

# The Saints (feat. KB & Trip Lee)

[Andy Mineo](#)

I don't know but I've been told when the saints come marching in we roll  
So deep that they can't believe we sold out seats and them CD's  
Please don't sleep on the beat I... beat up these Still don't get it would you keep up please  
We ain't no heroes for sale, if you bought one better keep your receipt  
Ok I get it I know what they thinking  
We some kumbya singing corny Christians keep your distance  
Buy a ticket to a concert pay a visit think it's odd  
We them blues brothers 116 on a mission from God  
I don't think they get it I really think what they gotta do is see it to believe it I wasn't planning  
on leaving them  
Gimme the microphone with no gimmicks I'm really living it so when they come in and don't  
you know to get up on the evidence  
You ever wanna get it well tell 'em to come and get it  
I point 'em to a God and we tell 'em we really wit Him  
They thinkin' that I'm trippin cause I'm livin' for more than just rappin' but that's what happens  
when  
When the saints, go marching in  
When the saints, go marching in  
When the saints go (marching in)  
When the saints go (marching in) Left right left right left right huh  
Left right left right left right huh  
Left right left right left right huh  
Left right left right left right huh Oh no, here they go go  
Them boys sold out no promo  
Then give 'em 2 years and it'll go cold  
But their words got eight like Ocho  
Imma give it 300  
Industry probably wanna see us go on  
But we in it, we in it, we live it, we give it, our God gonna do what He want  
We fragrant, the aroma is that our God saves  
Married to the Rock and I'm faithful  
To take these words beyond say  
Don't it feel like we famous  
When the world will know what our name is  
But heaven knows us baby and that book of life is that a list  
So I bow, I'm so rich and I ain't talkin bout cheddar  
But I bank on Christ go and talk to the teller  
Cut the checks that I get I'll be cashing forever  
Laugh at the saints that ain't a thing go  
They be lacking to pay that thinking straight  
Man we ain't lacking a thing rack in the faith  
Paid by the blood of the Lamb, debt is paid

Debt is paid  
When the saints, go marching in  
When the saints, go marching in  
When the saints go (marching in)  
When the saints go (marching in) Left right left right left right huh  
Left right left right left right huh  
Left right left right left right huh  
Left right left right left right huh Now I don't know what you've been told about us bout us  
But we gon' love em even though they doubt us doubt us  
We just visiting like we some out of towners  
Got em asking us how does this God turn ya'll into shouters, like hold up  
We don't really think we better, call us perfect no never  
But we glad to be call saints cause Paul called us that in the letters  
Set apart for the Savior, He's led our heart to the Maker  
Forget the art that we making if we never love our neighbors  
You might catch us whistling, marked to the spot straight glistening  
Shining cause we filled with Him, you might wanna listen in  
Messiah came down then He reigned and He rose  
Here yeah they go with this again  
That's what makes us love our neighbors  
We knockin', so let us in

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