

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

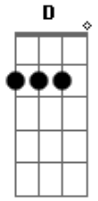
He better call Becky with the good hair

G

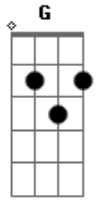
N.C.

He better call Becky with the good hair

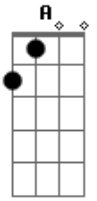
Acordes



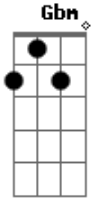
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