

The Message

Big Smo

I know something you don't know
You gon' make it on your own
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You gon' make it on your own

You gotta just keep your head up, gotta keep your head up
Keep your head up, gotta keep your head up
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The message read...

"Dear Mr. Smo, I'm your biggest fan
I was introduced to your music by my best friend
Who told me if you dig hip hop mixed with a little country
That this would definitely rock
So track after track I fell right in
And your YouTube videos, I gave them a spin
And I must say I was really impressed
You got a lot of talent and you really are blessed
I was born in the city, never been to a farm
But your words made me feel like I'm right in your yard
On them 32 acres with a hundred head of cow
Hanging by the barn, I could hear them sounds
Of the bullfrogs singing, dinner bell ringing
Jacked up trucks of your kinfolk ringing
Pabst Blue Ribbon, but what's Cedar Pine?
I'm not quite sure but it does sound fine
I started following you on your social feeds
And I see that you help out your fans in need
So I'm giving this one good shot
And I hope that it's you that checks your inbox
I was diagnosed with cancer and it's getting hard
Don't go to school anymore but I've been praying to God
While taking chemo with my headphones on
Blocking out the pain with the words in your songs
Now I'm taking my sickness down a bumpy road
And I'm working to fight off this last back hoe
And "My life in a jar" really touched my heart
Feels like I know and we're from the same part
Of the stix that you love, that home sweet home
Oh, how I wish I really could go
So, Big Smo, my question is
Will I ever get to meet you and all of your kids?
Smell mama's quick chicken, ask her for more
It would be my biggest dream and so much more
My parents say you're busy out on tour this year
So if you come through my city I hope I'm still here
Either way you have changed my life
And you been a big help while I fought this fight
And I want you to know you're a heck of a man
Sincerely kinfolk, your number 1 fan"

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What up little kinfolk, this your big homie
I was reading through my messages and saw what you wrote me
And I gotta be honest, this caught me off guard
I get a lot of feedback but nothing this hard
First I wanna thank your friend that shared my tunes
Tell him he's the reason why I still do what I do
And it means the world to me when the music breaks through
And finds an open mind which brings me to you
I see you're not a country and you live in a city
Never been on a farm or shopped at the Piggly Wiggly
But that don't mean that you ain't country at heart
There's more to being country than just living on a farm
Sounds to me like you got it buried deep inside
And underneath it all you got a lot of southern pride
Why else would you wish to come hang with some cows
Hit them old back roads, getting rowdy and loud
You've been studying the lifestyle of what it's all about
Soaking up the sounds and the smells of the south
You know them 32 acres where we like to ride
When my folks come over and we kick it outside
By the way thanks for asking, my kids are doing fine
We just stay with my mom, quick chicken peach pie
They can't wait to meet you and hang at the pond
Laughing and fishing while singing my songs
They love bumpy road and working by far
They were just little girls when I wrote "Life in a jar"
And I don't know how to say this 'cause it breaks my heart
To hear about you being sick man it tears me apart
You're way too young to have to fight this fight
And I'll bring a whole army to be by your side
Hit my knees and pray to God before bed every night
That you win your battle with the cancer inside
So just know little homie you ain't fighting alone
If I don't come to your city then I'll bring you to my home
Because dreams come true, we're the proof for that
Keep your head up kinfolk, please holler back

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