

## The Wonder Years

# "Bout To Get Fruit Punched, Homie"

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I've been 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, I 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 smash your skull like a crunch-berry punk. Keep my name out your mouth, son.

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