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## Suburban Tribe ''Dog Days''

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She crashed in my room pushed her breast in my face she said "you wanna bite, boy?" started swinging her waist

Hot summer hits you like a hammer the heat is overhelming like junkies crowd goes around seeking for relief waiting it to ease please let this be a dream

Dog days

She came all over me
I threw her to the floor
she said "you are a creep, boy!"
before slamming the door

Dog days give a mind it's own play it takes over the lust for life again

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