knows how to work with what he's got
Makin' his way to the top
He often gets a comment on his name
People keep asking him was it given at birth
Or does it stand for an acronym?
No, he's livin' proof that he rockin' the booth
He'll get you buzzin' quicker than a shot of vodka with juice
Him and his crew are known around as one of the best
Dedicated to what they do and give a hundred percent
Forget Mike, nobody really knows how or why he works
so hard
It seems like he's never got time
Because he writes every note and he writes every line
And I've seen him at work when that light goes on in his mind
It's like a design is written in his head every time
Before he even touches a key or speaks in a rhyme
And those motherfuckers he runs with, the kids that he signed
Ridiculous, without even trying, how do they do it?
This is ten percent luck
Twenty percent skill
Fifteen percent concentrated power of will
Five percent pleasure
Fifty percent pain
And a hundred percent reason to remember the name
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Twenty percent skill
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Yeah
Fort Minor
M-Shinoda
Styles of Beyond
Ryu
Takbir
Machine Shop

Songwriters

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