Freddie's got the dirt on
Everybody on the street
Don't know how he does it
But it isn't too discreet
Everybody says
It always winds up being true
He's got somethin' on everyone
Maybe even you!

Freddie know-oh yeah Freddie goes-"Oh yeah, I got the 411 in my head!" That's what Freddie said

One night Freddie's goin' home He's had a long, long day When he see big Eddie Runnin' out the alleyway Freddie looks at the shadow Of a body with a shrug There's Slapsie layin' deader Then an ugly fire plug

Freddie know-oh yeah
Freddie goes-"Oh yeah!"
I'll get the 411 to the feds!"
That's what Freddie said

[Talk:]

Personally i don't think that
Was such a wise move on freddie's part
If you see what i'm sayin'

Freddie now has the biggest news
He's ever had
But Eddie knows that Freddie knows
And man, you knows, thats's bad!
'cause next night
Freddie's walking home
Just like he did before
Badda-boom! badda-bang!
Badda-bing!
He won't be blabbin' anymore!

See Eddie said-"oh yeah! Freddie's dead!-oh yeah No more the 411 in his head That's 'cause Freddie's dead

Now you know the skinny
All about the scuttlebutt
And the moral of this story is
To keep your big mouth shutt!

Cause Freddie said-"oh yeah!"
Now Freddie's dead!-oh yeah
I'll keep the 411 in my head!"