

# Fort Minor, Cover And Duck

Gentlemen and ladies  
Please put down your expensive champagne  
It's about to get ugly in here  
Let's go! (Set it off motherfuckers!)  
My name is Mike Shinoda  
And with some help  
From my man Celph Titled (You goddamned right!)  
I would like to introduce to you from Styles of Beyond: Takbir!

Yo, I'm here, put a sock in your mouth, you now rockin' with Styles  
That's how we knockin' 'em down, no other option around  
Cause I'm just cockin' a plow, me and my popular pals  
Don't make me hop in the crowd, stop joking about  
We taking over and stomping all of your sports spiders  
Cover and duck, a machine straight out of Fort Minor  
Roll with a pack of fifty so when they get they shifty  
I put a stamp on it and slap 'em with a flask of whiskey  
You got your hopes a blazin', buzzin' with no sedation  
I got a (gun cocks) and a party cap for both occasions  
With something terrible seeping into your stadium  
Never perform solo, I'm freakin' sick in the cranium  
Packin' a man, yeah, the ruler gets back  
Quick to crackin' ya shins with aluminum bats  
Got the place going bananas and they pumpin they fists  
I'm telling my grim in Los Angeles to jump in the pit  
What the fuck are you doing, man? You spilled my Cristal all over me

So buff, so rugged, so rough  
Like a runaway train we're tearing the track up  
We're at it again, we're ready to act up  
So cover and duck, show us you're rocking with us  
Let's see a fist if you're rocking with this  
Let me see your fist if you're rocking with this

From the start 'til the end, night until the dawn  
It's that fight music cause right when it comes on  
You just lose control of your elbows and fists  
Fuckin' other disregard for your body in the pit  
People are swinging limbs, swinging bottles and chairs  
Throwin' lime, backin' motherfuckers up in the air  
So back up, we got you wearing that Fight Club glare  
Steady, tearing down the club cause you just don't care  
It's the realest way to feel it when the speakers pop poppin'  
You with it if you get it when that beat starts knockin'  
And we kill it when get up on that mic, start rockin'  
And you feel it when you hear it cause we're on nonstoppin'  
So ask a buddy or a friend if they know, no  
We do it daily, never maybe, every show, show  
Ya'll want to get down? I'm ready to roll  
Right now, y'all ready? let's get it, let's go!

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Ryu!

Yo, so now they notice me rockin' over Shinoda beats  
Makin' a crack like the extract in cocoa leaves

Hopefully labels love it, if not then fuck 'em  
I'm cutting to break cables, ain't stoppin' at nothing  
My hype is coming, murder for the price of a muffin  
You think twice with a steak knife stuck in your stomach  
I'm like "Who ever wanted whistle? I'll let you bring a pistol"  
I'll put a verse on both wings like a stinger missile  
Provoking people to bring it, I keep the weapons stable  
I'll blow a fucking hole through like a western bagel  
Yeah, I talk tough and I rap ignorant too  
Sick of me kicking knowledge, getting crap on my shoes  
I'm off my rocker, a psycho stalker  
The girl called me David Beckem, she thought I was going to sock her  
Nah, I'm the one to get it crackin', the plan works  
Before I rock a show you gotta fax in the fans first  
Ready? Let's go!

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Come on, Celph Titled!

If it ain't raw, it ain't right, so get it right  
We at it again, now to act up and start a fight  
So cover and duck cause we runnin' a muck  
No, cover and duck cause we about to erupt  
Throw your motherfuckin' hands to the sky, sky  
And make a fist if you want to get live, live  
Throw your motherfuckin' hands to the sky, sky  
And make a fist if you want to get live, live

Come on y'all! Yeah!  
You like that shit?

We had to get real Godzilla on 'em this time  
Talkin' Ryu, S.O.B., Celph Titled  
M. Shinoda the Cobra Holder, Demigodz  
That's how my crew do, shut the fuck up when Fort Minor's talking!