

# Sorry

Beyoncé

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...

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

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

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

Now you want to say you're sorry  
Now you want to 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  
I ain't thinking 'bout you

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

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  
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 woodies '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...)