

Remember the name – Fort Minor

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 (c'mon!)

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, 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 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 it all unfolds, the skill of an artist

This is twenty percent skill

Eighty percent fear
Be a hundred percent clear cause Ryu is ill
Who would've thought he'd be the one
To set the west in flames
Then I heard him wreck it with The Crystal Method,
"Name Of The Game"
Came back dropped Megadef, took em to church
I like bleach man, why you had the stupidest verse?
This dude is the truth,
Now everybody's giving him guest spots
His stock's through the roof I heard he's with S Dot!

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They call him Ryu, he's sick
And he's spitting fire
And mike got him out the dryer he's hot
Found him in Fort Minor with Tak
What a nihilist porcupine
He's a prick, he's a cock
The type women want to be with,
And rappers hope he get shot
Eight 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 is equally dope
You won't believe the kind of 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
He often gets a comment on his 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 do and 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 he runs with,
The kids that he signed?
Ridiculous, without even trying,
How did he do it?!

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Yeah! Fort Minor

M Shinoda - Styles of Beyond

Ryu! Takbir! Machine Shop!



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych