

Bout To Get Fruit Punched, Homie

The Wonder Years

I was peddling sugary drinks to all the little kids for weeks,
spending late nights at the factory,
making fat stacks for my family,
but now my wife's been getting shady.
That trick-ass mark don't call me baby.
I'll sit by the window sill and if she's got another man,
then juice will spill.

Thought I had people I could trust like my boy, Captain Crunch.
I know he'd never do me like that, but behind my back,
I found her mouth all cut up, and his hat in the corner.
Yo, homes you don't know what I'm capable of.

Before Kool-aid picked me up,
I ran blocks and sold rock.
G's up, hoes down and I'd have all these snitches stomped.
Then I grew up
and got a real job peddling drinks to all these little snobs
and if you think that I fell off
then watch you're back before you get popped.

I'll disconnect the Captain's neck,
and make him wish that he was dead.
I'll disconnect the Captain's neck,
and make him wish that he was dead.
I'll smash your skull like a crunch-berry punk.

Thought I had people I could trust like my boy, Captain Crunch.
I know he'd never do me like that, but behind my back,
I found her mouth all cut up, and his hat in the corner.
Yo, homes you don't know what I'm capable of.

So keep my name out your mouth, son.