

# Remember The Name

## Fort Minor

You ready? Let's go  
Yeah, for those of you that want to know what we're all about  
It's like this y'all come on  
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  
Mike, 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 all about reality and makin' some noise  
Makin' the story makin' sure his clique stays up  
That means when he puts it down Tak's pickin' it up, let's go  
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 writin' raps  
Put it together himself, now the picture connects  
Never askin' for someone's help, to get some respect  
He's only focused on what he wrote, his will is beyond reach  
And now when it all unfolds, the skill of an artist  
This is twenty percent skill, eighty percent fear  
Be a hundred percent clear 'cause Ryu is ill  
Who would've thought he'd be the one to set the west in flames?  
And I heard him wreckin' with the crystal method, name of the game  
Came back dropped Megadef, took 'em to church  
I'm like 'bleach, man, why you have the stupidest verse?  
This dude is the truth, now everybody 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 the sick and he's spittin' fire an' mike  
Got him out the dryer he's hot found him in Fort Minor with Tak  
A fuckin' annihilist porcupine he's a prick, he's a cock  
The type women want to be with and rappers hope he gets 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  
Tak, he's not your everyday on the block  
He knows how to work with what he's got  
Makin' his way to the top  
People think it's a common owner's name  
People keep askin' him was it given at birth  
Or does it stand for an acronym?  
No, he's livin' proof got him 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 doin' 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, those kids that he signed  
Ridiculous, without even tryin', 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  
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  
Yeah, Fort Minor, M. Shinoda  
Styles of Beyond, Ryu, Takbir  
Machine Shop

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>