

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
I ain't thinking 'bout you
I ain't thinking 'bout you
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
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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 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