

The Saints (feat. Trip Lee & KB)

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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