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
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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?
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Yeah, Fort Minor, M. Shinoda
Styles of Beyond, Ryu, Takbir
Machine Shop

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