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Sub-urban 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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