

Fort Minor f/ Styles of Beyond

"Remember The Name"

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* first single; send corrections to the typist

[Intro - Mike Shinoda]

You ready?! Lets go!

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

It's like this y'all (c'mon!)

[Chorus]

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!

[Verse - Mike Shinoda]

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 making 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!

[Verse - Tak]

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 to him 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

[Verse - Ryu]

It's just twenty percent skill
Eighty percent fear
Be one hundred percent clear cause Ryu is ill
Who would've thought that 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 like bleach man, why you have 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!

[Chorus]

[Verse - Ryu]

They call him Ryu The Sick
And he's spittin fire with Mike
Got him out the dryer he's hot
Found him in Fort Minor with Tak
Been a fuckin annihilist porcupine
He's a prick, he's a cock
The type woman 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 wont believe the kind of shit that comes out of this
kid's throat

[Verse - Tak]

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 its a common owners 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

[Verse - Mike Shinoda]

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 trying, how do they do it?!

[Chorus - repeat 2x]

[Outro - Mike Shinoda]
Yeah! Fort Minor
M. Shinoda - Styles of Beyond
Ryu! Takbir! Machine Shop!

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