

## Living Legends

### "The Man Who Sold the World"

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[Chorus] {ALL 2X}

(The man who sold the world)  
On stolen shores, we wrote these poems  
Can't make it yours, any land on the earth

[Verse 1 - PSC]

It began with the man and it got complex  
I guess Pampas promise, No honest-y among thieves  
When the land was free then a few individuals could  
breed  
Succeed in division, driven by the vision on that land-  
mass  
Never make the land last longer than the last laugh  
God show (half-ass)  
Real estate agents are really fake agents of Satan,  
quote that  
Government's warpath, roll back borders  
Remaining controllers of most of our oceans  
How do we condone it?  
Most of our oceans, they never should own it (we own  
it!)

[Verse 2 - Scarub]

Yo, Don't stop, get-it get-it  
Money hungry while I'm in it  
The world is mine and everything I find all up in it  
Don't give a fuck who I've offended!  
I'll take your life like I took this land and keep rollin man  
Like an ice cream truck, I'm so cold wit' it  
But try to plan it like Community-watch, or like a cop on  
your block  
Got my hand in the oldest stocks, so when it snows I  
stay humble and high  
All I know is the top  
Yo, who are you to say what I ain't got? When I cop, all  
the whips  
And got all the chicks, stay on my dick to play the skin  
flute  
Like a didgeridoo, control the media too  
Got my eyes on you  
My bank money? I'll loan you

You work for me, shit I own you!  
And mother is earth, our palms up her sizzer  
Find her with her gems and suck the life out the  
dessert  
Like a wizard (a wizard!), ??whats the final trick??  
Super-rich once I sell this bitch  
I need a remote control for my remote control  
So when I leave this bitch I'm STILL in control

[Chorus 4X]

[Verse 3 - Asop]  
Selling what you never owned; Land, water, sand  
Put a price upon the beauty of our planet is ridiculous  
But we on a metronome  
a story telling fella dropping knowledge on the ego's of  
a species out of control  
Cash hungry bastards, chopping down trees to  
produce paper money  
Fiber from the earth backwards  
Man's thought process: Anywhere I stand's for sale  
The European, pale-faced world  
Native Americans, stripped for the heritage  
A people who understood the concept of earth  
The one and only ever-life force can't be bought  
So they give away, even by the ??? of the world

[Verse 4 - Sunspot Jonz]  
Yea, Is your mind yours?  
What defines war, then confines doors?  
It's a sign OR you's a time-whore!  
Meaning demons fiending, scheming  
Propaganda build their own team when  
Beef's in, and people letting time pass on by  
And never last or try, that's why them cats so high  
And now they're old-ass guys, when the life you live  
Future's negative  
Afraid to have some kids, 'cause every tax you get  
Bust the guns, the runs, our son's will take to make  
capitalist cake  
A bake, you in face  
Care about the money they make  
They sold the world for bookdeals, oil kickbacks  
Steel exports, beef extracts  
Back scenes lack, the true antidote  
Boxed like the Pope, fearing light  
Jail without soap on the rope, live without hope  
So we live, give out dope to our own people cope  
The pain to alert, to the fantasy  
Never sell myself short!

[Chorus 2X]

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