

Sorry
Beyonce

[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 **D**
I ain t picking up (I ain t sorry)
A **D**
Headed to the club (I ain t sorry)
A **D**
I ain t thinking bout you (I ain t sorry)
A **G**
Me and my ladies sip my D usse cup (I ain t sorry)
D **G**
I don t give a fuck, chucking my deuces up
D **G**
Suck on my balls, pause, I had enough (I ain t sorry)
D **G**
I ain t thinking bout you
D
I ain t thinking bout

[Bridge 1]

D **A**
Middle fingers up, put them hands high
D **A**
Wave it in his face, tell him, boy, bye (sorry)
D **A**

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

A

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

D

(Sorry) I ain t sorry

G

I ain t thinking bout you

D

I ain t thinking bout you

G

D

(Sorry) I ain t sorry

G

I ain t thinking bout you

D

I ain t thinking bout you

[Bridge 2]

D

A

Middle fingers up, put them hands high

D

A

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

D

A

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

A

Looking at my watch, he shoulda been home

D

A

Today I regret the night I put that ring on

D

A

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

F#m

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

G

I m far away

F#m

But I ain t fucking with nobody

G

Let s have a toast to the good life

F#m

Suicide before you see this tear fall down my eyes

G

Me and my baby, we gon be alright

F#m

We gon live a good life

G

Big homie better grow up

F#m

Me and my whoadies bout to stroll up

G

I see them boppers in the corner

F#m

They sneaking out the back door

G

He only want me when I m not there

F#m

He better call Becky with the good hair

G

N.C.

He better call Becky with the good hair