

Canción: Sorry

Autor: Beyoncé

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[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

[Verso 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

[PUENTE 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

[Verso 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

[PUENTE 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

[Verso 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

G

He better call Becky with the good hair

N.C. He better call Becky with the good hair