Hellalujah

Insane Clown Posse

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

"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
'I'ma 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 worthHow much money do you make?
How much will you let me take?
I will give you tranquility
Just send your wealth and checks to meLife is going to expire
And your soul will burn in fire
You will perish in the thunder
Unless you call my hotline numberGod has asked you to make me rich
Me and my fat-rat gaudy bitch
On your TVs 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, 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 orderThis 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 allPut 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 assTake your paycheck, and send me half
And I'll send you God's autograph
I'll get you Allah's, and Buddah's too
Even Zeus, I dont 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
Excuse me I told him never to page me on a Sermon Day
Yes? Uh huh, Hallelujah, outtie, people, that was the Lord
Today only, He will heal this boy, for just five thousand dollars"Pass the collection plate
(Show me how you give)
Pass the collection plate
(Give, give, give)Pass the collection plate
(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 sameBring 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 hereNow a special ceremony
This part don't cost any money
Drip a drop of blessed water
Now I fertilize your daughterEven though I fucked a hooker
Took your baby girl and shook her
You still buy everything I sell
And I'm livin' well, see you in Hell"Four-thousand eight-hundred, nine-hundred
Five thousand, Hallelujah! 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
Rumilumilamanamanumi! This boy is healed
Now, to the naked eye, it would appear
That this boy has not been healedBut 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 Hallelujah!"

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