

Bradtke & Cleber

"All Star Game"

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[Wesley Valentine talking]

Yeah, yeah you know who it be
313, Detroit City putting it on the map baby
That nigga Lil' B, the nigga Proof
DJ Butter, that nigga Bugz up in here
Uh huh, uh huh

[Wesley Valentine]

Coming through my hood showin off misusing your ice
You think twice
Is it really worth loosing your life
See I roll with them cats who about pocketing their
cheese
Smackin other cats with the gat make them drop to
they knees
In tropical trees niggas with me pack in heat
And their glock gonna squeeze makin your life stop in
your sleep
But you know I'm about crusin with the TV's stuck in the
dash
Niggas like you they envy cause I'm always lussin for
cash
And the rush will go fast if you not blockin my life
Blockin the ice of unfortunate let me go knock in your
wife
Hang out the window of a limo then I'm yellin at hoes
If you catch me up in the regal then I'm sellin some O's
Bustin a shot up on your block leavin a shell in your
toes
Stashin the glock takin your knot then I bell for Nopose
Attached to Proof no longer now a nigga rollin solo
Let me just snatch in your group up and fuck up my last
solo

Chorus: Wesley Valentine (repeat 2x)

We keep it real all the way from the west to the east
So pick out your vest and your heat or you'll be restin in
peace
Cause Lil' B and Proof, you know that we droppin the
hottest shit
And y'all gonna be coppin it and we comin and stoppin

it

[Proof]

Aye yo, immature thinking had me lace for fraud jewels
The rise of mutts chose to call true
Trapped up in the D, hustling with small dues
The game is my name so now you all lose
It's all in the mind, and we stay sound
My cuz scuttling on the times keeping his PA down
Got a squad full of goons, click, click, you rest in peace
I die never different type now they blister my feet
Ain't gonna talk about the street shit, who I beat with
I hang with G's that get it indicted in secret
Wants to beef with, aye yo, the lines or the nines
When I rhyme, I'm a shine, pull my nine and leave you
blind
Killin here's a death massage a skinny body
In Detroit best friends will kill you quicker than anybody
Whether the seven deuce or the BK-thangs
Got a deal with the real that each day brings

Chorus: Wesley Valentine (repeat 2x)

[Wesley Valentine]

Yo, I'm lovin my life cause every night older woman
molests me
Go off next of me, so paranoid
That's where my chest should be, testing me on top of
my destiny
Getting the best of me, don't mess with me, shootin
aggressively
Impressin the referee, the flesh of thee,
On the carpet if you have nerve to question me
A less of me, don't pass up the front where the stress
should be
Technically speakin I'm the one got the weaponry
freakin
I spread when I'm sleep in reasons took out the tech
and be creepin
Actually, I'm the nigga you will see in your dreams
Me and my team will rob you for dough and flee with
your cream
Don't ever approach, I'll put one in the back of your
lungs
Hope you're packin your guns, cause me to stackin
some funds
A enemy's dream still sits from the top of her boots
Sending shots as a youth, ain't no stoppin us Proof
You know, what what nigga, Detroit baby, about to blow

Chorus: Wesley Valentine (repeat 4x)

[Wesley Valentine]
All star game, baby
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