

Insane Clown Posse "Hellalujah"

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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 the deducts. not after the social security, and
The hospitalization, and the malnutrition. not after all these things on ya
Check, ya say Im a give God a little what's left. you do, and that's what
You gonna get from god.
Who am i? Im 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 tranquility,
Just send you 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-rat 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 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,
Ill even send you shit for free.

Its only ten buck 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 gods autograph.
Ill get you allahs, and bhuddahs too,
Even zeus, I don't give a fuck who,
Just send me that money.
Would you like to be healed, little jonathan?
Yeah, reverend.
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.
Hallelujah.
Howdy.
People, that was the lord, today only, he will heal this
boy, for just
Five
Thousand dollars!
Pass the collection plate
Pass the collection plate
Pass the collection plate
Pass the collection plate
(show me how you give, I'll tell you how to live.)
Your totals 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.
Ill 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 Im livin well
See you in hell.
Four-thousand eight-hundred, nine-hundred, five
thousan-hallelujah!
You did it, brothers and sisters! are you ready,
jonathan? lord almighty,
Weve met your price, give me the healing power, I can
feel it! lord!

Rumilumilamanamani! this boy is healed!
Huh?
Now, to the naked eye, it would appear that this boy
has not been
Healed, but I can assure you, this boys spirit has been
healed! inside this
Tangled, mangled frame is a healed little boy.
His spirit is healed! hallelujah!

Country cookin, can I take your order?
You want the red-eye gravy with that?
With chitlins or black-eyed peas?
Lemme cypher up your bill, here.
That comes to fourteen nintey-five.
Okay, be ready quicker that two jiggles of a jackrabbits
ass.

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