

Lyrics for JAM.

April 25th, 1975.

Three Indians gathered around the baby
and baby, they were wise.

They said, "Jesus Christ, this kid's so white,
we can almost see right through him!"

Jeffrey August Miller raised two fingers to them
and he said:

chorus:

Jeff Miller stands on giants, but he's the last rung.
I swear to God I seen him kick the Devil in the balls once.
When it rains he can fly; he simply climbs the raindrops.
Nothing's gonna stop, nothing's gonna stop him, Jeffrey cannot be stopped!

He's a son, he's a brother,
he's a husband and a lover
he can pirouette like a motherfucker.

And all the animals insist that that he's a friend of theirs.

Some call him Miami-man,
'cause once he wears a shirt once
it's never the same again.

In the Venn diagram for men,
there's a circle just for him. And that's because

chorus:

All the ladies love cool J
for his slick little ways.

And the laws of physics
obey what he says.

His ass must be made out of
some kind of super powered steel shit,
'cause if you punch it, you'll break your fist. And that's because:

Jeff Miller stands on giants, but he's the last *one*.
I swear to God I seen him kick the Devil in the balls once.
When it rains he can fly; he simply climbs the raindrops.
Nothing's gonna stop, nothing's gonna stop him, Jeffrey cannot be stopped!
No, he cannot be stopped.
There's no stopping Jeff, no there's no stopping Jeff...