

Fort Minor "Remember The Name"

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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!

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!

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

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 Mega def, 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]

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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

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 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

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]

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[Outro - Mike Shinoda]

Yeah! Fort Minor

M. Shinoda - Styles of Beyond

Ryu! Takbir! Machine Shop!

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