

# SuperNova (feat. Chris Geo)

## Heistclick

Say you a gangster, that don't impress me none.  
You say you a gangster, I see nothing you done.  
I do it all myself. I ain't getting help from no one, from no one.

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Sometimes I feel like I'm running down the sands of time,  
another drink of Ayahuasca just to free my mind.  
I hope to find another day what I've lost before.  
I'm trying to find my second wind so I can win some more.  
Don't try to tell me how it is or what can't be done,  
because I'll do it with the Thunder of Poseidon.  
This morning star shines brighter than the burning sun,  
that's why they spray me from the sky with aluminum.

The wicked ways of this game like the Days of Noah,  
so now I blaze with the rays of a flaming cobra.  
I'm Supernova, standing like a soldier,  
tearing down the borders of this New World Order.  
What I told 'ya, world on my shoulders like two ton boulders,  
so I chase conspiracies like my name is Fox Mulder getting colder.  
Put it on the cult list when I expose it.  
Illuminate like Horus when it's time to drop the chorus, now.

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New rites and rituals, demonic individuals.  
Tuned to frequencies, expose your phony lyrical.  
Images and symbols, pyramids and missiles.  
No one knows who to trust when everyone's a criminal.  
The Poison's in the mineral. The message is subliminal.  
Signs for when you're born inside the hologram that kills you.

Layers built on issues, vibrations in the crystals,  
central born into the light, you better hope it hits you.

The power's individual. The system's going critical.  
Infinite lies meant to keep your mind in Limbo.  
The cure is really simple to escape this mental riddle.  
Stop chasing the shadow, they're just reflections in the window.  
Time is just an echo. Participate or let go.  
The consciousness shifts when God's becoming techno.  
Hyperspace or metal, artificial retro,  
torn between the life we live, or the life we let go.

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