Sorry – Beyoncé

I ain't sorry I ain't sorry I ain't sorry Nigga, nah I ain't 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'ussé 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, boy, bye middle fingers up I ain't thinking 'bout you

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

I ain't sorry I ain't sorry I ain't sorry Nigga, nah I ain't sorry I ain't sorry I ain't sorry

Looking at my watch, he should 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 whoadies '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



Słowa: brak danych Muzyka: brak danych

