

# Remember the Name (MoShang Chinese Chill Mix)

## 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?  
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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

Songwriters

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