

Fort Minor, Remember The Name (Funkadelic Re

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% beer

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