

# Hellalujah

## Insane Clown Posse

"Give God the first portion of your income, say that with me,  
Give God the first portion of your income. Give it first!  
Not after deducts, not after the social security, and the  
hospitalization, and the malnutrition. Not after all these  
things on your check you say, I'm gonna give God a little what's  
left. You do, and that's what you gonna get from God."

Who am I? I'm not the Devil  
I can take you to my level  
Above the rocks, above the earth  
Tell me what your soul is worth  
How much money do you make?  
How much will you let me take?  
I will give you tranquilty  
Just send your wealth and checks to me  
Life is going to expire  
And your soul will burn in fire  
You will perish in the thunder  
Unless you call my hotline number  
God has asked you to make me rich  
Me and my fat-whack gaudy bitch  
On your T.V.'s late at night  
Send those checks and I'll guide you to the light

"Don't put away your wallets just yet, brothers and sisters. There's  
somebody here I'd like all of you to meet. This is little Jonathan.  
Jonathan, say hello to the lovely people, (hello). Jonathan has  
problems. Twisted neck, tangled legs, crooked spine, but we can heal  
this boy. For just, uh, six thousand dollars, we can heal this boy!"

God had called me and then stopped by  
And he told me you're gonna die  
Unless you buy my holy water  
Check, cash, or a money order  
This is true, don't question me  
I'll even send you shit for free  
It's only ten bucks for the call  
And I'll send a prayer, no charge at all  
Put your lips up to the screen  
Close your eyelids and intervene  
Your lips to mine, now send the cash  
And while you're there, you can kiss my ass  
Take your paycheck and send me half  
And I'll send you God's autograph  
I'll get Allah's and Buddha's too  
Even Zeus, I don't give a fuck who  
Just send me that money

"Would you like to healed, little Jonathan? (yes, reverand).  
You see brothers and sisters, this...(beep-beep beep-beep)  
Excuse me. I told you never to page me on a sermon day. Yes?  
Uh-huh. Hallalujah. Outty. People, that was the lord, today only,  
he will heal this boy, for just five thousand dollars!"

Pass the collection plate (show-show me how you give)  
Pass the collection plate (g-give-give, how to live)  
Pass the collection plate (show-show-show me how you give)

Pass the collection plate (show me how you give, I'll tell you how to live)

Your total's twenty-two eleven  
For your set of keys to heaven  
Make the checks out in my name  
Me or God, it's all the same  
Bring your crippled ass to me  
Pay my usher the holy fee  
I'll bless your legs and bless your chair  
Then wheel your bitch-ass outta here  
Now a special ceremony  
This part don't cost any money  
Drip a drop of blessed water  
Now I fertalize your daughter  
Even though I fucked a hooker  
Took your baby girl and shook her  
You still buy everything I sell  
And I'm living well  
See you in Hell!

"Four-thousand, eight-hundred, nine-hundred, five thousand  
Hallalujah, you did it brothers and sisters. Are you ready, Jonathan?  
(yes, reverand) Lord Almighty, we've met your price, give me the  
healing power, I can feel it, Lord! Roomy loomy lama noma noomy!  
This boy is healed. (really?) Now to the naked eye, it would appear  
that this boy has not been healed, but I can assure you, this boy's  
spirit has been healed. Inside this tangled, mangled frame is a healed  
little boy. His spirit is healed, Hallalujah!"