

My Life As A Stud

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I remember the first time I kissed her lips
As my heart began to flip, all moral convictions beginning to flip
I grabbed her hips and kissed her bottom lips because I always wanted to try it
For many years the enemy infiltrated my thoughts with homosexual merchandise
and that day I decided to buy it
But he tricked me
He had me thinking that I could just try it one time and see what it was like and I could move on
But it didn't work like that
One year into me, him, hers relationship, my gender did a flip like that
Sports bras over breasts, wife beater over chest, white tee over rest, now the
Organs that qualify me as a woman lay flat as my back turned to the King
I'm wearing boxers as if I got somethin' danglin' in between but nope, I'm still a queen
It seems that our outward exterior is often shaped by the inward Richter scale of our self-esteem
And mine was low

I didn't know where to go with these perverted thoughts of mine
I remember it started when some genitals were stuffed in my mouth at the age of 5
I'm growing up wondering why I'm crushing on girls when I know it's natural to like guys
My heart steadily being hardened 'cause no guy wanted I for I, just thighs
Daddy kept saying hi, then bye, then hi
Now I can't, no I can't, now I can't trust guys
Then my d-a-d-d-y just up and died on me
His funeral was the last time I stepped foot into a church
I refused to deal with the eyes looking down on this
Deep voiced masculine girl, yet couldn't see past my face to pray
Past the pants falling past my waist
Past the fitted caps and the braids
Past the past hurts in my heart that patterned this ex-stud standing before you today
All I wanted was a hug
All I needed was someone telling me of God's love and the delivering power of His blood shed for the lost
I had to realise how 1 Peter 2: 24 let's me know how He became me on that cross
A stud, so that I would be able to die to this sin and live for righteousness
Yet then again this flesh I'm in was enjoying itself
Even though the laws of truth were written on my heart, I still chose to choose
I still chose to choose to deny Him, and if I didn't repent of my sin and trust in Him
And this heart inside my chest stopped beating, 20 billion years would've went by and I still would've been frying
I remember the first time I bought my first cyber skin strap-on
I paid a hundred and thirty-five dollars 'cause it was made to feel real
Even though I couldn't feel that thrill, it was a mental thing
I became a "touch-me-not" 'cause I knew that if the big clothes I was hiding behind came off and she touched that spot, my masculine voice would drop
And the femininity naturally placed inside of me would be easy to spot, so I had to keep it covered

There was need for a latex rubber 'cause underneath these jeans, ain't no sperm or testicles just eggs and ovaries
I remember when I was done using that strap-on that I strapped on and it was time for me to use the restroom, I still had to sit down to pee
What a reality check
I never knew it would get this deep
But when I opened the door, I completely fell in
The scales covering my eyes just got thicker
The darkness made no room for the light
I actually started to consider hell in exchange for her being my wifey
Then one day the Lord spoke to me
He said "she will be the death of you"
In that moment, the scripture, "for the wages of sin equal death" finally clicked
As much as I thought that I loved her, my eternity wasn't worth that chick
My eternity wasn't worth the hit
My eternity was only worth having faith in what Christ did alone
As my wooden nose of sin grew long of me lying to myself
Instead of me dying to myself
I was willing to die for myself
There was no blue fairy whispering in my ear
Only the devil and me telling me what I wanted to hear
There was no Geppetto pulling on my strings
I attached myself to them things
Being pulled and manipulated by my flesh and them spiritual beings
The more my wood of sin would grow, I could see it in my face
I can see the wood in my face
I can see Him stretched out on the wood in my face
Being disgraced for the sin I was committing in His face
Even though I saw His blood on the wood in my face
Taking the wrath of the Father on the wood in my place
I still spat in His face but His grace is sufficient

As much as I wished I could be a real boy, my name is not Pinocchio
I'm just me
And He's just he
The real G.O.D. and He's willing to set free all those that are really in need
I know that some may say that they are born that way, but no my friend, you are not born gay
You were born in sin and shaped in iniquity
You were born in sin and shaped in iniquity
When Eve ate that fruit, we were cursed to do anything
We were open for murder
We were destined to lose
You were given free will
You chose to choose
You chose to choose to defy God's rules 'cause inside of you
You wanted to be like Him and make them
I pray you bow now because when God comes back your knees will break in reverence like the philistine God, Dagon
All I'm saying is that there is scripture after scripture to show you what a heart already knows is wicked
1 Corinthians 6:9-10, Leviticus 18: 22 and Romans 1: 26-27
And please, don't be like lucifer by taking these scriptures out of context so that you can continue to cheat God out of His glory and reverence

You know what's dangerous about being a stud?
We not only affect ourselves, but we affect all the chicks that we lay with
We spend our whole relationship with that fem or stem, or whichever you choose, by trying to make up for all the people that left her heart bruised
We become the father that left too soon, we become that dude that hit and qu

it after school, we become that mother that had too many rules
By becoming the God that she's supposed to worship on Sunday afternoon
We take on the task of pasting together every piece of her that's been broken and we leave
Those pieces that we held onto so tightly in our hands fall to the floor
Patiently waiting on the next person to come through the door
Leaving her even more broken than she was before
I know you may be thinkin' "man this is me, this is who I am"
But the thing is, it's really not
All the girls, clothes and etcetera are just lacklustre substitute for what you really need
God
See very feminine quality, every beautiful curve, every little thing makes you a woman, that you despise, was given to you for the glory of God
Only if you could see with His eyes, you would see how beautiful you really are
You are beautiful!
You are beautiful!
You are beautiful!

I know your pain may run deeper than you or I know but you are not Pinocchio
You cannot be a real boy, beautiful
Be you, beautiful
The you God created you to be, beautiful
Be-You-Tiful
Because He is worth it