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Pussy Rider

He comes into this small village
Dust is everywhere around
The sound of his fire child
Fills the air like thunder

Wherever he appears
The girls go crazy
They just get out of control
Their own will disappears

Chorus:

Come on baby, pull off your shirt
Your trowsers anyway
Show me your sweet red hole
'cause pussy rider is around

Long black hair
Is flowing in the wind
The way he dismounts his bike
Shows he's the only one

To bring the feelings back
they longed for so long
The way that he moves
Makes their pussies wet

Chorus:

Come on baby, pull off your shirt...