

# Fort Minor, Remember The Name (Album Version)

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, come on!

This is 10% luck

20% skill

15% concentrated power of will

5% pleasure

50% pain

And a 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 mike

He feels so unlike

Everybody else, alone

In spite of the fact

That some people still think

That they know him

But fuck them

He knows the code

It's not about the salary

It's all about reality

And making some noise

Making the story

Making sure his clique stays up

That means when he puts it down

Tak's picking it up

Let's go!

Who the hell is he anyway

He never really talks much

Never concerned with status

But still leaving them star struck

Humbled through opportunities

Given to him despite the fact

That many misjudge him

Because he makes a living 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 when it all unfolds

The skill of an artist

It's just 20% skill

80% fear

Be 100% clear

Because Ryu is ill

Who would've thought that

He'd be the one to set the west in flames

And I heard him wrecking with

The Crystal Method's "Name of the Game"

Came back dropped Megadef

Took them to church

I like "Bleach" man

Ryu had the stupidest verse

This dude is the truth

Now everybody be giving him guest spots  
His stock's through the roof  
I heard he fucking with S Dot

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To remember the name

They call him Ryu the Sick  
And he's spitting fire with Mike  
Got him out the dryer he's hot  
Found him in Fort Minor with Tak  
Been a fucking an nihilist porcupine  
He's a prick, he's a cock  
The type woman want to be with  
And rappers hope he get shot  
8 years in the making  
Patiently waiting to blow  
Now the record with  
Shinoda's taking 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  
Making his way to the top  
People think its a common owners name  
People keep asking him was it given at birth  
Or does it stand for an acronym? No  
He's living proof  
Got him rocking the booth  
He'll get you buzzing quicker than a shot of vodka with juice  
Him and his crew are known around as one of the best  
Dedicated to what they doing  
Give a 100%

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 mother fuckers he runs with  
Those kids that he signed  
Ridiculous, without even trying  
How do they do it

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To remember the name