

Remember The Name (Amended Version)

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, c'mon This is 10% luck, 20% skill

15% concentrated power of will

5% pleasure, 50% pain

And 100% 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 10% luck, 20% skill

15% concentrated power of will

5% pleasure, 50% pain

And 100% 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 he'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 10% luck, 20% skill
15% concentrated power of will
5% pleasure, 50% pain
And 100% reason to remember the name
This is 10% luck, 20% skill
15% concentrated power of will
5% pleasure, 50% pain
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Yeah...
Fort Minor, M. Shinoda
Styles of Beyond
Ryu, Takbir
Machine Shop

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>