

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
Girlies 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 bozackYo, Rick
Come easyWe 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 crewOh, yeah
Oh, yeahIt'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 sayOh, 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, heyIt'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 dealHey, y'all
Hey, y'all, hey
Word to the mutha
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