

# Beyoncé - Sorry

Tom: D

[Hook 1]

G  
(Sorry) I ain't sorry

D  
(Sorry) I ain't sorry

G  
I ain't sorry

D  
Nin-nit, nah

G  
(Sorry) I ain't sorry

D  
(Sorry) I ain't sorry

G  
I ain't sorry

D

[Verse 1]

D  
He trying to roll me up (I ain't sorry)

A  
I ain't picking up (I ain't sorry)

A  
Headed to the club (I ain't sorry)

A  
I ain't thinking 'bout you (I ain't sorry)

A  
Me and my ladies sip my D'usse cup (I ain't sorry)

D  
I don't give a fuck, chucking my deuces up

D  
Suck on my balls, pause, I had enough (I ain't sorry)

D  
I ain't thinking 'bout you

D  
I ain't thinking 'bout

[Bridge 1]

D  
Middle fingers up, put them hands high

D  
Wave it in his face, tell him, boy, bye (sorry)

D  
Tell him, boy, bye (sorry), boy, bye

D  
N.C.  
Middle fingers up, I ain't thinking 'bout you

[Hook 2]

G  
(Sorry) I ain't sorry

D  
(Sorry) I ain't sorry

G  
(You) I ain't sorry

D  
I ain't thinking 'bout you

G  
(Sorry) I ain't sorry

D  
(Sorry) I ain't sorry

G  
I ain't sorry

D  
No no, hell nah

[Verse 2]

D  
Now you want to say you're sorry

D  
Now you want to call me crying

A  
Now you gotta see me wilding

D  
Now I'm the one that's lying

A

And I don't feel bad about it

D  
It's exactly what you get

A  
Stop interrupting my grinding  
I ain't thinking 'bout you

[Hook 3]

G  
(Sorry) I ain't sorry

D  
I ain't thinking 'bout you

D  
I ain't thinking 'bout you

G  
(Sorry) I ain't sorry

D  
I ain't thinking 'bout you

D  
I ain't thinking 'bout you

[Bridge 2]

D  
Middle fingers up, put them hands high

D  
Wave it in his face, tell him, boy, bye (bye)

D  
Tell him, boy, bye (bye), boy, bye (bye)

D  
N.C.  
Middle fingers up, I ain't thinking 'bout you

[Hook 4]

G  
(Sorry) I ain't sorry

D  
(Sorry) I ain't sorry

G  
I ain't sorry

D  
Nin-nit, nah

G  
(Sorry) I ain't sorry

D  
(Sorry) I ain't sorry

G  
I ain't sorry

D  
No no, hell nah

[Verse 3]

D  
Looking at my watch, he shoulda been home

D  
Today I regret the night I put that ring on

D  
He always got them fucking excuses

D  
A  
I pray to the Lord you reveal what his truth is

[Outro]

G  
I left a note in the hallway

Gbm  
By the time you read it, I'll be far away

G  
I'm far away

Gbm  
But I ain't fucking with nobody

G  
Let's have a toast to the good life

Gbm  
Suicide before you see this tear fall down my eyes

G  
Me and my baby, we gon' be alright

Gbm

We gon' live a good life

G

Big homie better grow up

Gbm

Me and my whoadies 'bout to stroll up

G

I see them boppers in the corner

Gbm

They sneaking out the back door

G

He only want me when I'm not there

Gbm

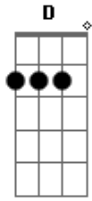
He better call Becky with the good hair

G

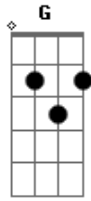
N.C.

He better call Becky with the good hair

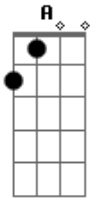
## Acordes



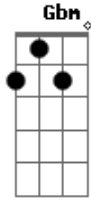
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