

Chipmunk, Remember The Name

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

It's just 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 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

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 Megadef, took 'em to church

I'm 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!

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They call him Ryu the sick

And he's spittin fire at 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 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
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