

# Word to the Mutha!

**Bell Biv DeVoe**

Hoo, ooh  
Ooh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh  
Ooh

Johnny, Ronnie, Ricky, Mike  
Ralph, Bobby too  
Yeah

Word  
Word  
Word  
Whoa, word  
Word to the mutha

Hoo  
Hoo  
Ooh  
Yeah

People come  
People go  
In this business  
You'll never, never know

Some are good  
Some are bad  
You know we got  
What no one's ever had, oh

And the time will come  
When we will be as one  
When the feeling comes  
And nobody knows  
How we really feel  
They don't know the deal

(Get back)  
We've got to put this back together  
(Get right back)  
And send our word to the mutha  
(Get back)  
Right back where we started from  
(Get right back)  
And send our word to the mutha

Times are getting kinda hard on the boulevard  
Brothers and sisters  
Being slaved and scarred  
Girllies in the hall  
Fightin' the brawls  
A pusher man for losing the loot

(Get to know the John, son  
Now he will shoot)  
He poured a drink  
Cause he figured he could be a bigger nigga

In the projects you'll sell  
So feel the bozack

Yo, Rick  
Come easy

We are one breaking new  
Oh  
Ronnie, Bobby, Ricky and Mike  
Ralph and Johnny too  
It ain't nothing but a thing that we're gonna do  
Everybody's always talking 'bout the NE crew

Oh, yeah  
Oh, yeah

It's poison  
Don't be cruel  
It's my prerogative  
To do what I gotta do  
Have a little sensitivity  
Do me, baby  
I wanna get rubbed the right way  
So what you gotta say

Oh, no  
She's a candy girl  
Living in a half-crazy world  
That's the way I'm living, girl  
Now every little step I take  
Is another NE heartbreak  
My, my, my

(Get back)  
We've got to put this back together  
(Get right back)  
And send our word to the mutha  
(Get back)  
Right back where we started from  
(Get right back)  
And send our word to the mutha

(Get back)  
We got to bring it back  
We got to bring it back to the mutha  
(Get right back)  
Hey, hey, hey

It's bound to go down  
Lost bitches never found  
(Crazed in the graveyard's  
A common thing in Beantown)

Smugglers  
Pimps  
Pocket pickers  
Punks and troublemakers  
(Biggie checker  
Button pushers  
And beef shakers)

Crackhead's having babies  
Future's hazy

I don't know  
Shit's crazy

(All I could do is turn the heat up  
To feed  
I'll argue  
Revenge  
And put the meat up and up)

Shockers looking for a kill  
First blood's gotta spill  
Light 'em up with a Mack 10  
And that's facing

(Check the scene with the green  
Pepper weapon  
Keep stepping  
Like two brothers  
Word to the mutha)

The time will come  
When we will be as one  
When the feeling comes  
Nobody knows  
How we really feel  
They don't know the deal

Hey, y'all  
Hey, y'all, hey  
Word to the mutha  
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