

## Icp "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 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."

*[Violent]*

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 tranquility  
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!"

*[Violent]*

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 be healed, little Jonathan? (yes, 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. 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)

*[Violent]*

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 fertilize 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, reverend) 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!"

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