

The kids are right the kids are wrong  
Pound your chest and sing this song  
To my right my left the ollie kids call  
Come weak come strong come one come all

Ollie ollie oxen free  
Doesn't mean a thing to me, go!

This city's ours not a fashion club  
The will to stand runs through our blood  
In the pits of life we're all the same  
This is our family despite our names

Ollie ollie oxen free  
Doesn't mean a thing to me, go!  
Well it doesn't mean a thing

From Archer Ave to the scum of the lake  
This fist full of knuckles got a world to shake  
These kids are strong never stuck in a rut  
When they do there's just a swift kick in the gut  
I'll never fear a pistol crack  
Cause the Ollie kids always got my back  
These city streets are under our boots  
With Chicago our home Chicago our roots

Ollie ollie oxen free  
Man it means something to me, go!