You Forgot to Close the Door

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You Forgot To Close The Door
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How could you? She was weak and defenseless. She was passed out and her brain was senseless, But so was yours. I can’t forget it. I didn’t react and I regret it. I saw you rub her against her will. You took advantage, Went in for the kill. She mentioned that she was on the pill, But that didn’t signify she was down with sex For real! The mood was...chill. The scene was...ill. We were at a “Getty” with friends. It was the real deal. I stepped inside for a glass of juice, Then I hear her voice from the other room, Saying... “Please. Stop. Don’t!” You took a deep breath and said you won’t, But you went on to bother her, Undressed and fondled her, And I stood there in shock When I should have shot, But I acted invisible, And you thought you got away with it? What a miracle I stopped to think... “Maybe I should help her,” But I didn’t want my body to be another one of your testers, So I pulled out my camera phone and pressed record, And there went the rest of your life crashing through the floor.
The news got out and you went in
To the slammer, the can, the state pen.

You’re a freaking punk.
How could you do it? She was drunk.
It looked like you could get away with it.
Your vision was impaired; you must have had too many beers.
Well I hope you get traumatized too and shed a bloody tear
When you become Bubba’s chick for a couple of years
You deserved it,
Trying to slide with treating a lady like a whore.
Well guess what, “pimp?” You forgot to close the door.