

Sorry

Beyonce

[Chorus]

Sorry, I ain't sorry
Sorry, I ain't sorry
I ain't sorry, nigga, nah
Sorry, I ain't sorry
Sorry, I ain't sorry
I ain't sorry

[Verse 1]

He trying to roll me up (I ain't sorry)
I ain't picking up (I ain't sorry)
Headed to the club (I ain't sorry)
I ain't thinking 'bout you (I ain't sorry)
Me and my ladies sip my D'USSË cups
I don't give a fuck, chucking my deuces up
Suck on my balls, pause, I had enough (Sorry, I ain't sorry)
I ain't thinking 'bout you
I ain't thinking 'bout

[Pre-Chorus]

Middle fingers up, put them hands high
Wave it in his face, tell him, boy, bye (Sorry, I ain't sorry)
Tell him, boy, bye, boy, bye, middle fingers up
I ain't thinking 'bout you

[Chorus]

Sorry, I ain't sorry (You)
Sorry, I ain't sorry (You)
I ain't sorry, nigga, nah
I ain't thinking 'bout you
Sorry, I ain't sorry
Sorry, I ain't sorry, I ain't sorry
No, no, hell nah

[Verse 2]

Now you wanna say you're sorry
Now you wanna call me crying
Now you gotta see me wilding
Now I'm the one that's lying
And I don't feel bad about it

It's exactly what you get
Stop interrupting my grinding
(You interrupting my grinding)
I ain't thinking 'bout you

[Chorus]

Sorry, I ain't sorry
I ain't thinking 'bout you
I ain't thinking 'bout you
Sorry, I ain't sorry
I ain't thinking 'bout you
I ain't thinking 'bout you

[Pre-Chorus]

Middle fingers up, put them hands high
Wave it in his face, tell him, boy, bye (Bye) (Sorry, I ain't sorry)
Tell him, boy, bye (Bye), boy, bye (Bye)
Middle fingers up, I ain't thinking 'bout you

[Chorus]

Sorry, I ain't sorry
Sorry, I ain't sorry
I ain't sorry, nigga, nah
Sorry, I ain't sorry
Sorry, I ain't sorry
I ain't sorry
No, no, hell nah

[Bridge]

Looking at my watch, he shoulda been home
Today, I regret the night I put that ring on
He always got them fucking excuses
I pray to the Lord you reveal what his truth is

[Outro]

I left a note in the hallway
By the time you read it, I'll be far away
I'm far away
But I ain't fucking with nobody
Let's have a toast to the good life
Suicide before you see this tear fall down my eyes
Me and my baby, we gon' be alright
We gon' live a good life
Big homie better grow up
Me and my whoadies 'bout to stroll up
I see them boppers in the corner
They sneaking out the back door
He only want me when I'm not there
He better call Becky with the good hair

He better call Becky with the good hair

[Visual breakdown]

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