

Insane Clown Posse, Hellalujah

"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 J]

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 J]

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)

[Violent J]

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!"