

Mr. President "F.b.i."

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Here we go

F.B.I.

Here we go

F.B.I.

Here we go, here we go, yo don't you know, you gotta
get ack to know

Here we go, here we go, yo don't you run, he's the man
with the silver gun

Verse 1:

Give it a space, mysterious places, God should I stay,
should I pray?

The man is the case, been creepin' around of ages
Waiting to get me, ready to catch me, can see the light
in his eyes

He's the man I've been needing for ages, I realise

Chorus:

F.B.I. fire is burning into, into my heart

F.B.I. fire is burning into my heart, this is vice F.B.I.

F.B.I. this is vice F.B.I.

F.B.I. this is vice F.B.I.

Here we go, here we go, yo don't you know, you gotta
get ack to know

Here we go, here we go, yo don't you run, he's the man
with the silver gun

Verse 2:

Ready to get me, ready to catch me, golden a heat of
the night

Tell me why F.B.I. is he comin' to hold me tight

Chorus x 1

Rap:

Here we go, here we go, yo don't you know, you gotta
get ack to know

Here we go, here we go, yo don't you run, he's the man
with the silver gun

Your best friend, your secret agent, he never ever tells
a lie

He's comin down from the sky, cause it's the man from

the F.B.I.

F.B.I.

F.B.I. fire is burning into, into my heart

F.B.I. fire is burning into my heart, this is vice F.B.I.

F.B.I. this is vice F.B.I.

F.B.I. this is vice F.B.I.

F.B.I.

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