

## DJ Butter

### "All Star Game"

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feat. Proof, Wesley Valentine

[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 unfortunade 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 scut

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